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No M. 480.305

V. 12



GIVEN BY

Hale

BUSONI

FERRUCCIO BENVENUTO BUSONI was born at Empoli, near Florence, Italy, April 1, 1866.

His mother was a German, and gave him his first piano lessons. A pupil of W. A. Remy (Dr. Mayer), of Graz, he became in 1882 a member of the famous Philharmonic Academy of Bologna, and was then known as a pianist of uncommon promise and a surprising improviser on given themes.

He had appeared as an infant phenomenon at Vienna in 1876. An infant 'phenomenon! How many youthful Paganinis are now in the humbler seats of the orchestra! How many successors to Adelina Patti are growing old in the opera chorns! Herod's Slaughter of the Innocents is as nothing to the sacrifice of children by their parents on the altars of ever-burning greed or ambition. Dr. Hanslick

wondered at the youthful Busoni. He praised his "genuine musical feeling and uncommon memory"; the boy's compositions were "short and good, and yet not so good that they excited the suspicion of a teacher's assistance." And the learned critic speculated wisely concerning Busoni's future.

Busoni then knew his years of wandering. At Leipsic he devoted himself chiefly to composition. In Finland he taught at the Conservatory of Helsingfors, and in this city he met and married the daughter of a sculptor. In 1890 the Rubinstein prize was awarded to Busoni, whose fame was thereby spread abroad. He taught for a time at the Moscow Conservatory; he lived for a season in Boston; and then he returned to Enrope and made Berlin his home, although as a virtuoso he is known and admired in all European cities.

Among his compositions, which are of the modern romantic school, are a symphonic poem for orchestra, an orchestral snite, overture for a comedy, two string quartets, a violin concerto, concert-piece for piano, songs, piano pieces, and some remarkable transcriptions for the piano of organ pieces by Bach. An opera, the work of his earlier years, is still in manuscript. His edition of Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord" is admirable both from a pedagogical and an æsthetic point of view.

This is a period when in art of every species individuality dominates. In the drama and in literature personality, as well as individuality, has an enormous hold over the public. The interpreting artist must first of all have indisputable authority, whether he assert this authority imperiously or subtly. And in musical art to-day there are specialists, as there are in medicine. This one is peculiarly felicitous in betraying the secret of Chopin; another has given his days and nights to the study of Beethoven; a third is an indefatigable partisan of Brahms; while a fourth finds in the music of Liszt a field for the display of supreme elegance and dazzling bravura.

Busoni is a pianist of the most commanding authority, a man of rare individuality. His resources are unlimited; his sympathies are universal, nor could he confine himself easily to any special interpretation. There are pianists of whom one says: "You must hear X play Chopin's music, otherwise you have not heard

him at his best. Y is a wonderful interpreter of Beethoven, but I do not care for him in more modern music. Z is a Liszt player *par excellence*." Thus is each of the three pianists in a way depreciated. Whatever the

music Busoni may play, the pianist is always sovereign, master.

There is often loose talk about the influence of a teacher over a pianist, as though the fact of particular instruction stamped the pupil as with a hallmark, in these days when almost any amateur of reasonable proficiency and undoubted wealth can obtain lessons from a celebrated virtuoso. The greatest pianists have learned chiefly through their own self-development. And so with Busoni. He did not merely assimilate a method at the age when one naturally wishes to follow the advice of a teacher already celebrated. He worked out his own salvation: he created his own technic, which to-day, when technic, as Goethe said of talent, runs in the streets, stupefies the most hardened concert-goers from London to St. Petersburg. He solved for himself all æsthetic problems. Thought, experience, observation, knowledge of life with its joys, sorrows, disappointments,—these were the true masters of the man whose great musical talent was a birthright, not an acquisition.

The programmes of Busoni are distinguished by their catholicity as well as by fine musical taste and æsthetic balance. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Brahms, do not lead him to forget Rubinstein or Alkan, whose curious works are undeservedly ignored by so many. Perhaps the most remarkable series of concerts given by Busoni was that arranged with the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin half a dozen or so years ago. In four concerts he played from memory the following concertos, classed according to the development of form: (1) Bach's in D minor, Mozart's in A major, Beethoven's in G major, Hummel's in B minor; (2) Beethoven's in E-flat, Weber's Concert Piece in F minor, Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasia (arranged by Liszt), Chopin's Concerto in E minor; (3) Mendelssohn's in G minor, Schumann's in A minor, Liszt's in A major. And these concerts were memorable, not merely through display of memory or virtuosity, but because the hearer was put into close relationship with the masters of each period, and the knowledge of the pianist was vitalized by the divining spirit of the musician-poet.

Much has been written about the peculiar genius of Busoni. It would be easy to reprint pages of glowing and unusual eulogy pronounced during the last ten years by the critical of all leading European cities. But the following excerpts from an article written by Marcel Remy and published in *Le Guide Musical* of Brussels and Paris, April 13, 1902, are something more than hysterical praise:—

"When Busoni takes his seat before the keyboard, remains there a moment in contemplation or as a dreamer before putting his evoking fingers on the sensitive keys, I am filled with a feeling of security. He is about to hurry his hearer into a whirlwind of passionate sensations; he will raise him, dazzled and breathless, to dizzy heights; but he is so sure, such a master of himself, that one knows there will be no disagreeable shock, no disconcerting blow, no decep-

tion of any kind. No aspiration, no secret yearning awakened by him, will be chilled or crushed. Our most subtle desires, supplied with wings by him, will not see their flight checked by a false manoeuvre or any want of skill. He will come to our aid when we ourselves are deficient in spirit. For those who know only vaguely the soul of music, he determines the precise emotional values; to those who stammer, he speaks clearly; he corrects those who think, in-

fluenced by arbitrary tradition, that they know; and to them that have already been moved, he shows new phases which he has discovered by reason of his rare intelligence.

"Truly, an artist of this breadth assumes the shape of a prophet. Approaching to hand to us the authentic texts of music, he comes as from Sinai. Whether he brings the secret of the savage melancholy of Beethoven or of the disillusionized entreaty of Chopin, the fidelity of the bearer is unquestionable.

And thus to play the piano as Busoni plays it is no longer the inferior art with which many are pleased, but it is a species of priesthood.

"After the disappearance of the great interpreters of Beethoven—Liszt, Rubinstein, Bülow—there is

an interpreter as authentic, as emotional, who has followed in parallel the movement stamped on orchestral music by modern conductors, who evokes the true shades of masterpieces; and this chosen artist, whose function, ennobled by the august character of the assumed task, has sacerdotal proportions, is

MISS LUCIE A. TUCKER
AND HER SONG RECITAL

A Voice of True Contralto Quality
and Liberal Compass.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Lucie A. Tucker, contralto, assisted by Miss Laura Hawkins, accompanist, gave a song recital in Chickering Hall last evening. There was an audience of good size, and there was much applause. The program included Beethoven's "Glory of God in Nature," "Pauvre Jacques," "Cleo si fines amor," "Jockey to the Fair," "Divinities du Styx" from "Alceste," Coleridge-Taylor's "Blood-red Ring," Dvorak's "Cloudy Heights of Tatra," Franz's "Im Herbst," Miss Lang's "Out of the Past," Mrs. Beach's "The Year at the Spring," Brahms's Cradle song, Richard Strauss's "Serenade" and Pygmalion's air from Massé's "Galathee."

Miss Tucker's voice has long been known as a sonorous organ, rich in full and sombre tones. She has gradually gained a firmer control of the upper notes—her compass is a generous one—and her intonation in the upper register is purer, although it is not always flawless when she goes beyond the natural working range. She has also made progress in her handling of this organ, and she often sings with fervor and understanding. That she is able to differentiate her emotions was shown last night by her impressively dramatic delivery of Beethoven's air and by the appropriate simplicity with which she interpreted Miss Lang's song. She caught the frank spirit of the old English "Jockey to the Fair" as well as the lawless and rebellious mood of Dvorak's gypsy. But the great air of Glück demands the grand style and here Miss Tucker was ineffective; nor did she infuse the spirit of splendid savagery and primitive hate and despair into Coleridge-Taylor's music; nor did she fully grasp the sentiment of "Im Herbst" with the last wild cry that should long haunt the hearer. In the more intense songs, the passion of the singer was episodic, not continuously rising till it burst into an overwhelming climax, and there were moments when the singer was not close to either poet or composer.

Mr. John Greener of Mount Vernon (N. Y.), aged 67 years, was weary and he fain would rest. His wife Anna for some reason or other wished to move his bed, but he would not stir, so as she is a resourceful woman, she set fire to the bedding with the cry, "I'll burn you up, you lazy thing." "She asphyxiated the lives of fifty persons who occupy apartments in the same house." But Mr. Greener, we are glad to say as a fellow-man, did not budge, though the bed was in flames.

This reminds us of an entry made by Artemus Ward in his journal of the cruise of the Polly Ann on the Wabash canal: "Monday, 2 P. M.—Got under way. Hosses not remarkable frisky at first. Had to bld fires under 'em before they'd start. Started a larst very suddent, causin' the bote for to lurch vilitently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Sailor frase.)"

The opera season began at London on April 27. The opera was "Rheingold." A cablegram tells us: "In the orchestration alone did the performance fall somewhat short of Bayreuth's standard." Didn't they use Wagner's orchestration? Or is there something of London as to the precise meaning of "orchestration" and "orchestra."

"The Notion" is the title of a new magazine published at Paisley. The editor has ambitions. Under his watchful care the magazine will be "telegraphic," "suggestive," "epigrammatic," " terse." A "terse" magazine will fill a long-felt want.

An inviting punch formula comes from Boston. Put one cupful of grated pineapple with a pint of water and cook fifteen minutes. Strain through cheese cloth, and add another pint of water, a syrup made by boiling two cups of sugar ten minutes, half a cupful of freshly made tea, the juice of three oranges and three lemons, one cup of grape juice, and two and a half quarts

of water. Put in a punch bowl with a large lump of ice. The pale violet color of this punch is part of its charm. New York Evening Post.

Pray, who invented this formula? Somehow or other the "pale violet color of this punch" does not appeal to us. It suggests weakness where there should be strength. "Strong but not unpleasant" is the verdict passed on brews worthy the name. Punch, brothers; punch with care. Not too much sugar; not too much water. Never mind the pineapple or the cheese-cloth. They are incongruous details.

A female lecturer in Brooklyn has stirred up strife by saying that man is more beautiful than woman. But man has always been sure of this. He knew it before Schopenhauer wondered why the name of fair sex was ever given to "that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race." And yet such is the weakness of superior man, that he is all the time forgetting his superiority, and so he praises the beauty of woman in verse and prose, paints and carves, and is inspired to great deeds, and sometimes goes mad or murders or commits suicide because he cannot persuade some particular woman to admit his own rare personal or mental gifts.

And once again the measurements of the ideal woman appear in print: the height of the head should be just four times the length of the nose, the stretch of thumbs and first fingers should exactly circle the throat, etc., etc. Why are not the thirty absolutely necessary points of a perfectly beautiful woman published in connection with these measurements? Jean Nevizan named them and said that Helen of Troy had them all.

There was dispute lately in a London court concerning the life of a dress suit. One witness said a suit should last eighteen months, when Judge Edge remarked that in his opinion it should last for a much longer period. A righteous judge! A dress suit, if it be made without extravagance in fashion, should last, with ordinary care, for several years.

Of course in Chicago, where the suit is considered to be indispensable at breakfast parties, its life is shorter. The dress suit should never look aggressively new, unused, or it will easily awaken the suspicion that the wearer has suddenly come into property. We do not mind an alcoholic stain or a little patch of powder. These are guarantees of the wearer's acquaintance with society and social usages. Braid on trousers should be avoided, for it determines the year of vintage. There should always be an element of mystery as to the precise age of the coat. "Many men throw away their dress suits after a few months, not because the clothes are worn out, but simply owing to the fact that these luxurious persons are tired of putting on the same clothes so often." Possibly these gorgeous creatures may be seen throwing dress suits into London streets or over the cliffs at Newport, but the air in Boston is not thick with discarded trousers or claw-hammers.

They say that Marcel Prevost, the French novelist, who was shot at the other day by a girl—she missed him at short range—was once staying in England, and there made the acquaintance of two pretty sisters who had learned much slang from their brother at Eton. Mr. Prevost wholly misunderstood the girls, and made them figure unpleasantly in a novel which brought him money and reputation. The girls happened to read the novel, and were righteously indignant at the caricatures of themselves. We understand that Mr. Prevost was compelled to apologize. This brings up the question of how far a novelist may go in making copy out of his friends and acquaintances. Dickens was reproached for his caricatures of men and women whom he had met; it is said that George Meredith's Beauchamp was drawn from Admiral Maxse; Theodore Winthrop introduced William Henry Hurlbut as an unpleasant character in Cecil Dreeme; there are many such instances. Even now grand nephews and nieces of Beethoven have protested against the production at the Brunswick Theatre of a play "Beethoven and His Nephew," especially as the attack on their father was made at the time they were removing his body from one cemetery to another. They object to the representation of their father as a lying boy and reckless young man.

KATHERINE R. HEYMAN'S
RECITAL LAST NIGHT

Tschaikowsky's Sonata and Some
Other Pieces Not Often Played.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman gave a piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Sonata.....Tschaiakowsky
Old Man's Love Song.....Tschaiakowsky
Traditional American Indian Epiphemere.....Arthur Farwell
Four Preludes.....Chopin
Impromptu, Op. 36.....Chopin
Aeolian Harp Etude.....Chopin
Crescendo.....Per Lassen
Ichibuzzhl.....Traditional American Indian
The Mother's Vow.....Traditional American Indian
"Edward" Ballade.....Brahms
Prelude.....Arthur Foote
Dance of the Gnomes.....Liszt

Miss Heyman is known here as a pianist of advanced mechanism, taste and temperament. Last evening she occasionally forced tone until it lacked defined sonority, nor was her use of the pedals always commendable; but her performance was generally interesting and there was a reason for her interpretation, even when there might be discussion concerning the one fitting reading; for Miss Heyman does not play at random or as one beating the air.

I regret that the press of news forbids further examination of her characteristics as a pianist. The program was varied, and some of the pieces were unfamiliar. "Old Man's Love Song" was appropriately short and tender, and "Ichibuzzhl" sounded just about as the word looks on the page.

Tschaikowsky's sonata has not made a deep impression here, although it has been played by excellent pianists, among them Mr. Joseffy. The composer himself declared that it was not one of his favorite children; yet there are interesting passages in it. As a whole it suggests the orchestra rather than the piano, and of the four movements the Finale is the most striking. The audience was appreciative.

O May is in the waters, and May is in the wind,
She is the hope that hurries on, the fear that lags behind.
She is the pulse that hastens the milkmaid to her lad,
The vision long remembered, the goad that drives men mad.
She is the growing beauty, the warmth that's in the air—
She reddens in the mayflower, she whitens in the pear.
Where lovers go a-trysting May's heard and is not seen,
She laughs among the lasses that romp upon the green.
She is the soul of laughter, she is the heart of tears,
She sows the seed of sorrow, she gathers fruit of fears.
She sets both bud and canker to ripen with the rose—
She has no mind to harvest, but endlessly she sows.

There is much talk about the "open door." Perhaps Russia remembers that by Epictetus the open door is used as a euphemism for suicide. "When you have been well filled today, you sit down and lament about the morrow, how you shall get something to eat. Wretch, if you have it, you will have it; if you have it not, you will depart from life. The door is open."

When the French judge said that Baron Henri de Rothschild must go to jail, he added that imprisonment in such a case was "annoying but not dishonorable." We once knew a newspaper editor who went into politics and eventually into jail for a year or more. After he had served his term he resumed his occupation of writing editorial articles. It was frequently remarked that he had gained in condensation of statement and in strength and charm of style. He told us that the months spent in prison were the happiest and most profitable of his life. "I was relieved from all cares and worries. Creditors did not bother me, and my wife was the more firmly attached to me. I soon found out my true friends. My diet was wholesome and I slept well and long. But above everything I valued the opportunity for reading. I read histories and memoirs and books of travel and essays, and I was able to concentrate my mind on what I read and to discipline my memory."

The Earl of Yarmouth said last before he sailed, "I am not much worried about my debts. All I owe do not amount to \$500." This statement might easily induce us to doubt that he is a genuine English nobleman. If he were not overwhelming proof to the contrary. The earl is right; no one should worry because he owes \$500. The fact that a man owes a debt endears him to others, it encourages him to work, it gives him an object in life; it also leads him to think well of his fellow-man, for he sees that there is such a thing as confidence in the world.

General Baden Powell falls into the old mistake about the physique of the American soldier. Because the American has not a huge red nose and puffed cheeks, and is not content about a swelling pod, therefore he is weaker than his British cousin. It is the lantern-jawed, endow red, unsized, lab-laded, American with nerves and iron endurance that has made this country what it is. It was the "pony" man in the Civil War that endured hardship and fatigue.

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Did Leo say anything to Edward about those unpleasant words, "superstitious and idolatrous" which appear in the British Coronation oath?

Daughter (looking up from book)—"Mamma, what is a conge d'elire?"
Mamma (hesitating)—"A delicious farewell, I suppose—but I hope you are not reading one of those dreadful society novels."—The Referee.

Mr. E. F. Benson has founded a romance on Wagner's "Die Walkure" and it will be published this month. It may justly be called a family novel.

Commend us to the Rev. Forbes Phillips, the vicar of Gorleston, who has written a play "Church and State" for Mrs. James Brown Potter. He himself approves of it, though he is a little in doubt concerning the third act. "Of course," he says, "to the prudishly particular, the nastily nice, and the maliciously malevolent, it will appear as more than risky, and yet this act contains the spirituality of the whole play. My characters are not kept in cotton wool." We hope the dialogue is not in like alliteration, and we are sure that the reverend playwright needs no press agent. Mrs. Potter will be supported by a strong company, which has been selected by Mr. Phillips himself. As he was a-walking by the side of the Thames, he saw a young man spring out of a skiff. "That young fellow shall play Jack," said the vicar. "If I can get hold of him. A man who can get in and out of a skiff like that can be trusted to enter or leave a drawing room as a gentleman should." And the young man was engaged immediately.

The London sporting journals give pleasant reminiscences of the late Tom Allen, who was one of the few knuckled fighters who took up glove-fighting as a profession. He started the glove-contest in England at the time when attempts were made to have professional boxing competitions recognized as legal. And this is the way that Mr. Allen talked to the London reporters: "I beat"—any name will do—"Smith of Kansas at Granite City This"—taking off his hat and looking a bare patch of scalp—"is where a bullet hit me in the third round. Next I won with Jones of Quincy, fifteen rounds at Dangerfield, Iowa. His corner put a bowie-knife into my shoulder"—he scarcely duly introduced—and so on.

TALK OF THE DAY

Old Chimes died suddenly Thursday afternoon. We say "suddenly," for Miss Eustacia found him dead in his chair. He had lunched with her, and never had he been more whimsically affable.

trothal to the Earnest Student of Sociology pleased him mightily, and he was looking forward to the quiet home-wedding early in June. After luncheon our friend went to the library as was his custom, to read and to doze. About 4 o'clock—his hour of going to the Porphyry—there was no stir in his room. Miss Eustacia called him; there was no answer. His face was calm and benignant. On the table was his favorite Montaigne—the Florio translation; and the book was open at the end of the essay on Experience: "Now hath old age need to be handled more tenderly. Let us recommend it unto that God who is the protector of health, and fountain of all wisdom; but blithe and social."

We were not wholly unprepared for the news. He had been ailing for some months, yes, for two or three years, and he had known pain. But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm. And with a natural gladness, he maintained The citadel unconquered.

Life to him was something more than a view from a club-window. A New Englander of the seventh generation, he had passed impressionable years in Paris and in towns of Germany, and on his return he did not easily adjust himself to Bostonian conditions. There is a story that amazed by the formality of his acquaintances, and even friends, he went out one fine afternoon to Mount Auburn and left his visiting card on the tombs of all he had known.

Not rich, but with a comfortable income, he did much good in a shy way. It is said that he was faithful until his death to a woman who went away many years before him, and letters in a girlish handwriting of the style known as Italian were found with a faded ribbon in a drawer of his desk. He was always gentle with women of simple mind and life, whether they were in society or far beyond the pale; but he could not endure pretense in any form or shape, and he was therefore accused of cynicism. He had read much, but his delight was in the never-ending story of human life. In his last years he was especially fond of Montaigne, Flaubert, Anatole France, and Marcel Schwob. He did not talk about pictures; and he preferred the voice of Miss Eustacia in conversation to that of any famous queen of song. Eminent in a club man, he was not parochial or selfish.

He contributed frequently, we may say constantly, to this column, either directly or by suggestion. He was chosen unanimously to preside at the dinner of contributors some years ago, when the Earnest Student of Sociology, the Historical Painter, Mr. Lucien B. Henderson, Jules Renard, the Quietist, that singular being "Q," Mr. Auger, Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, Mr. Johnson, Roger Williams Park, Chatterton Blow, and other colleagues, vied with each other in appreciation. His hand shook a little as he drank to the memory of our still lamented and never-to-be forgotten friend the Heron Editor, and his short tribute to the scientific devotion and philanthropic genius of our departed brother sank deep into the hearts of all.

And now he is no more. Yet is there no cause for outward show of lamentation. He died before his brain was slow, before his organs were rebellious servants, before he was a burden to those about him. He had no fear of the future; he smiled at the theories of the materialist; his faith was simple and unshakable; but he did not crave useless years. Many when his body is entombed—for he clasped cremation with the telephone, the trolley car, the automobile and other modern conveniences—will pray for a like ending. Hail and farewell!

How should a drawing-room be entered? A man should not come in on his hands or knees, nor should he make a flying leap through a window, nor should he even at Christmas descend by way of the chimney. He should not enter as though drawn on castors; nor should he display the disconcerting intensity of Banquo's ghost. It is a nice question. We understand that it is no longer considered a mark of good-breeding to give a hop and a skip and a cry of "Here we are again." Perhaps some fashionable hurglar will acquaint us with his views.

The late Paul du Chaillu suffered in mind because some who followed him in African exploration did not corroborate certain statements made by him, statements bitterly attacked as purely imaginative and wildly false. These attacks

came from men who had seen Africa only on the map. One great explorer did him justice. Sir Richard F. Burton, in the preface to "Two Trips to Gorilla Land," (1876,) wrote: "Traveling with Mr. Paul B. du Chaillu's 'First Expedition' in my hand, I jealously looked into every statement, and his numerous friends will be pleased to see how many of his assertions are confirmed by my experience."

"Lancelot" of London heard Mr. Sousa's march, "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty," played by the composer's merry bandmen. "The 'spirit' was presumably called by four cornet, three trumpet and five trombone players coming to the front of the orchestra and blowing point-blank at the grand circle. I do not know how this pointed address affected my neighbors, but personally it excited in me a keen desire to restrain the liberty of the players."

We have often paid attention to the wondrous tales of press agents, and so we are somewhat hardened, but this story about Max Wolfstahl, a Polish violinist, forces admiration. The violinist's parents lost all they had when he was born. "At a tender age he saved up money by playing in cafes to go with his parents to Vienna. There they nearly starved, but a philanthropic woman paid for his studies and supported the parents. Wolfstahl made \$4000 by a tour in Russia, Roumania, and Turkey. All his earnings were stolen from him at Constantinople. The Sultan's brother paid his way to Vienna, and there Wolfstahl fell sick unto death. He pulled through, and went to London, where he was helped by the Prince of Wales. Here endeth the first chapter.

Liszt's IDEA OF DANTE A SYMPHONIC INFERNO

The twenty-fourth and last concert of the twenty-second season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last evening in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Symphony—"Dante".....Liszt
Two part songs Nos. 1 and 4 from op. 17.....Brahms
Two part songs Nos. 1 and 2 from op. 44.....Brahms
Overture—"1812".....Tschalkowsky

The brilliant performance of Weber's familiar overture was followed by a careful and thoughtful reading of Liszt's symphony, "After Dante's 'Divine Comedy.'"

The work is seldom given. Mr. Listemann brought out the "Inferno" here in 1880 and Mr. Gericke performed the whole symphony in 1886.

Liszt's Work.

Liszt's first intention was to write a movement for each section of the "Divine Comedy," but Wagner reminded him that the "Paradise" was the weakest part of Dante's poem and he strongly hinted that Liszt might equally fall with the poet; so Liszt contented himself with a musical picture of the "Inferno" with the Francesca episode, and with the "Purgatorio" at the end of which he introduced the "Magnificat" as a reminder of the "Paradiso." It would be easy to jest about the comparative suffering of him that is obliged to hear the "Inferno" and then the "Purgatorio."

The symphony as a whole is pretentious and dry when it should be terribly frank and of poignant interest; yet there are charming episodes in much of the Francesca chapter and the opening of the "Purgatorio," nor is the treatment of the "Magnificat" without a touch of mysticism and grandeur. But the horrors of hell as put into music by Liszt move us no more than a grotesque old picture of the tortures of the damned, and the fugue in the "Purgatorio" is perhaps the most tiresome passage in any symphony signed by a great name. The sinner hearing it might well shriek out in agony: "Now for the first time I really know what suffering is."

The Other Pieces.

The female chorus, admirably led by Mr. Gericke, sang with beautiful quality of tone two depressing trios by Brahms, and two songs from Brahms's op. 44, which so shone in contrast that the first was repeated, although these two pieces are not in themselves of much distinction.

The season ended with a performance of Tschalkowsky's "1812," which was composed for a special and out-door occasion, the dedication of the Church of the Redeemer in Moscow. Tschalkowsky himself did not class it with his best works and said that it had no significance outside of Russia; yet there are two exotic themes of haunting beauty, and there are full orchestral moments that stir the blood. Mr. Gericke was warmly received, and there was much applause in the course of the concert.

Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, the second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has resigned his position and will henceforth devote himself to composition and teaching. Fortunately for Boston he will continue to make this city his home. Mr. Loeffler ended last night his twenty-first year as a most valuable member of the famous organization. As virtuoso violinist, as concert master and as composer he has played an important part in the history of the orchestra, and his departure is deeply regretted by the officers, the members and the public at large. Yet it is easy to see why he took this step. A composer of singularly original imagination, fastidious taste, and rare orchestral technic, he will now have more time for thought and meditation; he will be able to bring a fresher mind to his work; and as a teacher his influence will still be widely felt; it will make for present musical righteousness, and, with his compositions, long preserve his name.

Frank O'Brien in Berlin.

Mr. Frank O'Brien, a young Boston pianist, who studied here with Mr. Metcalf, went to Berlin three years ago to continue his studies under Professor Jediczka. He made his appearance in public at Bechstein Hall, March 4, when he played pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Tschalkowsky and Liszt, and the critics were unanimous in praise. Thus the Vossische Zeitung said: "The blind pianist, Frank O'Brien, gave great pleasure through the purity and the warmth of his interpretation;" the Boersen Zeitung said: "The young artist, Frank O'Brien, who has been robbed of his sight, possesses a great variety of tone which is free from all harshness, a solid and fluent technic; and his musical understanding enables him to perform Beethoven's sonata, op. 109, so as to excite the interest of his hearers. He also displayed great depth and warmth of feeling in his performance of Schumann's 'Kreisleriana'." The other journals were equally warm in praise.

The Late Season.

Mr. Henry W. Savage began a prosperous season of four weeks with his English opera company at the Tremont, Sept. 22. The chief features of the engagement were the admirable impersonations of Adelaide Norwood, and the excellent work of the chorus. It may also be said that the ensemble was as a rule satisfactory. Then came the ill-fated and unprepared Mascagni, who conducted his "Zanetto" and "Iris," which were performed here for the first time (Nov. 3, 4), and a remarkable performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in which Bianchini-Cappelli, Antonio Paoli and the conductor shone brilliantly. No new opera was produced by Mr. Grau, but "The Daughter of the Regiment," and "The Prophet" were revived. These singers were heard here for the first time: Mrs. Reuss-Belce, Anthes, Burgstaller, Declery, Dani, Vicini. De Koven's "Maid Marian" was performed here by the Bostonians for the first time in this city, April 13.

New Comers.

These singers and players appeared here in concert or in recital for the first time: Mary Muenchoff, soprano; Gogea Oumiroff, baritone; the shy-voiced and inimitable Rev. Mr. Whinery; Eugenio di Pirani, composer and pianist; Mrs. Winifred Powell, soprano; Emil Gerhaeuser, Robert Blass and Mr. Muehlmann ("Parsifal"); Frederic Lamond, pianist; Mrs. Roger-Miclos, pianist, who caused us to wonder at her European reputation; Mr. Arthur Hochman, pianist; Leopold Winkler, pianist, who played softly for a powerfully built man; the Sondheim sisters, who played on two pianos at the same time; Giuseppe Randegger, pianist; Kocian, the violinist, who disappointed expectation; Dezso Nemes, a Hungarian violinist; Maud McCarthy, the Australian violinist; Hugo Heermann, violinist; Kirkby-Lunn, mezzo soprano; Ada Crossley, contralto. Mr. Heermann easily led among the visiting violinists. Piano recitals were given by Pugno, who was shamefully neglected; Hambourg, Mrs. Hopekirk, who brought out interesting novelties by d'Indy, Debussy, herself and others; Felix Fox, Miss Cottlow, Miss Heyman, Arthur Whiting, Mrs. Szumowska, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, who played exceedingly well; Miss Cummings, Miss Jansen, and some others. There were song recitals by Semblich, Julie Wyman, Miss Henschel, who is not yet ready for concert-work, Mrs. Ide and Mrs. Hunt, Miss Spencer, Mrs. Webster-Powell, Mrs. Rice, Miss Griggs, Miss Tucker, Messrs. Hamlin, Devoll,

Isham, Newland, Witherspoon, Hall, and others.

Choral Works.

The Handel and Haydn produced Dubois's operetta "Paradise Lost," the Cecilia brought out "Minnehaha's Death," Mr. Tucker's society gave the first performance of Nevln's "Quest." Mr. Lang led a concert performance of "Parsifal," Mr. Goodrich's society gave two concerts of carefully chosen church music. Mr. Henschel led the first performance of his "Requiem Mass," which, on the whole, is the most original and effective of his works.

Orchestral Works.

Mr. Mascagni in his concerts made us acquainted with excerpts from unfamiliar operas and incidental music by him. The new works played at Symphony concerts were: Huber's symphony No. 2, Witkowski's symphony in D minor, Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar," Suk's suite "A Fairy Tale," Liszt's "March of the Three Kings," H. Parker's organ concerto (first performance), chorus and Dance of Spirits from Goldmark's "Merlin," Arensky's introduction to "Nala and Damayanti," Fibich's overture "A Night at Karlstein," Widor's choral and variations for harp and orchestra, Weingartner's symphonic poem "The Elysian Fields," Georg Schumann's overture "The Dawn of Love," Richard Strauss's Burlesque for piano and orchestra, Smetana's symphonic poem "Richard III." The Orchestra Club, led by Mr. Longy, produced Chevillard's symphonic poem "The Oak and the Reed," Rabaud's "Nocturnal Procession," pieces by d'Ambrosio and Blockx, and Berlioz's Funeral March for Hamlet. Concerts for the Symphony Pension Fund were given for the first time.

Chamber Music.

The Kneisels brought out d'Indy's suite op. 27; R. Strauss's sonata for violin and piano; Volkmar Andrae's piano trio, and Chausson's piano quartet. The Longy Club of wind instruments and piano produced Herzogenberg's piano quintet op. 43, Malherbe's sextet, De Wailly's octet, Roentgen's serenade op. 14, d'Indy's fantasia on folk songs of Cevennes op. 31, Chaplet's Suite Persane, a trio by Handel. The Hoffmann String Quartet produced a quartet by Taneieff op. 11 and, with Mr. Fox, Arensky's piano quintet. Mr. Hugh Codman and Miss Jessie Davis brought out Piere's sonata for violin and piano

op. 36. Nor should the entertaining concert by the Dolmetsches be forgotten.

Facts and Conclusions.

Few in recital made money and more than one did not pay expenses. The neglect of the public had little or nothing to do with the quality of the performance or the rank of the concert-giver. Mr. Pugno, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Mr. George Hamlin, Mr. Witherspoon, the Longy Club fared as badly as those unknown. When a concert hall was well-filled, the audience was often made up chiefly of dead-heads. Various reasons are given for this neglect of recitals. Many music lovers cannot afford to spend money for music, after they have subscribed to the Symphony concerts, the Kneisels, and one of the choral societies. Some expect to hear the best of the visitors at the Symphony concerts or at concerts given in private houses. The various social-musical clubs blunt curiosity. Many visitors make a mistake when they charge a dollar and a half for a reserved seat. Whatever may be the cause, and there is something in each one that has been named, it is evident that in Boston the day of the small concert is over, just as the old-fashioned miscellaneous concert is irrevocably a thing of the past.

Let the
Parsifal music
Mussen to go on
the Heron
under John H.
Holmes
BOSTON
PUBLIC

may 10 1903

LETTERS OF MRS. CARLYLE.

Strange Story of "Mystery of Murray Davenport."

**Introduction to the Work Contains
an Attack on Froude—Many Mis-
sives Simply Picture Household
Affairs—Pen Portraits of People
Known to Fame.**

He was dictator among English men of letters until his death. Yet his reputation was lowered, his name and his works swept "into a limbo of contempt" by the publication of Froude's "Reminiscences," by Froude's "Misportraiture" of his friend, by Froude's "Constitutional Inaccuracy, flamboyant tendencies and proneness to preconceived ideas."

"Proude, in this instance as in other instances, was a special pleader who did not hesitate to twist or suppress evidence. Carlyle, according to Sir James, was a hard man to live with, but "marbled life is not at its best without its little asperities." When in wedlock brisk affections and quick tempers are arrayed on both sides, collisions with evolution of heat are inevitable, but no harm is done, and, indeed, closer union is furthered."

It seems, as though these letters, annotated by Thomas Carlyle and edited by Alexander Carlyle, his nephew, were published as so many additional exhibits in the well known case of Thomas versus Jane. For these letters reveal a woman who suffered for years from melancholia and neurasthenia.

Many of her letters are rather silly sick-room bulletins. Headache, a stiff neck, headache is chronicled; as Harriet Martineau would, Jane had eight influenzas annually; there is continued talk of the state of Jane's stomach, liver, head and throat; she is taking castor oil, tartar emetic, morphia, opium, creosote; she is illious on land and on sea; she applies mustard blisters, hot flannels or a respirator; she cannot sleep; she has "reticular complications"; she suffers from her husband's craze for fresh air; she is urous in 1857 about pepsin (sic)—"the very latest caprice in medicine" * * It is something scraped off the inside of people's stomachs (dead the people must be before one can conveniently scrape their stomachs!) or the stomachs of beasts, that matter (the bear stomach) is understood to supply most of this something), and being scraped off, is boiled and distilled and bottled and sold and taken in drops; and the patient thus furnished with "fictitious gastric juice, which enables him to eat and digest like a bear."

She knew mental horror; she thought of suicide, she had little or no faith in Christianity. She was often weary "to such a point of moral exhaustion that" as she herself wrote—"any anchorage were welcome, even the stillest, coldest."

Courted and flattered in her brilliant youth, she was long vain of her person and her dress. This vanity is revealed directly and indirectly. Thus she found the stockings sent to her by Mrs. Carle "knitted for two pot-sticks rather than for well shaped, goodly sized woman's legs like mine"; and see her account of her costume and her nervousness about appearing for the first time in a guise "which would make me remarked by all the women at least!" (vol. II., pp. 273, 274.) Her ruling passion was to be thought clever, hence her mad jealousy against Lady Harriet Arling, whose conversation enchanted and riveted her. Her own wit was mordant and morbid. Her wanton malice was beyond belief.

study her pen portraits sketched in these letters. The editor includes Carle's judgment of Charles Lamb in 1831: "He was sinking into drink, poor creature; his fraction of 'humor,' etc., I recognized and recognize, but never could accept for a great thing—genuine, but essentially small and cockney thing; and now with gin, etc., superadded, one might say 'Genius!' This is not genius but diluted Insanity."

his skew-eyed and intolerably narrow
gment on the gentle scholar, ex-
sitive humorist and man of heroic self-
sacrifice might be expected from the
band who could see nothing in the
merican civil war but the burning out
a foul chimney and chose for the
al man of all time Frederick the
at. But the wife, too, often mistook
col for ink.

Marriette Martineau "is going all to sense with her vanities." She was distinguished by "that show of accuracy never accurate"; her name is not mentioned without a sneer.

1844 Mrs. Carlyle went to a musical
see "Most of the company were

"190, Oct. 6: Yesterday evening I dined at the 11's; dining there is a real sickness; one thinks at the time one will never, never encounter it a 10; and then the impression wears off, and one thinks perhaps one's constitution has undergone some change, and this time it will be more bearable. They had been invited to a party, ever since I came home, and this one could, I thought, be accepted in even an economical point of view."

"Whitworth, the inventor of the besom-cart, and many other wonderful machines, has a face not unlike a baboon."

"A young Greek merchant," she wrote to her husband, "whom I very much like, an admirer of yours, but still more, I am afraid, of Emerson's, came home with us."

And in 1848, two years later, she wrote to John Forster: "I followed a shopman up two pairs of stairs and there was handed over to a maid who led me up another flight and deposited me in the rooms of—Emerson! who stood waiting to receive me, without his hat, and called me 'a little child' for coming so far to see him, and would not let me explain that I had not come to see him—far from it—but conducted me to his apartments, where nothing seemed any longer possible for me but just to make him a regular half-hour's call."

Was she jealous for her husband's sake of Emerson's fame, or jealous by reason of Carlyle's appreciation of Emerson?

"The Speddings are good people, certainly, but as old Sterling used to say of the Bartons, 'so damnably unstimulating.'"

Rawlinson was "a humbug"; there was "an atmosphere of moral dullness" about Mrs. Gaskell; "my private opinion of Browning is, in spite of Mr. C.'s favor for him, that he is 'nothing,' or very little more, 'but a fluff of feathers.'"

She discusses the rumors about the domestic troubles of the Ruskins: "She was too young and pretty to be so left to her own devices as she was by her husband, who seemed to wish nothing more of her but the credit of having a pretty, well-dressed wife."

"What is that quality in the skins of some women, both in pictures and real life, which always suggests nakedness, stripiness? Mrs. G., for instance, reminds me always of a servant girl who has pulled off her gown to scrub her neck at the pump!"

There are many disagreeable, cruel remarks about Geraldine Jewsbury, an intimate friend and forgotten novelist: "Poor Geraldine, who, if I asked for a glass of water, would spill the half of it by the way, and in compensation would drop tears on my hand, and assure me that I was 'sure to die' and then fall to kissing me wildly (when I was perhaps in an interval of retching, perfectly hating to be kissed) and bursting out into passionate sobs! which, of course, did not prevent her from going out into company half an hour after, and being 'the life of it!'"

Or ponder this sour description (July 2, 1846): "I saw a very curious sight the other night, the only one I have seen to for a long while, viz: Some thousand of the grandest and most cultivated people in England all gazing in ecstasy, and applauding to death, over a woman not even pretty, balancing herself on the extreme point of one great toe, and stretching the other not high into the air—much higher than decency ever dreamt of! It was Taglioni, our chief dancer at the opera; and this is her chief feat, repeated over and over again with weariness at least to my earliness. But dances were flinging bouquets at her feet, and not a man (except Carlyle), who did not seem disposed to fling himself, counted 25 bouquets! But what of that? The impression of all the Russians once, in a fit of enthusiasm, flung her diamond racquet at the feet of this same Taglioni—'virtue its own reward' (in this world)? Dancing is, and singing, and some other things still more frivolous; but for Virtue? It may be strongly

doubted' (as Edinburgh people say to everything one tells them).

Compare with this splenetic outburst the truly philosophical conversation between Emerson and Margaret Fuller while they gazed entranced at Fanny Essler.

Oct. 5, 1845: "Lady Harriet told me that he (Tenyson) wanted to marry; must have a woman to live beside; could prefer a lady, but cannot afford one; and so, must marry a maid-servant." Mrs. Henry Taylor said she was about to write him on behalf of their housemaid, who was quite a superior character in her way."

There are few opinions expressed concerning books. She found Fielding's "Amelia" "a dreadful bore"; and Charlotte Montagu's "Shirley" "not much better than rubbishy in the extreme. ***

ow that this authoress has left off
orsing' and Schwearing' (as my Ger-
an master used to call it) one finds
r neither very lively nor very orig-
al."

There is page after page of dissatisfaction and complaint, yet Jane had her moments of joy; as when she sprang to the arms of George Rennie, one of her former lovers, "and kissed him great many times, my bright, wholehearted, impulsive youth seemed con-
ced back by his hearty embrace. For a while, my late deadly weakness was forgotten away! A spell on my nerves had been cast, while I was dissolved in the content feeling of gladness and the un-
derstand woman this evening. I am well! I am in an atmosphere of homo and
good ago!"

Among the many descriptions two stand out in bold relief, that of Count

w a l k e r h i t t e r i
 a n d t h e f o l l o w i n g
 f o l d a n d u l t i m e
 r k v l a n d l o v e r t
 t h e h i l l s t h e f
 p r o d u c t f r o m t
 C o n s t a n t l y t r i
 C h o y C o r r e
 n e d t h a t
 h i s f a m e w a s a l l t h e f
 h o w t o o f f w h i
 i n d e d f r o m h e l t f o
 o v e r o n e u n i v e r s a l q u a
 e p i s o d e f r o m t h e
 h o n o r o f h a v i n g b e n b o
 t h a t c h a r l t o f t h e p a r t
 p r e h e n s i o n o f t h e e f f e c t w h
 o f g e n e r a l l y m a d e f

"Happily it was not on your days, so that I could the whole thing from my pr out being informed by his a a slight it was to make or millio, un actually at lon and the Lamb, and things should conrt toget

In his gray plaid suit, and his
chair, looking hardy at the pro-
dances, and the piece of d...
an opposite chair, all resplend...
diamond beetle, looking broad...

"Orway is a really handsome man after one has heard him speak. I found that he has both wit and accent, but at first sight his beauty is of the rather disgusting sort which a man to be like genius, or of no sex." And the tasteful flattery of his dress, sky-blue satin cravat, yards of gold chain, white French gloves, light drab frock coat, lined with velvet of the same color, invisible inexpressible, skin-colored and fitting like a glove, etc. etc. All this, as John says, is 'very absurd.' But his manners are manly and unaffected, and he convinces one shortly that in the face of all probability he is a devil, a clever fellow."

She heard Handel's "Messiah" at Exeter House: "Geraldine said her sister, the 'religious Miss Jewsbury,' in contradistinction to Geraldine—wouldn't let her go to 'The Messiah' when a girl, because 'people,' she thought, 'who really believed in their Saviour, would not go to hear singing about him.'

"I am a ute of the religious Miss Jewsbury's mind. Singing about him with shakes and white gloves and all that sort of thing, quite shocked my religious feelings—though I have no religion. Geraldine did a good deal of emotional weeping at my side; and it was all I could do to keep myself from shaking her and saying, 'Come out of that!' For my share I was more in sympathy with the piper's cow:

The cow considered wi' bersel' that music ne'er
would fill her;
Gle me a lock of wheat straw, and sell yer
wind for siller!

Such a set of ugly creatures as the chorus women I never did see! I grow so sorry for them, reflecting that each had a life of her own; that, perhaps 'somebody loved that pig'; that, if I had had any tears in me at the moment, I should have cried for them all packed there like herrings in a barrel, into one mass of sound!

There are bitter reflections on wedlock. "Why do women marry?" God knows, unless it be that, like the great Wassenstein, they do not find scope enough for their genius and qualities in an easy life."

It is not necessary to inquire into Mr.

Froude's qualities, failings, wrongdoings as an editor. Grant that he argued rather than edited; that he preferred to see only one side of the question. It is plain from these new letters, from the introduction and the notes themselves, that however they injure Froude in the eyes of the fair-minded, they prove beyond a peradventure that the married life of the Carlyles was profoundly unhappy, for the man and the woman were inherently irreconcilable characters and were pathetically mis-

Jane was a trying person from her youth up. She and her mother could not live together in peace. No doubt she was often misunderstood, for she was as neurotic as any heroine of an ultra-modern French novel.

She once wrote to John Carlyle: "You put so little emphasis into your love making that it won't surprise me if this one, too, get out of patience and slip away from you." She herself missed in her own life this emphatic note. It was not that her husband treated her badly, or neglected her; he loved her in his own manner; but as a husband he forgot, or did not know how to be a lover.

Sir James Crichton-Browne insists that Jane "reared in a school in which effusiveness is not approved," did not desire caresses or loving words. "The Scotch are a dour race," But Jane's letters, even when they are most bitter, reveal a woman as well as a brilliant alker and an occasional shrew. She might have been happier with a duller man, who smoked less, was not vexed by the problems of life, loved her for her face and figure and general charm, and stood in flattering awe of her mental slimness. It is not an uncommon story.

As Sir Richard F. Burton said: "The English have the finest women in the world, and do not know what to do with them." Jane's life was not hard merely because she was at times in poor or in moderate circumstances, because of public recognition of her husband's great talents was a plant of slow growth, because he was so often sick in mind as well as in body.

She loved her Thomas, she was proud of him; but he did not make her for ever his own. And, bored beyond endurance, he found the others bored, and so he tried to interest herself in petty things, the surest way of keeping a house free from bugs, in the best treatment of a rheumatic toe. Her ailments were all the more encouraged than by taking down which induced suspicious and dangerous

What is written by a woman in such a state is not to be construed seriously; but letters of the time when she was normal show that in spite of her brave outward demeanor she was not satisfied with a deep and an abiding satisfaction. Had not her husband written that "love—the thing people call love—is confined to a very few years of man's life, to, in fact, a quite insignificant fraction of it, and even then is but one thing to be attended to among many infinitely more important things?"

But to a woman of her temperament love was the only eternal verity, and by love she understood something more than considerate, respectful treatment, discrimination, admiration, or letters addressed to her in language that should extort praise from the most genteel compiler of a work on etiquette.

Trying persons, both. Trying in the often wearisome detail of correspondence. These two large volumes might well have been compressed into one of reasonable size, for page after page is concerned with insignificant affairs.

Diogenes Laertius tells us that they found a great number of earthen vases in Aristotle's house after the death of the philosopher, and Mr. Marcel Schwob finds this as entertaining a fact for a curious biographer as the question of what Dr. Johnson finally did with the pieces of dried orange peel he carried in his pockets. John Aubrey tells us that Erasmus "loved not fish though born in a fish town."

These are insignificant items, but they enter into the composition of the speaking likeness. In these letters, however, the insignificant does not contribute to any definite or memorable portrayal. In the notes as well as in the introduction there is not a little that is superfluous, whether it be in denunciation of Froude or in the screaming eulogy of Carlyle.

The editor explains Mrs. Carlyle's use of "acquaintance" for "acquaintances" as a Scottishism; but "acquaintance" in this sense was originally a collective noun used both as plural and as singular, and in English literature "acquaintance" as a plural is not uncommon; it is found in Chaucer, Tindale's "Bible," Cowley and Jane Austen.

The volumes are an excellent example of bookmaking; there are illustrations, and there is an index, which might be fuller.



HE announcement of the resignation of the members of the Kneisel Quartet from their respective positions in the Boston Symphony orchestra was a shock to music lovers in this city and the immediate neighborhood, as well as a surprise to all interested in music throughout the country. This resignation was something more than a parochial affair of after-dinner talk. The quartet has been so closely identified with the Symphony orchestra that some thought at first the foundation pillars were shaken if not fallen; that there must be some perturbation of nature; and some, ever ready to indulge in gloomy thoughts, saw the departure of glory, and Symphony Hall no longer the temple of the Muse, but a ruin wherein owls dwelt and satyrs danced and wild beasts of the Back Bay cried in the presence of the abandoned and wondering statues.

It is true that the withdrawal of the quartet, with the resignation of that admirable musician, gifted composer and strong influence, Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, is a serious matter; but the Symphony orchestra will still flourish and be an ornament of the city. Mr. Henry L. Higginson, the founder and the supporter of the quartet as well as the orchestra, gave the answer to any doubters in his acknowledgment of the quartet's letter of withdrawal.

"Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder were brought from Europe both to take the first place among their respective instruments and also to play in the quartet, which from the outset I had intended to establish here as an adjunct of the orchestra. This purpose I carried out and bore the quartet on my shoulders for some years. The members of the Kneisel Quartet have served me in every capacity long, faithfully and intelligently and deserve very well of the public. Their reasons for leaving us are good and convincing, and, while these gentlemen are a great loss to the orchestra and to me, I see that they can labor more freely and to their own greater profit and renown by taking this step, and they take it with my entire consent and good will. But few losses in this world cannot be made good, and the places thus vacant will be filled by artists of the highest class. I wish the members of the Kneisel Quartet all success in their new efforts."

"The places thus vacant will be filled by artists of the highest class." This quiet statement is enough.

Franz Kneisel was born in Roumania, of German parentage, in 1855. A pupil of Gruen and Hellmesberger of Vienna, he became concert master of the Hofburg Theatre orchestra in that city, and he was soon called to Berlin to be the concert master of Blüth's famous orchestra, to be the successor of such men as Ysaye and Cesar Thomson. In 1885 Mr. Gerike invited him to Boston, to succeed Mr. Bernard Listemann. There was an indignant outcry at the time from musicians, lovers of music, and the press. A critic voiced the popular feeling when he wrote: "To deny Mr. Listemann from the position of concert master seems almost as terrific as it would be to discharge Mr. Zerrahn from the directorship of the Handel and Haydn." Some insisted that the importation of Mr. Kneisel and other

foreign violinists was an insult to America, as well as to Boston, for the first duty of an established orchestra was to encourage American composers, and to benefit local musicians. Mr. Kneisel began his public duties as concert master in this city Oct. 17, 1885, and on Oct. 31, of the same year, he made his first appearance in Boston as a soloist by playing Beethoven's concerto. He did not at first escape criticism. "He showed only a moderate force; his manner had none of Mr. Listemann's life and nervous energy"; "a quiet, simple player"; there were even severe attacks; but Mr. Kneisel can now well afford to read with a smile the criticism published in 1885. His high rank as concert master and as solo player was long ago assured, and long ago he was far above the voices of envy, malice, ignorance, for he is pre-eminently an artist violinist. He is not that comet-like being, the dazzling, phenomenal virtuoso, he is a star of the first magnitude, that shines with steady, reassuring, cheering brilliance; that shines serenely, while all manner of falling stars, meteors and other celestial phenomena excite wonder for a moment and are then lost in outer darkness. Concert master, soloist, quartet leader, he is the artist musician, a strong maker for musical righteousness.

Mr. Higginson may well say, without boasting, that he established the Kneisel Quartet and bore it on his shoulders for some years. There has been chamber music in this city ever since the concerts given by the Harvard Musical Association at Chickering's warehouses, 1844-1850, with Herwig at first as leader. The hearers were never over 200 in number, and as a rule they were less than 100. The Mendelssohn Quintet Club made long and brave attempts to popularize chamber music. But when the Kneisel Quartet gave its first concert in the old Chickering Hall, Dec. 28, 1885, The Herald stated the truth when it said in its review: "It is unfortunately a fact that the local musical public takes but a limited interest in programmes of the class presented last evening." And what was the programme? Volkmann's quartet in G minor, op. 14; the Canzonetta from Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat major; the Menuetto from Mozart's quartet in C minor; and Beethoven's quintet in C major, op. 29. The quartet was then made up of Messrs. Kneisel, Fiedler, Svecenski, Giese, and Mr. Kuntz played the second viola at the first concert. There were four concerts the first season, and they began at 7:45. Mr. Roth succeeded Mr. Fiedler in November, 1887; Mr. Roth was succeeded by Mr. Ondricek in October, 1889, and he in turn gave way to Mr. Theodorowicz in October, 1902. Mr. Giese was succeeded by Mr. Hekking in October, 1889, who in turn was followed by Mr. Schroeder in October, 1891. Mr. Giese is dead; Mr. Hekking now lives in Berlin; Messrs. Fiedler, Ondricek and Roth are still members of the Symphony orchestra.

The Kneisel concerts were for several seasons in this city supported by Mr. Higginson, and for some time in New York the audiences were small and by no means fashionable. But Mr. Higginson did not lose confidence or courage, and the artistry of the quartet itself in time was recognized and rewarded. It is a pleasure to know that the quartet is duly appreciative of Mr. Higginson's support, and gave full expression of this appreciation in the letter of resignation.

The influence of the Kneisel quartet in Boston has been great, and it will be abiding. Not only have finished performances of the classics been given, but Mr. Kneisel, a man of most catholic taste, has introduced at these concerts works by Arensky, Borodin, Chausson, Debussy, Dohnanyi, Duvernoy, Cesar Franck, D'Indy, Lalo, Loeffler, Novacek, Sinding, Richard Strauss, Tschaiowsky, as well as works by Brahms, Dvorak and others. He has given reasonable attention to American composers. Distinguished pianists, as well as a few singers of worth, have assisted him.

The members of the quartet will make Boston their dwelling place, and they will give concerts here. Their reasons for leaving the orchestra are sound; they hardly admit of dispute. Mr. Schroeder, a most distinguished cellist in solo, orchestra and chamber music, has served as an orchestral player here and abroad for more than 30 years. Mr. Kneisel has done like service for 20 years. The Symphony orchestra gives in all about 100 concerts a season; then there are the many and necessary rehearsals. The members of the quartet have served faithfully the orchestra; but such service obliges them to refuse many engagements throughout the country as quartet players, and they cannot always bring to quartet performances the freshness and enthusiasm which they would display were they masters of their time. They are naturally eager to display the perfection of their art in foreign cities. Thus they purpose next spring to give concerts in London, where they have already played; in Paris with Mr. Harold Bauer, in Rome with the possible assistance of Srambelli, who has dedicated to them his second quartet; in Bonn, and in other German cities. They cannot but accept many engagements in this country which they have hitherto been obliged to refuse. They feel that now is the time to make the long-contemplated move, before their nerves and their spirits are decadened by routine.

The report published in a journal of New York and, we regret to say, also in Boston, to the effect that Mr. Kneisel withdraws because he had hoped to be leader of the Symphony orchestra is wantonly mischievous, and so absurdly false that it does not call for discussion.

The only serious rival in Europe will be the famous Bohemian quartet, which has thought more than once of visiting this country. The glory of Joachim's quartet departed long ago, and while there are respectable quartets in Germany, as that of the Museumsgesell-

schaft in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and brilliant occasional performances of chamber music in Paris and Brussels, there is no other established quartet to compare with the Kneisel, save the Bohemian above mentioned. And as the Kneisels say in their letter: "Organizations of this kind that have achieved fame (such as the Florentine, the Heck-

mann, the Joachim, and among the younger class the Bohemian, and other quartets) do not belong to orchestras, or have given up their positions in orchestras in the early part of their career."

The long familiar faces will be missed at first by the Symphony audience, nor will it be an easy task to replace such men as Messrs. Kneisel, Loeffler and Schroeder. But Messrs. Higginson and Gerike will spare no pains to preserve the high standard and the dignified traditions of this unequalled organization. In an orchestra, as in daily life, men depart and are mourned; their successors in turn carry on the work, maintain the glory and are themselves praised and honored.

May 11th 1903 A.M.

SHE WORE RED SHIRT WAIST.

Heroine of "The Main Chance" Worth Reading About.

Evelyn's Conspicuous Garment Caused Onslaught by Steer on the Golf Links—Hero, a Harvard Graduate, Rescued the Maiden—Society as Graded in Clarkson.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson, the author of "The Main Chance" (a novel published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), has courage. His heroine wore a red shirt waist on the golf links. A steer broke away from a drove of cattle, ran over the links and chased Evelyn, who headed for a bunker. The drover made a mess of casting the lariat and was unseated, but John Saxton, a Bostonian and Harvard graduate, who had lost money on a ranch, picked up the lariat, threw it "with mathematical nicety," and said calmly to the drover: "Here's your cow." Evelyn shook her skirt free of sand and remarked: "I need hardly say that I'm greatly obliged to you." Mr. Saxton offered her witch hazel, arnica and brandy, but Evelyn was not hurt; and her only fear was that she looked ridiculous when she was running.

This incident was only one of many in the life of Mr. Saxton, who had been sent to Clarkson, a western town, by the Neponset Trust Company of Boston "to represent the interests of a group of clients who had made rash investments in several of the trans-Missouri states." Again an old, old story. Clarkson was a hustling town, with modern improvements, among them a club with a bad table d'hôte luncheon. Saxton was introduced at the club by Mr. Porter, a self-made man and father of the red shirt waisted Evelyn. "Porter offered Saxton the wine card, which the young man declined with instinctive knowledge that he was expected to do so." Yet Mr. Porter was a good fellow in his way and all readers will rejoice when they learn how he got the better of Timothy Margrave, an equally amiable and unscrupulous representative business man of Clarkson.

Clarkson was full of entertaining men and women. There was James Wheaton, a bank officer, who was formal and handsome. He wished to marry Evelyn, and he did many things to show himself worthy of her—he even contracted the habit of going to the Episcopal church Sunday mornings. He had the reputation of being sternly honest, and he was one of those uncomfortable

persons who never made a mistake. A model office boy, he had risen to be a model cashier, and he had never displayed an emotion until he became acquainted with Evelyn. But he had a wicked brother, Bill, who, when they were lads, had led him into a robbery and then served time in order that little James might go free. Bill had an unpleasant trick of appearing in Clarkson as Snyder, a tramp, and when James finally refused to give him more than a hundred dollars or so and a railway ticket, he gayly kidnapped Porter's son, and killed the brilliant and epigrammatic Warrick Raridan, one of the rescuing party, whereupon James took the train for San Francisco and in a regretful letter to Saxton announced his intention of going to South America. Then there was a good Episcopal bishop of herculean frame and boundless charity as well as an army officer with his still handsome and talkative wife.

Nor was Miss Morris to be despised, who had been made a doctor of philosophy by the University of North Dakota. She preferred a home institution to Heidelberg, for, as she well said: "The choruses of Euripides might ring as grandly on our western plains as in Athens itself." Miss Morris was cocksure of western literary supremacy: "The most vital books we are now producing are written west of the Alleghenies." She punctuated her talk "so that her commas cut into the air." Nor should Mabel Margrave be passed by in silence; Mabel who carried in a silver heart the photograph of a popular actor; Mabel who sang "Don't Throw Snowballs at

the Snow Water Mary." "Did it well—almost too well!" Mabel's reputation as a "tack" impressed deeply a young man from Ke kuk who wore a secret society pin in his cravat.

There was much social life at Clarkson. Raridan and one of his friends used to appear at table in dinner coats; Wheaton soon followed their example; and always a methodical man, he committed to heart the chapter on "Dining Out" in a book on etiquette before he went to Evelyn's party. There were three classes of society in Clarkson—those in which no servants were kept, those in which two were kept, and those in which the maids wore caps. The Knights of Midas ball was a brilliant affair. The master of the largest abattoir wore a diamond pin, "rampant on a field of dress shirt." The laundry man was grave and handsome, with the air of an eminent jurist. Mr. Wheaton was the King in the grand procession.

Evelyn was Queen; she carried her head high, and her white gown so intensified her fairness that "something caught" in Raridan's throat as he looked at her.

No wonder that Messrs. Saxton, Raridan, Wheaton et al. loved Evelyn madly. She had mastered the art of dressing a salad, and the author insists on this point. "The highest note of civilization is struck when a salad is dressed by a master of the chemistry of gastronomy." When Evelyn mixed the dressing her hand did not tremble, her eye did not deceive her. "There were no false starts, no 'ohs' of regret and appeal, no questions of quantity." Her art realized the dreams of alchemy. It will be seen that the "best people" of Clarkson had given up the practice of eating sugar and vinegar with their lettuce.

Mr. Saxton straightened the tangled interests of his eastern clients, saved Mr. Porter's money invested in the Clarkson Traction Company, helped materially in the rescue of the kidnapped boy, and at last there was nothing left for him to do but to propose to Evelyn. He proposed to her at Orchard Lane on the North Shore, and by so doing lost his train to Boston. It is only fair to say that she helped him materially in his proposal.

May 15, 1903 A.M.

CURRENT LITERATURE

Fantastical Tale by Author of "Eben Holden."

Irving Bacheller's "Darrell of the Blessed Isles" Has Much Quaint Humor—Harold MacGrath's "The Grey Cloak" Is Full of Plot and Fighting and Love.

Mr. Irving Bacheller in the preface to his latest novel "Darrell of the Blessed Isles" (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston), says that he has tried "to give some history of that uphill road, traversing the rough back country, through which men of power came once into the main highways, dusty, timid, footsore, and curiously old-fashioned. Now is the up-grade eased by scholarships; young men labor with the foot-ball instead of the bucksaw, and wear high collars and travel on a Pullman car and dally with slang and cigarettes in the smoking room. . . . In Darrell it is sought to portray a force held in fetters and covered with obscurity, yet strong to make its way and widely felt. His troubles granted, one may easily concede his character, and his troubles are, mainly, no fanciful invention."

This is a fantastical tale, in spite of the author's hint that Darrell, the clock tinker, was drawn from life, and in spite of the momentary appearance of Edwin Forrest, with a small "dark imperial" and "the voice of an angel." President Garfield is also introduced as "a great, awkward country boy, slouching along the road on his way to Cleveland . . . his trousers of satin fell loosely far enough to break joints with each bootleg; the dusty cowhide gave his feet a lonely and arid look." He told Trove, the young hero, that he was going to be a sailor; that he had read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Grimshaw's 'Napoleon' and 'The Pirate's Book' and the Bible, and that he once thought of trying to go to Congress; when Trove said he should like to be an author the lad, Garfield, asked him if he knew how to chop, hoe, swing a scythe, so as to be sure of a living; he saw an author once who 'wrote dime novels and drank whiskey' and wore a bearskin rug." There are realistic pages, yet the story is inherently fantastical. From the entrance of Trove as a 4-year-old boy strapped under a wolfskin and brought on a red sleigh drawn by a dog to Allen's farmhouse.

Trove, the boy who was snatched from a Syrian nurse in a New England coast town; Darrell, the disguised father, who stole \$100,000 to pay the ransom, repented bitterly, made whole the wronged, and wandered about, now playing Santa Claus, now tinkering clocks, and now dispensing with an Irish accent maxims and fables—surely these and other characters, with their hifalutin and sentimental dialogues, stroll and prattle as in fairyland. Nor can Trove, as school teacher, through his strength triumphant over bullies, as the naive wooer of Polly, as the one accused of robbery and murder; nor can Darrell, with his sacrifice of self, persuade the reader of the exact daily life led when the republic was younger. Darrell was a garrulous person. When

The A. L. Burt Company (New York) publishes a translation of Erickman's historical novel, "The Campaign," edited with an introduction by J. Mercer Adams, who spells "erect" with an "e" without sound authority. The simple story of Joseph service under Napoleon is a powerful tract, written, as all know, in praise against the French craze for military glory. The reply was made at the time the book first appeared that the authors had no literary style, but the force, the directness, the homely common sense, and the honesty of the company of the purpose, were irresistible. The descriptions of fighting are less laborious than the realism than are those in Zola's "Decebalus," and they are equalled in apparent truth only by pages of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and an "Spartan Ode." The usefulness of such a book is confined to any one occasion or period, and the story itself interests old and young.

May 27, 1903. P.M.

REFORMED AT 40 AND LIVED TO AGE OF 103.

A New Version of Cornaro's "Art of Living Long."

Treatises on Salutary Ways of Life
from the Pen of the Noted Venetian
After He Was More Than
80 Years Old—How He Cured His
Many Early Infirmities.

Louis Cornaro, a Venetian of noble family, was deprived by fraud of his privileges and honors. A sensitive man, he left his birthplace and made Padua his home. Born in 1484, with a delicate constitution and a choleric disposition, he led an intemperate life, so that at the age of 40 he was sorely vexed by consequent infirmities. He then adopted a rigid diet; and he not only became a man of perfect health, active, happy, serene, known as "The Temperate," but he lived till 1586, when he died in his 103d year. He wrote four treatises on "The Temperate Life"; the first when he was 83 years old, the second when he was 86, the third at the age of 91, the fourth and the last when he was 95. The work has long been a classic in Italy, and, translated into Latin as well as into modern languages, it has been popular throughout Europe. Addison spoke of it in "The Spectator," and Bacon mentioned the author in his list of long lives. A "new and improved English version" of Cornaro's "The Art of Living Long," with supplementary essays by Addison, Bacon and Sir William Temple, with appendices concerning Cornaro, and with notes, has just been published (William F. Butler, Milwaukee).

This treatise will interest many who, in these days of nervous waste, of sleepless nights and of working feverishly against the clock, speculate concerning the proper diet, the salutary ways of life. No theory, however preposterous it may be, is without its advocates. Some believe in returning to the old Roman and early English practice of going without breakfast; some believe that the natural food of man is confined to fruit and nuts; and others are even now endeavoring to follow the example of the celebrated Mr. Fletcher, who chews so long and so slowly that he eats little, wastes comparatively nothing, and is, they say, a miracle of strength. It is to be regretted that the editor of this new edition of Cornaro's treatise did not furnish a quantity of illustrative and comparative notes on diet in place of the general reflections of Temple and much of Bacon's "History of Life and Death." Extracts, for instance, from Dr. Tobie Yvonne's "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam," published at London in 1820, would be much more to the purpose.

On account of the excesses of his past life, together with a bad constitution, Cornaro had various ailments, such as pains in the stomach, pains in the side, symptoms of gout, "and still worse, a low fever that was almost continuous," and he suffered especially from "disorder of the stomach and from an unquenchable thirst." The physicians told him that unless he adopted a rigidly simple diet he would surely die in a few months. This advice had been given him before, but he did not refrain from pleasing his palate, and he did not hesitate to continue drinking, and in large quantities, his favorite wines. "Of all this, of course, after the fashion of invalids, I never breathed a word to my physicians." But at the age of 40 he determined it was his duty to live temperately and rationally, and within a year he was cured of all his complaints. He had been fond of dry and very cold wine, melons, raw salads, fish, pork, tarts, vegetable soups, pastries and similar articles. They harmed him. He gave them up. "Instead, I chose only such wines as agreed with my stomach, taking of them only such a quantity as I knew it could easily digest, and I observed the same rule with regard to my food, exercising care both as to the quantity and the quality. In this manner, I accustomed myself to the habit of never fully satisfying my appetite, either with eating or drinking, always leaving the table well able to take more." He also guarded against great heat and cold, extreme fatigue; he never allowed anything to interfere with his sleep; he did not remain for any length of time in a poorly ventilated place; he did not expose himself too much to the wind or the sun.

When Cornaro was 70, he was badly hurt by a carriage accident. The doctors said he would die within three days, and they were for bleeding and purging him. He did not consent to so great alteration. "I merely had my arm and leg straightened, and permitted my body to be rubbed with certain oils." He soon recovered, and to him the conclusion was unavoidable that "any man who leads the regular and temperate life, not swerving from it in the least degree where his nourishment is concerned, can be but little affected by other disorders or incidental mishaps."

As he grew older, friends and physicians advised him to eat more. He maintained, on the contrary, that as his age increased and his strength lessened, he should diminish the quantity of his food; but, to please his family, he yielded. "This increase was by only two ounces in weight, so that, while, with bread, the yolk of an egg, a little meat and some soup, I had formerly eaten as much as would weigh in all exactly 12 ounces, I now went so far as to raise the

amount to 14 ounces, and while I had formerly drunk but 14 ounces of wine, I now began to take 16 ounces." As a result, he became melancholy and irascible, pain attacked him, and a fever raged for 25 days. He went back to the smaller amount.

Cornaro was too sensible a man to prescribe the same diet to all. He admitted that various experiments were necessary. "Who would believe that wine over a year old would be hurtful to my stomach, while new wine would be suitable to it, and that pepper, which is commonly considered a heating spice, would not act upon me as such, but that cinnamon would warm and help me? * * * Should there be a man to whom no kind of food is harmful, he, obviously, would not be subject to the rule of quality, but must needs regard only that of quantity—an observance which becomes a very easy matter." He is never weary of insisting that each one must choose the quality of food best suited to his constitution.

If in youth he partook of two meals a day, in old age his food was divided into four, since thus divided it was more easily digested, and so he had double enjoyment of table pleasures, although the quantity of food was diminished. At 86 Cornaro ate, first, bread; then bread soup or light broth with an egg, "or some other nice little dish of this kind," veal, kid, mutton, fowls of all kinds, as well as partridges and birds like the thrush, salt water fish, as the goldney, and among the fresh water kinds the pike and others. His energy was never so great as after meals. "I feel, when I have the table, that I must sing, and after singing that I must write." His mind was clear, nor was he disposed to sleep.

At 91 he wrote with his own hand eight hours a day. All his senses, his voice and his teeth were in perfect condition. "Oh, how beautiful and sonorous has my voice become!" he exclaimed with the naive vanity of a prima donna. "If you could but hear me sing my prayers to the accompaniment of the lyre, as King David sang to that of the harp, I assure you that you would derive great pleasure." Yet he admitted that in July and August he could not drink any kind of wine; waters did not relieve him, nor did strong chicken broth aid him; and if it had not been for the new wine at the beginning of September, he would have died.

At 95 he found fault with orders which allowed meat, vegetable soups, salads, fruits and pastries made with eggs—"foods which often harm them, and to some are a cause of death." He recommended the members of these orders after the age of 80 to live solely on bread, topped in wine, bread soup and eggs with bread—the true diet to preserve the life of a man of poor constitution."

Now, long before Cornaro, physicians attached the greatest importance to the regulation of diet. Galen solemnly admonished his readers not to eat thoughtlessly but to consider attentively what kinds of food and drink they found from experience to be prejudicial to them; and Galen recommended only two meals a day. Hippocrates disapproved of the practice of eating a full dinner. According to Athenaeus a good physician should be a good cook. And just as there were sound advisers before Cornaro in his extreme old age showed Venice how to preserve her lagoon and harbor so that they would not be altered for a thousand years, and practised as well as praised the virtues of temperance, so there were famous abstainers before this glory of Padua. Octavius Caesar Augustus was content with coarse bread, cheese made of cow's milk and pressed by the hand, green figs; and to wine he preferred a sop of bread soaked in cold water, or a slice of cucumber, or some new gathered apple, sharp and tart. The Egyptian kings regulated their diet with such sobriety that a man would think it was not ordered by a law-giver, but a most skillful physician for the preservation of health." There was Philippus Nerius who at 19 determined to refresh his body but once a day, and that only with bread and water "and sometimes he would abstain even from these cold delights unto the third day"; and after he was made a priest, he ate some small thing in the morning and then abstained till supper, which consisted of two poached eggs, or pulse or herbs. The books are full of instances of singular temperance, just as they tell of persons active at an extreme old age, but Cornaro stands out conspicuous for his long-continued adherence to spare diet and his strength of mind and body; for at his 83d year he could climb hills, leap upon his horse from the even ground, write comedies, and do most of the things he did when he was young. He is also conspicuous through the charm of his autobiography, which confirms the impression made by his portrait by Tintoretto, a lovable man.

Were the increased years worth the self-denial, if the fewer years were comparatively free from physical discomfort? The advantages and the disadvantages of old age have provoked philosophic discussion since Job gave way to soliloquy and dispute. It is not necessary to pull down Cicero or Seneca from the shelf. Cornaro represents a man as wishing to indulge his appetites and saying that it is preferable to live 10 years less and to enjoy life. He himself gives the answer: "They do not pause to consider what immense importance 10 years more of life, and especially of healthy life, possess, when we have reached mature age, the time, indeed, at which men appear to the best advantage in learning and virtue—two things which can never reach their perfection except with time." And he again sums up the comforts and pastimes of his old age. "Since it is free, by the grace of God, from all the perturbations of the soul and the infirmities of the body, and is not subject to any of those troubles which woefully torment so many young men and so many languid and utterly worn-out old men."

The editor might well have given illustrations of these views from the writ-

ings of Schopenhauer, who stated that a complete and adequate notion of life can never be attained by any one who does not reach old age; "for it is only the old man who sees life whole and knows its natural course; it is only he who is acquainted—and this is most important—not only with its entrance, like the rest of mankind, but with its exit too; so that he alone has a full sense of its utter vanity; whilst the others never cease to labor under the false notion that everything will come right in the end." And Schopenhauer, like Plato, gave the prize to old age, because then at last man is freed from animal passion; however ordinary his faculties may be, a certain tincture of wisdom is then given to him. Nor did the great philosopher and acute observer hesitate to add that the natural length of human life is 100 years; that if any one dies before that term he dies of disease; and disease is something abnormal.

On the other hand, there is Swift's terrible description of the Strudefrugs or Imortals on earth, and even Schopenhauer admitted it is a rash thing to wish for long life; "For, as the Spanish proverb has it, it means to see much evil."

May 29, 1903

ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF DANISH CONQUEST.

"The Ward of King Canute," by O. A. Liljencrantz.

Little Imaginative Individualization, but Plenty of Adventure and
"Historical Novel" Dialogue—Arthur Sherburne Hardy's "His Daughter First."

Ottile A. Liljencrantz consulted the wisdom of the ancients and the moderns in the preparation of her novel, "The Ward of King Canute" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago). She gives the list in a note of acknowledgment; she names at least 25 sources of information, from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle to the Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History; from Allen's History and Antiquities of London to William of Malmesbury's Chronicle. Thus did she absorb; thus was she saturated. Flaubert tells us in his letters how he crammed for "Salammbô," how he was enabled to construct archaeological characters that might defy professional and skeptical investigation. Charles Reade, in that masterpiece of romantically historical reconstruction, "The Cloister and the Hearth," did not hesitate to help himself with both hands to the Colloques of Erasmus, just as in "The Wandering Heir" he lifted boldly from Dean Swift to give a conversation faithful to the spirit of the period. But Flaubert and Reade were more than industrious antiquarians and unblushing appropriators. Flaubert saw with the inner eye of the poet Carthage in all its cruel splendor. Reade's ancient costumes covered men and women of flesh and blood.

In "The Ward of King Canute" there is no imaginative individualization. The novelist's Canute would not be a striking portrait, even if his name were spelled "Cnut." No doubt historical details, descriptions of towns and country, siege and open battle, are correct, but what is all this when Danes and English, conquerors and conquered, speak a common language, and speak, as Artemus Ward put it, "in a play-actin' voice."

It is with the book itself as with the illustrations by the Kinneys. We are told by the publishers that the Kinneys "make an especial point of the realism and historical accuracy of their pictures; every detail of costume or armor, every ornament or weapon, has been carefully studied, and for five months they worked steadily on these six illustrations to the exclusion of everything else." But what of this, and what of the fact that the pictures are "worked up in oil" and "reproduced by the three-color process," if the drawings themselves be not full of action, if they do not reproduce or accentuate the mood, the spirit of the text? Take the frontispiece; Randalin disguised as a page, is rescued by the Lord of Ivarsdale from soldiers who were about to kill her; he puts her on his horse, and her "wide bright eyes" seek his, "with the terror of a snared bird." But where in the illustration is the thought of alarm and terror, or the suggestion of contrast between timorous beauty and superbly careless strength? What if the costumes be faithfully reproduced?

Yet the novel will no doubt please many, for there is plenty of adventure, and there is the specious and swollen dialogue that has been accepted by the reviewers in "historical" novelesque since Scott's "Ivanhoe." Some may persuade themselves that such romances are educational. Not so many years ago a German female novelist was popular in this country. She would write: "And then Frederick II. left the chamber. Soon he was heard playing the flute to the carps"; and there would be a footnote: "This is an historical fact. L. M."

The author of this romance of the Danish conquest does not resort to such childish tricks. Her novel is not encumbered by pedantic digression. Description enters naturally, the labor of setting the stage scenery is not too apparent. The characters play smoothly their expected parts in conventional grooves. But hero and heroine, king and traitor, soldier and court lady might bear any name, might strut their hour on other soil, and in another age.

It is a pleasure to meet Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy again as a novelist, and "His Daughter First" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York) is as the renewal of an agreeable and interrupted acquaintanceship. As a college professor he turned longingly to the less distracting career of the literary man, and as the author of "But Yet a Woman," "The Wind of Destiny" and "Passe Rose" he enjoyed for a time the distinction of being mistaken for Thomas Hardy. Then he went into the diplomatic service. The publishers insist that "the position which Mr. Hardy now occupies as Minister to Spain, and his life as a diplomat, have given him great opportunities for studying society on both sides of the water." How such honorable service necessarily, inevitably enables a novelist to portray graphically, life in the New York money market or to catch the spirit of a house-party on a New Hampshire hillside does not at once appear, nor does Mr. Hardy need such an affidavit in recommendation.

The story is a simple one, in spite of apparent complication. Character drawing is here more than plot, and conversation is more than incident. Indeed, the dialogue is the chief charm. Mr. Hardy's women are, as a rule, more entertaining, nimble in mind, than his men; yet the good-natured, quiet Paul answers when his cousin Dolly tells him her broker's advice to "just sit still" while certain stocks are sinking in value. "There are always two parties to a speculation, Dolly, and one of them generally finds it difficult to sit still." The broker is a light o' love; and he is wiser in his generation than the children of light, so wise that he might well be taken for a sharper; but after a hoivish victim shoots at him with intent to kill and thus chastens his spirits, he considers his ways, and marries the daughter of Temple, who had outwitted him. The governess with whom the broker had flirted intemperately is carried off to Europe by a cynically kind old woman, and thus is rescued from the terrible fate of returning to Boston, her home, and again taking on the burden of life in a shabby room, "whose closets contained nothing but calico dresses, and whose windows looked out upon a very small and dingy back yard decorated with the week's washing." The widow Dolly marries the widower Temple, after the haughty Mabel, who rebelled against this thought of any step-mother, has been gathered in by the penitent broker.

The men and the women have life and individuality, although the complexity of Mabel's character is shown by others, among them the author with blackboard and identifying stick, rather than by Mabel herself. Even the minor characters, as Pearson, the dry-witted farmer and the intolerable Prof. Fisher, are well defined and recognizable.

Mr. Hardy mentions a performance of Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" at the Opera in New York. The reference is to the Metropolitan, but was Offenbach's posthumous work ever performed there? It was given in America by a second-rate operetta company, and in a mutilated form. "At the close of the second act, as Julietta's gondola glided under the balcony the music of the barcarolle." But Julietta and the whole act of the lost looking-glass reflection were dropped out of Offenbach's work, and the barcarolle is sung by two voices and chorus in the third act.

"It is not a new opera, Miss Gaunt. It was the one given in Vienna at the Ring Theatre years ago, when so many lives were lost by fire, and has been on the blacklist ever since." "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Feb. 10, 1851, was performed at the Ring Theatre, Vienna, Dec. 7, 1881, 24 hours before the theatre was burned with an appalling loss of life. It is true that for some years the opera was not given at Vienna; but it was produced at Berlin and other German cities in the early eighties, and has been a repertory piece; it has been revived frequently in Paris, and within three years it has been applauded in Vienna.

Mr. Hardy's novel is well worth reading. They that know his earlier works do not need to be reminded of his quiet humor, shrewd reflection, sane and wholesome outlook, artistically simple style. And they that are not yet acquainted with Mr. Hardy will form a friendship with him as the author of this volume.

May 31, 1903

POE'



HE "Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe" in two volumes, by James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York), were prepared orig-

inally for a complete edition of Poe's works in 17 volumes, known as the "Virginia edition," and issued by the same publishers.

The biography contains certain facts as well as certain legends that are not found in Mr. Woodberry's admirable life; but it is a singular mixture of unpleasant and derogatory statements and lush eulogy.

The biographer apparently can never forgive Boston for being the birthplace of Poe. The fact is, however, undeniable that Poe was born in Boston, disagreeable as the fact was to him all through his life, and that his first vol-

scene from Gounod's "Sappho" (Miss Patterson); trio from Verdi's "Lombardi" (Miss Sexton, Messrs. Mongini and Cutter); aria of Fides, act 5 of "The Prophet" (Miss Stanaway); last scene of "Faust" (Miss Sexton, Messrs. Dean and Osborne); Nile scene from "Aida" (Miss Allen, Miss Stanaway, Messrs. Black, Codman, Cutter); last act of "Carmen" (Miss Amsden, Miss Harsett, Mrs. Pressinger, Messrs. Day and Willis).

The names and abilities of some of these singers are known already to the public. Thus Miss Clara Sexton, a young soprano from Springfield, who has studied here and in Florence, Italy, displayed her voice of beautiful emotional quality and her indisputable dramatic instinct at the first of these performances in May, 1902, when she sang and acted the part of Violetta with genuine intensity, and she confirmed and enlarged the good impression then made by her admirable impersonation of Lucresia in Mr. Bimboni's "The Modella" last March. Miss Allen and Miss Stanaway have also had opportunity for the exhibition of their abilities, and the names of Miss Patterson, Messrs. Black, Codman, Day, Dean and others are familiar.

Miss Maguire, a Boston girl, has studied chiefly in New York, and she has sung in concert at Washington and other cities with success. She, as well as Miss Amsden, will make her first appearance in an operatic scene. Mr. Mongini, who has lived in Africa as an explorer, came to this country as a member of the Mascagni company. He is a son of the famous tenor who created the part of Radames at Cairo. Mr. Osborne, baritone, has studied at Paris.

There is talk of a complete production of Mr. Bimboni's "La Modella" next season, with Miss Sexton as the heroine and with other members of the operatic school in the cast. The opera was performed at Berlin in 1882. The libretto is founded on the love story of Lucrezia Buti and Filippo Lippi, the painter.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

Harold Bauer, pianist, has been engaged for the next Worcester (Mass.) festival. He will probably play Saint-Saens' concerto in G minor at the afternoon concert on Friday, Oct. 2. The orchestra, led by Franz Kniesel, will probably play Schumann's symphony in C major, Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony, Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," Bizet's "L'Arlesienne," suite No. 1; Saint-Saens' "Omphale's Spinning Wheel"; variations and finale from Tschalkowsky's suite in G major; the overtures to "Oberon" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." "Wotan's Farewell" may be performed, with Robert Glass as Wotan. The star will be either Nordica or Gadski. With Nordica, the last scene of "Goetterdaemmerung" will be given; with Gadski, excerpts from "Die Meistersinger."

NOTES.

Gustave Charpentier has settled in Vienna, where he is reported to be at work on a sequel to his "Louise."

Four poems by Gustave Kahn, with music by Charles Martin Loeffler, will be published soon by Schirmer.

A monument by Mrs. Conrak in honor of Brahms was dedicated at the Central cemetery of Venice early this month.

Mr. B. J. Lang will conduct two performances of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" at Symphony Hall, during the congress of teachers.

The new cantata by the mulatto, Coleridge-Taylor, is entitled "Calvary," and it will be produced at the Hereford festival next September.

Mr. Bowen R. Church, director of Reeves' American band, will furnish 45 players for the railway convention at Saratoga June 24-July 1.

Claude Debussy's songs, "Fetes Galantes" (poems by Verlaine) have been published and his "Suite Bergamasque," for piano, is now in press.

Mr. George Lowell Tracy's musical comedy, "A Prince of Bohemia," was performed at Bangor, Me., by local amateurs last Tuesday and Wednesday.

Goldmark's new overture, "Zrinyi," written in celebration of the 50th birthday of the Philharmonic Society of Budapest, was performed in that city on May 4.

Victor Maurel has been appointed by the School of High Social Studies to a chair for the consideration of dramatic singing and the aesthetics of modern lyric interpretation.

Emile Darand, writer of treatises on theory, composer of operettas and songs, and for some years a teacher at the Paris Conservatory, died at Nevilly, May 6, at the age of 73.

An unpublished comedy in four acts, by Saint-Saens, "Le Roi Apepre," founded on Cherubini's "Amours Fragiles," will be played at Beziers in August, in the course of the annual festival.

The Verdi orchestra, Mr. John M. Flockton conductor, gave its second concert of the season at Chickering Hall last Tuesday evening. Mr. Clara Wild Jackson, soprano, and Mr. Bernhard Levitow, violinist, assisted.

"Il Santo," a fantastic opera, founded on the legend of Saint Anthony (with satan, angels, demons, penitents, etc.), music by Francesco Ghin, was produced with great applause at Venice, May 7. The composer has written a symphony in D minor.

Franz Kniesel left on Friday for his cottage at Blue Hill, Me., where he will spend the summer. Mr. Theodorowicz of the quartet will be with him. Mr. Schneider will spend the summer at the "Keweenaw" lakes. Mr. Svecenki is now in Europe.

Lili Lehmann appeared as Violetta in "La Traviata" at Berlin early this month, and they say she sang and acted superbly. Is this a case of a return to first love? Lehmann was famous in such parts long before she thought of Wagnerian heroines.



CLARA SEXTON

The Marguerite at the Operatic School performance.

A Buffalo correspondent of a music journal, in a notice of a song recital, says: "A very large and fashionable audience, at \$1.50 a ticket, bestowed its appreciative plaudits on the gifted singer." Desirable Buffalo, where one can be fashionable for \$1.25!

Gounod's "Redemption" will be sung this evening at the Park Street Church. The quartet, Miss Davies, Miss Griggs, Messrs. T. E. Johnson and E. A. Studley, Jr., will be assisted by a chorus and Messrs. Flockton and Lee, trumpeters. Mr. Wilder, the organist, will conduct.

Le Courier Musical of Paris says of Theodore Dubois' new fantasia for harp and orchestra: "It confirms our opinion concerning the decreasing interest of the compositions of this high artistic functionary." The journal charges Dubois with rudeness toward his colleagues.

Arthur Weld, formerly of Boston and now musical director of the Casino, New York, was married on May 22 to Mrs. Jane Brown, a divorced woman, known on the stage as Jane Peyton. Mr. Weld had already been married twice, and each wife in turn procured a divorce.

Mr. Baughan of London declares that Weingartner is the greatest conductor of Beethoven's music. He admits that Joachim's fingers "no longer obey his brain as implicitly as they once did," and Mr. Borwick, who assisted in a sonata by Brahms, "accommodated himself to Joachim with much tact."

An evening of ensemble music will be given by Miss Mary L. Slocom and her pupils, assisted by Miss Lucie A. Tucker, contralto, and a string quartet—Mrs. H. W. Conner, violin; Miss Adelaide L. Thomas, violin; Miss Jessie Lobdell, viola; Mrs. L. D. Laselle, cello—in Chipman Hall, Tremont Temple, tomorrow evening.

It is rumored that Toscanini, the conductor, who left suddenly La Scala, because the audience insisted on enacting the finale of "Un Ballo in Maschera," will be invited to conduct opera at Berlin and Bayreuth. Some say he is on his way to South America; others that the managers of La Scala will sue him for breach of contract.

The tenor Alvarez, on his return to the Paris opera, said to a colleague: "This is, indeed, the first opera house in the world; here only is truly great art." The Menestrel remembers Alvarez about a year ago leaving this same temple of art with unpleasant words and gestures of disgust; and it observes that man in general and the singer in particular is a weathercock.

Gulmiant will give organ concerts at the Trocadero, Paris, every Monday until July 20. The course is prescribed by the minister of public instruction, and the tickets may be obtained by writing to Gulmiant at the Paris Conservatory. Visitors in Paris will thus have an opportunity of hearing one of the leading organists of the modern classic school.

"Carmen," with music by Bizet and George W. Byng, has been produced as a ballet at the Alhambra, London. Guerrero, the Spanish dancer, is highly praised for her Carmen, "the most realistic," says one critic, "and essentially true and natural of any yet seen on the London stage." A fine, resolute, instinctive animal—cunning, pitiless, amorous and fearless—Escamillo is danced and acted by a woman.

Mrs. Helen E. H. Wright and her pupils gave a pleasant song recital in the old Chickering Hall on last Wednesday evening. Miss Lord, Miss Keiffer, Mrs. Hayward, Miss Whitcomb, Miss Lincoln, Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Childs contributed to the success of the evening. Not the least agreeable feature of the concert was the performance of "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark," by Mrs. Wright, with flute obligato by Mr. O. T. Ball.

The tenor Cazeneuve replaced Alvarez

in the operatic performance of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" in Paris, but the audience would not listen to him, and he left the stage. The manager told the audience that Alvarez was too tired to sing. Cazeneuve returned, burst into tears, tore off his wig, dashed it on the stage, and again left. The manager offered to return the money to any one who did not wish to hear the substitute. Several accepted the offer, and then there was peace.

Mr. Alfred Farland, the well known banjoist, made his debut in London at Cammeyer's festival May 14 with unequalled success. One critic wrote that Beethoven "would have to admit that Mr. Farland is not only a banjoist possessing an unsurpassed talent, but a musician who adorns everything he handles." We doubt whether Beethoven would be allowed to testify in court as a banjo expert. Nevertheless the foreign compliment is kindly meant.

Antoinette Trebelli, who now calls herself Antonia Dolores, has been singing in San Francisco, after a long sojourn in Australia. The Call of the 21st said that her voice has gained in fullness, and she has greater breadth of style; but she has "certain limitations of repertoire—self-imposed, one would say, for she ought to be able to sing anything—that seem to result in rather dry programmes. The voice is beautiful, the singing is beautiful—the outcome of it all is a bit prosy."

The death of the tenor Giuseppe Cremonini from congestion of the lungs is reported from Cremona. His voice was light and often pleasing, in spite of a tendency toward white tones. He sang with taste, and in lyric parts he was a sympathetic lover. He first became prominent at Turin, Feb. 1, 1893, when he created the part of Des Grieux in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," and in October of that year he appeared at Covent Garden. He sang in Italian cities, at Madrid, Bucharest, Monte Carlo, in South

America, and he made his debut at New York as Fernando, Nov. 23, 1895. His first appearance in Boston was at Mechanics' building as Turiddu, Feb. 20, 1896. He was the Faust the night Calve first sang Marguerite here, at Mechanics' building, April 6, 1897. He was the first to sing in Boston the part of Cavaradossi in "Tosca"—April 4, 1901. He was a favorite of prima donnas, and in some cities, especially in New York, women were almost hysterical in applause. He was thought as far back as 1895 he was said to be blessed with a wife and four children.

Rene Doire wrote of Renaud as Mephistopheles in the late operatic performance of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" at Paris: "Terrifying and sublime, he was applauded by hands trembling with fear and cheered by lungs choked with fright." As for Alvarez, the Faust, he was "the song itself, the voice, the unique voice, that which agonizes, grasps, transports, intoxicates, the voice that is powerful, tender, complaining, intimate, etc., etc." Yes, yes; but did Alvarez sing in tune?

Theodor Reichmann, the baritone, who died May 22 at a sanatorium on Lake Constance, in his 54th year, sang here at the Boston Theatre in April, 1890, as Wolfram, Tell, Telramund, the Dutchman and Don Giovanni. In October of that year he sang at a symphony and at a Kneisel concert. Nature gave him an unusually fine voice, and he left the cigar shop where he was clerk to be first an actor, and then a singer. He was a favorite in Germany, in spite of the fact that his intonation was often distressingly false, and that in action he was often loquacious. He created the part of Amfortas in "Parsifal," and was most effective as the sensuous, repentant, groaning King, and just before his death he wished to sing the part under Mr. Conried at the Metropolitan next winter. One of his best parts was Scindia in Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore." His Don Giovanni was criticised in Boston as distinguished by South

Cove eleganter. In 1882 he joined the Vienna Opera House company, and his contract came to an end May 1. Reichmann sang the part of Amfortas in Mr. Lang's first concert production of "Parsifal" in Boston, April 15, 1891.

Mr. John F. Runciman of the Saturday Review has been hearing Terina again in London, and he now comes to the conclusion that her Bruennhilde and Isolde are the finest known to him. "Out of a stage presence not of the very best, and marred by at least one serious physical disability, out of a voice barely above the average, and out of an acting which frequently fell beneath the best— from these elements, unsatisfactory, or perhaps three-quarters unsatisfactory, she built up impersonations which can only be called unmatched and matchless. The truth seems to be that she has the temperament and sheer brain power to do what few singers can do—thoroughly understand, grasp the character as it existed in the composer's imagination; and her temperament, will and artistic gifts enable her to give a broad interpretation of the character as she understands it. * * * She never unnecessarily misses a histrionic point for the sake of vocal display, but when vocalism is wanted she is careful not to get an appearance of over-acting by sacrificing her opportunity; and her vocal art is sufficient for the purpose. * * * Her human persuasiveness and sweetness in the last act of the 'Walkeure,' her force of mad passion in 'Tristan,' are things few singers can attain to."

Charlton de Boyon, a "musical medium" of Paris, made his first appearance in London on May 7. The Era says of him: "He cannot read music, nor can he transcribe a note—much less a chord. Yet, under inspiration—as he claims—he performs with accuracy, taste and judgment on the piano, organ or clavichord. This phenomenon is not the result of an abnormal memory; Charlton de Boyon possesses none where music is concerned. If he has, at any period of his career, become acquainted with the music of a composer, he can, whilst giving an exact reproduction of that musician's style and method, yield a composition absolutely new, and heard for the first and last time. Should any one in the audience suggest a scene to him—a ballet, an oriental effect, savage war dances, etc.—he improvises at once. Only some skilful scribe must be able to jot down the music as de Boyon improvises, or it will be lost forever. Charlton de Boyon's manipulation of the notes is extraordinary. In the right hand, the thumb and the first and second fingers are principally used, the little finger very rarely. With the left hand, effects are obtained by means of pounding with the knuckles and wrist. When the improvisations have been jotted down by competent musicians, it has been discovered that, although completely ignorant of technique and orchestration, Charlton de Boyon's scoring is absolutely accurate. Mme. Sarah Bern-

hardt herself took down the music, composed by de Boyon, for a piece in which she played, and Sardou, Massenet, Waldeufel and Champsaur all testify by letter to Charlton's extraordinary gift. At the Salle Erard de Boyon's capabilities were tested by his being asked to improvise in the respective styles of Gounod, Wagner and Richard Strauss, and he did so in a manner which evoked enthusiastic plaudits from the astonished audience. He also volunteers an improvisation upon the clavichord in the manner of Mozart, and a composition of his own on the organ."

June 1, 1903

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Musings Without Method," by "Annalist."

Compilation of Articles Which Have Appeared in Blackwood's—"Fort Birkett," by Edward W. Townsend—"The Vulgarians," by Edgar Favett—Other Books.

"Musings Without Method," by "Annalist" (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York), is a compilation of articles contributed to Blackwood's from February, 1900, to January, 1902, a collection of comments on leading events. Similar collections of feuilletons are not uncommon in Paris, where articles on books, plays, the doings of musicians are at the end of a year bound together in separate volumes, often to the confusion of the writer some years afterward. And so, in London, George Augustus Sala's Echoes of the Week, published originally in the Illustrated London News, appeared in book form under the title of "Living London," and his Echoes of the Year 1883 furnished material for another volume. And so, in New York, some of George William Curtis' delightful Easy Chair essays have been presented in less perishable form.

"Annalist," like the Wairus and the Carpenter in the famous poem, talks of many things: The Theatre Francaise, anarchy as a fashion, Mr. Piner, plagiarism, war correspondents, Greek at the universities, the decay of the race-course, the assassination of McKimley. The first complete edition of Hazlitt's works suggested an admirably discriminating review of the character and the writings of that great essayist. Unlike Charles Lever, who contributed reviews of current events to Blackwood's, "Annalist" has not sworn undying hatred

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's "The Vulgarians" (the Smart Set Publishing Company, New York), is a story of a family in a far western town, who became enormously rich. The two girls and their brother went to New York and stopped at the Waldorf-Astoria, where their apartments "dazzled them with beauty and splendor"; but Leander forgot to put his oots outside his coat when he went to bed; and as he had "only two or three pairs," and they were in a trunk, he was obliged to engage a boot-black in the street. It did not occur to him that he was doing "naughty" because of the Four Hundred, and so the two girls were badly dressed and good hearted. Brother Leander was impossible, for he wore a black shoe-face necktie, and when he offered "a little olive and black eyebrow of tobacco,

belated with 'silver and gold' to Mr. Rupert K. Henshaw, 'one of the most powerful grandees of New York finance,' he said: 'Paid 75 nipsce for 'em. Pretty steep, wasn't it? But they're damned good.'

Marlan, a slender, fair-skinned, blonde, widow, who was obliged to leave her rich step-brother's house because she would not marry Lord Usk and Castlereagh expected a dot from the said step-brother—took a fancy to the western helresses, and did their hair for them when they went to the opera, and she also insisted that Leander should wear a dress suit, especially as they were all to sit in a box. Marlan became a manager and a regulator of the household, for which she was paid a substantial sum each month. She did not let the girls go to Newport, for they were not ready.

The right people—"those who have the vantage there, who make it the nest of exclusiveness and snobbery that it is" would not have called; so she rented "a charming villa in a beautiful seaside place on the New England coast." The region was occupied mainly by Boston and New York families, and Marlan was convinced that "she had struck just the right note of semi-retirement." Society did not stare at the girls.

"through a long-handled eyeglass over a frigid shoulder." It gave them "a cordial hand." (Why not a glad hand?) The more familiar phrase is a good one.) It should be remembered that many of the neighbors were Bostonians. And here Marian did wonders. She kept Lord Usk with his "lucid drab" eyes and "long caftess legs" away from one of the daughters; she consented to the marriage of the other; she sent Leander, now a howling swell, back to his sweetheart, Annie Shelton, who had golden amber hair and a milky skin, and sewed coarse garments in the little room over her father's shoeshop.

Mr. Fawcett has written both prose and poetry of more than ordinary merit. Did he write "The Vulgarians" in a spirit of burlesque? As a novel, it is without observation or art; as a satire, it is pointless and dull.

"In the Guardianship of God" by Flora Annie Steel (The Macmillan Company, New York), is the title of the first of 17 short stories which treat mainly of domestic complications, war, and super-natural incidents in India. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is responsible for incidents and style. Her first caught the eye. Here we have again the drunken discharged soldier that redeems himself by bravery and death, the devoted servant, the good native woman of shameful life and the weak English woman of respectable life, the soldier that marries the native woman and kills himself when she dies, the man who, about to commit suicide, sees strange sights and is persuaded to live. They all speak in familiar prose and the facts have long been known. Yet there is some pleasure in an imitation, and these stories are seldom uninteresting. Among the best is "The Doll-Maker."

"The Book of Snobs" with "Cox's Diary," "Character Sketches," "A Little Dinger at Timmin's" and "Tales" and "Cornhill to Cairo" with "Novels by Eminent Hands" and miscellaneous papers are two volumes in J. M. Dent's edition of Thackeray's works, edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold and published in this country by the MacMillan Company. These volumes are most convenient; the paper and print are attractive; and the bibliographical notes are to the point. The illustrations are by Mr. Charles E. Brock. With all their merit, they do not console, one for the loss of Thackeray's inimitable drawings of his snobs.

Mrs. Henry Rankin Poore, the author of "Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures," (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York), prepared his work for the use of students, and in a prefatory note he expresses the hope that the pages may be iconoclastic, "shattering the images created of supernatural reverence and allowing the student to see the artist substituted as something quite as worthy of this same homage." He treats of balance, the entrance and the exit (getting into the picture and out of it), circular observation, angular composition, equivalents, groups, light and shade, the place of photography in fine art, as well as the aesthetics of composition and of the critical judgment of pictures. The following sentence may give an idea of Mr. Poore's "Iconoclastic" spirit. "It will be a surprise to the average man in the realm of truth which lies before us to mark in the association of artists of all ages, when the divisions of schools, periods, and petty formulas are forgotten, that Raphael will grasp the hand of Abbott Thayer, saying to him in the never dying fervor of art enthusiasm and with the acknowledgment of limitations, which is one of the signs of greatness: 'O, that I had had thy glorious quality of technical subtlety in place of the mechanical directness in which I labored'; and he in turn to be reminded that he had paused for this, the spirit of the flesh, the material, the measurable, before he had accomplished half his work." There are many illustrations.

June 1 p.m. 1903

**SOME RECENT EFFORTS
IN THE LITERARY WORLD**

*Straightforward Book About
Municipal Public Works.*

Public Honesty Depends on Personal Honesty — "Truth and a Woman" Leaves Several Questions

tion Unsolved—"A Prince of Sinners" Entertaining.

"Municipal Public Work," The "Incorporation, Construction and Finance," by S. Whitney, civil engineer, The Macmillan Company, N. Y., is an enlightening work. The writer says at the very beginning that his book is intended for the "Inexperienced city official, and for the urban citizen, to find out what he should believe," and that the "titles in which officials are inexperienced, if not inconveniently shy, he discusses: the importance of municipal public work, municipal organization, direct work as opposed to contract work, the systems of advertising, opening bids and awarding contracts, the contract itself. After he has spoken of the overwhelming responsibility which rests in one matter of protecting human life, he makes the following statement:

"It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of the public that every citizen is morally guilty of complicity in crime when he stands quietly by while his neighbors are robbed or murdered, without his active protest and interference, whether the perpetrators be highwaymen or be city officials, otherwise respectable." The individual responsibility of the citizen must lie at the foundation of all schemes of reform and improvement. If the elector be careless, what wonder if the elected be also careless. As a matter of fact, the official and he that elects too often feel no responsibility.

Mr. Whinery regards the principle that legislative and executive departments should be independent of each other as settled. "To whatever extent politics and partisanship may be allowed to prevail in the appointment of other city officials, they should be rigidly agnored" in filling the office of city engineer; for, he is the most important person in the municipal public works department. "No class of professional men are, as a rule, so inadequately paid as city engineers"; hence, honest and competent men look elsewhere for employment. The inspector of public works too often "some broken down politician or political worker, or gambler, or a specimen stick from the driftwood always floating about every city, who has failed to make a living in any other way, and who has secured his position through some mysterious 'pull' with the appointing officials. He is 'on the make' and black-mails the contractor shamelessly. He is the best friend of the dishonest contractor. Inspectors should be appointed by a city engineer, and be subject to his authority alone, and the engineer may then be held responsible for their actions."

The chapter, "Preparations for Municipal Work" is full of interesting matter. Aesthetic questions do not enter into the consideration of street pavements; the chief question is whether the pavement will pay as an investment. Since one horse will draw over a good asphalt pavement a load that it would require at least two horses to haul over a good macadam road, the one is a more profitable investment than the other, even if the first cost of the one be two or three times that of the other. So with the reduction of gradients; and so with the water supply. Strange as it may seem to some politicians, public improvements are undertaken for the good of the public at large, and not to confer benefits on individuals alone.

While the relative advantages and disadvantages of direct work and contract work are still a source of discussion, the results of experience with the two systems are inconclusive, and there is a return to theoretical discussion. It is a reasonable conclusion that, under the direction of competent and alert city officials, as good work can be secured by the contract system as by the direct system, while under incompetent and negligent officials good work will not probably be secured under either system. Nor is it true that greater economy can be secured under the direct

The contractor has a bad name system. may not be a pickpocket, nor a burglar, nor a gold brick man, but that he will steal and defraud under the guise of prosecuting his business is more than suspected by many good people. He may not be a gambler in the common acceptance of the term, but many people have an idea, strengthened, perhaps, by the diamonds he sometimes wears and occasionally by his 'sporty' appearance, that he is some manner toys with fickle fortune. It is true that he is not often directly charged with murder, but there are not a few people who, if such a charge were made, would promptly exclaim: 'I told you so!' He is supposed to have great political influence, and his 'pull' is part of his business outfit. But Mr. Whinery does not believe that the situation is as bad as is represented. Municipal contractors may be divided into three classes: the one that conducts his business on a legitimate and honest basis, and is a man of financial responsibility and general integrity; the one without financial responsibility, and often without experience, a soldier of fortune, to whom contracting is a species of lottery; and the out-and-out crook, who plays his campaign to secure a contract with a bribe and diplomacy worthy of a better cause. The only way the contractors of this third class can be suppressed is by the election of honest men to the city offices. The municipality that voluntarily places its purse in the hands of suspected thieves is entitled to scant sympathy when its funds are stolen. It is a mistaken policy to place questionable men in the offices and then depend on laws, however stringent, to restrain them from wrongdoing. The chief cause of the present demoralized state of municipal contracting is found in the laws, or, in the absence of laws, in the public demand that contractors must be awarded to the lowest bidder. "Low prices do not necessarily mean economy in the end; they mean exactly the reverse. To bring about a reform in the character of contractors, dishonest men should be excluded from office; honest men in charge should have a free hand

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The reader of this serial of articles in this book may consult with profit G. S. K. Kim's "The Aesthetics of the Japanese Garden" to see how a poet views Japanese buildings.

"Truth and a Woman," by Ann Brown Brown (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago) is a story of two men and a woman. A high-church Episcopalian clergyman and an untheistical scientist had a hot discussion in print, and the thread was stronger in argument. The men fell in love with Mary Langland, although the Rev. Julian was theoretically in bed with her. Celibacy. They met at a seaside resort, and Julian said most pleasant things to Gerald, who was a claim of something more than spiritual and pastoral interest in Mary, when upon Julian joined the Brotherhood of St. John the Evangelist at Cowley.

Julian was thin and pale from ill health; he had yellow hair lightly marked with gray, and a sweet expression, whereas Gerardi, the biologist, was broad-shouldered, with a fiery gray eye, and "hair that had an almost foreboding turn to it," a vague description, which leaves one in doubt whether he wore his hair a la compadour or resembled some distinguished and grand olden virtuoso. He had been an unsuited teacher of young women, with the exception of the pale and angular and aproned figures with stained hands and tightly twisted hair who worked with vessels and instruments in the laboratory at chillingworth. As soon as he met Mary he told her the story of his life, how he went from a Pennsylvania farm to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and from that justly celebrated institution to Prof. Haeckel at Jena, where he earned to be a free-thinker, to be "agin" all forms of religion. He talked by the hour about himself, and Mary, ignored by her relatives whom she was visiting, listened as Desdemona to Othello. Nor did she draw back when William sketched his idea of a perfect world and helpmeet, one who should be beautiful and courageous, one who should not go and talk him over with her priest—"Pah!" he shook his shoulders in disgust."

But Mary persisted in believing in the inspiration of the Bible, so Geraint took heroic measures. He gave her Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," Darwin's "Origin of Species" and Renan's "Life of Jesus." Mary had a struggle with Herbert Spencer's book. "There were a hundred times she went over twice, thrice, and in the end only clutched at the vanishing skirts of an abstraction." Tired out, she put on a low-necked dress and went to a musicale. She wore a "marvellous silver tulle, relieved by black and silver scales," which revealed her curves. "Out of the black folds sloped her shoulders, rounded and firm and white as milk. In perfect curve to the slender throat and nape, where lay the masses of black hair, living and glossy and soft. When she moved it went and came in one with a gleam of pleasure, and there is no English word to describe the bend of her neck. She had the color of an expectant woman."

Geraint was knocked out by this apparition. All his "arid boyhood rose at her sight and marvelled." He could not summon up courage to speak to her; he became madly jealous; he left the house. She followed him, and he found her crying in a pine wood. Then they agreed to marry.

Mary could not understand all of Herbert Spencer's sentences, especially those about the limitations of a First Cause. So they quarrelled, and Mary went to New York and had a series of nervous headaches. She saw in a newspaper that Geraint was to deliver an address on "Some Debasing Influences of Christianity," and she sent a note to his hotel, but the note did not reach him until he was on the platform and he was slow in alighting here. His address was not successful, for he finished with a faint and timid clapping, and when he saw Mary she said: "You are too late," and pointed to a "small, dark, corrugated bottle." Geraint exclaimed: "Oh, God!" and kissed her violently for some time; then he remembered she had taken poison, and he dashed down the stairs for a doctor. Mary had fled to test Geraint's love. She had not taken poison. Her brother, the doctor, was justifiably angry, and made "some scathing accusation of malingering" for playing on her lover's feelings. Geraint talked with her, and then went out with a face like a stone. Then she fell into a frightful convulsion, and was seized with meningitis. Doele and quilted at last, she was no gain toward conversion. And thus Mary was left at the end of the book. Whether she recovered, whether she learned the full meaning of Herbert Spencer's sentence, whether she married Geraint or whether she became a clergyman-of all this the reader is left in ignorance.

"A Prince of Sinners," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), is a story of English social life. The hero is the son of a singularly un-pleasant and mysterious member of the British aristocracy, Lord Arranmore. When this noble lord was 26 years old he became acquainted with the misery of the poor in London, he left the law and turned police court missionary, married, became discouraged with his work, had brain fever, abandoned his wife and child, took subscribers' money and went to Montreal. There he led a life of hideous debauchery. He ruined men and

women until, tired of the sport, he fled to the primeval forest. At last, after those that stood between him and his title had died, he returned to England. He made this confession one night to guests who had wondered concerning his mystery, and he then proposed marriage to Lady Caroom, who said she was afraid—and what woman would not have made that answer? As for his son, known as Mr. Brooks, he told his father that they were far apart, and he should like to maintain that position.

Brooks, who had been lawyer and political secretary, started a sort of mission in the East end, in which he was helped by Mary Scott, a nice girl, who one day asked him to kiss her, but he thought he was in love with Lady Sybil, so he refused. The church and the newspaper Verity attacked his sincerity, but Lord Arammore, who had subscribed liberally to his cause, got up in the House of Lords and made a scathing attack on the lord bishop of Beeston and spoke brave words for Brooks' cause. This speech won for him the love of Lady Caroom and his son, who rushed to see him, and for the first time announced himself at the door as "Lord Kingston of Ross."

There are other men and women in the story as Mr. Henslow, the insincere Radical member of Parliament; as Mr. Bullson, the vulgar father of still more vulgar daughters. A preposterous story—yet there are pages of graphic description, there is amusing dialogue, and, above all, the story is entertaining.

June 2, 1903

TITLE WHOSE MEANING THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS.

"The Under Dog"—Stories by F. Hopkinson Smith.

"Love Thrives in War," a Story of the War of 1812—"The Moral System of Shakespeare," by Prof. Richard G. Moulton, a Serious and Elaborate Work.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's versatility has long been the object of admiration. He has been known and celebrated as engineer, painter, story teller, lecturer. It is true that some sitters in the seats of the scornful have applied to him the remark made in Germany about Georg Ebers, who wrote novels about ancient Egyptian life. The Egyptologists said he was a good novelist with much imagination, and the literary critics insisted that he was an entertaining Egyptologist. The fact remains that Mr. Smith's lighthouses are a shining monument to his skill as an engineer; even the ultra-moderns admit that he paints "pretty" pictures; he is welcomed in many cities as a lecturer; his stories delight his readers, and now before his death—absit omen!—a subscription edition of his "complete writings" is announced, an honor that has been paid to very few of the master novelists in any country. (The complete edition of Hazlitt's works is now publishing—70 odd years after the essayist's death.)

Mr. Smith's latest collection of stories (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) is entitled "The Under Dog." The author explains in a preface the significance of this title—and we may say that there is too much explanation in the stories themselves to please the seekers after flawless art. There are men who are doomed in the struggle of life to be the under dog. Some are misjudged by their fellows or the law; others are misunderstood and suffer in consequence, and others, shunned on account of uncouthness or poverty, sometimes have a "joyous melody" in the heart, "ofttimes in tune with our own harmonies."

These under dogs, dear to Mr. Smith, are imprisoned moonshiners, a sentimental waiter in a French restaurant, a cabman who turns paper hanger, the old negro still faithful to his master, a barkeeper of the Bronx, an artist who is chronically dead broke, a grateful pickpocket, an enormously rich and shy man, lonely in Venice and eager to know some English-speaking person. Surely, Cap'n Bob of the Screamer was not an under dog; there is not a pilot of Sandy Hook who would not angrily cry out in protest, and as for "Compartment No. 4," the author himself, to whom an upper berth was at first allotted, would not seriously maintain that he should be classed among the unfortunates.

The stories are sad and gay, sentimental and farcical. Mr. Smith is now righteously indignant at the horrors of the Covington Jail; he laughs with Plain Fin at the revelations of high life in London; he is pathetic at the recollection of Long Jim's devotion to Ruby. Nothing that pertains to humanity is foreign to him. You know this, because he is never weary of assuring you of the fact, until at last you grow weary of his protestations and are almost inclined to suspect the honesty of the declaration and to wonder whether the author in this instance is not an agreeable poseur.

Mr. Smith is often in high spirits, and his enjoyment and mirth are contagious. He is frankly a story-teller, as garrulous as any raconteur in an oriental coffee house. He tells his tales in a hit-or-miss manner, and with frequent digressions concerning his views on nature, art and life. He is not content to let you see the struggle of the under dog and draw your own conclusions

concerning the justice of the fight. Thus he ruins the artistic effect of "The Crime of Samantha North" and "Eleven Months and Ten Days" by the concluding declamation against the law of the land. The mere narration of the incidents is enough to move the reader to make him hot and angry. Of what avail are such rhetorical hursts as "It is the law of the land—the just, holy, beneficent law, which is no respecter of persons" or "Oh, mighty machine! oh, benighted, munificent law!" etc. If the story itself does not fire the reader with indignation, the story has not been well told. The narrator should be impersonal; he should not take sides; he should remain calm and unmoved even when the under dog is mangled or killed. He should not explain, he should not preach. Least of all should he assume the part of the moralist.

"Love Thrives in War," by Mary Catherine Crowley (Little, Brown, & Co., Boston), is a story of incidents of the war of 1812 in and about Detroit. Miss Crowley assures the reader that she has been brought "into close touch with the customs and local characters of the time," through acquaintance with manuscript letters, diaries, public and genealogical documents, and through reference to memories, army and naval reports, standard biographies; Farmer's History, Ross and Catlin's "Landmarks," etc., etc. As a result of her investigations the reader learns that Gen. Hull in moments of danger was addicted to the habit of filling his mouth with tobacco; that the church, "the best edifice obtainable since the great fire of 1805," in which Lauretta and Pierra knelt and joined petitions, was once used for the storage of furs and Indian supplies; that it was the custom in 1812 to refer to the United States flag as "old Glory." The heroine is loved furiously by three men; a treacherous and malignant half-breed, a stiff and honorable British officer, and a young Canadian-American patriot. Tecumseh, Perry, General (Commander) Harrison and other historical personages are introduced; there is fighting, there is scaping, there is running the gauntlet. Some talk in Scotch; some in Indian; some in English, with or without a Canadian accent. Tecumseh is a fine fellow, even when he mutters "gutterally, (sic) 'dog of a half-breed!'"

Prof. Richard G. Moulton of the University of Chicago is the author of "The Moral System of Shakespeare: A Popular Illustration of Fiction as the Experimental Side of Philosophy" (the Macmillan Company, New York). He does not intend to suggest by this title that the man Shakespeare had formed in his mind a certain system of morals, which he proceeded to put into his plays; nor is the book in any way concerned with the man Shakespeare. The most sensitive Baconian will find nothing to irritate him. Prof. Moulton follows the principle that all the speeches of a play must be read with regard to the character of the speaker and to the circumstances in which he speaks. Any attempt to convey Shakespeare's mind by passages from his plays must be delusive. The author characterizes Shakespeare's work as an endeavor "to project upon the screen of our imagination pieces of human life, which it is for general psychology and ethics to analyse."

Shakespeare's "Moral System" is to be traced, not the course of events appearing in the play, and in tone, the sympathetic response of the spectator. Prof. Moulton's inquiry falls into three natural parts. Particular dramas are presented to illustrate "root ideas" in the moral system; the inquiry is widened into a survey of Shakespeare's world in its moral complexity; there is then consideration of the forces of life in this world, "so far as these express themselves in dramatic forms, from personal will at one end of the scale to overruling providence at the other end."

This is an eminently serious and elaborate work. Various plots are illustrated by figures, some of which are geometric. Henry of Monmouth is the grand hero of the Shakespearean world. (It's a pity Hazlitt is not alive to combat this statement.) He represents moral balance. "Romeo and Juliet" was written to illustrate innocence and pathos. Some will prefer the theory of Maginn; that Romeo, the type of bad luck is to be contrasted with Bottom, the weaver, and the luckiest of mortals. "Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline" treat of wrong and restoration. "Henry VIII." embodies the conception of the outer and inner life. The Shakespearean conception of comedy is a story raised to its highest power of complexity, and the harmony of tones. Tragedy is equilibrium overthrown. "The Tempest" is a study of overruling providence, while in "Hamlet" this overruling providence is associated with accident. These theories and others are maintained with an infinite wealth of detail.

Books of this kind have their use. They persuade some to read the plays themselves. In this country the plays are seldom acted, and only a few are in fashion, so that in this respect Germany may justly boast of true appreciation of the dramatist and put his countrymen to shame. As for the study of overruling providence, or of wrong and restoration in the plays, it may be said that the Shakespearean storehouse is so crowded with rich material that any theorizer can easily find something to support him, however preposterous or fantastical his theory may be.

Prof. Moulton, we hasten to add, often is subtly critical, and many of his pages are directly instructive, as well as suggestive. But the reader with notebook and pencil should remember that the dramatist was one of a mighty band in a gigantic age, when the play was the favorite medium of expression. It was an age of adventure and romantic life; and the very speech of the period was swollen, thunderous and

wildly romantic. The plays were written for the playhouse, not the closet; for money and instant reputation, not for immediate neglect and future reputation. Prof. Moulton does well to admit at the outset that Shakespeare had probably not formed in his mind a system of morals on which he built his plays. In the brave Elizabethan days, there was no thought of the problem play as a specific thing; life and death and all that belongs to them were familiar questions, and they were considered on and off the stage as inevitable features of the mask in which men and women figured to the applause or the disapproval, but to the entertainment of the audience. And the playwright's first thought, then as now, was to entertain even by tragic intensity. His men and women were creatures of flesh and blood, not puppets to illustrate some preconceived theory of morals.

June 3, A.M. 1903
CURRENT LITERATURE.

"The Kempton-Wace Letters," by an Anonymous Writer.

A Discussion of Love and Marriage—"Bubbles We Buy," by Miss Alice Jones—"The Story of Siena au San Gimignano"—"The Spectre of Power."

"The Kempton-Wace Letters," by an anonymous writer (the Macmillan Company, New York), treat of love. The motto, taken from a sonnet of Dante, is "And of naught else than love would we discourse." Mr. Wace, a student and teacher in California, announces his betrothal to Hester in a letter to Kempton, an old friend in London, and the correspondence that ensues is a discussion of love and marriage. Wace is a solemn, cut-and-dried prig, and in certain ways he reminds one of the pitiable hero in Paul Bourget's disagreeable book, "The Disciple." There is constant argument as to whether love should be considered biologically or romantically. Wace approves of Hester because she is practical, sensible and a scientist. "She is unafraid and wide-looking and far-looking, but she is not over-looking. Her most salient charm is, I think, her perfect poise, her exquisite adjustment. After his analysis of her character, no wonder that Barbara, over in London exclaimed, as she laid down the letter, 'He does not love her.'"

Kempton has old-fashioned views, and he fights manfully for romanticism. "The race is consecrated to the worship of idea, and the lover who lays his all on the altar of romance (which is idea) is at one with the race. The arms of the unloved girl close about the formless air, and more real than her loneliness and her sorrow is the imagined embrace, the awaited warm, close pressure of the hands, the fancied gaze." Wace is thankful that he is not in love; he prides himself on the fact. "As you say, I may not be adjusting my life artistically to its environment (there is room for discussion there), but I do know that I am adjusting it scientifically." He argues that love as a means for the perpetuation and development of the human type is very crude and open to improvement. He loves his Hester—and how far she is from Charles Lamb's Hester!—in the intellectual sense. He is not seized with a "loutish vertigo" when he touches her hand; he feels for her what happily matched men and women feel in the afternoon of life. Kempton answers that love, as he should feel it, is "blind, unreasoning and compelling."

Wace answers that love is a disorder of mind and body, and is produced by passion under the stimulus of imagination. Kempton replies that love is not a disorder, but a growth; he does not admit that romantic love is pre-nuptial, and that it dies at marriage.

There is this game of battledore with Hester's heart as a shuttlecock for 250 pages. Kempton goes to California and meets Hester. She will not marry Wace. As she writes to Kempton: "What were we but a young man and a young woman who, without being battered into apathy by misfortunes, without being wearied or else were taking each other for better or for worse because they seemed compatible?" She looks forward to "work and tears and the intact dream. You must know it of me that, before everything else in the world, I pray that knowledge of love may come to the man over whom the love of my girlhood was spilled." But what hope is there for Herbert Wace, with his biological convictions and his refusal to admit the clement of unreasoning passion?

There are fine thoughts and there is much plain-speaking in this correspondence. There is also unnecessary and tiring repetition. The reader who wears of the reiteration of sentiments expressed by many, from Schopenhauer—and before him Montaigne—to Mr. Henry T. Flink, will remember gratefully the few exquisite pages of Marcel Schwob's dialogue on love, in which the master of the house says to his guests: "The majority of men resemble Don Quixote seated before the puppets of Maese Pedro and protesting that the show is life; the puppets seem to him to be human beings, with their passions and their sufferings."

In like manner we interest ourselves deeply in the drama of love, and when we see the gestures of women, and hear their words, we believe the puppets are real and they make us weep and we try to punish them; and, moved by a noble madness, we are not aware that the soul and body of the loved ones are

played and that Pedro is squatting behind the curtain. And I say again, he that remains plunged in this illusion is less mad than the other one that tries to emerge from it and spoils the sport by his sword-thrusts." And then one of the guests recalls the noble ideal entertained by Cotys, the Thracian king. For he fell in love with Athene, the goddess, and offered her his hand in marriage. He prepared a sumptuous wedding feast and ate with his guests. He drank cup after cup of wine, and at

last he sent a servant to see if the goddess were not awaiting him in the bridal chamber. The servant came back and said there was no one there, whereupon Cotys slew him. A second servant was sent, who made a like answer and met a like death. The third servant, a shrewd fellow, told the King the goddess was awaiting him. And then Cotys, furiously jealous, tore this servant into pieces. The story is a fine one, and it was handed down to us by Aethaeus, whose version has not been improved by Schwob's fantastic variation.

"Bubbles We Buy" (H. B. Turner & Co., Boston) is a novel by Miss Alice Jones. The publishers announce that she is a Nova Scotian by birth, of American Tory descent; her grandfather was an officer in the King's Dragoons; her father is or was lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, and Miss Jones has travelled in France and Italy and has also visited the desert of Sahara. This may all be true, yet Miss Jones is not therefore and necessarily master of the story teller's art. The novel opens admirably. There is the suggestion of adventure and mystery, but as soon as the retired pirate dies his Martinique wife leaves the Nova Scotian coast, and the bejewelled and baleful statue of "Our Lady of Wrath" is discovered, interest flags. The action is commonplace and slow, the dialogue is ordinary, and the characters are without life and significance.

"The Story of Siena and San Gimignano," by Edmund G. Gardner (J. M. Dent, London; the Macmillan Company, New York), is both a popular history of the republic of Siena and a guidebook to the city and its neighborhood. A special reference is made to San Gimignano in the title because the history of the "fair town" called of the Fair Towers" is practically distinct from that of Siena and is intimately connected with the story of Florence. The chapters are thus historical and descriptive, and naturally there is much attention paid to the story of Saint Catherine, although it is surprising to find in a volume of this thoroughness no allusion to Swinburne's poem in praise of the saint and her city where

"The utter sky is holier, there
More pure the intense white height of air,
More clear men's eyes that mine would meet,
And the sweet springs of things more sweet.
There for this one warm note of doves
A clamor of a thousand loves
Scorns the light's ear, the day's assails,
From the tempestuous nightingales,
And fills, and falls."

The handsome volume is more satisfactory as a history of the republic and in its biographical features than as a handbook for the curious traveller. Thus Sodoma's fresco of Christ at the Column, in the Academy is dismissed with the remark that it is "unmistakably divine" even in its damaged condition, and no attention is paid to the group of the Graces in the centre of the main hall, although the statues moved Swinburne to this characteristic outburst:

"The glory and beauty of ancient sculpture refresh and satisfy beyond expression a sense wholly wearied and well-nigh neuseated with contemplation of endless sanctities and agonies attempted by mediaeval art, while yet as handless as accident or barbarism has left the sculptured goddesses."

The illustrations are a conspicuous feature of the volume. The greater number are from drawings by Miss Helen M. James, who died before her work was completed. The remaining illustrations are from photographs. The volume contains a biographical appendix, a map of Siena and a general index.

"A Spectre of Power," by "Charles Egbert Craddock" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), is a story of the struggles of the early French and English in this country. There are Indians galore and exciting adventures, but the story is by no means easy reading. There is encumbering detail, and the style is often labored and discouraging. On the very first page we read: "Hence came disaster. To the inquisitiveness of the woman it was always imputed, although the undisciplined heart of man, the turbulent impulses of ambition, and the serpentine super-subtlety of a covetous, political scheme were potent elements," and the dialogue is too often in this manner: "Che-a-sa-ah!" (I am displeased with you!) the Choctaw hissed out. "What makes your lying tongue so strong?" The French lieutenant roused himself. "Mon cher enfant," he declared, "I know you consider a lie no disgrace."

Miss Murfree, no doubt, spent much time in the preparation of material for this story. She is painstakingly archaeological, ethnological, historical, even to the extent of explanatory and illustrative notes; but explanation, alas, is not confined to the notes, it is prominent on nearly every page of incident, so that the reader is reminded of the good old books for the young. "Ha," said Capt. Murchison as he swung himself down the precipice, "what have we here? The juice nut discovered by Ruy Gomez de Silva in 1580 and called by the scientists nuttus jusensilis. It is edible and refreshing."

There are pages that absorb the reader, and everywhere there is a display of conscientious workmanship, but the labor is too apparent. We are far from the mountains and the men and women of Tennessee and all that made Miss Murfree original and famous.

LATE CONTRIBUTIONS TO
LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Wickedness of the Metropolis
Comes in for Much Attention in
His Amazing Story—The Pathetic
Tale of Lady Cheriton—A Chris-
tian Science Novel.

Lord Ossington was finally moved to ill Debrisay after Debrisay had been visiting Beatrice outdoors. When the couple returned, Ossington called attention to a fiery red chalk mark drawn by old Bargarran opposite the seventh commandment in the big ha' Bible. This action was impolite and disconcerting. Beatrice turned away, and she saw the firelight "playing upon the

"The Life Within" (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston), is a romance that deals with Christian Science. The anonymous author describes the return of Cathie Beale to her home in eastern Kentucky. The beauty of the town, she had been thrown under the wheels of a carriage at her father's funeral, and her spine had been injured to the despair of wise specialists. With paralyzed legs, she was bedridden for 19 years. "Water beds, air beds, oxygen and the atmosphere, the care of trained attendants, all these were part of the daily machinery which kept the poor lucked lily from death." Christian Science cured her so she could walk gracefully and dance to the envy of younger women. Lily, the daughter of Judge Beale, came under her influence, and she herself became a healer. She met Bob Longmore, a drunkenness-addicted woman who was almost under the knife for cancer, children afflicted with all sorts of diseases from scrofula to smallpox, and her father, who had jumped for a porch roof and missed it. She

The encyclopedia is one of extraordinary interest to students of every branch of science as well as to students of geologies and religions. The volume is richly illustrated.

**"A GIRL AND THE DEVIL"
IN THE CIRCE OF CITIES.**

*Story by a New York Society
Woman in Disguise.*

"Foreword," by Stephen G. Clov.
Which Is More Remarkable Than
the Novel—Tragedy of an Inno-
cent Young Maiden in the Occi-
dental Paris of Wickedness.

"A Girl and the Devil," by Jeannette Llewellyn Edwards (Broadway Publishing Company, New York), is a story of "love, deception and desertion, whose scenes are laid principally in the seething maelstrom of New York life."

Mr. Stephen G. Clow contributes a "foreword," which is in some respects more remarkable than the novel itself, and has the merit of being much shorter. He characterizes New York as "the Circe of cities; this Babylon set by a river more splendid than old Nile; this occidental Paris of fashion and frailty, of beauty and sin." New York is also a "colossal juggernaut," and "the city of agreeable sensations." "The lack of the pathetic tragedy, ever lurking in its sublime irony behind the smiling faces of Broadway," says Mr. Clow, in a fine burst. "For of this speechless drama of despair we get no sign save a scribble on the police blotter, a paragraph headed 'Police Officer' in the corner of the morning paper over our heartless coffee and cigars."

Mr. Clow drops the tear of sensibility over the girl who left her home "in the beautiful countryside, where the sleek-eyed cows lazily drag their hulking forms up through the pastures in the twilight," who left her home to suffer in New York. And as Mr. Clow justly says in conclusion: "So long as passion, with its pitilessness, shall rule the hearts of men, and shall seek its glut and satiety in the despair of innocence, so long shall the little game continue, with its penalties more horrible than death by the Indian's club." One is tempted to add, "Wow!" the historic exclamation of a Tammany brave in a box at a Buffalo convention not long ago.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson, the author of "The Main Chance," is "talked of" as the possible mayor of Indianapolis. In Indiana the paths of glory lead to office, not the grave—as Mr. Booth Tarkington will testify.

At a recent book sale in London a second folio Shakespeare brought at auction £85; a first edition of Walton's "Angler," finely bound, £405; Shelley's "Queen Mao," in brown paper boards as issued, uncut, £166; "Pickwick Papers," in parts as issued, each number dated 1836, £142; the first edition of Smollet's "Humphrey Clinker," uncut, £70.

The title of Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems will be "The Five Nations." The volume will contain 25 new poems, besides the poems that have appeared in periodicals since the publication of "The Seven Seas." "The Rowers" should be accompanied by the German editorial articles that were provoked by it.

Messrs. Hutchinson of London have begun the publication of their "Library of Standard Biographies" with the "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," from the French of De Bourrienne. The voluminous memoirs have been boiled down to 540 pages by Mr. Edgar Sanderson, who has added a chronological table and an index. The next volume in the series will be Southey's "Life of John Wesley."

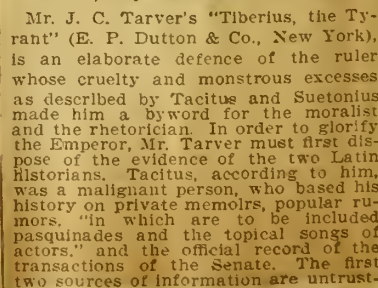
The history of the "Black Hawk War," by Mr. Frank E. Stevens of Chicago, will be published this month. Mr. Stevens believes he has proved beyond dispute that Lieut. Jefferson Davis served actively throughout that campaign along with Lincoln.

"Macmillan's Guides" bid fair to rival Baedeker's in popularity. The guide to Switzerland is the latest volume. It contains an extended account of the political, social and industrial state of Switzerland, hints to climbers and pedestrians, a full hotel list, a description of all routes and many maps.

The Daily Chronicle (London) says of Mary G. Wilkins' "The Wind in the Rose Bush": "Nominally speaking, we doubt if anything could be less like her art than the method of Maeterlinck, and yet there are clear traces of Maeterlinck's mannerism in these stories of the supernatural." It gives illustrative quotations, and adds: "This is pure Maeterlinck, and it does not dovetail into Miss Wilkins' natural style."

There are good stories of sea life in the "Letters and Papers of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Byam Martin G. C. B." Here is one of Admiral Edwards, once Governor of Newfoundland. Known familiarly as "Old Toby," he had a profound contempt for fund-raising. One day happened, during the war, when he was on board the S. L. Surcouf, the person acting as clerk of the parish gave out in due form, and with a thundering voice, the 100th psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," upon which Old Toby bounced from his seat and roared out: "Damn 'All people that on earth do dwell!' Give us 'The Lord is my Shepherd'!"

"Madame" is surely edited by a philosopher. These excerpts would have excited the wonder of Carlyle while he





worthy, he asserts, and the record of the transactions of the Senate is "invariably such as to compel us to believe that Tiberius was a wise and moderate ruler." History was to Tacitus merely a primer of morals and a collection of examples. He was a bitter and insincere pamphleteer; his impartiality was a pose. As it was his purpose to prove that there had never been a good emperor before Nerva and Trajan, and as Augustus was beyond the reach of attack, he tried to damage the system of Tiberius and to annihilate the man himself for the sake of injuring Domitian, for "the Tiberius of Tacitus" was not Tiberius at all, but Domitian.

Suetonius was a chatterer, a gossip, a retailer of scandals. All he cared for was a good story, and he thought its effect was increased if it were hung on the name of a well known man. Yet he gave the testimony of Pliny, who knew Suetonius well, to the effect that this scandal monger was a learned historian, an able and a good man. Mr. Tarver's statements are personal assertions.

Mr. Tarver argues that no ruler would act virtuously and on the strictest lines of constitutional government merely from deep motives of dissimulation up to the age of 70 in order to enjoy unbridled licentiousness and cruelty for the rest of his life. "Men do not of forethought and design practise virtue for 70 years in order that they may indulge in vice at a time of life when

they are oftenest incapable of taking exercise except in a high chair." And again: "That a man close on 70 should suddenly change his habits is incredible, unless we are to assume the existence of a hideous form of senile dementia, whose victim is to be pitied rather than condemned." But does not Mr. Tarver know that alienists such as Drs. Krafft-Ebing, Moll, Moreau of Tours have considered the madness of these emperors? That such outbreaks and contradictions are by no means very rare? That Nero himself began public life as a wise and virtuous ruler? Mr. Tarver is here a special pleader. He assumes a mental, moral, physical impossibility and a reason ingeniously, but outside the evidence, to prove this impossibility. It is true that he has no respect for the evidence, because it is founded largely on private memoirs, street gossip, play actors' topical songs. In an age of tyranny such evidence is more to the point than that supplied by perfunctory and censored records of legislative bodies.

Whatever may be the truth concerning the later years of Tiberius and the infamous orgies at Capreae, Mr. Tarver has no difficulty in portraying boldly and credibly the great abilities of the ruler, and it may here be said that no careful reader of Suetonius ever thinks lightly of the administrative capacity of this emperor. Suetonius listened eagerly to gossip, but he was also appreciative of character, whether strength were used for good or for evil.

Mr. T. F. Carter, with a series of lectures on the subject of the Slave Trade, in the Roman period, the Senate and the Emperors, and the Church, devoted to the same subject are among his best. The chapters on Slavery is of special interest. The Romans civilized the world without representative government and with slavery, but the slave and the owner were not distinguished by marked racial differences as in the United States, and Mr. T. F. Carter quotes Mr. Booker Washington refusing to join in the wholehearted condemnation of American slave owners. "If all the pain and sorrows of humanity from the beginning of time until now could be reckoned up and caused to be assigned to their various causes, it is questionable whether slavery would show the darkest record." St. Paul, travelling from Puteoli to Rome, nowhere lifted up his voice against slavery; the condition itself did not in itself involve the same measure of personal degradation with which it is associated in these days, but it was one of many social inequalities; the slave was exempt from military service; he was probably better off than mill hands of a Lancashire town or the sweated in East London; slaves were often schoolmasters and to some statues were erected; and Mr. T. F. Carter insists that slavery among the Romans was on the whole beneficial to civilization.

And according to Mr. Tarver, Tiberius was a faithful and loving husband to his first wife, a man of simple and sober personal habits, free from avarice, a silent man with occasional vigorous invective or grotesque humor or biting sarcasm, contemptuous of the politician's art, generally benevolent toward his attendants and the Roman people, liberal with assistance in times of distress, conscious of the strictest rectitude of purpose, shrewd, practical, unemotional, intolerant of smallness. Such characters are often mild and unassuming, unpopular, and it is no wonder that his enemies invented slanders about him even when he was alive. "As a general, as a statesman, Tiberius stands, if not in the first rank, then at the very top of the second, and he deserves this additional credit, that public life was distasteful to him, power had no attraction for him, and had he been at liberty to choose for himself he would have retired in seclusion, a student of literature and natural science. We see in him, in fact, the best type of Roman, the best example of that peculiar character by which Rome rose to be mistress of the world."

In "The Story of a Bird Lover" (the Outlook Company, New York) Mr. William Earl Dodge Scott has written in a frank, familiar manner his own life from his earliest recollection. He tells of his observations as a boy, his first student work, his travels in spite of severe lameness which has afflicted him since he was 5 years old, his studies of bird life in Colorado, Florida, Arizona, Jamaica, England. Curator of the department of ornithology at Princeton, an ornithologist of international reputation, Mr. Scott writes in a way to charm the average reader, and his knowledge in this respect must be put above those by Mr. Charles Dixon. Mr. Scott has established personal relationships with the whole bird kingdom. He believes that in every community "there are enough people interested in out-of-door life to co-operate in a movement to establish a kindly relation with wild creatures." He believes that sympathy and love of the beautiful are bound to come through a friendship established with any kind of organic life, whether that organic life be a plant or an animal. Nor does he confine himself in this volume to the study of birds. His observation includes men and women, natural scenery, beasts as well as his feathered friends. He even has a good word for the gila monster. This is a repellent looking creature, but again from experience I believe that danger from it is practically nil. He finds the danger from the rattlesnake exaggerated. "In all my experience in hunting out of doors, I have yet to see the beast that would not go its own way if left alone," and he thinks kindly of alligators, wild cats, mountain lions, peccaries and grizzly bears.

In the chapter entitled "The Gulf Coast of Florida," Mr. Scott describes vividly the obliteration and extirpation of vast colonies of the heron known as the egret. He does not blame the women who use feathers as decorations. "No woman ever wore a decoration of any kind, much less the feathers of a bird, for her own pleasure or to attract the attention of other women. The object for which women wear all decorations is to enhance their attractiveness and beauty to men, not to themselves or to each other; and, as long as men care to have women's hats decorated with feathers and express their approval by admiration bestowed, just so long will the custom endure."

Henry, and the other two were
 born in Italy. I was born in
 years ago, I was now I was
 still strike, which will
 were unimpaired and if I was
 ill since until the day of the
 so well known in Italy and in
 Hensler, though of foreign parents
 were known in Europe and in the
 early fifties in America.

Since those early years the numbers have grown in number and in fact. There was a time in Paris when every French aspirant was advised by his teachers to cultivate an American accent if they hoped to make the stage of the Opera or the Opera Comique. The Americans have been known from St. Petersburg to Madrid, from Dublin to Constantinople. They have even invaded Bayreuth, the home of holles.

Tenors and basses of American birth who have won success in European opera houses can be counted on as American pianists, violinists, harpists have been applauded in European capitals. But the American composer is not so well known abroad, and he is still looked on with suspicion, even in England.

England. There, I thought, Carlyle, one of the most acute of all musical critics, had been of certain prejudices which were to his religious beliefs, delivered in the form of a course of lectures "On the National Music of the World," and he thus speaks as follows: "It was my intention to attempt some outline of the forms of music in America, but on looking over I find therein such a heap of disconnected elements—French, German, English-Puritan and negro, much of the old and times new, without any present individuality that will forever be thrown into a maze of confusion. Every person seems as yet to hold the old as his character as the people of the country have shown in their imaginative literature seems not as yet to have wrought itself out in art, or only a part."
 " . . . The Americans have shown a marvellous proclivity, in literature and music, toward that which is odd and incomprehensible; and, to judge from what reaches the old country in the shape of printed opinion, are already in the advance of us in comprehending that which seems full of darkness and doubt to our eyes. Whether or not they are not beginning at the end of music may be reserved for others to decide."

This opinion, which was undoubtedly sound in 1862, concerning American music and musical taste, is altogether true in England, although Mr. Chadwick's noble "Melpomenian" overture has been heard in that country, although Mr. Horatio Parker's oratorios have found favor at English festivals, and have won for the composer the honor of Mus. Doc., to gain which is the proudest ambition of an English parish organist who walks devoutly in the pleasant path cut in genteel fashion by one Mendelssohn.

MACDOWELL'S ENGLISH CRITICS.

Mr. Edward MacDowell, who for several years honored this city by making it his home, was invited two years ago to appear as a pianist-composer at one of its concerts. His work as professor of music at Columbia University did not permit him to accept the invitation until last month.

Mr. MacDowell played his second piano concerto at a Philharmonic concert in London on May 11. Dr. Cowen was the conductor. He has the reputation of being an amiable, kindly man; we all know his music is amiable, but he is not ranked as a conductor of authority, mastery in detail or temperament. Now to conduct this particular concerto is no easy task.

And what did the critics say of the work and the performance? "Lancelot" of the Referee described Mr. MacDowell as follows: "In appearance he has little to suggest a man consumed by a musical soul, save a look of hair which precedes him. His manner is quiet and unassuming, and he thought he would have preferred arrival and departure from his instrument to any display of histrionic effect. What extended walk along the platform his playing was also free from affectations and mannerisms, and extended a desire to hear him at a recital." And this to say of the work itself. "The influence of his training in the future is very apparent in his compositions of important design, and the


blending up of chords and other devices are often suggestive of Brahms. At the same time, Mr. MacDowell's music testifies to independence of thought, a notable instance being in the pianoforte concerto, the introduction to which begins with the announce-ment of the second subject of the first movement. If this represents the female element of the work, she is a thoroughly S. A. girl, and courageously attacks the pessimistic tendencies of the first subject, which is distinctly a masculine air with a grievance, and there is no music striving for supremacy as the music is developed with masculine skill and aptness of resource. The second movement of the concerto is the second movement of the delightful gayety, the pianoforte seeming to ripple with light-hearted happiness; but in the introduction to the finale there is a return of 'the old annoy,' and the last number of the concerto is the least satisfactory. The scoring is picturesque, and the orchestral portion is so important that the composition might almost be styled an orchestral work with pianoforte obbligato. These are the impressions of a second hearing of the score, the work at the Crystal Palace, Saturday concert on April 7, 1894, when Mr. Moreno, to whom it is dedicated, performed the solo part.

June 7. 1903

IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

American Musicians Who Have
Made Their Mark in Europe.

**What London Critics Had to Say of
Edward MacDowell's Recent Per-
formance at a Philharmonic Con-
cert—Calve's Carmen—Local and
Foreign News and Gossip.**



AMERICAN sopranos have been invading Europe for over 50 years. Among the first was Lucy Eastcott—the name also appears in old journals as Escott—who left the choir loft for the stage and made her debut at Naples as Rosina in March, 1853.

The Westminster Gazette: "In these days when every land is ransacked in the search for new talent it is rather singular that so little attention has hitherto been paid in this country to the works of the American composer E. A. MacDowell. Practically speaking, he has been almost totally neglected over here up to the present, though every one who follows such matters is aware that on the other side of the Atlantic no native musician is more highly esteemed. Just, however, as the British concert giver would seem at last to have discovered the existence of Richard Strauss, so signs are not wanting that MacDowell is also on the way to become known to them at length. In which event, if the works brought forward from his pen are in any way like the very delightful piano concerto played at last night's Philharmonic concert, with the composer himself at the piano, they will certainly be very heartily welcomed. A more pleasant work of its kind from the pen of a living composer—one need not compare it with, say, the 'Emperor' or even the B-flat minor of Tchaikowsky, for it belongs in truth to an altogether different genre—has not been heard in a London concert room for a very long time. Perhaps of the three movements composing the work the second is, on a first hearing, the most taking, though the last is also extremely bright, while the first (oddly enough the slower movement of the three) is likewise full of interest and character.

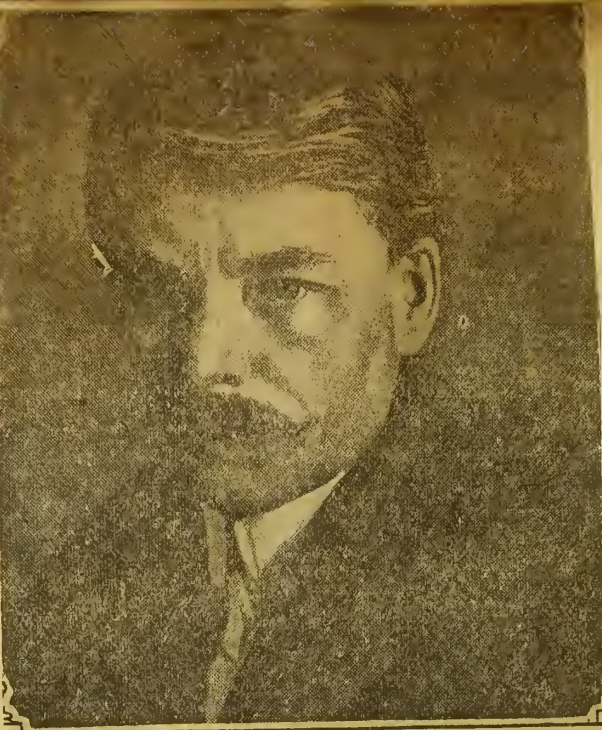
The World found no "national characteristics" in it: "It is mainly designed on German lines, and a few Gligian and Tchaikowskyish traits may be discovered, but it is more Teutonic than anything else. It is interesting and thoughtful music, careless of external effect—to the extent of writing orchestral passages which do not tell—and skilfully put together. Though it has not the imaginative charm throughout that some of Mr. MacDowell's smaller pieces boast, it has the power of arresting the attention and conveys the impression of a personality."

The Standard found in it the influence of Brahms. "The distinctiveness of his best music lies in a poetical suggestiveness, chiefly secured by bold harmonic designs and transitions." It praised "the musicianship" of the concerto. The Pall Mall Gazette declared the pianist to be an admirable player: "His technique is rare, fine, quick and voluble, although it is not altogether or always distinguished by strength. Still, it is excellently serviceable for most purposes, and particularly for his own concerto. That work is in parts clever, in parts reminiscent, in parts utterly uninteresting; nevertheless, the fact of good technique remains in it, and to the minds of many listeners that is very often enough. The least tolerable part, so far as the matter of reminiscence goes, was the suggestion of 'Parsifal' here and there—a reminiscence scarcely complete enough to leave one in a peaceful mood, but quite definite enough to compel a critical sentiment of severity. Let it be said, in justice to Mr. MacDowell, that the second movement possesses charm, and even exquisite 'fly-away' moments."

The Telegraph: "From France and Germany alike the composer has drawn good influences. His free and fluent handling of his subject matter we may trace, if we will, to the fatherland; while his constant care for the grace and attractiveness of his themes he may owe in a measure to his Parisian days. Modern composers who strive to combine the piano and the orchestra rarely escape the mild reproach that the fulness and color of their instrumentation tends to remove their works from the category of the concerto proper. Doubtless, Mr. MacDowell lays himself open to this charge; but, if the balance of interest between solo part and orchestra is not, in this case, quite that adopted by the great masters, one must not blame the American composer because he lives in modern times and follows the latter-day lead. More reasonable and, at the same time, more agreeable is it to commend his concerto to that it engages the ear, stimulates the imagination, and suggests something beyond the mere putting of notes on paper. Mr. MacDowell is never commonplace, and yet his music has no smack of pedantry."

The Times—was it the voice of Mr. Fuller-Maitland, who has such a pathetic admiration for the English composer, and whose volume concerning the period of Bach and Handel in the "Oxford History of Music" has been savagely attacked by German critics for its inaccuracy, superficiality and extraordinary opinions—the Times would not have either the work of the pianist. It characterized the concerto as "capellmeister-musik." "Its musical value is not very great, and beyond a decidedly pleasing scherzo, there is nothing in it to enhance the author's reputation."

It will be observed that, according to these critics, Mr. MacDowell's second concerto shows the influence of Brahms, Tchaikowsky, Grieg and Wagner, who are hardly of the same family. Robert Browning is said by some to have had a touch of negro blood in his veins, and in support of this view the fact is brought forward that he was often mistaken for an Italian. Mr. Chesterton in answer remarks in his life of Browning: "There does not, however, seem to be anything particular to be deduced from this, except that if he looked like an Italian he must have looked exceedingly unlike a negro." The charge that Mr. MacDowell was influenced seriously by Brahms will provoke inextinguishable laughter in the breasts of those who know Mr. MacDowell's attitude toward Brahms' music and are thoroughly acquainted with the works of both. There is not a word about the influence of Raff, the teacher of MacDowell. It is not surprising that there is reference to Grieg, for both he and MacDowell are of the far north in their wild roman-



EDWARD MACDOWELL,
Who played his second concerto in London.

ticism. In the music of each there is often the suggestion of sun-litten nights, strange apparitions who foretell death, passion that is Celtic in its white intensity.

Mr. MacDowell's "Indian Suite" was played at London Oct. 22, 1901; his sonata, "Tragic," for piano, was played there by Lucie Mawson on Feb. 26, 1902, and some of his songs have been sung in recitals. He has played his compositions at Paris, and in certain German cities.

We do not rank his second concerto with his very best works, and are inclined to agree with Mr. Joseffy, his warm admirer, who prefers the first concerto to the second. The genius—for Mr. MacDowell is a genius, not merely a man of talent—is shown in the dirge of the "Indian Suite," in the sonatas, in some of the little tone-poems for piano, as "Clair de Lune," and illustrations of poems by Heine; in certain songs, and in passages of the first orchestral suite, and in "Launcelot and Elaine." To some his music, as that of Grieg, d'Indy, Debussy, will always be a stumbling block. Imagination is not easily comprehended, save by the imaginative in heart. The exquisite nuance of Verlaine, the inimitable calmness of Marcel Schwob, the subtle irony of Anatole France—these are as futile things to the gaping readers of Mr. Hall Caine.

CALVE AND ACONITE.

A correspondent asks: "Why is not Calve's Carmen accepted in Paris? The Herald made a statement to this effect last Sunday."

When Calve first sang Carmen at the Opera Comique she was taken to task by conductor, critics and the general public for her wanton disregard of rhythm, for her frequent changes of the composer's notation, for her restless desire to obtrude her individual ideas. The protest was something more than respect for the traditions handed down by Galli-Marie, who created the part. To this day Calve's Carmen is not so highly esteemed in Paris as other parts impersonated by her. One of the parts in which she displayed her abilities to great advantage was that of Sappho in Massenet's opera founded on the romance by Alphonse Daudet. It is to be regretted that she has never been seen in Boston as Sappho, Messalina, Ophelia or Boito's Marguerite.

Various stories are told about the recent accident at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre when Calve was singing in Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" in operatic form. Some said that Jules Bois, her betrothed, the ingenious writer on Satanism, who wishes in lecture in the United States, money be given him each year, that he might devote himself to his investigations of the black art and the Black Mass without disturbing thought or food or raiment. Calve naturally refused; hence reproaches from Mr. Bois and despair of the singer. A more likely story is that she was threatened with a cold; that she argued with childlike logic, if two or three drops of aconite would gradually cure a cold,

a tablespoonful would keep it far away. The doctors saved her, although her delirium was raging and her legs were already cold.

Charpentier's "Louise" has been performed at Stockholm.

Geraldine Farrar of the Berlin Opera House will spend this month in Paris.

The 1000th performance of "The Huguenots" has been given at the Paris Opera House.

An orchestra and over 50 bands give 1200 free performances in London during the summer.

Pupils of Mr. Frank E. Morse will give a vocal recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening.

Pupils of Mrs. Charles W. Duncan will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening.

A choral society in Washington, D. C., has named itself after the mulatto composer, S. Coleridge-Taylor.

The first performance in Germany of Jan Blockx's "La Fiancee de la Mer" will be at Frankfurt early in September.

Leopold Godowsky has been playing the piano at Constantinople. It appears that organ recitals are enjoyed in that city.

John A. Broekhoven of Cincinnati is preparing for performance in that city a one-act operetta, "A Colonial Wedding."

A new opera, "Alpen Koenig und Menschenfeind," by Leo Blech, will be produced at the Dresden Royal Opera House early next season.

"Suite de Ballet," by Harry P. Hopkins of Washington, was played for the first time by Victor Herbert's orchestra at Baltimore, late in May.

Bauer, Busoni, de Pachmann, Jacques Thibaud, the violinist; Hollman, the cellist, and Adele aus der Ohe will visit the United States this season.

The scanty literature for the horn has been increased by the publication of a sonata in E flat by Thorvald Hansen for that instrument and piano.

Puccini promises, as soon as he has wholly recovered from his automobile accident, to set music to Pietro Gori's "Hymn of the Toilers of the Sea."

The Kneisel quartet will give six concerts in Boston next season instead of eight, as the European tour of the quartet will begin early in March, 1904.

Mr. Carlo Buonamicl, the pianist, sailed yesterday. He will spend the summer in study with his father, the celebrated teacher, at Florence, Italy.

Teresa Carreno's interpretation of Beethoven was criticised adversely at Lisbon as rather weak, but that of Chopin and Schubert was highly praised.



CALVE AS SAPHO.

Mr. G. S. Monck of Magdalen wrote incidental music for the performance of "The Merchant of Venice" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, May 18.

Andreas Hallen's opera, "Waldemar," was performed lately at Karlsruhe, and the critics found reminiscences from "Rheingold" and operas by Victor Nessler.

Liszt's letters to Carl Gille have been published by Breitkopf and Haertel. When did Liszt find time to write so many letters? At least seven volumes of his correspondence have already been published.

The Perosi Society, which was established at Milan some years ago, has dissolved with pecuniary and artistic loss. The Salome Perosi will be sold. What has become of the "Italian Bach"? He has not written an oratorio for at least a month.

The tenor Pennarini, who left the Hamburg opera company not long ago, had a benefit. Flowers and wreaths were thrown in profusion on the stage, and among the more substantial gifts that "fell at his feet" were a tiger-skin rug and an automobile suit of black leather.

Charpentier's vallses were stolen as he was going by train from Budapest to Vienna. They contained libretto, dressing articles, letters and manuscript music. Charpentier advertised in the Viennese journals that if the letters and manuscripts were returned the thief would be forgiven and rewarded.

Mrs. Mabel McKinley Baer, niece of President McKinley, wished some years ago, they say, to be a professional singer, but sickness prevented. Lately "she easily obtained the consent of Dr. Baer for a season in vaudeville at \$1000 a week." She will make her debut in July, either in Chicago or Washington.

Marcella Lindh was warmly praised in London (May 27). Mr. Baughan characterizes her as "one of those singers who have a real understanding of what they sing, and do not look on the voice as a means of personal display." She has a soprano voice of individual quality, which she uses with the most refined art.

Raoul Pugno is now playing the piano in London. Vladimir de Pachmann, Frederick Lamond, Hegedus, Edmund Schuecker, Gerardy, Willy Burmeister, as well as Fritz Kreisler, have been playing there. Mr. Kreisler was so sick at his last recital that he finished with difficulty, and was helped to his carriage.

The dismissal of King Edward's private band recalls the fact that King Nebuchadnezzar, the celebrated vegetarian, had a private band in the plain of Drura, and this band was made up of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music. See Daniel iii, 5. King Cole had only three fiddlers.

They found in London that extraordinary pianist as Josef Hofmann is, "he leaves the hearer cold; his expression was made-up and calculated, and did

...Mr. Hoffman, who...
...he finds it difficult to take
...interest in music which he has
...often played."

There is dispute in London over the quality of choral singing. Some say that good choruses are found only in the Provinces, others say that cantatas and oratorios are sung in London with "human feeling and instinct," which, when you come to examine the phrase, is somewhat vague praise, for choral technique is not a matter of instinct.

In 1844 Wagner, then conductor of the Dresden Opera, wrote a chorus, "Greeting of the Faithful," for male voices, with orchestral accompaniment, to greet the King on his return from England, Aug. 12 of that year. The present King of Saxony returned the other day from the South, and this work was taken from the shelf, dusted, and performed in his honor.

Nordica made her entrance at the Madison Square Garden May 31 "in a startlingly dramatic fashion"—which he interpreted means that she was borne in a gondola through a practical canal. But the late Flora Finlayson surpassed this feat. She sang "Oh, Promise Me" as she rode about the stage on a bicycle.

Malvine Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who created the part of Isolde (Munich, June 10, 1865), died lately at Carlsruhe. Her husband, who created the part of Tristan, died soon after the performance. He was exposed to a draught while lying on his couch in the third act, and he was seized with inflammatory rheumatism.

Pupils of Mr. Everette E. Truette gave an organ concert at the Berkeley Temple last Monday night. The programme included organ pieces by Bach, Gailmont, George E. Whiting, Dubois, L. Menns, Toepler, Wilder, and a transcription by Miss Laura Henry of the fourth movement of Tschakowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, played by the arranger.

Lovers of Schubert's songs may be interested in the publication of "The Diary and Letters of Wilhelm Mueller," who wrote many verses immortalized by Schubert's music. The editors of the Diary are Prof. Allen of the University of Chicago and Prof. Hatfield of the Northwestern University, and the book is published by the University of Chicago Press.

A new opera, "Lenore," based on Buerger's familiar ballad, music by Georg Kraum of Duesseldorf, was produced lately at that city with little success. Several operas have been based on this ballad, but no one has kept the stage. The two musical illustrative works best known are the symphony by Raff and the symphonic poem by Henri Duparc. Klughardt's symphonic poem has not been played here.

Mr. Carl Sobeski's last recital of the season in Huntington Chambers Hall was an interesting affair. Mr. Sobeski sang songs by MacKerzie, Poote, Bohm, Ronald, Loewe and Monheissohn's "If With All Your Hearts." His pupils joined in the performance of a varied programme. The cello solos and obligati of Mr. Walter Kendall were a conspicuous feature of the concert.

Schumann-Helk will give a song recital here early in February, it is said. This will be her first recital, for it will be remembered that sickness prevented her appearance when she was announced to sing at Association Hall. It is also stated that she will sing in comic opera next season. Is she envious in anticipation of Fritz Scheff? In Germany Schumann-Helk has long been a favorite in light opera and even in operetta.

The Beethoven gold medal of the Philharmonie Society, London, has been awarded to Clara Butt, the amazingly tall contralto of the sumptuous but uneven voice, who visited us, sang at a Symphony concert and indulged in recitals, at one of which she sang "Abide with Me" with great expression and the assistance of a cabinet organ. The medal has been awarded to Patti and Edward Lloyd.

On June 9 the first performance in English of "Kunzepea" will be given in London. The poem is by Leconte de Lisle and the music by C. E. Pritchard, who was born in France of English parentage. He studied at the Paris Conservatory, and Cesar Franck and Massenet were among his teachers. His "Pharaoh," a symphonic poem, his first composition, was produced at Paris in 1888, and his "Language of Flowers" has been performed in London.

The programme of the department of music of Yale University on June 4 was of an unusual nature. Among the pieces were Grieg's "Humoreske," orchestrated by the class in instrumentation, and a scherzo by the class in free composition. The other pieces were the overture to "Don Giovanni," a concerto for three violins, Raff's concerto for piano, Godard's romantic concerto for violin, Bruch's violin concerto, op. 28, Cesar Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra, and Elgar's March, "Pomp and Circumstance."

Mr. Henry W. Savage will produce Verdi's "Otello" in English, a new musical play by Henry Blossom, and later a comedy by George Ade. This shows commendable catholicity of taste. Was Mr. Savage joking when he spoke of producing "Parsifal"? Mr. Conried is grimly in earnest. No matter how gorgeous or complete or musically satisfactory the performance of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan may be, the one feature of features will be necessarily missed, the atmosphere of the Bayreuth playhouse. At the Metropolitan there will be no thought of pilgrims watching reverently or curiously the revelation of a mystery, not even if the women in the show boxes should wear hair shirts instead of diamonds, and the men be clothed in sackcloth and ashes.

GEORGE MOORE'S BOOK ON IRELAND.



YEAR or two ago Mr. George Moore announced as by a trumpet blast his intention of establishing a neo-pagan Celtic or Gaelic renaissance. With the help of Mr. W. B. Yeats, a poet of subtle suggestion and free and haunting rhythm, he would make Ireland something more than the playground of political storms and the subject for minute economic investigation. Some applauded his resolve and then held their breaths, impatient of the result. Others, who looked on Mr. Moore as a theoretical rather than a practical Irishman, made wagers as to whether he would write in Gaelic after a hasty preparation, as he discussed music by way of instructive digression in his "Evelyn Innes."

The first fruit of Messrs. Moore and Yeats' labor was a play in English, not in Gaelic, "Diarmid and Grania," which was produced at Dublin in 1901. And now comes Mr. Moore with his collection of stories, "The Untilled Field." This volume is something more than a collection of grimly pathetic tales. It is a revelation of Mr. Moore's advance in artistry; it is also an important document in the study of the Ireland of today.

During the first years of Mr. Moore's literary career he was classified as a highly objectionable person, who wrote to gratify his prejudices and to make the conventional stare and squirm. His early poems and novels might have been passed by as "youthful follies," but his "Confessions of a Young Man" was a direct challenge. He not only told with unusual frankness the story of his life, he criticized contemporaneous painters, poets, novelists, essayists, playwrights and play actors—mummers, as he dubbed them—and, with his pen for a creese, he ran amuck.

It was a violent, tumultuous book, in which Mr. Moore screamed out his likes and dislikes. He was audacious, insolent. He was epigrammatic, as when he wrote: "Henry James went to France and read Tourgueneff. W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James"; or he was bludgeoned and brutal, as when he spoke of Mrs. Kendal's "cumbersome domesticity," and referred to Mr. Wilson Barrett as "an elderly man posturing in a low-neck dress."

He was at times acute and fanciful: "I think of Mr. Stevenson as a consumptive youth weaving garlands of sad flowers with pale, weak hands, or leaning to a large plate-glass window, and scratching thereon exquisite profiles with a diamond pencil."

There were memorable, inimitable pages, as the description of Catulle Mendes, the analysis of the "Woman of Thirty," the sketch of Emma in the London lodging house, the tribute to Cabaner, the poverty-stricken composer who delighted in silk shirts, and insisted that to portray adequately silence in music he should need at least three brass-bands.

The book smelt of the Paris studio and cafe, of the London music hall and mongrel foreign restaurant. The muse was a model or a bar-maid. There were paragraphs that were merely paraphrases from contributors to "La Vogue," the organ of the symbolists and the revolutionaries of '88 and '89. Now the voice of Flaubert was heard; now that of Balzac. A strange, bumptious, fascinating, offensive, persuasive, crude, lyrical, pessimistic, enthusiastic, irresistible volume.

"Confessions" of the Author.

And in his "Confessions" Mr. Moore admitted that he was saturated with French idioms and with the theories of Parisian coiners of phrases and mixers of colors; that English was to him vaguely known and distasteful until he became acquainted with Pater's "Marlus," and then with the gorgeous sonority of De Quincey; "Through him I passed to the study of the Elizabethan dramatists, the real literature of my race, and washed myself clean."

A comparison may well illustrate Mr. Moore's struggle for effect. He wrote: "The fiery glory of Jose Maria de Heredia filled me with enthusiasm—ruins and sand, shadow and silhouette of palms and pillars, negroes, crimson, swords, silence and arabesques. As great copper pans go the clangor of the rhymes." This last sentence was shaped in various ways by more than one Frenchman in characterization before Mr. Moore decided to use it.

Now put by the side of this hit of impressionism a sentence by the great English master of the literary essay. Hazlitt, remarking on the joy to be found in folio commentaries on the Old Testament, saw "palm trees waving mystically in the margin of the page, and the camels moving slowly on in the distance of 3000 years," and this thought came to him: "The ruined monuments of antiquity are also there, and the fragments of buried cities (under which the adder lurks) and cool springs, and green sunny spots, and the whirlwind and the lion's roar, and the shadow of angelic wings."

Mr. Moore struggled in his earlier novels, and he more than once tried by imitation to catch the secret of the strength of others. In his "Mummers' Wife" he frankly copied Zola. His hero, Mike Fletcher, is Bel Ami in London. In his earlier novels Mr. Moore was often unreasonably, anxiously, inartistically coarse. Thackeray complained that since Fielding no English writer had dared to paint man as he is. It seemed at one time as though Mr. Moore had resolved to write for men only.

Little by little Mr. Moore is the master of himself. His volume of essays, "Impressions and Opinions," a book of discriminative criticism, equal in appreciation and subtle expression, was followed by "Vain Fortune," the tragedy of two women and a man, a story which put him in the first rank of novelists.

After the brilliant collection of criticisms on art "Modern Painting," came "Evelyn Waters," which triumphed over Gladstone's praise and the fact that it was inspired in large measure by a novel of the De Quinceys. "Evelyn Waters" is not merely a zealous tract against gambling; it is not merely a photographic study of squalid life, it is intensely human; it is epic.

A still finer work of art is "Cellmates," in which, as well as in "Sister Teresa," is seen the influence of the later Flauberts. Then followed "Evelyn Innes," and its sequel. And now Mr. Moore, with his studies of life in Ireland can sit down quietly and look time in the face.

His Latest Production.

There are 13 stories in "The Untilled Field," and nearly all of them are indirect indictments against prevailing conditions in Ireland, which are due, as the author thinks, to ecclesiastical rule rather than political oppression. Yet there is no conventional tirade against the priest as a priest. The priestly hero of "A Letter to Rome" is humbly and nobly self-sacrificing, and there is more than one saintly figure in the volume. Yet the indictments are none the less severe.

Ireland is "empty"; "dead beyond hope of resurrection"; "barren." Ned, in "The Wild Goose," hears a melancholy folk-tune, played on a flageolet by a shepherd in the mist. "It is the song of the exile; it is the cry of one driven out in the night—into a night of wind and rain. It is night, and the exile on the edge of the waste. It is like the wind sighing over bog water. It is a prophetic echo and final despair of a people who knew they were done for from the beginning. A mere folk-tune, mere nature, raw and intellectual; and these raw folk-tunes are all that we shall have done, and by these, and these alone, shall we be remembered."

Rodney, the hero of "In the Clay," has modelled a Virgin and Child for Fr. McCabe's cathedral. The priest finds out that the model who sat for the Virgin was Lucy, one of his parishioners. He discusses with another priest this fine point of theology, "If it would be justifiable to employ a naked woman for a statue of the Virgin." * * * At their third tumbler of punch they had reached Raphael, and at the fourth Fr. McCabe held that bad statues were more likely to excite devotional feelings than good ones, bad statues being further removed from perilous nature."

The priest goes to Lucy's house and reproaches her. Her young brothers overhear the talk, are curious to see the statue, break into the studio, knock down a bust by accident, and then smash the statue, so that the priest who does not like it will not be obliged to pay for it.

Rodney resists the temptation to take Lucy with him away from Dublin: "If he took her with him he would have to look after her till the end of his life. This was not his vocation." The fact that two stupid little boys broke his statue is significant to him: "Oh, the ignorance, the crass, the patent ignorance I am going. This is no place for a sculptor to live in. It is no country for an educated man. It won't be fit for a man to live in for another hundred years. It is an unwashed country, that is what it is!"

Lucy is drawn with few lines, but she is real and palpable. "He remembered how he had stood in the midst of his sculpture asking himself what a man is to do when a girl, walking with a walk at once idle and rhythmical, stops suddenly and puts her hand on his shoulder and looks up in his face."

Realism and Mysticism.

"Some Parishioners" is a blend of realism and mysticism. One priest believes in making allowance for human nature; he realizes the results of boredom in dull, poor villages; but another would put an end to dancing, drinking, courting in lanes on the hillside. A priest's anger because he was offered £2 instead of £5 as a wedding fee and his prudence as a match maker ruin simple lives. No wonder, says his colleague, that the men and women are still eager to go to America.

Biddy McHale puts her savings into a stained glass window for the new church; in her devotion she forgets her chickens; she is evicted and lives in an outhouse on bits of bread and potatoes given by neighbors; but at the mass she sees ecstatic visions; the heavenly bridegroom smiles on her and whispers to her.

At last she wearies the priest by her babble at the mass. The young architect says to the priest: "I suppose even miracles are inconvenient at times, Fr. Maguire. Be patient with her, let her enjoy her happiness." And the two men stood looking at her, trying vainly to imagine what her 'happiness' might be. There are relieving touches of humor, as in the scene where the lady of the neighborhood lectures on the care of hens and insists that eggs must always be set in January. Peter, after his marriage, forgot to talk at the feast, unheeding of everything, save his Kate; and he looked so good and foolish at that time that more than one woman thought it would be a weary thing to live with him."

The Bowery barkeeper in "Home Sick-

...the bar-room, prosper, married, and at last he reached the age "when a man begins to feel there are not many years in front of him and that all he has had to do in life has been done." He looks after his old sweetheart Margaret. "There is an unchanging, silent life within every man that none knows but himself, and his unchanging, silent life was his memory of Margaret Durken. The bar-room was forgotten and all that concerned it, and the things he saw most clearly were the green hillside, and the bog lake and the rushes about it, and the greater lake in the distance, and behind it the blue lines of wandering hills."

He leaves his waterfront, the old house is poignant in its simplicity, says the bar-room, prosper, married, and at last he reached the age "when a man begins to feel there are not many years in front of him and that all he has had to do in life has been done." He looks after his old sweetheart Margaret. "There is an unchanging, silent life within every man that none knows but himself, and his unchanging, silent life was his memory of Margaret Durken. The bar-room was forgotten and all that concerned it, and the things he saw most clearly were the green hillside, and the bog lake and the rushes about it, and the greater lake in the distance, and behind it the blue lines of wandering hills."

An Appeal to Rome.

Fr. MacTurnan hears that Mike Mulhare refuses to let his daughter marry her wooer until he earns the price of a pig, and an idea takes hold of him. Ireland is passing away. Unless some great change takes place, it will become Protestant; he has the only decent house in the parish; the people are leaving the country. What is the remedy? A married clergy. There would then be an addition of 40,000 children to the birth rate in 10 years, religion would be nationalized and there would be an Irish catholicism suited to the ideas and needs of the Irish people.

He writes painfully a letter to Rome, and afterward visits the shrewd bishop, who talks with him and gives him £5, that Mulhare's daughter may marry. And the priest is so happy that he forgets to ask how his letter was received at Rome. There is the priest who built a playhouse in the waste that a drama in Irish might bring tourists to the new Oberonmoreau and enrich the poor of the neighborhood, for their poverty was indescribable.

"All the hovels in the district were the same—one-roomed hovels, full of peat smoke, and on the hearth a black iron pot, with traces of some yellow meal stirred in it. The dying man or woman would be lying in a corner on some straw, and the priest would speak a little Irish to these outcast Celts and to those dim people who wander like animals through the waste," I said. "There are degrees in poverty, and I remember two men; their feet were bare, and their shirts were so torn that the curling breast hair was uncovered."

They were brown beards, and their skin was yellow with famine, and one of them cried out: "The white sun of heaven does not shine upon two poor men than upon this man and myself."

A wind blew down a wall of the playhouse; the play was never played; but when Mr. Moore said to the priest knitting by the fire, "The Celt is melting like snow," he lingers in little patches in the corners of the field, and hands are stretched from every side, for it is a man to stretch hands to fleeting things, but as well might we try to retain the snow." The priest, with "eyes as motionless as the mountains," answered: "No fine race has ever been blotted out."

"The Wild Goose."

Ned in "The Wild Goose," a harp-rover, marries the daughter of an Irish farmer; he longs for the rest and comfort of an existence spent always "amid heavy mahogany furniture"; he envies the quiet family, the well-defined circle of interest.

The girl is a patriot and a fervent Catholic. After a child is born to them they drift apart chiefly because his wife regrets his attitude toward the church in his public speeches and his newspaper articles. She wishes his freedom, and she loves him and will not detain him. "They had come to the end of the second period, and there are three—year of mystery and passion, and then some years of passion without mystery. The third period is one of resignation. The lives of the parents pass into the children, and the mated journey on, carrying their packs." She thinks it her duty to speak of one of her husband's manuscripts at the confessional. He makes no scene, but he is all the more ready to leave her. Wild geese fly south over his head. They show him where he should go. He must get out of Ireland, "a mean, ineffectual atmosphere of nuns and rosaries."

The sculptor Rooney meets two fellow Irishmen. They smile at the thought of a neo-pagan Celtic renaissance that once possessed them. One is going to South Africa, the other to Italy, and Harding will return to Ireland. "Three Irishmen meet, one seeking a country with a future, one seeking a country with a past, and one thinking of going back to a country without past or future."

In Ireland, "there is no free thought, and where there is no free thought t

no intellectual life. The priests take their ideas from Rome, cut and dried like tobacco, and the people take their ideas from the priests, cut and dried like tobacco. Ireland is a terrifying example of what becomes of a country where it accepts prejudices and conventions and ceases to inquire into the truth. * * * Nothing thrives in Ireland but the celibate, the priest, the nun, and the ox."

So Carmady speaks, and Harding answers: "You, my dear friend, Rodney, you tempt me with Italy and conversations about glowing marbles; and you won't be angry with me when I tell you that all your interesting utterances about the Italian renaissance would not interest me half so much as what Paddy Durkin and Father Pat will say to me on the roadside. * * * There is a proverb in Irish which says that no man ever wanders far from his grave sod. We are thrown out, and we circle a while in the air, and return to the feet of the thrower."

Alas, for Mr. Moore and his illusions and dreams! Alas for Mr. Moore and his hope of a neo-pagan Celtic or Gaelic renaissance! Yet out of his bitter disappointment have come forth the strength and the calmness of these master works in prose.

Never before was he so sure of each stroke; never has he shown such artistic sobriety and reserve. As was said of Gluck's music, here each note brings of man, woman or landscape, there is no wearily minute analysis, there is no garish impressionism. The rhythm of the sentence is at least unconscious. There is no thought of the tollsome quest of the one fitting and illuminating phrase.

The simplicity is without affectation; the passion is classic, not melodramatic. The author is not seen pulling the strings of his puppets, nor is his voice heard in uneasy or complacent explanation.

June 8, 1903 P.M.

INCEPTION AND CLIMAX OF FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

"Political History of Slavery,"

by William H. Smith.

"A Detached Pirate," by Helen Milecete—"America in Its Relation to the Great Epochs of History"—New Editions of Works by Irving and Carlyle.

"A Political History of Slavery," by William Henry Smith (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), was written with a specific purpose to cover the whole time from the first signs in America of hostility to slavery down to the reconstruction of the United States constitution. Mr. Smith, editor and general manager of the Associated Press, died in 1896, but this work was finished substantially before he died. In his history he did not attempt to give an account of the origin and spirit of slavery in the United States, nor of the growth of the anti-slavery agitation, nor of secession, nor of the civil war. According to him, the first active opposition to slavery was from John Woolman, the Quaker, in 1732; after the revolution from another Quaker, Charles Osborne, who founded the Tennessee Manumission Society and in 1817 resumed in Ohio the issue of the first American anti-slavery journal, which had already been started in Tennessee. Comparatively little importance is attached to sentimental agitations. The real anti-slavery leadership is credited "to the men who recognized parties as the chief means of doing things in a free government; who were so skilful—for example, in constraining parties to courses they had not intended—as to cause large numbers of indifferent Democrats to unite with a smaller number of anti-slavery Whigs" in sending such men as Chase, Seward, Sumner, Hale, to the Senate, and Banks, Giddings, Lovejoy, to the House; who looked to Greeley rather than to Garrison for guidance and inspiration, or as Mr. Whitelaw Reid says in his introduction to this history, "the practical people who sought to accomplish political results by political means."

Mr. Smith did not hesitate to censure Stephen S. Foster for denouncing high officials as negro thieves, nor did he sympathize with Wendell Phillips and Garrison in their eloquent declarations and imprecations. He preferred to believe that the anti-slavery element in Ohio was due to the churches and southern influence rather than to New England emigrants. As an onlooker from the middle West, he saw such figures as Chase, Brough, Morton, Corwin, Julian, Trumbull, Grimes and others as of larger proportions than they appeared on the New England horizon. And his discussion is without bitterness or undue controversial tendency. Mr. Smith was an out and out abolitionist, and he took no small part in the times of which he wrote. As the literary executor of ex-President Hayes and the intimate friend of many prominent politicians, he had unusual opportunities for acquiring information.

"A Detached Pirate," by Helen Milecete (Little, Brown & Co, Boston), was published two or three years ago, if we are not mistaken, in serial form. The pirate is a woman, young, foolish and fascinating, whose pride would not allow

her to explain certain suspicious circumstances to her reserved husband. Hence her appearance in the divorce court. After trials and tribulations she is reunited to her husband, whom she has learned to honor and to love. The story is told in letters written by the divorced wife to an intimate friend. The prevailing tone is one of flippancy and there are many cheap remarks that may pass easily for wit, as where the heroine asked: "Why are married women popularly supposed to write dullness on their faces and marriage on their backs?" Some of the incidents are preposterous—even in Halifax, where they occur—and there is little attempt at character-drawing. Of course, the heroine, as an alleged maiden of uncommon beauty and fluent and free conversation, was beset with offers of marriage, and even Mr. Morgan, who gave her ankle "a little quick pinch," as she was going down stairs, in her dull red velvet gown, which made her shoulders look like cream, no doubt loved her in his naive way. The story may justly be called light reading. Mr. Callig supplies illustrations in color.

Mr. William Justin Mann in his "America in Its Relation to the Great Epochs of History" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), names 1492, 1620, 1783 and 1850 as the epochs of American history. The first, the epoch of the discovery of America is the epoch of the Italian Renaissance. That of the settlement of America is connected with the world epoch of the Reformation and its conflicts. The epoch of the Federal Convention and the adoption of our constitution is the world-epoch of revolution and illumination. The fourth is the epoch of nullification of the events that led up to the civil war; "the world epoch of the political reconstruction of Europe, and of the general adoption of modern methods of thought." Portions of this book have already been given in the form of lectures, and the lecture habit is seen in portions that have not so been given, as on page 224 with its "And why?" and "How, then?" and "Ah, but you say." The style is naturally popular, and in occasional structural looseness—and an irrepressible enthusiasm—which includes open-mouthed admiration for Mr. Abbey's designs in the Boston Public Library, are no doubt accounted for by the original purpose of the author—to entertain an audience.

In "The Fur Traders of the Columbia River" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Washington Irving's two books "Astoria" and "The Adventures of Capt. Bonneville" are blended by the editor, Mr. Frank Lincoln Olmstead, into one composite narrative. The editor has made some additions in the list of important events, from the charter of the Hudson Bay Company, 1670, to the sale in 1867 by the Russian-American Fur Company of its property and rights to the United States. Irving's story of Astoria is something more than the record of a commercial failure, and his picture of mountain trading is drawn and colored artistically in "The Adventures of Capt. Bonneville." These stories were once well known to the young as to the old. Condensed they may revive the fascination exerted for so long a time by the author. The volume is illustrated with photographs, old prints, and two drawings by F. S. Church.

Thin but firm paper allows the publication of Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," "Heroes and Hero Worship" and "Past and Present" in one convenient and attractive volume. The print is clear and excellent in all respects; the tasteful and flexible binding recommends pocket use. This edition (The Edinburgh: Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) will stimulate the growing revival of interest in Carlyle, who, once extravagantly praised, seemed for some years to be neglected, if not rejected, even as the author of these three characteristic works.

"The True Abraham Lincoln" by William Elmer Curtis (J. B. Lippincott Company) is the latest volume of the series entitled "The True Biographies." Mr. Curtis purposed to show Lincoln the man; to study him as lawyer, orator, politician, president, writer, "philosopher, moralist, and religious believer." The book is first of all anecdotal. It abounds in stories told by Lincoln, and in stories told about him; and not a few of them have passed into common speech. These anecdotes are pleasantly introduced, and the book as a whole is easy, agreeable reading, so that it will undoubtedly be popular. There is little that is new, and the title "The True Abraham Lincoln" is here merely a title, which does not guide to any revelation or surprise.

For some years there have been hints at the peculiar circumstances of Lincoln's birth and earliest years, but Mr. Curtis here follows the accepted tradi-

tions. There is neither a graphic description of the life known to Lincoln before he became conspicuous as a lawyer, nor is there any careful or acute study of his character before or after his election to the office of President. Mr. Curtis here, as elsewhere, is entertaining, but his biography is not a document of serious value or importance.

Mr. David Miller Dewitt's "Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson" (the Macmillan Company, New York) is a violent presentation of President Johnson's case. The President's daughter, Mrs. Patterson, gave the author permission to examine private papers as well as scrapbooks compiled by Col. Moore, one of Johnson's private secretaries. The book, based on these documents and other records referred to in the

course of statement, is aggressively partisan, nor does the author hesitate to assign unworthy motives to nearly all of Johnson's "enemies." Perhaps the most carefully written pages are those devoted to the portraiture of the leaders in the attempt at impeachment.

These pen-portraits are by no means after the manner of Clarendon; they have the malicious touch of Procopius, and in style they sometimes remind one of Macaulay at his worst. Two extracts will show the spirit and the style of the author. The first is from the sketch of Thaddeus Stevens: "According to his creed, the insurgent states were conquered provinces to be shaped into a paradise for the freedman and a hell for the rebel. His eye shot over the blackened southern land. He saw the carnage, the desolation, the starvation and the shame; and, like a battered old warhorse, he flung up his frontlet, sunfired the tainted breeze and snorted ha! ha!"

As for Charles Sumner—"unemotional in a marked degree, he loved without passion, and hated without warmth. A philanthropist, if that could be called love of his fellows, which was wholly intellectual. An implacable antagonist, his bosom was too frigid to swell with a gust of righteous wrath and his blood too sluggish to carry him away in the heat of temper. * * * He had an Apollo-like head, whose hyacinthine locks, tinged with gray and thinned by years hid a retreating brow. His eye was small and insignificant, his features commonplace, his voice harsh, loud and tuneless. He possessed none of the graces of the orator, except the felicity of his diction. He had a multitude of acquaintances, many admirers, a few intimates, but hardly one own familiar friend."

Dr. Walter Flavius McCaleb, fellow in the Texas State Historical Association, and some time fellow in history in the University of Chicago, is the author of "The Aaron Burr Conspiracy" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York). This history is based largely on original and hitherto unused sources, such as the documents discovered in the Bexar archives at San Antonio, manuscripts at Mexico City, files of newspapers published at New Orleans and in Kentucky, contemporaneous with the conspiracy; manuscript, journals, and letters of Henry Clay, Breckenridge, Jefferson and Madison. Dr. McCaleb insists that the conspiracy was of wider and deeper origin than has been usually supposed, and that the conditions which gave rise to it have been imperfectly understood.

He insists that Burr's intrigue with Merry and Yrujo was not with intent to separate the West from the Union, but it was a "consummate piece of imposture. In order to secure funds for the carrying out of his expedition against Mexico, Burr resorted to the expedient of playing on the hatred of the European powers for the American republic. In other words, Burr's purpose was to invade Spanish territory, and not to dismember the Union." Dr. McCaleb describes at length the general feeling in the West against Spain, and the conspiracy from its inception to the trial of Burr at Richmond. The story is told clearly, with a fine appreciation of the force of reserve, except in a few instances when Gen. Wilkinson is handled as by a prosecuting attorney.

June 9, 1903 P.M.
A PHILOSOPHICAL WORK
ON MUSICAL EDUCATION
June 9 P.M.
By Albert Lavignac, a Paris Conservatory Professor.

Translation by Esther Singleton
Published in the Appletons' "Musical Series"—Book Treats of Instruments, Singing, Composing and General Topics.

Appleton & Co., New York, publish in their "Musical Series" Albert Lavignac's "Musical Education." The translation from the French is made by Esther Singleton.

Lavignac, born at Paris in 1846, has been professor of harmony at the Paris Conservatory since 1891, and he is known to American students of music by his book on Wagner and Bayreuth—the English title is "The Music Dramas of Wagner and His Festival Theatre in Bayreuth" and his "Music and Musicians," which was Englished carelessly, and at times erroneously.

The present volume is divided into six parts: "General Remarks Upon Musical Education," "The Study of Instruments," "The Study of Singing," "The Various Studies Necessary for Composers," "Of the Means of Rectifying a Musical Education That Has Been Indirectly at the Beginning and How to Remedy It," and "Various Kinds of Instruction." It is one of the most sensible, practical, as well as philosophical, books that are to be found in the literature of music, and these books are comparatively few. The author has definite and helpful ideas gained through long experience, he has an exact technical knowledge, and he has the art of being interesting when he is pedagogic. The careful and widespread study of the volume would be of wholesome influence.

Mr. Lavignac begins with the necessity of determining at the start the

with a latitude of the young girl. The surrounding during the good art of enormous importance in the future development. "At the risk of seeming paradoxical, I have no hesitation in saying that a nurse who cannot sing in tune can spoil his ear forever." All disturbing causes of the sense of hearing should be removed from the baby. There are no absolutely certain signs of a predisposition for music, but there are indications which rarely deceive; a child walks toward the piano, loves to hear singing, drums with a clearly marked rhythm, retains simple airs and sings them for his own pleasure, picks out these tunes with one finger on the piano. Experiments will determine whether he have the sense of the imitation of tones, and the memory of tones. The age at which instruction should begin is variable, nor can it be fixed precisely. No child should be put to the study of an instrument before he is 6. Solfege, which is singing while naming the notes and beating the time, should be taught at the very beginning. Because a child is fascinated by music paper and insists on scribbling, he is not therefore a heaven-born composer. If the indifference toward music is shown toward all other studies, the child is lazy and not necessarily unmusical. If he manifests any special taste for any instrument, let him follow his impulse, but he should not be scolded or beaten into taste. His health, his nerves should be carefully studied.

The study of any instrument should be begun quietly, and with very short periods. The habit of studying slowly should be acquired; the student should always listen to himself and try to get the best quality of tone. Only good music should be put before the pupil. "Whenever there is a chance of getting a woman for the elementary instruction of young children, I am for the woman; she unquestionably possesses more than we do, by intuition, gentleness, persuasion, and, above all, patience, which are the principal qualities to be sought in a teacher, always granting artistic value. In all that concerns primary instruction." Parents are always the very worst teachers, even when they are excellent musicians. Parents should not discuss together or with the teacher the methods of study in the presence of the pupil, for the young student should consider his master as infallible and impeccable. His pupil should hear all the great virtuosos. The violin should be begun between the ages of 6 and 8; the flute may be studied at 10 or 12. There is hardly a page in the long section concerning the study of instruments that does not tempt one to quotation.

Parents are ridiculous who before their children have a definite voice decide that son or daughter shall be a singer. The chief things to be desired in an uncultivated voice are good quality of tone and a certain degree of flexibility. And how about a teacher and a method? Mr. Lavignac is almost persuaded to say with Rubinstein: "Nature is the best doctor and the best singing master." But he does not hesitate to write: "It is certain that we cannot be better inspired than with the ideas and procedure, if not the methods even, which are honored in every country, of the old Italian school, which carried this study to the extreme of perfection." Here, of course, enters the difficulty of finding out just what that is and applying it. The first duty of a teacher is to classify the voice. Range and timbre guide in the classification. Mr. Lavignac laughs at teaching the pupil the anatomy of the larynx. The pupil will sing neither better nor worse just because he knows that the voice is due to the sonorous vibration of the vocal cords, constituted by the thyro-arytenoid muscles. All physiological knowledge will not aid him in practicing a good respiration, a good emission of tone, a good enunciation. Every one should learn to study his own organ. There is a vast amount of hard common sense in this part of Mr. Lavignac's work, and there are useful hints as to the hygiene of the voice.

The list of studies necessary for composers reminds one of the long list of studies and qualifications drawn up by Vitruvius and deemed absolutely necessary for an architect. The composer should be master of arts and philosophy, a keen observer, a traveller, a reader of men and books. A long chapter is devoted to the rectification of a badly directed musical education. The author admits that this is the most difficult thing in the world. "We can never hope to derive anything but a relatively modest advantage from studies that have been ill-conducted, at least, unless they have been pursued only for a very short time. Save exceptions of extreme rarity, it must be remembered that those who have made a false start must suffer the evil consequences and inevitably remain in a state of inferiority; that a very great amount of tardy and hurried work is not equivalent to work quietly done in its own time." Yet he speaks of means by which this state of things can be partially remedied. A person whose sole qualification is that of playing the piano fairly well should study sight reading and harmony, and may then hope to be employed as an accompanist. If a player of violin or piano or a wind instrument have vices of execution, he should not touch the instrument for several months, and then should give almost exclusive attention to correcting the vicious habits. The advice to amateurs is especially valuable. The list of helpful musical books might be more catholic.

The last part of the book is a discussion of individual, class and conservatory instruction. "Teaching in classes seems to be the best for all the elementary and infantile studies, and then for everything connected with theory, even the highest. Individual teaching is preferable for the student of singing and instruments. Teaching in the large conservatories has the advantages of

There is a Gallic idiomatic flavor in the translation, but on the whole the book is well Englished. Miss Singleton retains some French technical terms for which there are English equivalents. Mr. Larrignac's work should be read thoughtfully by all teachers, students, lovers of music and parents. It will bear reading again and again.

*"Questionable Shapes," by
William Dean Howells.*

Mr. William Dean Howells' "Questionable Shapes" (Harper Bros., New York) is a volume of three stories which deal with supernatural subjects. In the first an apparition seen by a cool-headed New Yorker in the early morning at a country house leads to the sale of an estate and a sudden love match. The precise nature of the apparition is not disclosed; the man who tells of the ghostly visitant is soon voted a bore at his club and in general society. When this story finds its way into a sensational journal the value of the country place depreciates, so the owner unloads the property on the guest who saw and biabbed. The story was told to a reporter by one of Mr. Howells' enchanting and impossible young women, and she makes amends by marrying the unfortunate.

The stories which follow are more subtle, and they suggest curious investigations in psychology. The first is told at a club, and it is narrated by Mr. Howells' most laboriously easy manner, with so many parentheses and digressions, to portray intimate club conversation, that the patience of the reader is wellnigh exhausted. The subject is simple, yet exceedingly complex. A man who from his childhood has dreaded death, as soon as he enters on his long and last sickness loses this fear. He wonders if there are not really such things as Personifications. Why should not Hope appear on his lawn, or Despair shake angry hands at a misse-railway train? And he speculates concerning the true appearance of Death—whether he should not be a beautiful youth with a serene countenance, instead of the familiar grisly terror with a dart. How hallucinations—if they be finally of his own accord and joyfully ran to meet Death—the epilogue of the story are told with genuine power. Mr Howells makes one of his cluhmen speak of the inherent dread of death as described in certain Russian novels. A still more striking instance than any found in a novel by Turgenieff or Dostalevsky is the characterization of the weak hero in Zola's "La Jole de Vivre."

The third story is concerning the belief that he who wishes to live for ever will surely live. The main idea is not unlike that of Poe's "Ligeia," but the treatment is far different, and so original that Mr. Howells must have taken it from daily life. Husband and wife are dearly attached to each other, and they are sympathetically telepathic. One day they are as nothing in the communication of their love. The man is an agnostic; the woman has a simple faith in the power of the will, and she is sure that, should she die first, she will be able to communicate with her husband and call him to her. She dies, and he is wretched. He remembers her beliefs; he waits for the message, although he is still an infidel. At last he receives it, and is overjoyed in a foggy harbor, and he rows to meet the loved one, and is lost. This story is told with exquisite touches of both art and humanity.

These two last stories are significant documents in the present discussion concerning personal immortality. They show how shrewd observers are concerned with the all important question that will not down in spite of the assurance given by certain scientists that belief in immortality is merely a species of egotism, in spite of the comfort found by some in the reflection that the personal immortality of the greatest or wisest man is founded in the survival of his beneficent influence on mankind at large. These stories not only entertain for the moment; they incite deep and profitable examination of spiritual conditions and possibilities.

These are pages of such amiable and cheerful moralizing, and there is a constant appreciation of various moods of nature. The thought, however, is often common-place, and the descriptions of scenery, of plants, or of trees, are seldom vivid but unmistakably individual. It is not necessary to go back to White or Thoreau to show the difference between a genius for observation and one that merely has acquired a certain knack. There is no mistaking the trees in Thomas Hardy's "Woodlanders"; the various aspects of Egdon Heath in "The Return of the Native," on the various country scenes in "Far From the Madding Crowd." Then there are the books of Richard Jefferies, who retailed the countless curious facts concerning the life of humble creatures, and as Henley said: There are so many of us "who but know of hares disguised as soup, of ants as a people on whose houses it is not good to sit down, of partridges as a motive of bread sauce." Now, Mr. Whiting too often refers to birds and plants and insect and animal as a catalogue who has committed to mem-

Mr. Whiting is fond of poetry, and he often clinches a series of moralizations by a quotation or original verse. His taste in the matter of quotation is often happy and always catholic. There are 24 illustrations, reproductions of photographs "taken on the walks which gave life to these notes on nature." They are interesting and suggestive; they show the superiority of landscape to description.

Mr. Edmund J. Carpenter, well known in Boston as a journalist and essayist, has written a study of the territorial expansion of this country. The volume, entitled "The American Advance," is published by John Lane (London and New York). Mr. Carpenter considers in turn the Louisiana purchase, the cession of the Floridas, the annexation of Texas, the Mexican cession, the addition of Oregon, the Gadsden purchase to settle the boundary line at the southern border of New Mexico, the purchase of Alaska and the acquisition of Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines. The story of this expansion is interwoven with the story of the glory and the fall of the Spanish empire, so that "the republic may be said to have been erected upon the ruins of the empire." Mr. Carpenter modestly makes no pretention of discussing the causes which led to the ruin of this empire; his pages are valuable material for the historian's use. He tells in a clear and always interesting manner the story of the mighty growth, from the time of Benjamin Franklin, "the first American expansionist," to the treaty at Paris signed in 1898. It is evident that he himself has no fear of imperialism; that he believes in the divine mission of the American people to spread its way to the ends of the earth. He treats the expansionists by force as well as by purchase, although he is by no means a defender of the Mexican war. He accepts Dr. Marcus Whitman as the savior of Oregon, and has this footnote to his story of Whitman's service: "The author is not unaware that an iconoclastic attempt has recently been made to relegate the entire story of Whitman's

side and mission to the realm of fable." In his discussion of the feeling against Spanish rule among Americans, he pays no attention to Burr's conspiracy, nor does he treat of Burr, the expansionist. In the chapter on Hawaii, the author's animus against President Cleveland is hardly concealed, and the speech of Amos Cummings, in which the late congressman declared that "a higher power than that of the sugar kings has decreed that this island shall become an integral part of the United States," is the decree of the King of Kings, the Ruler of the Universe; His missionaries rescued the Sandwich Islands from barbarism, and he will preserve them for ages in the bosom of the American Union," is quoted with approval and admiration. In his discussion of the war with Spain and the policy of the government Mr. Carpenter is a stalwart of the stalwarts. There is a map which shows the successive gains in territory.

The volume might be gains in territory to show how distinguished rulers and statesmen have always differed in gifts of prophecy. Thus Napoleon Bonaparte said to the Marquis de Marbois: "Whatever nation holds the valley of the Mississippi will eventually be the most powerful on earth"; and during the discussion of the Oregon question Daniel Webster exclaimed in a great burst: "What do we want with the vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild heasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? . . . What can we ever hope to do with this vast coast, a coast of 3000 miles, rock-bound, barren, and unpeopled, and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer to Boston than it is now."

mentary Education" (Holt & N. S., New York) 1913. That there should be no difference in kind between elementary, secondary and higher education, that the elementary school should aim to give the elements of a liberal education from the start, he attempts to show when the elementary school must do all it is to stop treating its pupils as beings who are to learn things with a view merely to the practical side of life. His object is to show that the very notion of education implies a conception of the mind which is fundamentally at variance with widely prevalent notions. He emphasizes the doctrine that there is a place for the will in education, and he regards as pernicious the theory of Herbart and Rousseau that everything should be made to depend on interest. In the course of this suggestive book, he discusses the child's capital, the fetish of general method, the grammar school curriculum department, the history section, the educational value of history and other branches, nature as an educator, school management, and the small high school. He believes that drawing, singing and lessons in vocal music, physical culture, manual training, should form a part of the exercises from the start. The time which the small high school gives to the study of history should be devoted to the history of England and that of the United States. Discipline in school is for the development of the rational life, and a child may learn to be a rational life. (1) because he wishes to be like his teacher and (2) because his teacher loves a rational life. Each chapter is supplied with questions on the text and "suggestive questions."

June 9. 1903
CURRENT LITERATURE

A Whimsical Tale by the Late
Frank R. Stockton.

"The Captain's Toll-Gate," the Most Successful of the Noted Writer's Long Stories, Replete with True Character Drawing and Entertaining Dialogue.

"The Captain's Toll-Gate," by the late Frank R. Stockton (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is prefaced by a memorial sketch written by his wife. It appears that this story, now first published after his death, was completed by the author himself. Nothing has been added or cut out. "Mr. Stockton had so strong a feeling upon the literary ethics involved in such matters that he once refused to complete a book which a popular and brilliant author, whose style was thought to resemble his own, had left unfinished." Yet "The Captain's Toll-Gate" was not the last story Mr. Stockton wrote. "Kate Bonnet," published in 1902, was written after the present novel was ready for publication.

Mr. Stockton was on his mother's side of English, French and Irish origin; and his wife finds in his stories the inventiveness of the French, the point of view and the humor of the old English humorists, "and the capacity of the Irish for comical situations." Born at Philadelphia in 1834, he was at first a wood engraver, but he turned toward literature, and even as an engraver he had written stories for magazines. He was connected with *Hearth and Home*, with the old *Scribner's*, with the *Century*, and afterward with *St. Nicholas*. The story of his career, from the beginning to the time that he gave up editorial work to live solely by his stories, is pleasantly told.

It was at his first house, in Nutley, N. J., that he discovered the famous Pomona. She was "a middle-sized orphan" of 14 brought from New York to help in the household. "Her spare time was devoted to reading books, mostly of the blood-curdling variety; and she read them to herself aloud in the kitchen in a very disjointed fashion, which was at first amusing, and then irritating." This sentimental and romantic girl induced Mr. Stockton to write the article entitled "Rudder Grange," which led to the series to which the original title was given. This was his first book for adult readers; he had reached middle life when it was published; and only with difficulty did he find a publisher.

"The Lion or the Tiger?" was written to be read before a literary society of which he was a member, and it caused such a discussion that he published it in a magazine. There was no preliminary trumpeting, yet it set the reading world talking. An English friend told Mr. Stockton that in India he heard a group of Hindus gravely debating the problem. "Mr. Stockton made no attempt to answer the question he had raised," said the friend. "Did he know the answer? We doubt it."

Mrs. Stockton refers to the machines and appliances invented by her husband as a part of his stories, as an engraver, he invented and patented a double graver which cuts two parallel lines at the same time. "It is somewhat strange that more than one of these extraordinary machines has since been exploited by scientists and explorers, without the least suspicion on their part that the enterprising ro-
man had had the honor of the invention among these may be named the idea of going to the north pole under the ice, the one that the centre of the earth is an immense crystal ('Great Stone of Sardinia'), and the attempt to manufac-

The first time that I
 owed was a letter
 to write the great
 tales. He tried to
 and in a new
 grove of fir trees
 and passed of his
 even conversation
 alone. He had three
 at his beautiful
 alien and valuable
 could do in his
 den. He bathed
 to his fire, for he
 sound health, and
 had no thought
 lust novel, say
 heartless, always
 had a high
 work commended
 last, then ever before

Mrs. Storkton pays her husband tribute. He hated "morals," and she sympathized with the less fortunate. "I'm his wife," she allowed me to hear, if it were to prevent it." He looked on the humorous side of life; he was endurable. "He had not the least of his stories ended unhappily. He knew that there is much of the tragic in man's lives, but he chose to ignore it as far as possible, and to work in pleasant ways which are numerous in this tangled world. There is much philosophy underlying a good deal of what I write, but it has to be looked for; it is not insistent, and I never more than could not write an impure word, or press an impure thought, for I longed for the pure in heart who, as you accused him, would not."

are assured, "shall see God!" "The Captain's Toll Gate" is a whimsical story, in which the "charter" move is in a world known only to Mr. Stockton, just as Mr. W. S. Gilmore in his world, Mr. George B. Serrano in his world, and "Lewis Carr" in his. It is the same world of that in which those who are transferred, now the great story plays an important part, and the stock's "Logarithm of the World" is a treatise in demand at all the libraries. The Captain, possessed by Mr. Maria Port, his niece, and her own management and discouragement of her lovers; the eccentric Mr. Claude Lockwood with his poetic aspirations and unique logic, are all characteristic of Stocktonian.

To some Mr. Stockton is an acquire-
taste; there are some who with the ^{same}
will are never able to acquire it, and
there are many who enjoy quietly every
line of this gentle humorist. Even those
who may be tired by Mr. Locker's char-
acter must admit the humor of Mr.
Port's final discomfiture and consequent
flight.

There are some, and we are of them, who have preferred Mr. Stockton's stories to his novels, who, with all their admiration for his singular and original talent, have yawned over "The Captain's Null" or frankly put the book away. "The Captain's Tull-Gat" perhaps the most successful of the stories. It is fresh, ingenious, and entertaining dialogue, nor does it interest flag for a moment. Such is the persuasive force of the author that the reader takes the melodramatic Washington as a matter of his record.

The story is illustrated with a portrait of the author, etched from a photograph, and with views of Mr. Stockton's home. There is a biographical list of the writings of Mr. Stockton. Apparently the first publication, "unknown to all biographical writers," was "A North American Voice for the Dissolution of the Union," printed for the author in New York in 1861. It is described as "an attempt to start the nation on the road to freedom in the States by suggesting a form of universal suffrage," and Sablin's dictionary gives the date of the pamphlet as 1860, though it is suggested as a substitute date.

June 11, 1903

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD
OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

*Its Growth Traced Through
Various Vicissitudes.;*

An Important Work Edited by
Dr. Garnett and Edmund Goss
—Publications of Colonial So-
ciety of Massachusetts—Notes on
American Ceramics.

"English Literature, an Illustrated Record," in four volumes, is edited by Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse, published by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Garnett's first volume "From the Beginnings to the Age of Henry VIII," treats of the Celt, the Roman, the Saxon, the Latin, Danish and Scandinavian influences; the literature, satirical, romantic and historical that precedes Chaucer, to whom a separate chapter is devoted. The remaining chapters are entitled: "The Beginnings of Chivalry," "Prose," "The English Bible," "The Mystery Play," "The 15th Century," "The Literature of Scotland—the Black and White Age of the First Tudors."

Dr. Garnett merit the title of an "impalpable obscurity" and "a little light" encountered by the writer who seeks to trace the development of his literature through various attitudes. He has a conclusion that the study of the history of a

ble in proportion to the student's acquaintance with the history of the nation itself, including that of its institutions, political and social. The student should also have some degree of philological information on such subjects as dialectic variations, pronunciation and prosody. But Dr. Garnett kept steadily in mind the popular character of this particular work, and such information is put in the background, although a bibliography will appear in a later volume. There is modernization of obsolete spelling in the illustrative quotations.

Mr. Gosse's first volume—the third of the series—will be of greater interest to the general reader. He treats of the decline in literature from 1630 to 1660, the age of Dryden, the age of Queen Anne and the age of Dr. Johnson. And who could treat with more knowledge and sympathy these literary years than Mr. Gosse, who, however, acknowledges the valuable assistance of Mr. A. H. Bullen and Mr. Austin Dobson? There was such a wealth of material to draw from, literature in the second quarter of the 17th century was so "active and impassioned," that the task of the editor was one of selection. "The most serious of his responsibilities, a weighing the sum of qualities which each candidate presents. In this he cannot hope or even wish to please everybody; he must follow as consistently as he can a principle adopted in harmony with his own temperament and his own line of study."

The reader, of course, will search often to confirm his own opinion, and when he himself might praise more warmly one author or wonder at the editor's high estimation of another, he must note the felicity of the judicial expression, as when Sir Thomas Browne is characterized as "an author of solitary and intrinsic charm," and agree to the taste displayed in quotation. This volume, as well as the first, is richly illustrated.

Volume V. of the "Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts" (Boston; published by the society), contains the transactions of the society from November, 1897, to November, 1898. The more important articles are memoirs of Darwin E. Ware, by James B. Thayer; of Gov. Russell, by Charles C. Everett; of Leverett Saltonstall, by Joseph H. Choate; the Harvard thesis of 1663; a fragment of the house journal of 1649, Franklin's letter condemning the doings of the Boston tea party, the commission of George I. to the bishop of London in 1726-27 authorizing him to exercise certain Episcopal functions in America, and Mr. Albert Matthews' essay on "Hired Men and Help."

The interesting essay by Mr. Matthews might bear for its motto, a footnote in the first English edition of "Artemus Ward: His Book" in explanation of "help." "The term 'servant' grates harshly on American ears," Dr. Fitz-Edward Hall mentioned the fact that the term is ordinarily regarded as a euphemism, "and such it now is, unquestionably; it appears, however, to have been with us, originally, something quite different"; and he believed that "hired women," "hired boys," were rife in the language of the colonial forefathers. Mr. Matthews' researches led him to these conclusions. There was no odium attached to the word "servant" much before the revolutionary war, and the dislike "now so pronounced," was probably a manifestation of the social and political changes of which the passage of the stamp act was the beginning. During colonial legislation a freeman who hired himself out was called a hired freeman or a hired man.

Before 1776 the term was purely descriptive; "and in many of the examples between 1776 and 1863 the term is still merely a descriptive one, distinguishing the person so designated from a slave. When, as a consequence of the dislike to the word 'servant,' a euphemistic substitute for the hated appellation was desired, the terms 'hired man,' 'hired woman,' 'hired girl,' 'hired boy,' etc. (of which—except the first—there is absolutely no trace before 1776) came into vogue, and have remained in use as survivals, even though, since 1863, they have lost all significance as descriptive terms." Mr. Matthews does not attempt to decide positively whether the expression "hired man" was brought over by colonizing Englishmen.

The volume is illustrated with portraits of Leverett Saltonstall, Darwin E. Ware, Gov. Russell and Sir William Pepperrell, and with various fac-similes. There is a copious index.

The April number of the Burlington Magazine, with supplementary Gazette (Saville Publishing Company (Ltd.) London), is of sumptuous art. The leading articles are by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, "The Pageants of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick"; Percy Macquoid, "The Evolution of Form and Decoration in English Silver Plate"; Campbell Dodgson, who discusses a new catalogue of Beham's works; W. H. J. Weale (Article II. on the "Early Painters of the Netherlands.") The list of plates is long. Among the many and beautiful illustrations are portraits by Raphael, Titian, Holbein, Roger de la Pasture; specimens of table equipage, the portraits of the famous Gunning sisters ("Ironing" and "Washing") by Morland, and some exquisite woodcuts. There are the usual notes.

The Craftsman, published monthly by United Crafts (Syracuse, N. Y.), begins in its issue for June a series of notes on American ceramics. The first article, by Irene Sargent, tells of Mr. John G. Low and his competitive struggle with the tile-makers of England. Among the other interesting articles are "Education in Clay," by Charles F. Binns; "Japanese Gardens," by F. B. Bins; "Japanese Gardens," by F. B. Bins; "Jewelry and Enamels," by H. W. Belknap, and

"Craftsmanship vs. Intrinsic Value," by F. W. Lawrence. Mary W. Strickland, in an article on "Cross-Stitch Embroidery," mentions the fact that no samples earlier than 1648 could be found for an exhibition of the Pine Arts Society in England, although we know that they existed long before that date,

and Shakespeare and Milton mentioned them.

"Sarah Tuldron: A Woman Who Had Her Way," by Orme Agnus (Little, Brown & Co.), is a story of English country life. Sarah was born in dirt and ignorance. Loaned for some years to a thrifty aunt, she learned the value of soap and water and decent surroundings. When she returned home to live with her own family she rebelled at the squalor, the coarse fare, the laziness of her mother and father and the drunken habits of the latter, and she went about to reform the cottage life. Little by little she bettered her own family. Strong, handsome, ready-witted, she was wooed by the men of the village, and the rakish son of the Squire's sister looked on her as desirable game. Her outwitting him is perhaps the most dramatic and at the same time amusing chapter in the book. But Sarah had set her cap for a well-to-do and stingy farmer. After ludicrous adventures, she married him by strategy and force and then began to play the part of Lady Bountiful.

She took lessons in English and other branches of education of a young fellow who fell in love with her, and for an answer to his declaration received a box on his ears, for Sarah ruled at first by violence, by force of fist and whip. She softened gradually; she found out the power of affection and entreaty; she led the villagers toward cleanliness and morality; she did much to wean partially the country doctor from the brandy bottle; she brought the squire's nephew to a full sense of his degeneracy; and the death of her little daughter made her a womanly heroic figure. The farm under her modern and wise administration had prospered, so that her husband's relations were at last proud of his marriage. Her husband, her loving slave, died; and it is hinted that though she was still young and the most superb and handsome woman in the county, she lived for her boy and refused solicitor, gentleman farmer and rector.

The story is told with unusual force and skill. The household and moral degradation of the common people is portrayed boldly and vividly. The author is not squeamish. Some readers may complain of occasional coarseness, but what they may term coarseness is the frankness that makes for righteousness in life and art. There is nothing lugged in for effect; there is no search after the material for a sensational scene. There are amusing pages, as those that describe Sarah's chase after her shilly-shallying wooer; there is humor in the dialogue, and there is true pathos as in the chapters that tell of the death of the child and the father. The development of Sarah's character is admirably described. The author has a rare talent for character-drawing. These men and women stand out in striking individuality. As for Sarah, she is one of the most commanding figures in modern fiction. Shrewd, imperious, worldly, ambitious, and then pre-eminently womanly, she is of flesh and blood, not merely an addition to the long line of conventionally attractive heroines of fiction. The novel cannot be too warmly commended. It is realistic but not coldly photographic. The author's personality does not intrude; there is no sermonizing over the depressing conditions of the mean life; the characters work out their own salvation, and their evolution and the growth upward, fostered by the example and influence of Sarah, is natural, and not as though contrived suddenly by some stage device.

June 14 1903
HERE There Is Nothing," by W. B. Yeats, the Macmillan Company, New York, is the first volume of his plays for an Irish theatre. It may be remembered that the Irish

Literary Theatre was established, theoretically, if not substantially, at Dublin about 1898. The founders dreamed of plays in Gaelic as a part of a Gaelic renaissance. Mr. George Moore perhaps had this theatre in mind when he described, in "The Untilled Field," a playhouse built through the efforts of a priest, a playhouse where sacred and legendary pieces might be produced for the education of the neighboring folk, and as a means of luring visitors, who, by making pilgrimages, would spend money in the poverty-stricken village.

When Messrs. Moore and Yeats produced their play "Diarmid and Grania," at the Gaiety, Dublin (Oct. 21, 1901), they were in doubt for some time whether it should be played in Gaelic or in English. The play was founded on an old Gaelic legend; it was Gaelic in spirit, and the playwrights knew in their hearts that the Gaelic speech would best serve art.

But there was an obstacle; the audience would not understand the old tongue, and as Mr. Moore remarked: "More people in this city would understand Greek than Gaelic."

"Diarmid and Grania," though written originally in Gaelic—as was Mr. Moore's "Untilled Field"—was produced in English; nevertheless, other plays were produced in Gaelic at this same Irish Lit-

erary Theatre and applauded by large audiences. It soon became the fashion in Ireland to be interested in the old tongue. There were Gaelic songs and books and teachers.

The Earl of Dudley and such English

noblemen as the Marquis of Waterford, Lord Mayo, Lord Donoughmore, Lord Cork and Orrery and others were interested in the revival, and it is said—yet the statement seems extravagant—that if a man cannot speak the ancient language, he is of little account in any society in the Ireland of today.

Now, the reputation of Mr. Yeats does not rest merely on his effort to revive the glory of Gaelic literature. He is known as the author of "The Secret Rose," "The Celtic Twilight," "Ideas of Good and Evil," and some volumes of poems, although it may be truly said that his prose is so charged with poetic feeling that much of it is far above the verse of other men.

His prose and poetry are intensely Gaelic in spirit; its very life is Gaelic; and if he had not chosen to figure as a propagandist his name would still be inseparably associated with the thought of Gaelic pathos, humor, beauty and supernaturalism.

He knows the Celtic character, "full of striving after a something never to be completely expressed in word or deed"; he has no theories to blur the simplicity and the faith of his narration. "I love better," he says, in a chapter of "The Celtic Twilight," "than any theory the sound of the Gate of Horn swinging upon its hinges, and hold that he alone who has passed the rose-strewn threshold can catch the far glimmer of the Ivory Gate."

Mr. Yeats' play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," was performed in New York two or three years ago. The Irish Literary Society of New York produced this play, as well as "The Pot of Broth" and "Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan," only the other day. These pieces were performed recently in London by the Irish National Theatre Society.

His Latest Production.

"Where There Is Nothing" is a singularly interesting dramatic piece, in which there is a little of Maeterlinck, a little of Ibsen, a little of George Bernard Shaw and a great deal of Mr. Yeats. In times past Mr. Yeats has had the thought and the expression of the Belgian poet, dramatist, essayist and mystic.

Take the last sentence of his dedication to "The Secret Rose": "So far, however, as this book is visionary, it is Irish; for Ireland, which is still predominantly Celtic, has preserved with some less excellent things a gift of vision, which has died out among more hurried and more successful nations; no shining candelabra have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one looks into the darkness there is always something there." This last touch is purely Maeterlinckian, or it might be said that Maeterlinck is often purely Celtic.

The story of "Where There Is Nothing" is fantastical, humorous, tragic. Paul Rutledge, a country gentleman, is hored by his family, by his neighbors, by the conditions of his life, by himself. When he clips out a Cochlin China fowl in a hedge he sees in it an image of many of his acquaintances. He will not join his brother's guests at luncheon. He knows their virtues and their conversation. "There's Dowler, who puts away thousands a year in consols, and Algie, who tells everybody all about it."

These men and women remind him of poultry scratching all together, not digging, but scratching, and all the time making their mouths go. He tells Fr. Jerome that they are all like "farmyard creatures, they have forgotten their freedom, their human bodies are a disguise, a pretence they keep up to deceive one another. There's nothing interesting but human nature, and that's in the single soul, but these neighbors of mine, they think in flocks and roosts. When I hear these people talking I always hear some organized or vested interest chirp or quack, as it does in the newspapers."

In his dreams he is pulling down his own house, and sometimes the whole world. "When everything was pulled down we would have more room to get drunk in, to drink contentedly out of the cup of life."

Fr. Jerome thinks that Paul will in the end find peace in the monastery. And now comes one Charlie Ward, a tinker. Paul proposes to him an exchange of clothes, and the tinker thinks that Paul needs a disguise, that he is in fear of the magistrates on account of some deed done in a drunken fit.

The friends of Paul are worried over his mental condition. Col. Lawley wishes he would join the militia. "Every man should try to find some useful sphere of employment," Mr. Green recommends membership in the horticultural society, while Mr. Joyce is sure the Masonic lodge would benefit him. While they are talking Paul enters in the tinker's clothes. He announces his intention of tramping.

"I am going to be irresponsible," he says. "I want to be a vagabond, a wanderer. Did you ever think that the roads are the only things that are endless; that one can walk on and on and can never be stopped by a gate or a wall?"

So, like Walt Whitman, he sings the

praise of the open road. "I shall feel at ease with the great multitude in these cloths. I am a man of all the ages. I have a Homer wrote something about it." This leads Mr. Green to say, going to write a book. There was a man who made quite a name for self by sleeping in a casual ward which Paul answers: "Oh! no, I'm going to write about it; if one can do nothing else, I am to express myself in life." Not disturbed when Mr. Green accuses of a wish to return to the dark. "I am among those who think sin and death came into the world day Newton ate the apple. I know are going to tell me he only saw it. Never mind, it's all the same thing." And Paul starts on his tramp, and he closes the gate he says to the astonished guests: "Go on; live in your paddy yard. Scratch straw and chuck at cackle, at everything that you take a fox." Mr. Algie wakes from a brown study. "He has done for himself this world and the next. Why, he was asked to a single shoot if this heard of."

Paul with the Tinkers.

At the opening of the second act Paul is with the tinkers, who are sure that he is avoiding the magistrates. He resolved to learn the tinker's trade Charlie philosophizes: "We haven't th to be thinking of troubles like people that would be shut up in a house. V have the wide world before us to make our living out of. The people of the whole world are begrudging us our living, and we make it out of them for all that. When they will spread curant cakes and feather beds before u it will be time for us to sit down a fret."

Paul prefers the dark to the light rooms. "The dark, where there is nothing that is anything, and nobody that anybody; one can be free there where there is nothing."

That he may live the tinker's life, its fulness of joy Paul thinks of making

trying a tinker girl. Sabina Silver is brought forward. Paul: "And you'd make a good tinker's wife?" Sabina: "You're joking me, but I would be a better wife for a tinker than for any one else." Paul swears that he will never beat or kick her and he marries her by leaping over the tinker's budget, the solemn ceremony of the tribe.

Fr. Jerome meets Paul on the road; they talk of many things; and Paul talks wildly. He has heard the music made of the continual clashing of swords, which comes rejoicing from paradise; he has taken to the roads because there is a terrible wild beast he would overtake, and this wild beast is Laughter, the mightiest of the enemies of God, which he will outrun and make friendly. Jerome, dismayed, is driven off by tinkers. Paul proposes to Sabina a sumptuous wedding feast. "I'll have all the public houses thrown open and free drinks going for a week!"

Life Among the Lawless.

Act 3—The tinkers are playing cards in bed. Some are drunk, and Paul is reminded of celestial happiness as he talks. He talks as an old Persian poet of daring metaphors. "I say just now that when we were all dead and in heaven it would be a sort of drunkenness, a sort of ecstasy. There is a hymn about it, but it is Latin. 'Et calix meus inebrians quam praeclarus est.' How splendid is the cup of my drunkenness!" And Charlie cries out: "Well, that is a great sort of a hymn. I never thought there was a hymn like that, I never did." and Paddy Cockfight joins him: "To think now, there is a hymn like that, I mustn't let it slip out of my mind." The encouragement of the hymn leads to more carousing. Enter suddenly

Paul's neighbors, who protest against the demoralization of the whole countryside. "There is not a man who has come to sensible years who is not drunk." No work has been done for a week. There has been an appeal to the Dublin police. Paul answers that he wished to give pleasure. "I dare say it seems to you a little violent. But the poor have very few hours in which to enjoy themselves; they must take their pleasure raw; they haven't the time to cook it." * * * Work is such a little thing in comparison with experience. "Think what it is to them to have their imagination like a blazing tar barrel for a whole week. Work could never bring them such blessedness as that."

When Mr. Joyce wishes that Paul would "come back and live like a Christian," Paul puts the unwelcome visitors on trial before the tinkers. He examines the intruders, and the tinkers answer honestly as a jury that no one of the

gentlemen has been living a Christian life.

Hurt in a Village Row.

Act 4—Paul has been hurt in a row between the tinkers and the villagers, and he is left by his companions at the door of the monastery. The friars find him sleeping. And now Paul sees visions and dreams dreams, and says mysterious things. He preaches on the text: "How Splendid is the Cup of My Drunkenness!"

"For a long time after their making, men and women wandered here and there, half-blind from the drunkenness of eternity; they had not yet forgotten that the green earth was the love of God, and that all life was the will of God, and so they wept and laughed and hated according to the impulse of their hearts."

Then the serpent and all the animal spirits that loved things better than life came out of their holes and began to

ed the Berlin critics last month. They praised her heavily, they found her a pretty dramatic talent, "but her voice is not of the first rank, her intona-



is not always pure, her vocalization is at times distracting, and her coloratura is not 'first rate.'

The Musical Courier announces through Mr. Blumenberg, its editor, that the New York Philharmonic Society has engaged for one concert each the following conductors: Richard Strauss, Weingartner, Colonne, Henry Wood and Gustav Kogel. Strauss will conduct one or more works at each of the five Wetzler concerts next season in New York, and afterward visit other American cities.

Giuseppe Callignani's colossal composition for chorus and orchestra, entitled "Quare?" ("Why?"), was produced at La Scala in May. The composer attempts in this work to give a musical interpretation of the problem of human destiny. He puts in music the theory of Epicurus after that of Zeno; he puts in

opposition the Christian doctrine and the theories of ancient philosophers; he mocks by combinations of sounds the bumpiness of sceptics. The performance lasted 55 minutes, and bored the audience horribly. "Never," says an Italian critic, "was there such wretched, mushy, astonishingly vulgar music."

"Der Corregidor," by Hugo Wolf, who died lately in a madhouse, was to have been performed at Munich, but there is dissension among his heirs, and no one of them will grant the right of performance. The opera was produced at Mannheim June 7, 1896. Wolf wrote a friend a few days before this performance: "My publisher has at last sent me his statement. The result is magnificent. I have earned in the course of the five years the whole of 86 marks (\$21.50)."

Mr. Albrecht Pagenstecher of New York has sent a silver vase as a prize to the Men's Singing Societies of Germany, to be competed for at Frankfurt-on-the-Main this month. The body of the vase is carved by dolphins. There are Indian ornaments and trappings on the body, palms and leaves at the base of the handles. The heads of the President and the Emperor are in bas-relief, and there are joined eagles and appropriate mottoes.

Messrs. Bell of London have in preparation a new series of books which will deal with composers. The following volumes have been already arranged: "Handel," by Dr. Cummings; "Mozart," by Prof. Ebenezer Prout; "Beethoven," by Mr. J. S. Shedlock; "Mendelssohn," by Mr. Vernon Blackburn; and "Sullivan," by Mr. Saxe-Wyndham. The volumes will be illustrated with portraits, facsimiles of MSS., etc., and will deal in a popular manner with the lives and works of the masters. Lists of the chief works and of the best editions will be added, and the volumes will be published at 1s. net.

Alfred Reissauer, the pianist, who will play in the United States next season, has long been celebrated in Europe. He was born at Koenigsberg Nov. 1, 1863. He studied with Louis Koehler, the maker of the well known exercises, and then with Liszt. He was a genuine pupil of Liszt, not one of the many visitors at Weimar, who were permitted to sit by and hear Liszt's jokes and see him kiss his fairer pupils on the brow with a paternal benediction. Reissauer played successfully in public as long ago as 1881, but he dreamed for a time of being a lawyer, and he read law at Leipzig. In 1886 he went back to the concert stage, and since then he has been highly esteemed as a virtuoso. He is a member of the faculty of the Leipzig Conservatory. As a composer he is known chiefly by some songs. He is a large, fat man.

"Der Zauberkehl," a new ballet, music by Richard Goldberger, produced at the Royal Opera, Berlin, is said to be a pretty little work. The "magic boy" is the spring, who, overpowered by enemies and thrown into a sleep, awakens through the power of love. Dances of birds and butterflies pleased the audience, but the Imperial ballet dancers belong—almost without exception—to a past generation. Old wine, old books, old friends but the line should be drawn between ballet girls. Miss Dell Era is still

the bright particular star, and there was the suggestion of the apathy of middle-age in her performance when we saw her in Berlin in the early eighties.

The singer in vaudeville or farce comedy is often advised by a mad wag of a colleague to file or sandpaper his voice, and as a rule the gag is rewarded with laughter. Yet a "filed voice" was centuries ago a phrase used in good faith and in praise. Thus in a story by Baudello Englished by Geoffrey Fenton (1567) we read of one of Pandora's lovers, who "forgot not to pass divers times afore her lodging, with a lute or other music of soft melody; whereunto, also, he accorded his filed voice with notes of pleasant tune, and that with such a grace of great delight that the sweet noise of his harmony seemed a thousand times of more enticing melody than the heavenly juggling of the nightingale."

Here is a fair estimate of Frederick Lamond's abilities by a London critic. "He has no eccentricities that astonish; he is terribly in earnest, with that kind of earnestness which repels, and he has no sympathy with false romance of feeling. Of course, the public is half right, as it generally is. Lamond does not bring out the full poetry of Beethoven's music; he has an idea, I think, that the compositions of such a great genius must be able to speak for themselves, and has too much respect for Beethoven to do anything but play the notes as written to the best of his ability. This results in a dryness of interpretation which, I am sure, is not a mental characteristic of the pianist. Indeed, sometimes he does come through the music, and the personal touch, which must be in all great interpretative art, gives a new and unexpected beauty to his playing."

A Polish violinist, Zacharewitsch, made his first appearance in London May 20. Mr. Baughan says of him: "So many violinists now before the public have a technic so smooth and certain, and are so little troubled by temperament that their playing is oleographic in its neatness. The new violinist has still something to learn in the technic of his art; that is to say, he has not yet made his fingers the unquestioning slave of his brain. His enormous energy of attack causes an unpleasant harshness or acidity of tone, and I think he is inclined to disregard the material limitations of his instrument in the direction of strength. But when not forcing the tone the quality is warm and the volume immense. In cantabile work he shines, at present, to most advantage. He certainly has many of the qualities of a big violinist, and the defects of his playing could be remedied."

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

From Oliver Ditson Company. For piano—"Encore Valse," Wilson G. Smith; "Valsette in C," H. Riemann; "At the Festival," Frederick A. Williams. For guitar—"Old Black Joe," G. W. Benis. For violin-cello and piano—"Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod; "Ave Maria," Franz Schubert. Vocal—"Cradle Song," Carl Schenker; "The Little Brown Nest," Isabel Underhill; "The Sweetest Flower," Arthur Lieber; "Bring Her Again," and "A Paper Fairy," N. Clifford Page; "Over the Nuts and Wine," L. F. Gottschalk; "A Shepherd's Song," H. W. Loomis; "Remember, or Forget," Clarence Lucas; "I Love the Lord," W. Berwald.

June 15 1903
ENTERTAINING SATIRE
FOR SUMMER READING

"People of the Whirlpool" Is
a Pleasing Story.

Follies of the Uneasily Rich Set

Forth in Interesting Style—Complete Poetical Writings of Alexander Pope Arranged by Henry W. Boynton.

The Macmillan Company of New York and London has published "People of the Whirlpool," by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife." Mr. Cortright explains the title in a speech to Barbara: "The name for the island since called New Amsterdam and York was Mon-ah-tan-uk, a phrase descriptive of the rushing waters of Hell Gate that separate them from their Long Island neighbors, the inhabitants themselves being called by these neighbors Mon-ah-tans, Anglice Manhattans, literally, 'People of the Whirlpool,' a title which, even though the termagant humor of the waters be abated, it besseems me as aptly fits them at this day." Some of these whirling men and women form a summer colony near a country village, and their manners are observed and analyzed by Barbara, her husband doctor and her twins; for every garden now dear to novelists must be provided with twins, although all healthy savage and natural races have held twins to be a mark of the gods' displeasure and have promptly put one out of the way.

The simple story is told by diary and letters, for it is only in real life that workers with gardens and twins have no time to write voluminous letters or to keep a journal. The sweet daughter of a divorced couple, in a violently fashionable set, does not marry Mr. Montgomery Bell, a member of all the best clubs, who is known socially as the "indispensable"; she prefers Mr. Horace Bradford, a sturdy school teacher, who buys a hundred dollar dress for his mother, and at the modest wedding Mrs. Jenks-Smith, fresh from Carlsbad, gives the bride a diamond collar, which she had smuggled through the custom house. "Almost too gorgeous for a professor's wife? Not a bit. Nobody knows nowadays, at the launching, how anybody's going to turn out—whether they'll sink or float—and diamonds are an all right cargo anyway. If she moves up, she can wear 'em, and if she slumps, she can sell 'em, and if she just drifts along on the level, she can look at 'em once in a time. No, my dear, diamonds are a consolation that no woman can afford to miss." As for Mr. Monty Bell—a very wicked colorless blonde with clean shaven face, eyes of a "slantwise expression," immaculate in dress—his fate is truly terrible; he marries Sylvia's hard-hearted but giddy mother.

Gardens have from time immemorial inspired poets, philosophers, essayists, and coiners of epigrams, and Barbara's sentiment and humor, thus and otherwise awakened, are often refreshing. Sometimes the note is forced, there is the too evident attempt to live up to a reputation, and there is now and then a suspicion of lurking and envious snobbery in the attacks on male and female snobs; but there are many pages of amusing characterization and description, so that the book may be warmly recommended as entertaining. The satire and the formulated indignation will not aid in bringing about any social reform, for the offenders are impervious to satire as they were in the days of Juvenal, Lucian, Swift, Fielding, Thackeray—or was New York society disturbed at all by George William Curtis' "Potiphar Papers"? Let us shudder at the thoughts of children's parties where the host brought from New York half a dozen bags of new silver for roulette and provided claret cup and champagne club for 12-year-olds. Better, far better, the good old days of Copenhagen, postoffice and button, button, who's got the button? Better the diversions of the villagers in this story—as when Miss Mollie Penney recited the sleep walking scene from "Macbeth," clad in a lace-trimmed empire nightgown, red slippers with high heels, whitened face, wild hair, although the watch-out committee of the S. C. E.

could not determine what gave the nightgown a decided pink tint, and Mrs. Barton said it must be pink lining, for Mollie's flesh was yellow.

What a delightful time Barbara and her husband had in New York, when they visited Miss Lavinia Dorman! They showed the city to the sweet old maid—she is married later—who had lived in it since her birth. They took her to see "Jim Bludso" at the theatre, and treated her afterward to a fry in a box; they gave her a luncheon down town, in a restaurant where "damsels in tidy shirt waists, with carefully undulated hair and pointed, polished finger nails, were lunching sometimes, seemingly with their employers; they went into Trinity to hear a choir rehearsal; they lounged in Battery Park; they had a memorable dinner at the "Art and Nature Club," where they saw all manner of fearsome, wild-fowl; a short man with white hair and a quinine nose, the first American critic of pure literature—a petite woman with pretty color, who is the best known writer of New England romance—a shy-looking New England sculptor of forcible creations and extreme modesty—a tall loose-jointed man, who edits a conservative magazine—a young woman who "has stepped suddenly into a niche of fiction"—an artist who has done much to redeem American architecture and decoration from "the mongrel period of the middle century"; and there was another night of dissipation when Miss Lavinia watched a fire from the top of an ash barrel. And yet Miss Lavinia could not excuse cake-walking off the stage among the civilized. "It appeals to me as the expression of physical exuberance of a lower race, and for people of our grade of intelligence to imitate it is certainly lowering. The more successfully it is carried out the worse it is!"

When the reader is tired of the exploits of the twins and is not moved by their crawl through sewer pipes; when he is no longer shocked by the follies of the uneasily rich who always move as to a polka played by a brass band, he will find pleasure in some homely sentiment, some observation that totters on the verge of flippancy, or some description as that of the wedding of Fannie Penney by L. Middleton, a representative of a canned goods house.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston and New York) have added to the volumes of their "Cambridge Edition" the complete poetical works of Alexander Pope. The editor is Mr. Henry W. Boynton of Andover, who has arranged the poems in an approximately chronological order, included the translation of the "Iliad" and the 12 books of the "Odyssey" which Pope Englished, contributed a biographical sketch, a short bibliographical note, and a glossary of names of Pope's contemporaries mentioned in the poems, which would be far more valuable if there were reference to the pages in which these names occur. "Most of Pope's own notes to the poems have been retained, except in the case of certain notes on 'The Dunciad.'" There is an index of first lines as well as of titles. There is no attempt at expurgation, and the "Imitations of English Poets" are all published. This volume is well printed, and there are pictures of Pope and his villa at Twickenham.

De Quincey, over 50 years ago, complained that books were becoming too much the oppression of the intellect, and that the principle of selection should be applied even to the text of great authors. "It is no longer advisable to reprint the whole of either Dryden or Pope. Not that we would wish to see their works mutilated. Let such as are selected be printed in the fullest integrity of the text. But some have lost their interest; others, by the elevation of public morals since the days of those great wits, are felt to be now utterly unfit for general reading." There are some today who ask, why Pope should be reprinted at all? For to those who think of Shelley, Poe, Burns, Keats, Coleridge, Verlaine when poetry is mentioned, Pope is not a poet.

It is easy to pick flaws in Popo's philosophy, to show the speciousness or falsity of some of his wise saws, to expose the labor of his easy writing; yet, after all has been said, he remains the poet of shrewd common sense, the master of rhyme and polished wit. It is true that he occasionally wrote as Jonas in the *Book of Poems*, that he has been in a state of poetic frenzy, that he reminds one at times of Poe, Richard's Almanac. It is also true that in his own peculiar field he still remains without a rival. The failure of all his imitators has been laborious and borsome. His portraits of contemporaries are as vivid and characteristic as those by Velasquez, Titian, Raeburn or Sargent. His sisters were fixed forever even while they squirmed. He had fancy as well as wit—witness "*The Rape of the Lock*":

Mr. Boynton's biographical sketch is
 emperate. After careful study of the
 poet and the man he has come to the
 conclusion that Pope was not a greater
 poet, but that he was a better man
 than he is commonly painted; an
 estimable man, but not a great reason-
 altogether unworthy of regard; a man
 with little meannesses carried upon his
 sleeve for all the world to mock at,
 and with the large magnanimity which
 could face the world alone, without
 advantages of birth or wealth or educa-
 tion or even health, and win a great
 victory. * * * Whatever slander he may
 have retailed about the campfire, what-
 ever foolish vanity he may have had
 in his uniform, Pope fought the good
 fight. He fought his fight so bravely
 and so valiantly that some have not
 erred in calling him a hero; and there-
 fore some who, after a study of the
 man, would zealously defend him from
 the charge of unamiability.

WAS AN ENGLISHMAN
OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.

G. K. Chesterton's Estimate
of Robert Browning.

Puritan Blood in His Veins—Lived
in Atmosphere of Shelley and
Keats—Browning Societies Have
Wrong Conception of Poet—Wife
Not a Congenial Invalid.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton was chosen to write the volume on Robert Browning for the "English Men of Letters" series (the Macmillan Company, London and New York). The choice excited some surprise. The volume itself has been loudly praised and bitterly assailed. We understand how praise in this instance may easily be extravagant, for Mr. Chesterton's biographical sketch is admirable, and his critical estimate of Browning's poetry, for acumen, sanity, force and persuasiveness of expression, must be ranked among the later glories of English literature.

The title's love of paradox—a love rivaled only by that displayed in "The Pirates of Penzance"—is no doubt a stumbling block to many, who look upon the most ingenious paradox as disconcerting, if not immoral. But Mr. Chesterton is paradoxical in form, rather than in essence. He builds upon a paradox, and the foundation turns into granitic simplicity.

Browning, as a human being, according to Mr. Chesterton, was an ordinary and spontaneous man. He combined a great brain with an exceedingly simple temperament. His family belonged to the solid and educated middle class. Was he of Jewish blood? Was there a strain of the negro in him? Did he descend from a footman in the service of a country magnate? Mr. Chesterton discusses these questions with a smile of indifference, and is pungently epigrammatic in the consideration of the prodigious investigations of Dr. Furnivall and others. "We wish to hear about Browning not so much the kind of information which would satisfy Clarenceux King-at-Arms, but the sort of information which would satisfy us if we were advertising for a very confidential secretary, or a very private tutor."

Mr. Chatterton speaks of the sin and snare of biographers: "that they tend to see significance in everything; characteristic carelessness if their hero drops his pipe, and characteristic carefulness if he picks it up again." English aristocrats exhibit less of the romance of pedigree than any other people. "For since it is their principle to marry only

Browning, in spite of all his intellectual tolerance, in spite of all his learning, was always an Englishman of the middle class. He hated everything that was lawless in actual life. He could not endure George Sand and her circle or worshippers; he hated Spiritualists for their equivocal position, for their easy acquaintanceship with appalling mysteries.

His grandfather was a man of native force and considerable originality. Robert Browning, Sr., threw up a good commercial position in the West Indies because he was for the recognition of slavery. He "beat upon his unique note" in a transport of rage, not only disinherited him and flung him out of doors, but by a superb stroke of humor, which stands alone in the records of parental ingenuity, sent him in a bill for the cost of his education." The poet's father was a serious middle class man, a humanitarian Puritan of the 18th century, who preferred Pope to Byron, and painted in watery colors. The mother was the daughter of a German father and Scotch mother. She gave her son a strong religious habit and a belief in manners. After her death Browning could not bear to look at places where she had walked.

The poet's father stuffed him with curious and fantastical knowledge, but Browning never knew that such knowledge was exceptional in a boy he entered his diary: "Married two wives this morning." As a young man he attended classes at University College. At that time a subtle and profound change was beginning in the intellectual atmosphere of even middle class homes. Great men of the Victorian era were then dreaming wondrous dreams in mean streets. "On all sides there was the first beginning of the aesthetic stir in the middle classes which expressed itself in the combination of poetic and prosaic lives with so many prosaic livelihoods. It was the age of inspired office-poets."

Browning grew up, then, "with the growing fame of Shelley and Keats, in that atmosphere of literary youth, fierce and beautiful, among new poets who believed in a new world. It is important to remember this, because the real Browning was a quite different person from the grim moralist and metaphysician who is seen through the spectacles of Browning's sonnettes and university extension lectures. Browning was, first and foremost, a poet, a man made to enjoy all things visible and invisible, a priest of the higher passions." His first poems in "Incondita" were Byronic. The poet was romantic in appearance; he followed gipsy caravans; he was seen with long and streaming hair on windy, swept common, spouting verse. Two night-tingales of a Camberwell garden were the souls of Shelley and Keats, who sung to him. Later he was slim and dark and handsome, a good deal of a dandy given to lemon-colored kid gloves and the apparatus of fashion, yet an unconscious person, young and natural, who when he called formally and found the person out, asked if he might play the piano.

His honesty was so elemental, his character so deep-rooted in realities that a certain uncontrollable brutality of speech and gesture characterized him to the end of his days. He was not afraid to admire other people even when they were greatly distinguished or of malodorous reputation. He liked even men who sneered at some of his idols. His mind was magnanimous; he could rejoice in the triumphs of strangers.

The story of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett is told at length by Mr. Chesterton, and the reader is as though he heard the curious tale for the first time. The description of Barrett the father, is a masterpiece. "He had what is perhaps the subtlest and worst spirit of egotism, not that spirit merely which thinks that nothing should stand in the way of its ill-temper, but that spirit which thinks that nothing should stand in the way of its amiability." Elizabeth was not a congenial invalid. The injury to her spine when she was riding was only one of the inducements to darken her bedridden years. "Her father came and prayed over her with a kind of melancholy gloze, and with the avowed solemnity of a watcher by a deathbed. She was surrounded by that most poisonous and degrading of all atmospheres—a medical atmosphere." In the Barrett household ill-health was considered as the natural condition of a human being. The father lived emotionally on his daughter's decline. "Scenes, explanations, prayers, fury, and forgiveness had become bread and meat for which he hungered; and when the cloud was upon his spirit, he would lash out at all things and every one with the insatiable cruelty of the sentimentalist."

There is little to be said in the way of narrative concerning the Brownings in Italy after the runaway marriage. They experienced "a succession of splendid landscapes, a succession of brilliant friends, a succession of high and arduous intellectual interests." They loved Italy, but not as museum, an aviary, a hot-house, an old curiosity shop. Browning himself loved passionately Italian painting; and he made himself, "in a spirit of fruitless vivacity," a technical expert in that art as well as in sculpture and music. They loved the Italy of Garibaldi and Cavour. Browning was on all political questions a strong liberal, and Mr. Chesterton defines a liberal as a man "who, if he could stop the mouths of all the deliverers of mankind forever, would not wave his hand." The husband and wife differed occasionally, as concerning spiritualism and Napoleon III. They

... I met a lady in
that hall, a woman who
told me that she says "Yes" to
a wife when she says "I'll follow."
I was surprised that Howell did not
do it, but I did not think the Spiritist
companions for his wife. I
did not like to have her mix with the
men and their friends, the society
of the "Spirits" of the
Spirits, diluted with the low
men who worship George
Said a man, but I did not
of "salvation." He enjoyed
and; he held his responsibilities
his wife; and he objected to
men rather than to a
eth died (1861), alone in the room
her husband. He was closing the door
himself, and blind, and closed a door
himself, and none ever saw
upon earth again, but only a
surface."

Browning returned to London and looked after the education of his son,

for whom he had "the chuckling pride of the city gentleman." He was now famous, and he entered with enormous pleasure into social life. He was for some time the most popular of the day. "It had the most of the great requirement of a poet—he was not difficult to please. The life of society was superficial, but it is only very superficial people who object to the superficial. . . . The young man in evening dress, pulling off his gloves, is quite as elemental a figure as any anchorite, quite as incomprehensible, and, indeed, quite as unapproachable." In his middle age was a middle-sized, well set up, erect man with somewhat emphatic gestures and a singularly strident voice. He had an air of tempered animal virility, without much of the pallor of the brain-worker. His manner was of one trying to avoid the air of intellectual eminence. Lockhart said of him: "I like Browning, but I don't at all like a damned literary man. He is a little too sensitive and noisy. "He wished to be a man of the world, and he never in the full sense was one. He remained a little too much of a boy, a little too much even of a Puritan, and a little too much of what may be called a man of the universe to be a man of the world." He had his prejudices, and was at times fiercely irrational. He hated the cant of aestheticism and of symbolism, all prate about the irresponsibilities of the artist. He was coarse in speech as in poetry, when he wished to show his contempt for that which was sickly or mean or low.

Public honors were showered upon him. Some he refused, but he accepted the degree of D. C. L. from Cambridge in 1879 and from Oxford in 1882. The Browning society was founded in 1879, and in 1881, with his wife, Harriet, and Miss Hickey, in 1887 he began to break up. He still was an inveterate diner-out; he was seen at all receptions and private views; he corresponded enormously and answered any compliment with naive vanity. He did not fear death. He wrote to a friend: "Without death, which is our church-yard, crapelleke word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. Never say of me that I am dead." In 1888 he set out for his last voyage to Italy, where he contented himself with looking at nature, watching a fox cub struggling for lizards. His talking became infrequent, his cheerfulness passed into placidity and he died (at Venice, Dec. 12, 1889) "without any particular crisis or sign of the end."

Browning was not first of all a metaphysician, not a logician: he was a conscious and deliberate poet. In spite of the current opinion to the contrary, "I cared more for form than any other English poet who ever lived." He created novel and admirable artistic forms, as in "The Ring and the Book" and the method of telling his stories through several voices, and letting the variety of each character turn it into different stories; as in "Pippa Passes," in which detached dramas are connected by the presence of one figure; as in "The Heretic's Tragedy," with its mocking echoes. So the thing to say about him, if you do not enjoy his poetry, is that you have studied the form and think it bad. "The usual way of criticising an author, particularly an author who has added something to the literary forms of the world, is to complain that his work does not contain anything that is obviously the speciality of somebody else." The correct thing to say about Maeterlinck is that some play of his in which he let us say, a princess dies in a deserted tower by the sea, has a certain beauty; but that we look in vain in it for that robust geniality, that really blisterous will to live which may be found in 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' The right thing to say about 'Cyrano de Bergerac' is that it may have a certain kind of wit and spirit, but that it really throws no light on the duty of middle-aged married couples in Norway. It cannot be too much insisted upon that at least three-quarters of the blame and criticism commonly directed against artists and authors falls under this general objection, and is essentially valueless.

Admirers have been more unjust than opponents toward Browning. They insist that his "grotesque" style was necessarily and boldly adopted to express new and deep ideas. But Browning loved the grotesque for its own sake. Like every other poet, he had his complete failures. He sometimes made bad use of a good style. "It is very likely," he realized that the vast majority of great poets have written an enormous amount of very bad poetry."

The grotesque has its serious use, bears a relation to eternal and fundamental elements in life. Ruggedness is a mode of art; it is an essential quality in the universe. The question is not whether a poetical method is the best, but whether it is not the only method to convey certain things. "Browning" verse, in so far as it is grotesque, is not complex or artificial; it is natural and in the legitimate tradition of nature. The verse sprawls like the wind, it is like the dust: it is rugged like the thunder cloud, it is topheavy like the top stool. Energy is what it disregards the standard of "classical art" in nature. It is in "Browning," this love of the fantastic was an artistic love, which is absent in serious as well as in

[illegible]

afraid of the shahov in poster
found safety in refuge, and to keep t
live to send it.

"The Ring and the Book" is the great epic of the 19th century, like the Bible of the importance of the thing, of the apostasy of the noble knight, "Master Rick o' the Knave" wondering by a deal down half the night, the shining of a silver moon, the stilling noise of water in medieval significance of the two sides of a man's toes, or the loss of a white, Whitman counting the stars in the hear-shaped leaves of the George Gissing lingering in the third-class ticket and the dated umbrella; George Meredith has a soul's tragedy in a place at the dinner table; Mr. Bernard Shaw has three pages with stage directions to describe a parlor; all the moderns, different in every other particular, are alike in this, that they have ceased to believe certain things to be important, the rest to be unimportant. Significant is to them a wild thing that may lie upon them from any hiding place. They have all become veritably impressed with, and a little bit alarmed at, the mysterious powers of small things. Their difference from the old epic poet is the whole difference between an age that fought with dragons and an age that fights with microbes." Browning was the originator in the English language of this symphonic treatment of the paltry theme.

Unlike the old poets who passed men and women as from a judgment seat Browning gave voices to the men and women, explanatory voices, voices raised in plausible excuse. How different would the old epics be if the poet had realized that each man has his point of view. Thus if the "Odyssey" had been written from the point of view of Antinous, Penelope would begin to appear "as a fickle and selfish woman," passing falsely as a widow and playing a double game between the attentions of foolish but honorable young men, and the fittful appearances of a wanderer and good-for-nothing sailor-hand, a man prepared to do that man's share of worn of melodramatic roles, the conjugal bully and blackmailer, the man who uses marital rights as an instrument for the worse kind of wrongs." In "The Ring and the Book," Browning shows himself the poet who has learned to listen and his epic is the epic of free speech, in which the villain is allowed to talk like the honest good man. He firmly believes he is, and the common man is taken as seriously as it is the custom of comic men to take themselves. Browning believed that justice is a mystery; that in a dispute every one is to a certain extent right; that the blind are misled because there is so much for them to learn.

Mr. Chesterton is not deceived by the enthusiastic admirer who insists that the moral and artistic value of Browning's work lies in his "mesqueness" in his "teaching." The poet held deep opinions, as the hope that lies in the imperfection of man, as "the hope that lies in the imperfection of God" that is to say, "Browning held that sorrow and self-denial, if they were the burdens of man, were also his privileges; he held that these sufferings and sorrows and obscurities were the valors that to use a yet more strange expression have provoked the jealousy of the Almighty. If man is his self-sacrifice, and God has none, then man has in the universe a secret and blasphemous superiority." Browning was an optimist; "the greatest of love poets, and the only optimistic philosopher except Whitman"; his doctrines were the symptoms, to the origin of his optimism. His poetry is that of barbarism, which utters the primeval emotions; the whole of his poetry rests on primitive fables. All faces in the street are masks of desire. Each one of us has a peculiar

When Browning sells Brougham for Sludge a talking, he "dethrones a king in order to demand a king." Sludge admits that he is a liar, a thief, a scoundrel, but at the same time avows that he believes in spiritualism. So Bishop Brougham admits that don't have a two-edged sword. If we cannot be sure of the religious theory of life, neither can we be sure of the material theory. Thus Napoleon III, like the Prince of Hohenlohe-Schlaggenberg, was convinced that in every one of his adventures that was working for the glory of God. Each one of the so-called rascally monarchs clung to his theory.

The supremacy of Browning as a lyric poet lies in his expression of the insatiable realism of the soul. The sentiment must have reality. The king win low-pines and gloves are the walls is more to the point than about raptures and idealities. If it is the truth of all life, please take it does not pick me up. I have it awake in my private memory. It is that which is the

when common and dead things had a meaning beyond the power of any dictionary to utter, and a value beyond the power of any philosopher to estimate. He expresses the celestial time when a man does not think about heaven, but about a parol.

Mr. Chesterton speaks of Browning's habit of putting philosophical reflections into the mouths of almost unknown individuals and sublime poetry into the mouths of scoundrels. "When he wishes to express the most perfect soul of music," he unearths some extraordinary person called Abt Vogler and Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha." Now Vogler was an important man in his day.

Courts as well as many musicians reckoned with him seriously; and he happened to have among his pupils youths named Weber and Meyerbeer. It is true that Browning's knaves may at any moment begin to speak poetry. "We are talking to a peevish and garrulous sneak; we are watching the play of his paltry features, his evasive eyes, and babbling lips. And suddenly the face begins to change and harden, the eyes glare like the eyes of a mask, the whole face of clay becomes a common mouth-piece, and the voice that comes forth is the voice of God, uttering his everlasting soliloquy."

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE OF DAY.

Thomas Nelson Page's Novel,
"Gordon Keith."

Author Adopts the Biographical
Method in His Book of Many
Characters—Work Rather Less
Satisfactory Than His Earlier
Short Tales of Virginia Life.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in his novel, "Gordon Keith" (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.), adopts the biographical method. He traces the careers of his characters, good, bad, or Laodicean, from childhood, through school, in business or society, to marriage or the grave. There are many characters in this story and there are 547 pages devoted to them.

The hero, Gordon Keith, is a gentleman and the son of a gentleman. Mr. Page insists on this point in true southern spirit and with wearisome iteration. George Meredith keeps telling us that his Diana of the Crossways is a woman of brilliant and inimitable wit, yet she herself does not shine in the author's dialogue. The reader is obliged to take Mr. Meredith's word for it. Gordon Keith vies with Mr. Page, his creator, in assuring the outside world that he is a gentleman in thought, speech and action. It is true, he has other accomplishments. He is an able boxer. As a school teacher his methods are convincing; if a pupil is slow and refractory, he encourages or subdues by bashing him with a split-bottomed chair. He lifts a young woman to a saddle gracefully and without causing a bead of sweat to start from his brow, just as he lifts sacks of salt with ease. He makes a difficult survey and has his maps ready in 24 hours. Without a gun, he does up Bill Bluffy. He drives a stage as though he were a hero of Bret Harte. He rescues men from a mine, and he conquers in Wall street. All sorts of women fall in love with him, and he finally decides to marry the youngest and sweetest of them. The elder Dumas never imagined a more versatile hero.

The villain is, indeed, a desperate one from his early boyhood to his sensational death. Ferdie C. Wickersham's only rival in literature is the wicked marquis, who caused the reading servant girls of London to shudder with a blend of admiration. He is a bad boy, who reminds us of the youth described by Artemus Ward; the youth who took a comic song book to Sunday school, a depraved proceeding. He hates Keith with a Florence hatred, and he plots and mines and knows nothing but stratagems and treasons. He fascinates women, for, like the marquis, he is handsome and skilful in the use of an oily tongue. His chief confederate in the crowning act of base deceit is a popular clergyman in New York.

Then there is Terpsichore, an amazing dancer at Gumbolt, who ran a faro bank and a bar; Terpsichore, who has a kind heart and dyes to save others. She, as well as Mr. J. Quincy Plume, are old friends. Bret Harte introduced them to us, and Mr. Plume's uncle was Mr. Jefferson Brick, the celebrated journalist. Mr. Plume's manner of speech is also familiar. He had "plucked a feather from many wrongs, and bathed his glistening plinths in the iridescent light of many orbs"; as a statesman, he could "bask in the light of the effulgent sun of progress, and, shod with the sandals of Mercury, soar into a higher empyrean than he had yet attained."

There are all kinds of women, a coquettish villager, who is married and repudiated by the wicked Mr. Wickersham; Mrs. Norman Wentworth, who, after a desperate flirtation with the same Don Juan and a separation from her husband is persuaded by Keith—always the deus ex machina—of the error of her ways, and goes to Mr. Wentworth, threatened with financial ruin, with a bag containing a pearl necklace and priceless bracelets. "There! I have brought you these," and when Mr. Wentworth "gazed in silent astonishment" she took off her diamond

rings, which led her husband to remark: "They will not go a great way." There is Miss Abigail, a garrulous old lady, who for some reason or other did not marry Dr. Balsam, the well preserved southern physician, whose skill mocked the science of celebrated New York specialists. There is Mrs. Lancaster, who wore dresses made by Worth, had always loved Keith, and after the death of her husband, nobly sacrifices herself on the altar of friendship. There is Lois Huntington, who for a long time refused to believe in Keith because she saw him courteous to Terpsichore.

"Gordon Keith" is pre-eminently a story of incident. Things are happening all the time. There are plots and counter plots. Mr. Sutton Vane, the ingenious author of many melodramas, must now bow his diminished head. Life is cheap in Gumbolt and New York. Society queens dance on the brink of shame, and, then, safe within the fences of propriety, shed scalding tears. The limelight is always on Gordon Keith, the gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, who towers above the northern mudsills as they toil and mull to make fortunes in Wall street.

And we remember with the greater pleasure Mr. Page's simple and delightful short stories of Virginia life, in which he was content with characterization and description; stories that smacked of the soil, stories of devotion and love and heroism stories told quietly by one that knew whereof he wrote. In "Gordon Keith" we see a successful painter of genre attempting a huge fresco. The wall is of gigantic proportions, the scaffolding is imposing, the fresco is crowded and confused, the figures are conventional, or some of them are exaggerated to the point of burlesque. And we return eagerly to the old and small pictures.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. (Boston) publish for the International Union, William Ellery Channing's "Discourses on War." Mr. Edwin D. Mead contributes a long preface. He thinks that if the Christian church and its ministers would be true to the principles of the Prince of Peace, war and the military system could not endure for a decade as a regular feature in the life of the commonwealth of nations. In the conflict with slavery Channing had to contemplate a church and pulpit in the main faithless to these principles. He condemned both pulpit and press for subservience to popular prejudice and party opinion. Now as then, according to Mr. Mead, do the press and pulpit and people of England and America need to heed the lessons which Channing taught. He quotes from Mr. Chadwick's life of Channing: "The right of the strong nations to subject the weak to their good pleasure; the conviction that the black, brown, yellow and dirty-white people will have to go, and with these the population of the slums; a certain hard complacency in the presence of infernal cruelty, whether at home or in our insular possessions; the flouting of our traditional ideals of popular rights as sentimental constructions for which we have no longer any use—these are so many aspects of our time that do not so much indicate our response to Channing's spirit as the need of our return to him for guidance in the doubtful way."

Mr. Mead describes the formation of peace societies in this country, he reprints the memorial to the President and Congress prepared by Channing in behalf of the establishment of a stated international congress; and he quotes freely from Channing's writings. "Patriotism with Channing never degenerated into boasting or complacency, and never made him forget that before he was an American he was a man," who viewed mankind universally and fraternally. An optimist, he believed that war will cease; he did not despair of the ultimate federation of the world; yet he feared lest the new order should come only through fearful social cataclysms. He found more ground for hope among the working classes than "among what are called the better classes."

"These," he said, "are always selfishly timid, and never originate improvements worthy of the name."

The discourses of Channing, here republished, need no praise as literary essays or as documents in the cause of humanity. They are entitled "War and Human Brotherhood," "The Citizen's Duty in War Which He Condemns," "The Passion for Dominion," "Lessons from the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," "The Founder of the Massachusetts Peace Society," "National Destiny in National Character," and there are two discourses and a lecture on war.

Max O'Rell's next book was to have been an anthology gathered from his own writings. It would have been a guide to affairs of love and marriage.

Grant Richards of London is publishing a record of Henley regattas from the year 1839 onward. The author is Mr. H. T. Stewart, the chairman of the regatta committee.

Anna Katherine Green's novel, "The Flingree Ball," is being translated into French and German. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who will spend the summer at her country home at Hollis, Me., brings with her from Europe the manuscript of a new story, which will be published in the fall by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Charles G. Harper, the author of some books on the historic high roads of England, has written a history in two volumes of the coaching age. It will be entitled "Stage Coach and Mail in Days of Yore," and Messrs. Chapman of London will publish it. Mr. Harper shows that coaching originated in 1657, and it ended practically in 1848 with the introduction of the railways. Before 1657 it was the custom for travellers to go on horseback, and for some time there was lively opposition to the stage coach, which was considered vulgar. Time brought in its revenge, and the disappearance of the coach was mourned with a loud lamentation. It was John Palmer, M. P., who accomplished two things, according to De Quincey, "very hard to do on our little planet, the earth, however cheap, they may be

held by eccentric people in coaches," he had invented mail coaches, and he had married the daughter of a duke." This Palmer was the proprietor of the Theatre Royal at Bath, and he was disgusted with the wretched state of communication between London and Bath which made it difficult for him to arrange for a punctual succession of play-actors at his theatre. Stage coaches were then owned by private persons or companies. The first government mail-coach on Palmer's plan was run from London to Bristol on Aug. 8, 1784. Prof. Masson questions this Palmer's marriage to a duke's daughter. Let us hope that Mr. Harper's history will include De Quincey's famous rhapsody, and some might like to see Montaigne's essay on coaches published as an appendix.

Mr. Sherwin Cody, in making a selection from the best English essays, has chosen from Bacon, Swift, Addison, Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Emerson, Macaulay, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold. We should like to find Steele in the place of Addison, and why should Hazlitt, Alexander Smith, Stevenson and Henley be passed by? It is said that Mr. Cody has chosen his specimens, "not for their total excellence, but in illustration of the history of English prose style." How then could he spare Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor?

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the editor of a new edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's works, to be published by Messrs. Methuen (London), says of it: "It is the first to include a considerable number of essays and poems hitherto unidentified or neglected—some 60 pages in all. It is the first to include the 'Dramatic Specimens' and Garrick Extracts, and when the volumes containing the letters are reached, they will be found to contain, in addition to other new letters, a fuller share of Mary Lamb's correspondence than has previously been considered needful." Mr. Lucas has also adopted a new system of arrangement and annotation. Many lovers of Lamb will shake the head at the announcement of "essays and poems hitherto unidentified or neglected." There is a mania at present for absolutely complete editions. Pages that were rejected by the author while he was alive are published with the sound of trumpets. Thackeray has suffered in this way. What admirer of Byron does not regret the recent publication of an unfinished canto of "Don Juan"? Is there any more stupid volume in existence than the letters and records "hitherto unpublished" of Lamb and Hazlitt, edited by William C. Hazlitt? Because there is Lamb's delightful essay on Roast Pig, must we therefore be afflicted with Lamb's letter of thanks addressed to Farmer Bruton and his wife for the present of a suckling pig? And where is the humor in the letters between Lamb and Joseph Hume when they were concocting the hoax that Hazlitt had died by his own hand? Is the glory of Lamb enlarged by such stuff as this: "The Devil always takes care to clap in with a retainer when he sees God about to offer a fee of cold bones of mutton and leather, roasted potatoes at Pimlico at ten must carry it away from a certain Turkey and a contingent plumb pudding at Montpellier at four (I always spell plumb pudding with a 'b'—p-l-u-m-b—I think it reads fatter and more suetly)? There are few authors who would not gain if something like a duckpress were applied to their complete works."

June 21, 1903 IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC, Sketches of Noted Wandering Virtuoso Conductors.

A Famous Quintette to Visit America This Year—Colonne, Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Henry Wood and Gustav Kogel—Their Characteristics Touched Upon.



It is said that the Philharmonic Society of New York has engaged as conductors for the next season Richard Strauss, Edouard Colonne, Felix Weingartner, Henry J. Wood and Gustav F. Kogel. Each conductor will lead at one concert. Strauss will also conduct one or more works at each of the five Wetzlar concerts in New York and visit other American cities as a conductor.

They are not the first to visit this country as virtuosos. Over half a century ago Louis Antoine Julien, a most extraordinary person, who died in a madhouse, brought over a famous orchestra. He was eccentric, he was sensational; but if he gave singular performances of the "Fireman's Quadrille" and pieces of like character, he also knew and appreciated and conducted music of the first order. Gungl visited us with his band in the late forties, and he wrote bitter yet amusing letters concerning the condition of music in this country. Other foreign bands and leaders came to see Tom Tiddler's ground. The most famous of these was the Germania, which had a marked influence on the musical history of Boston, and Mr. Zerrahn, one of its members, was

for years the most celebrated conductor in New England. These bands, so early had their own leaders, but foreign conductors have appeared, without their own orchestra. Johann Strauss and Offenbach were imported to conduct their own works. Tchaikowsky was brought over in 1891 for the dedication of the new Carnegie Music Hall in New York. Rubinstein and Dvorak, neither one a professional conductor, took the direction of certain of their own compositions. V. J. Hlavac of St. Petersburg conducted at Russian concerts given at the Chicago exhibition. Nor should the visits of Max Bruch and Arthur Sullivan be forgotten. But a true example of the virtuoso conductor is Ernst Schuch of Dresden, who visited New York not long ago in a professional capacity.

It has been for many years the custom of composers to wander about the earth as conductors of their works. The Emperor Nero was a most accomplished and versatile virtuoso, perhaps the most distinguished artist of his period. Did he not just before his messianic death exclaim: "What an artist I now about to perish!" and what prima donna could show fuller self-appreciation? He sang, he played the harp, he composed. He was anxious about matters of tone production. To improve his voice he would lie on his back with a sheet of lead upon his breast; he would abstain from fruits and other prejudicial food. He formed a clique of 5000 robust young fellows and taught them at least three kinds of applause: the humming of bees, the rattling of hail on the roof, the clashing together of porcelain vessels. He made his debut at Naples, nor did the sudden shock of an earthquake disturb him in his performance. He appeared at the public games in Greece, and his favorite pieces were "Canace in Labor," "Orestes the Murderer of His Mother," "Oedipus Blinded" and "Hercules Mad." We are told that during his recitals nobody was allowed to leave the theatre. "Many of the spectators being quite wearied with hearing and applauding him, because the town gates were shut, slipped privately over the walls; or counterfeiting themselves dead, were carried out for their funeral." He showed his artistry in the treatment of rivals: "He would watch them narrowly, defame them privately and sometimes, upon meeting them, rail at them in very scurrilous language." A true artist. His statue, or at least his bust, should adorn Symphony Hall.

The Wandering Conductor was known in the 18th as well as in the 19th century. Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, visited cities to conduct their works; and after them were Weber, Spontini, Spohr (conductor as well as violinist), Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner are still more striking examples. Tchaikowsky and Brahms appeared in foreign cities as conductors of their compositions. Probably the first great conductor of works by others who became famous as a wandering virtuoso was Hans von Buelow.

Of late years certain conductors who have their own orchestras have won fame in many cities with or without their own players. They are known from London to St. Petersburg, from Barcelona to Vienna. The most famous of them are Colonne, Mottl, Nikisch, Richter, Strauss, Weingartner. Three of them may visit us next season.

Edouard Colonne, whose first name was Judas, was born July 23, 1833, at Bordeaux, the birthplace of his honorable rival, Lamoureux, who is now dead. Lamoureux was a little man, with short

legs, fat, bald, lively, authoritative. Bergrat once described him as a cannon ball on top of a shell. Colonne is of middle stature, rather stout, with a calm and amiable face. His father and grandfather were musicians of Italian origin, and he began to study several instruments when he was 8 years old. He left Bordeaux in 1855 to enter the Paris Conservatory, where he took the first prizes for violin and harmony. In 1858 he was the first violinist of the Paris Opera, and he joined Pasdeloup's orchestra in 1861. He visited this country as a conductor of opera-bouffe companies in which Tostee and Irma were the stars, and at performances in Boston, as probably elsewhere, he would play a violin solo during an entr'acte. In 1873 he was one of the founders of the Concert National, which is now known as the Association Artistique. It has given concerts for many years under his direction at the Chatelet. At these concerts he has been indefatigable in bringing out works by Lalo, Godard, Tchaikowsky, Cesar Franck and others, but he has been specially devoted to the performances of Berlioz's works, so that the audiences at the Chatelet have been characterized as "a little too Berliozistes." The relations between Colonne and Tchaikowsky were most friendly. The Russian conducted at the Chatelet in 1888 and 1891, and in turn Colonne visited St. Petersburg to conduct these concerts of French music. Colonne was appointed conductor of the Paris Opera, and he produced "Die Walkure" in 1893, but for purely personal reasons he resigned the position later in that year. As a conductor Colonne is famous for rhythm and passion. As an interpreter of Berlioz he is without an equal. It is not too much to say that he who has not heard "The Damnation of Faust" and other compositions of Berlioz, as performed at the Chatelet, has only a faint idea of the music.

Paul Felix von Weingartner, Edler von Muenzberg, was born at Zara (Dalmatia) June 2, 1863. He studied at Graz and Leipzig, and conducted at Danzig, Koenigsberg, Prague, Mannheim, Hamburg, before he was called to Berlin. In 1891, as court conductor at the opera and of the Symphony concerts. In 1898 he went to Munich as conductor of the Kaim orchestra, but he still conducts the Royal Symphony concerts in Berlin. He has written four grand operas, as



EDOUARD COLONNE.

FELIX WEINGARTNER.

HENRY J. WOOD.

RICHARD STRAUSS.

well as symphonies, symphonic poems, chamber music, songs. He is the author of three or four brilliant essays; he has repudiated all his compositions—and those which have been played in Boston show a full knowledge of the orchestra and a fine sense of tonal colors rather than melodic originality or high imagination—his position as conductor is assured; he ranks among the very first. Some go so far as to hail him chief. His interpretation of Beethoven is especially praised.

Richard Strauss, as a composer, is well known and hotly discussed in Boston, as in all cities where music is cultivated. The chief incidents of his career are familiar, and it is enough for the present to say that he was born at Munich June 11, 1864. His father was a horn player; his mother the daughter of Pschorr, the brewer. Young Strauss studied chiefly under F. W. Meyer. At first a conservative, he was influenced mightily by Alexander Ritter until now he has, according to some, invented a new art. As a conductor, he began with the Meiningen orchestra as assistant to Bülow, whom he succeeded. He went to Munich as a conductor in 1886, and was busy in like manner at Weimar from 1889 to 1894, when he returned to Munich. In 1899 he was appointed court conductor at Berlin. As a conductor Strauss has been described as a sort of improvising Rubinstein, whose inspiration is often brilliant, who has been fortunate and unfortunate. "He is unsurpassable in exciting crescendos, development of polyphony, sharply contrasting episodes; and above all he is a magician in colors. Unlike Nikisch, who is at times coquettish in his movements of hands and arms, Strauss is nonchalant in his conducting, and this apparent indifference is carried occasionally too far." Arthur Seidl says that Strauss, in his anxiety over a difficult entrance for some instrument is inclined to shake the confidence of the player; but others praise the sureness of his conducting. Strauss will be, indeed, a welcome visitor, for he is today the most commanding figure as a composer in Germany, if not in the whole musical world. It might be a pleasure to hear his wife, Pauline de Ahna, the soprano.

Henry Joseph Wood, a Londoner by birth, was first taught by his father, and he was a church organist when he was 10 years old. He entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1886, and studied under Prout, Steggall, Garcia. He was conductor of the Roushey Opera Company in 1890; of the Carl Rosa company in 1891-92; of the Lago company in 1892, and for Marie Roze in 1894. In 1895 he began to conduct the Promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall, and as conductor of these and the Symphony concerts he quickly won reputation which brought him invitations to conduct in continental cities. He is described as a man of unusual sympathy, temperament, authority. His programmes are catholic, but he has given marked attention to the production of works by Russian composers. He has composed masses, oratorios, operettas, songs; he has written a treatise on singing, and is a vocal teacher. He married not long ago a Russian.

Gustav Kogel was born at Leipzig on Jan. 16, 1849, and he studied at the Conservatory of that city. He conducted opera in small towns, then at Leipzig from 1883 to 1887. From 1889 to 1891 he conducted the Philharmonic orchestra in Berlin, and in October of 1891 he was called to Frankfurt-on-the-Main to lead the Museum concerts.

Some are of the opinion that the virtuoso conductor is an injury to music.

His personality is of more importance to an audience than is the work which he conducts. He stands squarely between the composer and the hearer. The question is no longer "What do you think of Tschalkowsky's 'Pathetic' symphony?" It is "What do you think of Nikisch's or Paur's or Gerike's interpretation of it?" But must not the symphony be interpreted in one manner or another? A routine conductor without imagination will interest himself conscientiously in the phrasing, in the finish of the detail, in minute matters of accuracy and precision, and he may lose sight of the animating spirit, the pathos, the tragedy of the work.

On the other hand, a virtuoso conductor may ruin a symphony by Haydn or Mozart from the desire to turn that which is inherently pure and simple into something that is swollen and complex, so that there may be more "ef-

fect." There must be interpretation. It is true that an absurd importance is paid the personality of a conductor, his habits, his dress, his views on everything except music. Even in Boston Mr. Nikisch's trousers, immediately after his first concert, excited adverse comment. They were of the accordion pattern, and had been much admired in Leipzig. His carefully manicured hands, his linen, the cut of the romantic disc of his hair—these, too, were criticised, for the most part favorably. Surely there was more talk about the personality of both Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur—who, in moments of musical excitement, resembled an amiable lion—than there was about the character of the works produced by them.

It is also said that the wandering virtuoso has his battle horses on which he chooses to ride to victory, in whatever city he may arouse his army of players. This one thinks he conducts the 9th symphony in an unequalled manner; and that one knows that he is without a rival as an interpreter of Tschalkowsky. Thus is this species of conductor an enemy of the repertoire; and neither orchestra nor operatic company is firmly established until it has a repertoire. There are Germans who deplore the entrance of "Barnumism" or "Amerikanismus" into art, and they shake their heads at the sum of 60,000 marks that was offered by New Yorkers, they say, to Weingartner, and the sum of 80,000 marks offered to Nikisch after the death of Anton Seidl. See Dr. Arthur Seidl's "Moderne Dirigenten," pp. 10, 11 (Berlin 1902). They find that such sums paid a few injure orchestral concerts as a whole. Yet a brilliant conductor is generally more musical and surely more entertaining than a respectably dull one, and he is worth in the market precisely what he can get. For orchestral music is not like a food-stuff; it is not like oil or coal.

This is an age when personality counts for much on the stage, in politics, in the pulpit, in the concert hall. The favorite play actor is often merely a personality. The playgoer of the younger generation goes to the theatre to see Sothern or Miss Adams without thought of the character of the play. Many go to watch a particular conductor, whether he be an interpreter of Beethoven, Brahms or some wild Russian. He, by means of his own magnetic fluid and with the aid of music for which he has a sympathy, moves and thrills them. It is so in the case of a singer or a pianist. No matter how badly Mr. Paderewski may play—and when he is disgruntled he can play abominably—the man himself works his hypnotic spell.

A wandering orchestral virtuoso has little opportunity for rehearsal with the players whose strength and weakness are unknown to him. He is often in the position of one who attempts to lead a scratch orchestra. He may not be able in the short time to inspire the players with his own spirit. On the other hand, an orchestra of enthusiasts may rise gloriously to a height unattainable under a cool routinier.

It is to be hoped that we in Boston shall have an opportunity of hearing Strauss' works under his leadership; that we shall learn by observation the methods of Colonne, Weingartner and the other visitors. We have often thought it would be an excellent plan if Messrs. Gerike, Thomas, Van der Stucken and Herbert were all to exchange conductor's stands as clergymen exchange pulpits, at least once in a season. Such experiences might be a good thing for audiences, conductors, orchestras. It would be a pity for the distinguished visitors to return home without a practical knowledge of the

Boston Symphony orchestra. It would be a pity for the musical public of Boston to be deprived of acquaintanceship with their skill under the best possible circumstances.

THE "POPS."

For this last week of the "Pop" concerts in Symphony Hall many special features have been arranged. Tomorrow night the Harvard graduates will be strongly in evidence, as the entire floor and a portion of the first balcony have been reserved for them. Their numbers will include representatives from over 30 classes. For this evening Stewart's military band, with Mr. Gustav Strube as leader, will fur-

nish the music. The programme is appended:

March, "Cruiser Harvard".....Strube
Overture, "Pique Dame".....Suppe
Waltz, "Mignon".....Waldteufel
Overture, "Mignon".....A. Thomas
Introduction act III, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Selection, "Toreador".....Monekton
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
Selection, "King Dodo".....Luders
March, "Veritas".....Densmore, 1894
American Airs.....Herbert
File Harvard.
March, "Up the Street."

Tuesday, reservation of seats has been made for the Alumni Conclave of the American Institute of Homoeopathy, 1000 strong. The many friends of Conductor T. Adamowski, as well as the musical public, will be glad to know that he will be given a testimonial on Friday evening, June 26. The programme will be made up entirely of alternate selections from Wagner and Tschalkowski, as follows:

1. Polonaise.....Tschalkowski
2. Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
3. Andante from quartet.....Tschalkowski
4. Tide of the Valkyries.....Wagner
5. Overture, "1812".....Tschalkowski
6. Albumblatt.....Wagner
Violin solo, Mr. Karl Ondricek
7. La Belle au Bois Dormant.....Tschalkowski
8. Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
9. Suite, "Nut Cracker".....Tschalkowski
10. Finale, act 3, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
11. Waltz from Onegin.....Tschalkowski
12. Tannhauser March.....Wagner

BERESFORD GOES TO CHICAGO.

Mr. Arthur Beresford, the well-known bass of Trinity Church choir, has accepted an offer to become head of the vocal department of the Sherwood School of Music in Chicago. He will take up his residence in that city early in September. Mr. Beresford has also accepted the position as bass of the First Presbyterian Church in Chicago. Mr. Beresford came to this city in 1892, and immediately took the position of bass of Trinity, where he has remained for the past 11 years.

NOTES.

It is said that Delna will leave the stage this month to marry.

The summer opera, "Opera Marwitz," in erlin, opened June 2 with "Obéron."

Marie Roze sang in London at a concert given by one of her pupils June 13.

Heinrich Schmidt's concerto for organ and strings has been published by Leuckart.

Mrs. Roger-Miclos, the pianist, is still talking in Paris about her "triumphs" in America.

Josef Hellmesberger has been reappointed conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic Society.

Henri de Curzon says of Sibyl Sanderson: "An artist, her greatest art was to remain a woman."

The report of the death of Malvina Schnorr von Carolsfeld, the creator of Isolde, has been denied.

Prochazka's new symphony, "Beethoven," was produced lately at a concert of the Prague Conservatory.

Wilhelm Berger's new scene, "Euphorion" (Goethe's "Faust") was produced at the 13th Mecklenburg festival.

Claude, Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque," for piano—prelude, minuet, sentimental promenade and pavana—is now in press.

The Roma band (the city band of Rome), made up of 75 players, gives concerts during the exhibition season at the Alexandra Palace.

A monument to Raff has been dedicated in the cemetery at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. There was a concert in celebration of the occasion.

Abe, Spalding of New York, 14 years old, has been awarded a diploma as

"professor of the violin" by the Bologna Conservatory, although he was not a pupil of that school. He played last season at Rome and Florence.

Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens" was sung in German at Duisberg. He is writing a short choral work for the Hereford musical festival.

Colonne, who has been re-elected president of the Artistic Society of the Chatelet concerts, has chosen Gabriel Pierné as assistant conductor.

Walter Macfarren, who has taught the piano for 50 years at the Royal Academy of Music, London, will resign at the end of the present term.

Giordano has finished his new opera, "Siberia." The libretto is by Illica, and

the work will be produced next at Milan and then at Naples.

The performances of "The Damocles of Faust" in operatic form, with Carlos as Marquise, were abandoned on account of the sickness of Alvarez.

Negro minstrels in London review Whit-Monday such "old plantation melodies" as "Itosahle," "Uncle Ned," "Cottage by the Sea," "Kumo-Kimo" and others.

De Smeets, organist at Namur, a player made famous by Stern's Union to v. has been chosen to succeed Marly as organ teacher at the Brussels Conservatory.

Scaremberg, a tenor of the French provinces, who has sung in London, is now a member of the Opera, Paris. He made his debut there successfully as Lohengrin.

The Dilem prize of £400 for piano playing has been given to Mr. Malin,



ARTHUR BERESFORD.

who was a first prize of the Paris Conservatory in 1893, and has been living at Barcelona.

"Paysages Flamands" is a cantata by Henry Weyts, was performed by two singers and a brass band at the dedication of a monument to Alfred Verwee at Schaerbeek.

Charlotte Huhn will begin her engagement at the Munich royal opera on Oct. 1, but she will sing this summer at the festival performances at the Prince Regent's theatre.

A string quartet (No. 2), a sonata for violin and piano (No. 2), and a trio, all by Francois Rasse, a Belgian, were warmly praised when they were performed at Paris last month.

Estelle Harris, who has been engaged by Mr. Conried for the Metropolitan, lived at Easton, Pa., as a choir singer, and went to New York about three years ago to study with Emma Therese.

Sigrid Arnoldson is praised at the Opera Comique, Paris, for not hesitating to play Lakme with a dark skin. It seems that the Lakmes of late have preferred to appear as rosy-checked dolls.

The Scala Cantorum of Paris give this month an out-of-door performance of Rameau's pastoral ballet, "La Gardelinde," and Duni's "Sabots" (look for

Sodaine). Jules Lemaitre will give a lecture on Seelne.

Busoni's playing of Beethoven's Sonata appassionata, his own transcription of Bach, and Franck's prelude, fugue and fugue, was severely criticised at Strassburg, but as a Liszt prize it was applauded.

Alexia Bassian, who made her first appearance in London at the Festival in a little Chinese tragedy, has been engaged for three years by the Carl Rosa company, but she will sing at the halls in the summer.

The police at Trente forbade the performance of "Saidin" ("The Music" by the city and of the city

that the title showed the music was so curious. Is not this the song that is so curiously like "O Promise Me?"

They say Mascagni has finished a comedy in three acts to show his cerebral activity and the astonishing versatility and power of his resources. This leads an Italian journal to remark that Mascagni would go about St. Peter's square on one leg, only to attract attention.

"Kathryn" Pickett appeared as a pupil of Mrs. de Piccolto at Paris, and her voice is described as "superb, warm, of wide compass, supple, homogeneous." The last time she sang here, in Symphony Hall, she made little or no impression.

Charles Clark, baritone, of Chicago, has been given a song recital at Paris and Lille, with unusual success. The Guide Musical says he belongs to the family of great artists, and is enthusiastic over his voice and his musical intelligence.

"Le Voyage en Suisse," farcical opera by Blum and Toche, has been revived at the Folies-Dramatiques, Paris. It was produced at the Varieties in 1879, when the Hanlon-Lees made a great sensation. Their place is now taken by the Omers.

The musical critic of Truth says: "Miss Mary Garden made quite a dramatic creation as Juliette. Most prima donnas prefer to depict the youthful damsel of Verona as a poetic and girlish instead of a rather knowing creature, but Miss Garden's new reading has its merits."

Two little pieces gave pleasure at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris—a mimodrama highly salted and based on a cartoon by Guillaume, "Dis qu't'es Medecin," with charming music by Henri Catresse, and a comic opera, "Le Mariage au Tambourin," music by Chastan, an idyl of farm life near Arles.

Albeniz's opera, "Pepita Ximenes," produced at Barcelona, will be performed next season at the Monnaie, Brussels. The composer, a pupil of Louis Brassin, took the first piano prize at the Brussels Conservatory some years ago. Chausson's posthumous opera, "Le Roi Arthur," will also be produced at the Monnaie.

"Reves d'opium," pantomime by Paul Franck, music by Ed Mathe, was produced late in May at the Mathurins, Paris. Otero in white gauze indulged herself in "poses plastiques" before Pierrot, an opium eater who gesticulated his love, while some one behind the scenes warbled explanatory and languorous romances.

Johanna Thamm, aged 13, played at Dresden, in May, such piano pieces as Schumann's "Carnival," Liszt's arrangement of Bach's organ fugue in A minor, and Paganini studies, arranged by Liszt. She has studied for four years under Roth. "Poetry and sense of style seem her characteristics," says the Dresden correspondent of the Musical Courier.

Sopra, known in London as a surprise singer, combines a powerful physique with a soprano voice which runs as high as E-flat above the staff. He does not dress or make up like a woman. His name is Guy Mainguaye. Born in Ottawa, the quality of his voice has never changed, except in the development of strength. He went to England two years ago to study at the Guild Hall.

The London public has been indifferent toward Frederick Lamond and his Beethoven recitals. Mr. Baughan wrote: "One cannot but feel sincere an artist should be passed over here. In Germany he has a well-defined position, to which his sterling merits entitle him. It is quite true that Mr. Lamond is a little wanting in a dramatic delivery of Beethoven's texts. He is almost too imitable a foe to variety of contrast; and it may be that Beethoven himself

meant his music to be played in a freer style of declamation. Even so, there is so much that is great in Mr. Lamond's playing that he has the right to shake the dust off his feet in disgust at the London public's indifference to a sincere artist."

Hariclee Darlee visited Boston as a member of Mapleson's ill-fated Imperial opera company, and she then sang with De Marchi the duet from the fourth act of "The Huguonots." Her son, not yet 21 years old, has written an opera, "La Garrettiara," which the Dal Verme Theatre at Milan promised to produce, for his mother's influence is strong. The promise was not kept. The mother then cancelled her engagement to sing in "Traviata" at that theatre, and said she made the contract only to sing in her son's opera.

New English comic musical operettas: "The Rose of the Riviera," music by Osmond Carr (Brighton, May 25)—one of the characters is Miss Bostonia Hubb, U. S. A.; "All at Sea," music by Wilfred Arthur (Liverpool, May 25); "Percy, the Lady-Killer," music by Frank Leo (Tunbridge Wells, May 25); "Blunt (St. Albans, May 20); "Amorcelle," music by Willie Edouin, at the Kennington Theatre June 8, music by Gaston Serpette, hook by Barton White.

Leopold Godowsky has been playing in London. Mr. Baughan says of him: "It was a very special audience, for Godowsky is a pianist for pianists. He can make those wonderful fingers of his do anything, and so far in advance of pianoforte literature is his technique that he has to create difficulties of his own. Most pianists know Godowsky's studies on Chopin's studies; they are not for amateurs. Some of them are very clever, and all give one the same sensation as when a tightrope dancer performs apparently impossible feats. But I do not see the value of the Godowsky pianism. It is almost entirely a tech-

nique of agility. Thus what good is attained by playing Chopin's A-flat etude for left hand alone? The harmony is butchered to make? The kind of thing Godowsky is cold and ordinary. He has a much more astonishing technique than Bachmann, but he lacks the Chopin's genuine musical insight."

A recital devoted to songs by Charles Wood was given lately in London. "His songs, as a whole, are good in workmanship, and the vocal writing is well laid out for the voice. Brahms has had the great influence on Dr. Wood, and the style of his accompaniments is very Brahmsian, without the perfect finish and subtlety of that master. There is a rigid avoidance of the commonplace, and that avoidance has become so fastidious and self-conscious that the result is dullness. And in Dr. Wood's case, music-making takes the place of the spontaneous invention which can never have traffic with the commonplace. Then the composer has not the lyrical gift, so that in hearing many of his songs one asks, blankly enough, why they are written. He is at his best in declamatory, dramatic, or, at any rate, epic work. Thus of all the songs sung by Mr. Iles and Miss Maude the well known "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," and "Oh, Captain, My Captain"—both settings of Whitman's poems—alone justified their existence."

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

From C. W. Thompson & Co.: For piano—"The Contented Fairie" and "The Arrival of the Fairie Queen," E. M. C. Ezerman; "She Goes A-Sailing" and "She Dances with a Tin Soldier," George L. Tracy. For violin—"Romanza for Violin, in D," Herman P. Chelius. Vocal—"The Sailor's Cradle," S. E. Haskell; "When You Are Here, Love," Kate Vannah; "Cradle Song," G. E. Alken; "Big Round Moon," George Howland Cox, Jr.

June 25 1903 RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE OF DAY.

A Burlesque on Ouida by an Oxford Undergraduate.

Desmond F. T. Coke Represents Her as "Belinda Blinders," the Author of "Sandford of Merton," a College Story—"The Human Epic"—Literary Notes.

Ouida has often been burlesqued, although in her most extravagant and early works, with her favorite bold and wicked officers wringing the golden Mosele from their amber mustaches, she apparently defied burlesque. And now an undergraduate, Mr. Desmond F. T. Coke, has represented her as "Belinda Blinders." The author of "Sandford of Merton," a story of Oxford life (Alden & Co., Oxford). Miss Blinders owes to Ouida her "insight into human, and above all male, nature and its defects."

The book opens: "Oxford. A shimmering midsummer's day. What more lovely than the High Street at such a time, above all when the inartistic students are cooped up in their class rooms and naught is to be seen but the scum and rying mass of townsmen, with here and there a woman. Poor precious creature in the monotone of amber, how your environment must jar upon you! Strange paradox—beautiful street, yet street of men."

Ralph Sandford does not hesitate to introduce himself to the captain of cricket by saying: "I should like to be your friend." They go on a terrible cocoa debauch. Ralph escapes "the effeminacy of his fellows by a slight mustache and by small side-whiskers." He is soon tempted. Undergraduates get together, sing music hall songs, and almost empty "a large bottle of wine." A "handsome roue with a soft velvet voice" takes him to see a barmaid. "The evening had closed in, yet Ralph as he went out put on a bowler. It was the first time he had been out after dark without cap and gown. The statutes of the university explicitly forbid such an action. Ralph had indeed fallen from his high estate." (We here remark that Messrs. Farmer and Henley in their "Slang and Its Analogues" prefer the form "boler" for a stiff felt hat.) Ralph is caught in conversation with the glorious British institution, dragged to the vice-chancellor's court, and compelled to write out 500 times the line: "It is wicked to talk to bar attendants."

Rose, his country sweetheart, comes up to Oxford to rescue Ralph from sin. He turns oarsman, and diets conscientiously on lobster and ginger beer, so that he wins the race for Merton, "his oar dipping into the water nearly twice as often as any other in the boat." His prowess at football sends him to a nursing home, where he writes poetry, and his side whiskers grow so luxuriantly that they "give him an air ineffably manly in the highest sense."

A friend slanders Ralph to Rose and the affair is settled at a place in Merton, "where blood-thirsty males fight out their horrid fights." On the same evening, Rose's hotel is on fire. "Ralph was a scholar, as we know, and wrapping his simpler garment round his neck he held the streamers out to Rose. 'Cling to these,' he said, 'and my strength shall save you.'"

This does not strike us as exquisite fooling. Ouida is much funnier.

It seems to us that Mr. John Frederick Rowbotham, the author of "The Human Epic: the 12th Epic Poem of the World" (Gay and Bird, London), is far funnier than Ouida, Mr. Coke, or Marie Corelli. Mr. Rowbotham, an Oxford man of honorable parts, has been known heretofore by his writings on music. His "History of Music"—we refer to the original edition in three volumes (1885-87), is a remarkable work, written in a remarkable style. Some years ago he excited hot discussion by a magazine article, "The Wagner Bubble." Little is known about his musical compositions, but we are under the impression that at least portions of this "Human Epic" were published as far back as 1890.

Mr. Rowbotham was never distinguished for modesty. He now announces himself as "The Homer of Modern Times," and he speaks frankly of his own worth in the prelude, "A Lecture on Epic Poetry": "It takes a long time to write an epic poem. It has taken me 25 years to write 'The Human Epic.' I was a boy when I began it." (Mr. Rowbotham was born in 1854.)

"At the end of this time, I may be permitted to believe that I know something about epic poetry, and that, after writing thousands of epic lines, I am able to write it." An epic poem is that which catches the dominant idea of the age—the great idea of the century, which fills everybody's mind, interests everybody. What is the grand idea of our own?—an idea that has revolutionized all thought, that has changed all our conceptions of things, that has made us alter all our theories of morals, all our theories of history, even our theories of religion. * * * For nearly two centuries past, Science, like a great cloud, has overhung Art, Literature, Thought, Religion."

This poet's task is "the life history of the earth." "The whole of my early life was devoted to laborious studies, so that I might make myself perfectly familiar with all that science. In all its various branches and through all its various investigators, had, during the last two centuries, said and discovered in reference thereto. That task completed, which was the arduous task of many years, it next remained to write the poem. This was the task of many years more. At last the poem is completed, and now lies before you. Peruse it. Its influence upon you will be mighty and far-reaching; it will insinuate itself into your most cherished meditations, and open a new world to your profoundest thoughts."

"The Human Epic" is in 40 cantos, and each has an "argument" for a preface. The first canto is "The Earth's Beginnings." Here is a sample brick:

Hubbub of uproar, hiss, splash, crash, thud, hum—
Tumultuary Pandemonium!
The fountains hissed, the blazes roared within,
The geysers boiled, the catarrhs fell plumb.

Over 50 years ago Edgar Allan Poe insisted that the epic mania had for some years past been gradually dying out of the public mind by mere dint of its own absurdity, but Mr. Rowbotham does not write with the fear of Poe before his eyes. His "History of Music" contains memorable pages of lofty and sonorous prose—as the description of the Aztec sacrifice, the oracles of Nero, the praise of Pythagoras. What a pity that, instead of conserving his life to epic poetry, he has not continued his history, which stops short with the passing of the Troubadours.

A series of 29 autograph letters, etc., by John Keats, was sold at auction in London on June 9, for £1070. The letters had been bequeathed by Robert Woodhouse to the uncle of the seller.

A collection of Rossetti papers, prepared by the poet's brother, W. M. Rossetti, will be published in London this month. It is a continuation of the two volumes of literary remains which appeared some years ago. The present volume brings the record down to 1870.

Fisher Unwin's new edition of Richard Cobden's political writings will include a preface by William Cullen Bryant, which was written for the American edition of 1867.

The "Orrey Papers," two volumes edited by the Countess of Cork and Orrey, and published lately in London, contain many allusions to Pope, Swift and the first Duke of Buckingham.

Sir James Crichton Browne will contribute to the Contemporary Review for July a reply to the article, "The New Carlyle Letters, a Vindication of Carlyle," by Mr. Ronald McNeill, which appears in the June number of that periodical.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton is the compiler of "Stevensoniana," which is made up of material concerning the writer from English and American periodicals and from books which are not wholly devoted to Stevenson. The publisher will be Mr. Grant Richards.

The hero of Mr. Thomas Cobb's new novel, "The Composite Lady," falls in love with a girl shown in a painting. He tries to find her and learns that she is composed of the beauties of several models.

Mr. L. Raven-Hill has issued, through the Punch office, a volume of 100 sketches, entitled "An Indian Sketch-Book," which convey his impressions of the East and the Durbar.

Dr. F. G. Clemow's treatise, "The Geography of Disease," published by the Cambridge (Eng.) University Press, may provoke discussion. He deals briefly with the characteristics and history of the chief diseases, and traces their prevalence or rarity in different countries. The facts in each case are summed up in a section discussing the factors governing the geographical distribution. Dr. Clemow is by no means a rash dogmatist. He mentions the theory that there is the relationship of cause and effect between the diminution of malaria in many European countries in recent years, and the in-

crease of cancer in the same countries, but he asks for further evidence before he will formulate a theory. Clemow treats of racial geography, the influence of altitude above the sea level, earth disturbance on a large scale and the character of the soil.

Dr. Williamson's treatise on "Portrait Miniatures," to be published next fall, will represent by 500 illustrations the great collections of the world. The author obtained permission to examine the collections of the Czars of Russia, the collections of the German Emperor, of the King of Sweden and Norway, as well as of the King of Denmark and the Queen of Holland.

Sir Henry Burdett's "Hospitals and Charities" for 1903 is partly a directory to all manner of hospitals and asylums throughout the British empire and the United States, but the first 200 pages are in the nature of a general discussion of hospital problems.

Gen. Maurice is editing the Diary of Sir John Moore, which has remained in manuscript ever since his death at Corunna.

Mr. Harold Johnson's volume, "The Road-Makers and Other Poems" includes "The House of Life," a collection suggested by "symbolical paintings of G. F. Watts," "The Angelus," "The Sower," "The Gleaners," suggested by paintings of J. F. Millet; Impressions of Shakespeare's women, etc. There will be an "appreciative" preface by Mr. Watts. It took courage to give the title "The House of Life" after Dante Gabriel Rossetti invented it for certain of his sonnets and songs.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. (Boston) have published a Teacher's Manual, prepared by Messrs. John H. Moore and George W. Miner, for use with accounting and business practice. The manual is intended to aid the teacher in plans to be adopted by him for his classes, and to furnish supplementary exercises which may suggest review topics for class drills and discussions. The work will not conflict with any particular method of any teacher, and the exercises may be modified as the teacher sees fit.

Mr. Laidlaw Purves, who argues, and with a grave face, that Defoe was the editor and not the author, of "Robinson Crusoe," has published in pamphlet form his two articles, which first appeared in the Athenaeum.

Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, the editor of Boswell's Johnson and much Johnsoniana, who died last February, left an estate valued at £739. He requested his sons, the executors of his will, to pick out from his library such books as bear especially on the study of Boswell and Johnson, and to give them to Pembroke College, Oxford, on condition that they are kept together in the college library on shelves bearing his name.

The Oxford and Cambridge university presses have decided to make considerable reductions in the prices of the standard edition of the revised version of the Holy Bible, to bring it within the reach of all libraries. This edition, printed in pica type, and issued in demy and royal 8vo., makes a set of five volumes, or, with the Apocrypha, six volumes.

The Studio Library—parts VI and VII—contains an article on pastels by A. L. Baldry, on "Monotyping in Color," by Alfred East, on "Herakom-Gravure," by A. L. Baldry; etchings by Levere and Legros. Examples of oil painting are Watt's "Trifles Light as Air," Raffaelli's "Landscape with Water," Priestman's "Morning," Arnesby Brown's "The Last Land," Clausen's "Kitty." Other illustrations in this sumptuous publication are a water color by Gaston La Touche, Conder's "Thais" (a water color on silk designed for a fan); a pencil drawing by Dupont, a gouache by Partridge, and an auto-lithograph by Steinen.

June 26 1903 LIFE OF MANY HUES IN "HISTOIRE COMIQUE"

Anatole France's Latest Work a Study in Fiction.

A Theatre Doctor Is the Leading Figure Where All the Author's Sturdy Qualities of Wit, Irony and Sentiment Find Free Play, with Hate and Love.

Anatole France's latest book, "Histoire Comique" (Calmann-Levy, Paris), interests chiefly by the gentle irony that flows from the lips of the characters, especially from the lips of Dr. Trublet, a theatre doctor and a friend of play-actresses. The plot is slight. A second-rate, romantic, jealous play-actor kills himself in the presence of Felicie Nanteuil and her lover, and just before he pulls the trigger he exclaims: "I forbid you to belong to one another. This is my last wish. Good-by, Felicie." The woman is haunted by the spectre of this actor. She cannot meet her lover without seeing the ghastly apparition. And though she has become a member of the Comedie Francaise, though her lover "can look at no other woman," at the last she sighs: "What if I am a great artist, so long as I am not happy? We love each other, we two, but it is all at an end. We shall never belong to one another, never. He is not willing!"

Felicie has long been the prey of hallucinations. She consults Trublet about a cat that eyes her from under fur-

For the doctor in her at once found the maid guilty of a capital crime. Why do not women appreciate the gravity of illness? The lecture—a hard word—should be an unperceptible and gentle passage between the two states of woman, yet woman staves off the morax intensifies the film, makes a horrible furrow. The doctor looks at his shocking examples of malformation and Fellele laughs, for each deformity reminds her of a colleague or a friend. The actions and thoughts of men appear to her as particular things in the universal mechanism, they inspire neither anger nor animosity, yet there are things that disgust her and so the doctor draws the conclusion that morality is a matter of taste. "My child, I wish that they thought as soundly as you at the Academy of Moral Sciences. We can no longer praise or blame any human thought or action the moment that the necessity of a thought or action is demonstrated." Do the apparition come from some stomach trouble? The doctor answers: "A grave question. It reminds me of the little girl who ate too many preserves," and the mother said: "You'll hurt your stomach," and she answered: "Only women have a stomach; little girls don't have any." And when Fellele protests against his stupidity, he replies: "Stupidity is aptitude for happiness. It is sovereign contentment. It is the chief of good things in a policed society."

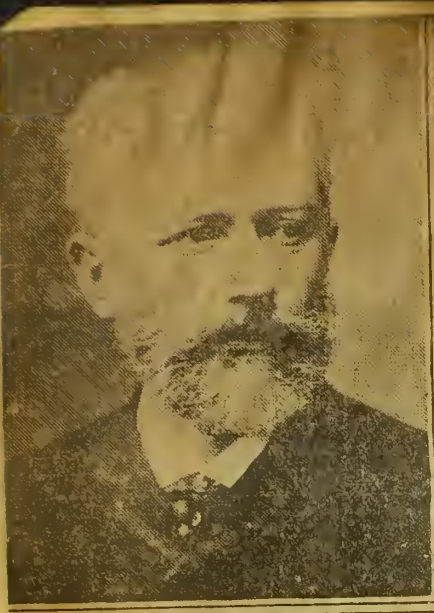
trunk there. Chevallier touched the wheels, he held the sacred fire. Once the cause of his cruel ending. During the search into it, Chevallier died of heart, he died of the dramatic fever. He died among us all. Alas! the theatre, of which the public sees only the smiles and the tears as gentle as smiles, is a jealous master; it exacts of its servants absolute devotion, the most painful sacrifices, and sometimes it demands victims. Adieu, Chevallier, in the name of all your comrades, adieu! Handkerchiefs dry tears. The comedians weep sincerely; for they are weeping over themselves.

June 28, 1902

IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

The Romantic Career of Peter
Tschalkowsky.

for the first time in the
 history of the world, a
 new era of peace and
 friendship has been
 inaugurated. We have
 by the grace of God
 broken through the
 barrier that has stood
 in the way of the
 doing of the will of
 our Heavenly Father
 and glorify in His
 praise and thanksgiving
 deep and meaningful
 known to the
 peace, and he has
 to us who never will
 those whom we in
 street or who are of our



PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY



DESIRÉE ARTOT

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S FIRST LOVE



HUGO WOLF

introduction, a preparation for something very beautiful; a superb pedestal for a statue; but there is no statue, for pedestal follows pedestal."

Berlin seemed to him after Rome an empty place, and in comparison with Paris dull and parochial, yet he was tempted to linger there. He went to Bilse's concert hall; the air was heavy with the smoke of bad tobacco and the fumes of cookery; women were knitting stockings and men drinking beer; he sighed for Italy. A chimpanzee at the Aquarium amused him; he enjoyed the pictures at the Museum; he found a performance of "The Flying Dutchman" noisy and tiresome. "The singers were poor; the prima donna, Mallinger, has no voice, and she is every way below mediocrity."

The death of Wieniawski moved him. He regarded him not only as an imitable violinist, but as a composer of indisputable talent. Delibes' "Jean de Nivelle" pleased him; "It is fresh, beautiful, a work of the highest worth." He himself was discouraged looking over his own works at Brailow, in July, 1880. "How much I have already written, but how imperfect, yes, how weak, with how little skill is all this made! And there are many typographical errors in most of my works." Commenting on Glinka, he found him too self-conscious of originality. "Mozart apparently never realized the greatness of his genius; he was of childish innocence, gentleness, maidenly modesty, as though he were not of this earth." And again, he waxed enthusiastic over Bizet's "Carmen." "A masterpiece in the true sense of the word, it is one of the great creations which mirror the musical efforts of a whole epoch. It seems to me that our own epoch differs from the preceding in this characteristic: Composers hunt after pretty and piquant effects; Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann did not do this. What is the so-called new Russian school but a cult of variously spiced harmonies, original orchestral combinations, and other external things? Formerly one composed, one worked—now one seeks and invents. This progress of musical thought is naturally one rather of intelligence, and so contemporary music is very clever, piquant, curious, but cold and without emotion. And now comes a Frenchman, by the aid of all these spiced and piquant ideas which appear not as the result of search and contemplation, but as a flowing stream, to flatter the ear, but at the same time to move the heart. . . . I am convinced that in 10 years 'Carmen' will be the most popular opera in the whole world."

Massenet's "Mary Magdalene" appealed to him, although he was prejudiced against it on account of the subject. "As I began to play, I felt at once that it was no ordinary composition. The duet between Christ and Mary is indeed a masterpiece. I was so moved by the deeply emotional music that I shed streams of tears. In music the French are now truly the first. I have thought all day of this duet, and under its influence I have written a song, the melody of which reminds me strongly of Massenet." Within a fortnight he again complained of apathy, of aversion toward work, toward life itself, and especially toward walking. Bilse, the conductor at Berlin, had bravely brought out works of Tschaikowsky in spite of opposition that found vent in hissing and whistling, and he now offered to produce other works if he could have the scores and parts without cost. Tschaikowsky wrote his publisher not to do anything that might seem like undue eagerness. "Never in my life have I stirred a finger to win the attention of Bilse or any other conductor." He wrote pathetically to Mrs. von Meck that fame has its penalties. He at times longed for it, and again he dreaded the possibility of being famous. He naturally wished his music to be known far and wide, but he loathed the thought of corresponding interest in his private life. "Yet I do not fear the world, for I can truly say that my conscience is clear, and I need not be ashamed." He could not endure the thought of the indifferent and the curious becoming acquainted with his intimate and sacred thoughts. Playing or reading Mozart's music made him feel fresher and younger. "How thankful my lot in that Mozart's music has not lost for me one

bit of its spontaneous bewitching beauty. My contemporaries were possessed at the start with the spirit of modern music, and they became acquainted with Mozart later, after they had known Chopin, in whom the Byronic spirit of doubt and disappointment is so sharply reflected. Fortunately I was brought up in a family of little musical pretensions, so that my childhood knew nothing of the poisonous music after Beethoven."

He would not compose a trio, because the combination of a piano with violin or cello shocked his ears. He could endure a piano with orchestra, because there is then no attempt to blend irreconcilable tones; piano and orchestra are open rivals, but three such pronounced individualities as piano, violin and cello cannot be united. Yet he afterward composed a trio in memory of Nicholas Rubinstein.

There is much comment concerning the attitude of the public and the critics toward his operas, "Eugen Onegin" and "The Maid of Orleans." Some of the clergy objected to his music to portions of the liturgy. Thus Ambrosius, vicar of Moscow, wrote an open letter to the newspaper Russia, in which he charged Tschaikowsky with using the sacred text as a libretto for "occasional" music. Still, Ambrosius was thankful that the text had fallen into the hands of a talented composer. "Some fine day a Rosenthal or a Rosenblum will compose a liturgy, and then our holiest words will be hissed."

There is a singular story about a young man, Tkatschenko, who wrote to Tschaikowsky for lessons. He stated that he was 23 years old, and knew nothing about music. Tschaikowsky answered that it would be useless for him to begin at his age. Nine months afterward a letter came in which the young man enclosed Tschaikowsky's, and announced his intention of killing himself. Anatol, a brother of Tschaikowsky, happened to be in Woronesh, where the letter was mailed. Peter telegraphed him to find Tkatschenko, who was in miserable poverty, and Peter sent him money and an invitation to come to Moscow. The young man came. He was nervous, suspicious, morally broken down, misanthropic. Tschaikowsky pitied him, and

made a place for him in the conservatory, where he began to study zealously. In a few days he called on his benefactor and accused him of helping him from a desire to pose as a philanthropist, but that he was not willing to be the victim of such weakness for popularity. Tschaikowsky told him to go on with his studies, and not bother himself about other matters; that what he (Tkatschenko) thought about him did not interest him, and that he himself had neither the time nor the inclination to contradict his opinion.

In one of the last letters, published in part IX, Tschaikowsky wrote from Paris, whither he had gone to look after the body of Nicholas Rubinstein, to Mrs. von Meck, concerning questions of morality and religion: "I begin to love God, a thing I have not before this understood. Doubts still come to me; I still try to understand the incomprehensible with my weak intelligence, yet the voice of divine truth speaks ever louder to me. I often find an indescribable pleasure in bowing before the inscrutable, omniscient God. I pray to him often with tears in my eyes. I do not know where he is, who he is; I know only that he is, and pray him with humility and love to pardon me, to enlighten me; and with especial joy I say to him, 'Lord, thy will be done, for I know his will is holy.'"

Hugo Wolf died only last February, in his 43d year. He died unknown to the world at large, idolized by a few. And even now there are lives and memorials and recollections and polemical pamphlets about the unfortunate composer. Among these books are Michael Haberland's "Hugo Wolf," "Hugo Wolf's Leben und Schaffen," by Ernest Deesey; collections of pamphlets about him, edited by the Hugo Wolf Society of Vienna; a collection of his letters, edited by Edmund Hellmer; a critical examination of his opera, "Der Corregidor," and did not the magazine, "Die Musik," give up a whole number to his memory? The biography of Haberland (Leipzig: Lauterbach & Kuhn) is a little volume of the recollections and the opinions of the editor. No doubt he was extremely

fond of the man and the composer, but his book suffers from defiant eulogy that is often hysteria. Wolf's life was a sad one, but it was no sadder than that of Schubert: it was no more tragic than that of Smetana. Wolf was poor, and hundreds of musicians have known poverty. He was unappreciated for some years; so was Cesar Franck till his death. Yet while Wolf was still active he was made peculiarly comfortable, and a society of enthusiasts worked in aid of him and for the popularization of his works. Mr. Haberland exclaims: "He was far removed from the type of modern artist, so admirably portrayed by Karl Lamrecht, persons of reserved aristocratic life, of rich parents, somewhat snobbish, perfumed, with a dress coat and a high collar." But may not a man own a dress coat and even wear a high collar and yet be a good composer? Wolf wrote about 250 songs, choral works, a symphonic poem (in MS.), an opera above named. Few of these have been sung in Boston, and it might be a pleasure to know some of them. It is possible, as his friends claim, that he is the equal of Schubert. The tragedy of his ending will always incite sympathy. His sincerity and courage deserve a respectful hearing. But his biographers will not enlarge his fame by abusing the round world and all that dwell

therein simply because Wolf was not hailed "master" while he was alive and singularly aloofish.

LONDON'S NEW MUSICAL STAR.

Rudolf Zwintscher Is Hailed as a Wagner or a Strauss by the Critics.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 17, 1903. In one of his travels, the Count de Soissons heard Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" in the room next to his. When the unknown musician finished playing, the count rushed into his neighbor's room without stopping to knock, and, figuratively speaking, wept on the shoulder of the musician who had captivated him. The astonished pianist proved to be the son of a teacher of music in Leipzig, Rudolf Zwintscher by name. At that time he was wholly unknown, and in almost as hard luck as Paderewski was in the early days, when he used to practise in a garret eight hours out of each 24, on a diet consisting chiefly of bread and water.

The pianist and the nobleman became



RUDOLF ZWINTSCHER.

fast friends from the moment of their first meeting, and now the count is saying "I told you so," because, after a long period of adversity—some of it spent in America, where he kept body and soul together by giving piano lessons—Herr Zwintscher has suddenly emerged into fame in London, both as

a pianist and as a composer. The Contemporary Review even unites his name with those of Wagner and Richard Strauss.

The new star is a rugged-looking man, with no great claim to beauty, although his face in profile strongly resembles that of Beethoven. Some of his compositions are so ambitious that at first

hearing it is wellnigh impossible to make anything out of them.

NOTES.

Puccini has not yet recovered from his automobile accident.

Mr. Hirwen Jones sang five of Edward MacDowell's songs in London June 8.

Colonne led lately a performance of "Tristram and Isolde" at Barcelona.

Ben Davies, the tenor, will give 15 concerts in South Africa early next year.

Ada Crossley will give some 60 concerts in Australia with Percy Grainger, a pianist.

Adelina Pattl is at Mont Dore, France. After she has taken enough water, she will go to Switzerland.

Giuseppe Marchisio, an excellent pianist and the teacher of Queen Marguerite of Italy, died lately at Turin, 72 years old.

Mailly, late professor of the organ at the Brussels Conservatory, may give concerts in the United States next season.

The concert for the pension fund of the Palm Garden orchestra, Frankfort-on-the-Main, was in memory of Hugo Wolf.

"Florodora" had a limited run at the Gayety, Paris, but "La Belle de New York" at the new Moulin Rouge is successful.

Julius Kosleck, a trumpeter for over 50 years and a teacher of the trumpet at the Berlin royal high school of music, has retired.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith will give a song recital the 23rd at Old Orchard, in aid of Sunshine free bed in Portland Hospital.

The Municipal band, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, Mr. Ripley solo trombone, will give a concert on Boston Common this afternoon at 3.30.

The Dutch Royal quartet appeared in London June 6, and the programme included an old Dutch comic opera, "The Wedding Day of Kloris and Roosje."

The second Bavarian music festival will be conducted by Hermann Zumpfe with the Kalm orchestra of Munich at Regensburg in the Whitsuntide of 1904.

"Le Fils de l'etoile." Libretto by Catulle Mendes, music by Camille Erlanger, will be sung at the Opera, Paris, by Heglon, Breval, Alvarez and Delmas.

Two hundred and thirty-five operas in one act have been received by the publisher Sonzogno in competition for his prize of \$10,000. The jury will meet early in October.

Willy Burmester, the violinist, was praised at his late recitals in London. It will be remembered that when he played in Boston many wondered at his European reputation.

Percy Pitt wrote the incidental music for Alfred Austin's drama in a prelude and two acts, "Flodden Field," produced at Beerbohm Tree's hospital benefit at Her Majesty's, London, June 8.

"Roma di Notte," an operetta, libretto by Petral, music by Bacchini, ran for three nights at the Quirino, Rome, and was then forbidden on account of protests made by "the authorities of public safety."

New musical pieces in England: "Punchinella, or the Masked Marriage," by G. H. Chester, and F. Hodson (London, June 10); "The Lady Killer," music by Frank Leo (Kennington Theatre, June 22); "Dan the Rake," romantic

musical drama by M. Warburton, F. Gilbert, L. Usher (Exeter, June 5); "The Lunatics," by Nita Rae (Woolwich, June 8).

A one-act Indian legend, "Die Opfer feuer," by Karl Gellerup, music by Gerhardt Schjelderup, was produced lately at the Dresden Theatre. Verdi's "Falstaff" has been revived at the Dresden Opera House.

Pietro Pellegrini, an amateur of a patrician family at Brescia, died lately at an advanced age. He was the composer of symphonies, songs, an opera, "Scou-

ur n^* (1988) p. 111. b. 111.

As a "story of the night" with a feature of the May festival at Prague. The operas were Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Beethoven's "Fidelio," Lortzing's "Wildschuetz" and "Die Meistersinger."

The first performance of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" in London (the Westminster Cathedral, June 6), was a disappointment. The acoustic properties of the building were prejudicial, or was the singing fully up to the mark.

Julius Steele, who died lately near Melbourne, at the age of 78, settled there in 1855. He accompanied Jenny Lind as solo flute player on her American tour, and he also traveled with Anna Bishop. For some years he was conductor of the Melbourne Liedertafel.

The Handel festival at London began on June 20. "The Messiah," "Aida and Maita," "Israel in Egypt" and many excerpts from Solomon were performed. Lani, Ella Russell, Clara Butt, Andrew Black and Kennerley Rumford were among the solo singers.

Theophilus Sakellariou, a Greek composer, 19 years old, has based an opera on ancient national melodies handed down from one generation to another and on fragments of the hymn to Apollo but a few years ago at Delphi. The libretto is of a national character.

The Buffalo Express laments the existence in that city of "a deplorable inertia, arising, if the unqualified truth may be spoken, from a low state of musical taste. * * * That Buffalo is branded with the stigma of musical ignorance is true, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

The Elizabethan Stage Society of London gave seven performances of

"Twelfth Night," beginning June 9, on a model stage of the old Globe Playhouse, under the conditions of Shakespeare's time, and with music played on virginals and lutes supplied by Arnold D. Imetsch.

Mr. Cuth McAlpin, whose opera, "The Cross and the Cross," won the Moody-Manners prize of £250, is 33 years old. A overture by him was performed in London at a concert of the Incorporated Society of Musicians about 18 months ago. The prize opera will be performed next September.

Richard Platt, a native of St. Louis, who studied the piano for eight years under Mrs. Stepanoff, and made his first appearance in Berlin about three years ago, played for the first time in London at a concert of the Amsterdam orchestra on June 5. He played Beethoven's C minor concerto, Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody, and a group of pieces by Chopin.

The Council of San Martino, president of the St. Cecilia at Rome, proposed lately at a meeting of the common council of that city a plan for the establishment of a permanent lyric theatre. At present the largest Italian cities have only successive seasons of some weeks, and always with a change of company. A committee has been appointed to study the plan and to report concerning the advisability of a government subsidy.

Meibla appeared at Covent Garden June 11 as Mimi in Puccini's "La Bohème," and a critic remarked politely: "The character of Mimi makes no great demands upon her histrionic abilities, even to the death scene there is no great effort to describe or realize the miserable fate of the singer's heroine. 'M-m-m-m!' It all depends on how you view the tragedy of this last operatic scene. The men who carried Fritz Schell away from the café table in the second act let her fall.

Leon F. Foss, the ballet master, who died at London June 1, had been master of the ballet at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Paris, Berlin; he had been with Richter, Marté, Carl Rosa and Henry Irving, and visited the United States in 1874 with "Notre Dame"; in 1893 with Irving; and he produced ballets during the Chicago exhibition. He composed the first electric ballet ever seen in London for Fanny Joshi in 1866. His last production was that of the dances in "Henry VIII," for which Edward German wrote the music.

A young opera singer named Irma Holz, aged 33, who was suffering from an incurable complaint, died at Vienna in the most pathetic circumstances. At midnight she demanded to be placed in an armchair and to be dressed in the costume of *La Traviata*. She then took leave of her husband and relations, the room was brilliantly illuminated, and by her wish her brother played on the piano Mendelssohn's "Fruehlingaled." With her last remaining strength the dying woman then sang a song of indescribable pathos and suddenly collapsed, crying, "Earth to earth." The doctors lifted her up, but she was dead.—*Era* (London, June 6).

A New Orleans newspaper thus characterized a comic opera: "Lovers of what is uniquely and gallantly rotten in the line of stage entertainment will dismiss seeing the piece. It stands alone. It is as gloomy as the cave of Adullam, as depressing as a sudden, unexpected bolt with a sandbag. It is the acme of off-ness, the peak of failure, 'the omit.' It will stand unchallenged in the literary history of the world as the only archyepic what a comic opera should not be. Its failure is secure. So intense is its gloom that it is telepathic. It preys on the lachrymal ducts as the vampire does on the veins." Author? Compser?

The brothers Isola have engaged Lulini, formerly conductor at the Opera Comique, to be musical director and chief conductor at the Gayety, Paris, next season. (Previously Lulini have been played here at Oratorio Club concerts led by Mr. Longy.) Calre, Renaud and Jerome have already been engaged, and there are negotiations now with other distinguished singers. The season will last from October through to January—four months. The first two operas will be Gluck's "Armide" and Massenet's "Herodlade." Sonzognie will produce Massenet's "Thais" for the first time in Italy at the Lyric Theatre, Mi-

October

Mr. Vaughan wrote in the *Daily News* (London) of Mr. von Zar Muehlen: "Some day Schubert's 'Die Schoene Muellerin' song cycle will be sung not only with intelligence and expression, but with beauty of tone as well. Indeed, I altogether deny that expressiveness in singing can be divorced from beauty of tone. It may still bear the name of expression, but it is only half the thing it was. German vocalists are invariably intelligent, but their idea of expression too often has no kind of relation to the medium in which they work. It is not musical, but elocutionary, and swings too far toward ranting."

Mary Garden's voice, according to reputable London critics, has "the nasal harshness of the French school," and in the first act of "Romeo and Juliet" she showed a disposition to sing sharp. "Her acting throughout was individual and intelligent. If her Juliet is once accepted. Miss Garden makes her a very 'knowing' and coquettish young lady." Shakespeare's Juliet was a "knowing" girl. Probably Miss Garden played the part passionately. Such a Juliet would be a relief after the genteel persons who have snippered from the ballroom to the tomb. Calve once told us that she would fain act Juliet as the part should be acted, but that she feared she was too fat. Her performance would be worth a pilgrimage.

"La Petite Maison." In three acts, book by Alexander Bisson and Georges Dequoy, music by William Chamaet (Opera Comique, Paris, June 5), is said to be a return to the good old-fashioned opera comique. A goldsmith complains to his wife, Gabrielle, of competition in business. Since the death of Louis XIV. things have gone to the dogs. Only libertines are in favor with the regent. The Chevalier de Fargis enters, and is smitten with Gabrielle, who says she will listen to him only when her husband is unfaithful. The chevalier tells the jeweller he, too, must be a libertine to prosper. He will lend him a little house for a festival, and the regent will attend. The jeweller gives the party. The regent and his mistress, who is a lady, Gabrielle appears, brought by a letter from the chevalier, and she finds her husband drunk and rakish. She unmasks; he tells her that he is dissipating in the interests of business, and she runs away with the same cry. The third act deals with explanations and reconciliations. Chamaet's music is praised. His "Bathylé" was produced at the Opera Comique in 1877.

HE LAMENTS THE DECAY
OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

*Escott's Latest Book Largely
Made up of Anecdotes.*

Preface by Wyndham to Ruskin's Letters to Mary and Helen Gladstone—The Sage Would Hang Innocent Men by Lot, After a Murder—"The Dead Ruskin."

We mentioned some days ago the publication by Fisher Unwin of Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "King Edward VII. and His Court." The title may seem to some misleading, for there is much gossip about London society and its characteristics. The book itself is largely anecdotal, and there are tedious pages. Has Mr. Escott a sense of humor? Did he smile while he described Edward as "a regular churchgoer, a patient listener and an intelligent critic of sermons?" He ventured in to epigram as: "The husband and the court of Queen Victoria began by making English society respectable; Edward VII. went on to make it smart." ("Smart" in this sense is a vile term, and we regret to find Mr. Escott using it.) Mr. Escott writes, with a grave face: "The fashionable world of England, heartless and cynical in some superficial aspects, shows on the other hand qualities of childish simplicity," yet he considers shrewdly the colonial element which grows more and more important, and the Jewish influence in society and money matters.

Some of his stories are old, and why did he feel himself obliged to retell Charles Lamb's description of roast pig prepared according to the Chinese method. There are inaccuracies which cannot be attributed to careless proof-reading. "Morgan, Drescal & Co., "Sarbone," "George Grate"—these blunders might justly irritate the author, but there are misrepresentations of fact, as when Dr. Pusey is introduced as living to lament the infidelistic prejudice in "Lux Mundi," which was published half a dozen years after his death. And did not Mr. Escott bow a little too obsequiously when he wrote: "Upon all forms of human effort, art and achievement, whether the level be high or lowly, royalty's smiles are impartially bestowed"?

Some of the best stories are about Disraeli. He remarked from a box at the Lyceum: "It reminds me of my own career, and in person I should think Mr. Irving might be taken for myself." Mr. Escott thinks that the play which provokes this quip was "Faust." Might not Mr. Irving have been impersonating Alfred Tinsley? Was Robert Lowe who said of Tinsley "Corry's elevation to the peerage," "Calgula made his horse a consul; I really see no reason why Lord Beaconsfield should not create his private secretary a peer." Did any one ever invent a repartee to the Duke of Devonshire's

comment: "Sundays meetings at the Reformer's Tree. Really, I don't know how, if you throw Hyde Park open to mobs of well-dressed people during the week, you can keep a rather less well-dressed mob out of it on Sunday." Lord Palmerston prophesied in 1840: "If for the century is out those clever and pretty women from New York will pull the strings in half the character of London."

Mr. Escott laments with a long lamentation the decay of society, the disappearance of the orthodox Squire, the prominence of the suddenly rich. Yet he admits certain changes for the better. "Thanks to Edward VII. dinner that formerly filled the whole of an evening is now merely one of its incidents. At its beginning, the function has been abbreviated by proceeding almost immediately to the main affair, the wearying interval of entrees and kidneys, to the game or the joint. At the other end of the feast, dessert is merely a name or an ornament like the flowers on the table." Yet some prefer to consider dinner as the last long and agreeable task of the 24 hours. De Quincey wrote in 1839: "Were it not for the soft relief of a good dinner, the gentlemanly demeanor succeeding to the hoarse rumbustious hubbub of the day, the soft glowing lights, the wine, the intellectual conversation, life in London is now come to such a pass that in two years all nerves would sink before it."

And does his hour "six" come absurdly early? It was a gala hour until about Waterloo, when it was promoted to "the fixed station of dinner-time in ordinary; and there perhaps it will remain through centuries. For a more festive dinner, seven, eight, nine, 10, have all been in requisition since then." Does Mr. Escott advocate a return to the dinner of his ancestors when, like the early Romans described by De Quincey, they sat bolt upright in chairs, as rabid, as libidinous in ogling the dishes, and as dubious as "furiously in haste"? Does he really realize that the modern late dinner should not be something nearly brutal, fleshly, animal, a ministraton to necessity, but the pre-eminently social and humanizing influence: "Moral in the self-restraint; Intellectual in the fact, notorious to all men, that the chief means for the easy display of Intellectual powers are at our dinner table"? For the purpose of dinner, real no reputed, is as the Opium Eater well said: "To throw the grace of intellectual enjoyment over an animal necessity; to relieve and to meet by a benign antagonism the toll of brain incident to high forms of social life." A dinner worthy the name is never merely an "Incident" of an evening.

The Rt. Hon. George Wyndham contributes a preface to John Ruskin's "Letters to M. G. and H. G." (Harper & Bros., New York). "M. G." is Mary Gladstone (now Mrs. Drew); "H. G." is Miss Helen Gladstone. Mr. Wyndham had heard Gladstone and Ruskin talking in 1878 at Hawarden: "These two who seemed opposite in aim and were so in method; approaching life, whether as a problem to be solved or a task to be accomplished, by divergent paths and with sentiments widely sundered; the one, in grim earnestness and absolute faith; the other, with sunlit grace playing over all but absolute despair."

Mr. Gladstone made allusions in his diary to the visits paid him by Ruskin in 1878. "In some respects an unrivalled guest, and those important respects too." Mr. Ruskin at dinner delivered his political opinions. They aimed at the restoration of the Victorian system, and exhibit a mixture of virtuous absolutism and Christian socialism. All in his charming and benevolent manner." Mary Gladstone's cousin consulted Ruskin on the choice of a profession and a local education officer asked him to answer a question on a prophetic note that he might not be able to tell him what he asked in a way that would be acceptable. "That will depend on the time you take in receiving (I do not doubt your receiving ultimately) the answers. I have been thinking of each these 10 years, that neither the Holy Ghost, nor the justice of God — nor the life of man — may be sold."

Mr. Windham finds the letters to Gladstone's daughters "nothworthy," because "they reveal something more of a great man," who made Carlyle popular. "These letters are generally valuable because they show that great men are playful and affectionate"—a delightful example of close reasoning. And in these letters "there is a special note of courage," as Mr. Windham says in a sentimental burst, "the gracious courage with which, while treading a *via dolorosa*, he placed a posy before every shrine of beauty and gentleness and love."

After the preface are nearly 30 pages of extracts from an old journal kept while Ruskin was a visitor at Hawarden. Ruskin was bitter against museums and natural science, for they tend to fix the attention on all nature's mistakes and failures. We should never look at or think of anything unlovely, impure, horrible. In museums we ought to have "a pleasant—no, loveliest—world" that are to be found—of nature's handiwork. Birds in all their feathers, animals in their skins. I don't ever desire to see a dodo in its skeleton state; I never saw one in its plumage, and why should I wish to see one without?"

He mourned because there was not an absolutely truthful newspaper in the world. "Why is not a newspaper started which we may entirely trust, which should wait until news was certain before admitting it; what would delay signify if truth were assured? How horrible is the condition of our daily press! Columns full of horrors, murders, suicides, brutalities, conspicuous villainy and abomination. I would have a paper that would tell us of the loveliest and best people in every town and place, of nothing but pure and beautiful things. Nowadays it is the most infamous people who are published to the world, who are forced upon our thoughts. I would have the gentlest, purest

no one of us could see beyond the small, immediate future in the present. This time and the world completely could not spot the enemy good, the people."

Huckleberry Finn. I had said a
a girl to a boy. I had said a
her brother and the whole lot of
'Yes, and with a little in su
orable life. Any nawk might
of so delightful a position
Roman young women of f
Martiell's time wor
weather for nucking a boat had
the river at Oxford. The horse had
ruined by racing. Mothers should
expend their love upon their ow
dren, but should love all their
too, especially the poor and the
Don't try to reform a bad, bad, d
waste time on the ill-dispo
man who has failed in any subject h
no right whatever to any one word
respecting the subject in which he
failed."

A woman should not venture to hope for perfection in him she would love, but a man should believe in a maiden to be purely and perfectly absolute and unqualified. An Englishman enters the army for the sake of this position, the uniform, the prestige of it, and that is utterly wrong. Thus did Ruskin grumble, but in a graceful and delightful manner—"bright, gentle, delicately covetous; the lyric melody of his voice—more intensely spiritual, more subduedly passionate, more thrilling than any voice I ever heard."

The letters themselves would, for the most part, be voted dull or trivial if they had been written by an ordinarily respectable and friendly person, but there are some characteristic and interesting passages. Ruskin gives thanks that he at last understands Gladstone's earnestness. "How is it possible for the men who have known him long to allow the thought of his course of conduct now, or at any other time, having been warped by ambition, to diminish the lustre and the power of his name? I have been grievously deceived concerning him myself, and have once written words about him which, I trust, you at least may never see. They shall be effaced henceforward (I have written to cancel the page on which they are)."

Mr. Wyndham is tempted to apologize for this remark concerning Browning: "He knows much of music, does not he? But I think he must like it mostly for its discords." Ruskin wrote of the sudden death of the Duchess of Argyll at Gladstone's dinner table: "I have never heard of anything so instantly terrible, except in the grief of war; but yet how infinitely, in the full sense of the word, better to suffer such grief than—aa so many times it chances in this terrible age—never to have loved enough to be capable of it." In 1879 he referred to his age: "I'm rather going down the hill than up just now; it's no slippery, but I haven't turned—only slipped backward."

While he considered Gladstone to be "a perfectly right-minded private English gentleman, a man of purest red clover-temper and as one tenderly compassionate and as one earnestly (desiring to be just)," he wrote to Mary Gladstone, "but in none of these virtues, as a public man, is he alone in England. In none of these virtues, as a public man, is he to be vociferously or exclusively applauded, without dishonor implied to other English gentlemen and to other English politicians."

Ruskin wrote in 1881: "The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, not having not enough loved him in the days gone by, is no greater sorrow, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and all other—moments." He thought of words about obeying fathers as well as husbands for a new edition of "Sesame and Lilies" for girls only "I'm more and more convinced of the total inability of men to manage themselves much less their sons and daughters, but it is left to daughters to be obedient, and the book's imperfect without a word or two in favor of the papas." He could not persuade Gladstone that those who possess the land must live on it, not by taxing it.

Two short essays, "Ruskin and Gladstone" and "The Dead Ruskin," by Canon Scott Holland, are included in the volume. The most entertaining passage in these essays is the account of Ruskin's scheme for enforcing social responsibility for crime. All of us are guilty of crimes done in our neighborhood. We should have sustained a higher moral tone and not allowed the conditions that lead to crime. "How good, then, would it be if London were cut up into districts, and when a murder was committed in any one district the inhabitants should draw lots to decide who should be hung for it. Would not that quicken the public conscience?" How excellent the moral effect would be if the man on whom the lot fell were of a peculiarly high character!"

Ruskin was sure there would be no murders in that district for some time. The murderer would be profoundly moved when he saw the execution of an innocent and excellent man, and would resolve on the spot to abstain from murder in future. And yet here is a paradox almost as entertaining. It is silly to fuss about the insides of prisons. Once you have sent persons into prison, make the inside as bad as possible. It is outside that reform is needed. The idle rich are the real criminals, and every man who has over £5000 a year should be imprisoned if he does not work.

There is a portrait of Ruskin of the later years when he looked like "something between a old-fashioned nobleman of the forties and an angel that had lost its way." There is also a reproduction of Burne-Jones' portrait of Mary Gladstone.

June 29, 1903

LOVE AGAIN REVIVED.

Wedding to Elizabeth Siddal Was a Caprice.

Latest Story of the Poet Painter's
Only Love, by His Brother, Con-
trasted with the Weird, Fanta-
stic Version of Marcel Schwob—
"The Blessed Damozel."

The May number (Vol. I, No. 3) of the Burlington Magazine (Saville Publishing Company, London), contains articles of unusual interest. Mr. Henri Bouchet, keeper of prints at the national library of France, writes concerning a newly discovered pack of Lyonnese playing cards (1470). The "forgotten painter," discussed by Mr. Langton Douglas, is Stefano di Giovanni, called Sassetta. Mr. Miller Christy contributes a second article on tinder boxes; Mr. Percy Macquoid continues his discussion of the evolution and decoration in English silver plate; Miss Rose Kingsley and Camille Gronkowski begin a series of articles on the remarkable Dutuit collection; and Mr. W. H. J. Weale writes the third paper on "The Early Painters of the Netherlands, as illustrated by the Bruges Exhibition of 1902." There are other valuable articles and notes. The illustrations are abundant and of genuine worth.

The article of the number, however, is "Dante Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal," by W. M. Rossetti, with fac-similes of five unpublished drawings by Dante Rossetti in the collection of Mr. Harold Hartly.

Much has been written about the one woman Rossetti loved, his Blessed Damozel; much has been written by friends and acquaintances that seems to the world at large as fantastic and incredible as the "Lilith" of Marcel Schwob, the wild story in which that biographer of imaginary lives makes Rossetti the crazed and vain hero, and personifies Elizabeth Siddal as the first wife of a Lam:

"Not a drop of her blood was human. But she was made like a soft, sweet woman." Schwob's Rossetti—who is not named directly in these few pages from "Coeur Double"—loved Lilith as much as one can love a woman here below, but their history was sadder than any other. The poet first loved the passionate and longing Virgins of Correggio, and then the peaceable women of Raphael and the women of Brunetto Latini, with their faces rigidly beatific in contemplation of paradisaical joy. And of women on earth, he first loved Jenny; sad and dream-possessed, he watched her while she slept. He turned toward Helen, not of Troy, but the Helen who melted the wax doll and pierced its heart with a needle, that her false lover might waste away. The poet abandoned her for Rose Mary, watched over by the spirits of the beryl. When her soul fled heavenward with these spirits released from the magic stone through her love and consequent angry splitting of the beryl, he loved Lilith. Thus does Schwob represent the poet as the lover of his own creations. And his poet wedded Lilith, through an artistic caprice.

Her eyes were the color of heaven and her long blonde hair was as luminous as that of Berenice; her voice had the sweet sound of fragile things. For her he wrote sonnets to which he gave the title, "The House of Life," and he copied them into a parchment book. Now Lilith was not born for this world, and as she knew she was about to die, she spoke to him in the words of the Blessed Damozel. He saw her die and he wrote his famous poem, the most beautiful ornament which ever adorned a dead woman. He thought that she had been dead for 10 years; he saw her leaning over the bar of heaven; she was watching his approach; she smiled, she stretched out her arms for him, and then he heard her tears. This was the last poem he wrote in Lilith's book, which he closed with golden bands. He swore he had been poet only for her sweet sake, and he buried the book in the coffin under her luminous hair. Then he went far from the tomb and sought landscapes that did not recall the loved one.

But the sound of the sea recalled her tears, and he heard her voice in the inmost recesses of the forest; and the swallow turning its black head seemed the graceful movement of the neck of his beloved, and the moon's disc, broken in the sombre water of the pond, sent toward him a thousand golden and fugitive glances. Again he would faint chant her praise, but he could not sing, and then he remembered that he had written marvellous sonnets in her honor. Was he not first of all a poet? These women of Correggio, Raphael, Jenny, Helen, Rose Mary; even Lilith herself—what were they all but occasions for literary enthusiasm? And so one night he found himself trembling, pursued by an odor which clung to his garments, with earth-stained hands, with the noise of broken wood in his ears—and before him was the book, the work of his life which he had written from the dead. He had robbed Lilith of the book which reeked of death. The pages were hideously moist, and with the heavy tears that streamed from them came a whiff of corruption.

He again saw the smile of Lilith, he again drank her hot tears, and he yearned madly for fame. He hurried the poems to the printer with the re-

morse for theft and prostitution, with the dolorous thought of unassuaged vanity. He bared his heart to the world; he showed its lacerations; he dragged the corpse of Lilith before the eyes of all; and from this treasure obtained by sacrifice, the crackings of the coffin sound between the sweep and the surge of the verse.

The brother of Dante Gabriel Rossetti makes no mention of Marcel Schwob or of his fantastic view of the poet's love-life. He says that he himself has before this written and edited various details concerning Elizabeth, but these details did not form a consecutive unity, and she is well entitled to "something in the nature of express biographic record," though her life was short "and her performances restricted in both quantity and development."

Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal—her surname is spelled correctly "Siddall"—was the daughter of a Sheffield cutler. Born about 1834, she was some six years younger than Dante Gabriel. The family went to London, where Elizabeth received an ordinary education "conformable to her condition in life." She became an apprentice or assistant in a bonnet shop. Little is known about her early life. "She had read Tennyson, about him by finding one or two of his poems on a piece of paper which she brought home to her mother, wrapped round a nat of butter."

The girl was strangely beautiful; tall, with the throat and carriage of Juno, with a pink and white complexion, with large greenish-blue and large-lidded eyes, with massive straight coppery-golden hair. "One could not have seen a woman in whose whole demeanor maidenly and feminine purity was more markedly apparent. She maintained an attitude of reserve, self-controlling and alien from approach. Without being prudish, and along with a decided inclination to order her mode of life according to her own liking, whether conformable or not to the views of the British matron, she was certainly distant." Her talk was slight and scattered; it gave little clue to her real self.

The Praeraphaelites thought it prejudicial to a painter occupied with an ideal or a poetic subject to paint from an ordinary living model. The painter should look for living persons, "who, by refinement of character and aspect, may be supposed to have some affinity with those personages—and when he has found such people to paint from, he ought, with substantial though not slavish fidelity, to represent them as they are." One Deverell, an artist and a friend of Rossetti, though not of the Brotherhood, happened to see Elizabeth in the shop working with her needle. His mother obtained permission from the shop mistress for her assistant to sit to him for Viola in the scene where the duke, along with Viola, is listening to music. Rossetti was sitting for the head of the Jester and in the studio he probably first met Elizabeth, who in 1850 sat also for him. As the brother writes: "To fall in love with Elizabeth Siddal was a very easy performance." Ten years went by before Rossetti married her, though they were betrothed some time in 1851, when she left the bonnet shop.

Rossetti never called her Elizabeth before a third person: he addressed her as Lizzie, Liz, more often as Guggums, Guggum or Gugg. She was constantly in his studio and alone with him, sometimes as a model, but they were often together without pretence of a sitting. Other men and women soon found out that they were not wanted in the studio. Dante was an unconventional man, and she soon became an unconventional woman. Of them Swinburne said, with characteristic extravagance in after years—and he knew her well: "It is impossible that even the reptile rancor, the omnivorous malignity of Iago himself could have dreamed of trying to cast a slur on the memory of that incomparable lady whose maiden name was Siddal, and whose married name was Rossetti."

Toward the end of 1852 Elizabeth began to draw and paint. A design of Clerk Saunders (1854) was purchased by Prof. Charles Elliot Norton; but Rossetti got it back in 1869. "As to the quality of her work, it may be admitted at once that she never attained to anything like masterliness—her portrait shows more competence than other productions, and in the present day, when vigorous brush work and calculated 'values' are more thought of than inventiveness or sentiment, her performances would secure little beyond a sneer first, a glance afterward and a silent passing by." Mr. Rossetti adds that she had ideas which could be expressed by design—and such "ideas" were valued in those early pre-Raphaelite days. She had facility of invention and composition, with purity of feeling, dignified simplicity and grace, and a right intention in coloring. Ruskin admired her and her work. She visited his house, and he said she was a noble, glorious creature, and he bought every scrap of design by her that he could find. The Tennysons were eager to have her join the illustrators of the once famous Moxon edition of Tennyson's poems.

There was a consumptive taint in Elizabeth's constitution. Her health was always delicate, often distressingly bad. She went to various resorts and cures, even as far as Nice. In 1860 she was near unto death, and Rossetti wrote to his mother that Lizzie and he were to be married in a few days. "Like all the important things I ever meant to do—to fulfil duty or secure happiness—this one has been deferred almost beyond possibility. I have hardly deserved that Lizzie should still consent to it, but she has done so, and I trust I may still have time to prove my thankfulness to her." The marriage was in May, 1860. There was a wedding journey to Paris. After the return to London, Elizabeth painted some and sat to her husband. In May, 1861, she was confined of a stillborn female child; but she seemed to recover quickly. Then she began to waste from con-

sumption and for neurasthenia she took under medical authority, frequent doses of laudanum, without which she could not sleep nor eat. On Feb. 10, 1862, she dined at a tavern with her husband and Swinburne. She went to bed about 9, and Dante left the house. When he turned shortly before midnight, he called to his wife. She did not answer. He found her in bed unconscious; the laudanum phial was empty. She died the next morning.

The brother writes concerning the incident that so fired the fancy of Marcel Schwob: "Dante Rossetti, as it has often been recorded, buried in her coffin the mass of his poems, which had then recently been announced for publication. He chose to make this sacrifice to her memory, and for more than seven years thereafter he was unable to bring out the intended volume. At last, in October, 1869, the manuscript was uncoffined, and the publication ensued." Elizabeth wrote poetry, which Christina Rossetti, most imaginative and subtle of all poets among women since dark-haired Sappho with the strange and haunting smile, thought beautiful, but too painful and hopelessly sad for publication. The woman herself, irrespective of her artistic qualities, was surely an extraordinary apparition. Madox Brown, who saw her in 1854 when she was "thinner and more deathlike and more beautiful and more ragged than ever," spoke of her as "a woman without parallel for many a long year." Swinburne, who paid tribute to her "matchless grace, loveliness, courage, endurance, wit, humor, heroism and sweetness," wrote to W. M. Rossetti: "I never knew so brilliant and appreciative a woman—so quick to see and so keen to enjoy that rare and delightful fusion of wit, humor, character-painting and dramatic poetry—poetry subdued to dramatic effect, which is only less wonderful and delightful than the highest works of genius. She was a wonderful as well as a most lovable creature."

She is the woman of many of Rossetti's paintings, his Beatrice, Mary, Francesca; she sat to Holman Hunt; she is the Ophelia of Millais; but she will be known as the woman, who inspired "The Blessed Damozel," and the sonnets of "The House of Life." Rossetti, in 1854, wrote reproachfully of himself: "It seems hard to me when I look at her sonnets working or too ill to work, and think how many, without one tithe of her genius or greatness of spirit, have granted them abundant health and opportunity to labor through the little they can or will do, while perhaps her soul is never to bloom nor her bright hair to fade; but, after hardly escaping from degradation and corruption, all she might have been sunk out again unprofitably in that dark house where she was born. How truly she may say, 'No man cared for my soul!' I do not mean to make myself an exception; for how long I have known her and not thought of this till so late—perhaps too late! But Rossetti immortalized her."

Many may remember the excitement caused by the publication of the first volume of his poems; the outrageous attack by Robert Buchanan. The sensuousness of certain sonnets shocked the professionally prudish, and even the most liberal and the inherently pure were amazed at the exposure of sacredly intimate moments in a poem that disappeared from subsequent editions. Yet Donne, dean of St. Paul's, was even franker in verse inspired by the thought of his wife; Sir Kenelm Digby was almost cynical in his desire that the world should know what physical perfection he had lost forever, and Thomas Carew's "The Rapture" is still reprinted without sour comment.

However beautiful the expression of amorous grief may be, however universal or elemental the amorous thought, it may be said that words of rich color and phrases of haunting melody cannot have the unconscious purity of the unabashed statue. Elizabeth, the most distant of women, is the heroine of glowingly sensuous sonnets, and as the Blessed Damozel she mourns even the paradise her lover with an earthly love. The Elizabeth known to her poet-husband was evidently a more complex character than the woman admired and praised by her friends. She was possibly the ideal wife described by Balzac's priest to Mme. Hulot. Without this unrecognized quality, she might not now be immortal through Rossetti's verse.

PLEA FOR UNIFICATION OF ENGLISH PEOPLES

A Forceful Argument Made by
John R. Dos Passos.

Member of the New York Bar Elaborates a Scheme for Mutual-Citizenship, the Annexation of Canada to the United States, and a Tribunal of Arbitration.

Mr. John R. Dos Passos of the New York bar is the author of "The Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English Speaking People" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London). The book is an argument for a close union between the United States and England, with common citizenship and with Canada as a part of this country.

The two events which marked the close of the 19th century were unexpected, wellnigh incredible; the United States fighting in the Philippines for

the possession of a land which she claimed by conquest and purchase; the British empire sending armies over sea into Africa to wage war against a brave and defiant folk. The Spanish war revealed the United States as in some respects the leading power of the world, a natural and necessary party to all great international questions; although the rank of an international power was not sought by her, but evolved out of a confluence of natural conditions. The statement that England has entered upon her decline is absurd. "In less than one year she transported in her own ships 250,000 soldiers to South Africa without the loss of a single life. No other two existing nations could have accomplished the same task." Her political edifice cannot be destroyed, because it is built upon the solid foundations of true civil liberty. She has fierce commercial competitors in this country and Germany.

We say, a nation, forget just now that religion in its broad sense, liberty, justice, equality and virtue are more important than money. "They are the chains of steel which bind a free country together; mere wealth without these qualities has no preserving power; and if we lose our institutions, in their form or in their spirit, of what use will money be to us, or how will it be protected? * * * So long as individual or combined wealth adheres to its legitimate functions a state is safe. When, however, it is used to corrupt or influence the judiciary; when it seeks to interfere with, or affect legislation; when it subsidizes or controls the press; when it severs instead of combines society; in fine, when it is used as a substitute for character, the people must beware, they must quickly intervene and crush it; for the pillars of all free government will then be attacked, and they will experience an oligarchy of wealth—the worst of all oligarchies and the most destructive of individual liberty."

The world is now owned or controlled by five nations, the British empire, the United States of America, Russia, Germany and France. The three great rivals in the commercial world are the United States, England and Germany. Russia is in the course of development. Her government is still experimental. She is working at the building up of an internal policy. She is now, as ever, grasping for contiguous territories. If she can succeed in continuing a despotism, her external policy may become the great question of the century. Her dream is that of Peter the Great—the acquisition of Asia, then the conquest of Europe. But Peter did not take America into account. It is the unquestionable policy of England, the United States, Germany and France, so far as China is concerned, to settle with Russia at once. China as a nation is oblivious to progress. The alliance of Russia and France is false and unnatural. France's real position should be isolation. She has made no real progress in government during the last century. There are two fundamental mistakes in her government, the congress and the government of the held and administered. Paris, the centre of boiling passions; the cabinet participates in the proceedings of the legislative bodies. The cultivation of enmity for England is the curse of France. She has forgotten Bonaparte's appeal: "Make friends with England." Yet by reason of her internal resources, enormous wealth, trained army and navy she is still a great power in the world, and her friendship should be cultivated by this country.

Nether Spain nor Portugal could be an influential factor in the consolidation of the people speaking their languages. There is no force to bring about a federation between the republics of South and Central America and Mexico. Mexico, in form a republic, is a despotism. It is honest, capable, strong; he confirms the statement that a despotism, when the despot is a patriot and a good and wise man, is the best form of government. But what will happen to Mexico when Diaz dies? He has no successor. The conservative Mexicans will in due time ask protection from the United States; they may ask for annexation.

During the Spanish war England showed practically her friendship for the United States. This aroused European fear and envy. "The less we say as to how this debt has been repaid, the better our feelings and manners." We must, at least, candidly admit that many American criticisms of England in the Boer war have been in a very different spirit—sufficiently ill-bred, harsh and unfriendly. That may be passed by. Difference of opinion on such subjects is natural, and language is generally exaggerated in proportion to ignorance of the subject. But a more recently developed sentiment among us is deserving of severer censure: a few of our people are disposed to turn the sympathy and assistance of England at that critical moment into a ground of complaint against her; not only is her friendship denied and denounced, but she is accused of having beguiled us into the paths of imperialism, and our rulers share in the denunciation, as having succumbed to her blandishments—a monstrous and wholly unjust instance of political perversity.

The thought of an alliance between the English-speaking people grew out of the Spanish-American war, an event of supreme importance in the history of England and the United States. The form of the proposed alliance as promulgated by the Anglo-American league was in definite. The purpose of a close union should be perpetuated in writing, in a second Magna Charta or Declaration of Independence, so that the world could not misconstrue the motives.

Different epochs led to the development and expansion of the English speaking race; the introduction of Christianity into England; the consolidation of the different kingdoms of England into one; the influence of the Roman law; the great charters; the petition of right; the habeas corpus act; the bill of rights; the act of settlement; the union with Scotland

civilization is very old. The Egyptians of 4000 B. C. and the monarchs before that ruled along the Euphrates were more distant to Homer, to Odysseus, or to Job than Homer and Job are to the modern human race has swooped down in long range from the primitive level; the period in which exact knowledge, based upon measures and experiment, has replaced guess work and dreams is exceedingly short. The doctrine of evolution, guessed by Heraclitus 2500 years ago, has been developed and made concrete in our time. The last 100 or three centuries have acquired a greater knowledge of this world and of the larger universe, than all the 60 or 70 centuries preceding." But this advance does not necessarily imply any corresponding advance in the natural powers of the human mind. The great advances of modern science, the invention and the mechanical application of which Snyder includes all that may contribute to exact measurement, and to

Mr. Snyder has written for the layman. He has written clearly and without pedagogic display. His hook is one of genuine interest, one of help to all who wish to know easily something of recent scientific progress. It is not necessary for enjoyment is to accept all his materialistic conclusions, which he expresses jauntily and with all the assurance of the bigoted enthusiast. If they are to be accepted blindly, the "joy and sparkle" which have gone from the eyes of M. Berthelot would go from the eyes of all reasoning men and women who would not be consoled by fanatic belief in a theory, and who have no desire to play at Jupiter Tonans, much less Providence. There are illustrations, chiefly portraits of leading scientists.

The critics of New York in the first half of the 19th century were concerned chiefly with operatic matters. In 1825 the only musical stage performances in New York were English operettas, which corresponded to the French vaudevilles. In 1825 the Garcia company, with Maria Garcia, who was afterward world-famous as Malibran, produced at the Park Theatre Rossini's "Barbier" and thus was there occasion for the first article written in this country concerning an operatic performance worthy of attention. The article was published in the Evening Post. A few extracts will show its character.

"An assemblage of ladies so fashionable, so numerous, and so elegantly dressed was probably never before witnessed in our theatre.

"* * * In what language shall we speak of an entertainment so novel in this country, but which has so long ranked as the most elegant and refined among the amusements of the higher classes of the Old World! All have obtained a general idea of the opera from report. But report can give but a faint idea of it. Until it is seen, it will never be believed that a play can be conducted in recitative or singing, and yet he nearly as natural as the ordinary drama. We were last night surprised, delighted, enchanted; and such were the feelings of all who witnessed the performance.

"* * * The daughter, Signorina Garcia, seems to us a being of new creation, a

feels, when portray the loveliness of this admirable creature's face and figure, and give to our distant readers any conception of the wildering wonders of her almost unqualified voice! Compassion, sweetness, taste, truth, flexibility, rapidity, and force do not make up all the sum of her vocal powers, and her voice is only one of the rare qualities with which nature has endowed her. She possesses in as high a degree as any actress we remember to have seen that exquisite perception of propriety in action, that delicate appreciation and graceful execution of the duties of her part, which constitute requisites equally indispensable in the practice of her difficult profession. "The execution of the duties of her art"—this is vague; but the critic also wrote: "Her shake is not so appoggiaturas beautiful; and her degrees whenever introduced, are

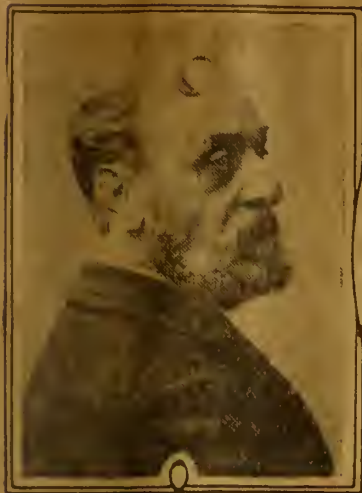
flexibility of his voice, he is generally sure of his going through most of the bodily contortions of an 'India rubber posture man' in a circus ring. In the midst of the famous quartet (sic) of 'Lucia' he breaks the dramatic interest of the scene by striding to the front of the stage, with his arms extended, when, clapping both hands upon his breast, after the fashion of a goose foot, and with his body imminent above the footlights, as if about diving head first into the astonished kettledrums, he shouts forth sounds like 'ay-hay hee! mo sa-han-gway-hay lo-lo tradeeta-hab-hab-hab-ha,' etc., which is his ver-

These Germans, indefatigable, not
be discouraged, exerted and still exe

Mr. Woolf was never weary of combatting the opinion still entertained by some today—fortunately they are few in number—that music is distinctively German institution; that the Germans are the musical people and that music knowledge will die with them. The influence of the Germans in this count

These Germans, indefatigable, not to be discouraged, exerted and still exert a

THE ATTITUDE OF AMERICAN CRITICS TOWARD MUSIC.



B.E. WOOLF.



W.H. FRY.



JOHN S. DWIGHT.



H.E. KREHBIEL.

had much to do with the establishment of this belief, and for many years American students in Germany without thought of possible advantage elsewhere. These students returned more German than the Germans; when they wrote, they wrote in the German manner. Today Paris and Brussels are recognized as towns that present rare musical advantages to students. Today the French, the Russian, the Scandinavian, the Italian composers are classed more highly, and Cesar Franck, D'Indy, Gabriel Faure, Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Sinding, Puccini are something more than doubtful names in a catalogue. Yet there are so-called music lovers even now in Boston who are under the impression that all the music that is good is made in Germany, where it was invented. Now neither the symphony nor the sonata nor the concerto, nor any form of chamber music, nor the symphonic poem nor the opera nor the oratorio nor the cantata was invented by a German. And, with the exception of the hotly discussed Richard Strauss, what composer of marked merit is now at work in Germany?

We have said that for years Italian opera was the one form of music which truly interested the critics and the public of New York. Attention was paid the concerts given by the Philharmonic Society and other orchestras by chamber clubs and by virtuosos, but the opera was the thing. The enormous growth of the German population in New York gradually worked a change. Concerts of the first class began to be considered of importance. As many came interested in them the concerts had a new value, and the standard of criticism was raised. German-Americans, who revolted against Italian domination and were stirred by the legends of Wagner and his sonorous and never-ending orchestra, finally succeeded in bringing Wagner's operas before the public. They were helped in their cause by certain critics, at first by Mr. Otto Doersheim and other German-born New Yorkers, then by Messrs. Finck, Krehbiel, Henderson, Huneker, Kobbe

and others. The pioneers were Mr. Doersheim and his friends and Mr. Finck. Wagner became a fashionable man, conductors and critics made money by explaining his music-dramas in lectures before performances, and soon there was a disease, at the time infectious and easily recognizable, known as Wagneritis. Wagner has now his appointed place in a row with Verdi, Mozart, Bizet, Gounod and other makers of operas. Wagneritis is now confined to a few isolated cases, but the efforts then made by these critics of New York still influence music and musicians to a certain degree. There was a time—and not long ago—when modern French and Russian and Italian composers were looked at skew-eyed; they were accused of imitating or reproaching for not imitating Wagner. Critics who had written columns of mad praise over the story of "Die Walkure" or "Tristan" were shocked at Massenet's "Mignon" or the horrors of the neo-Italians, and called hysterically for an ounce of elixir. Richard Strauss was accused of writing "charnel house" music, and our townsman, Mr. Loesser, was charged with "morbidness" because he had chosen a tragedy by Macbeth for poems by Rollinat and Verlaine as subjects for orchestral treatment. It is natural that opinions pronounced by influential journals of New York should carry weight throughout the country.

The most prominent critics of New York who are now writing about music are Messrs. H. T. Finck, W. J. Henderson and H. E. Krehbiel. Mr. Huneker, enthusiastic and brilliant in appreciation, is now interested in the drama, but his musical influence is still felt. Mr. Richard Aldrich, fair-minded, cool, accurate, well equipped, is not so widely known.

Mr. Krehbiel, who may be called the dean of the New York critics, has German blood in his veins, as has Mr. Finck. Mr. Huneker is of Hungarian and Irish parentage, and he has been a professional musician; he has earned money by teaching the piano, which he studied in this country and at Paris. Mr. Krehbiel was at first strongly conservative. Converted to the cause of Wagner, he was a zealous preacher of the gospel according to that composer, and for some years he was a staunch partisan. He was a German of the Germans and for the Germans. His motto seemed to be: "No French, Russians, Italians need apply." His influence, through sermons from a daily pulpit, through admirable books, was and is indisputable, not only in New York, but throughout the country. He has grown tolerant. He now strives to recognize musical worth wherever it may be found. He is still an idealist, a German idealist, with a reverence for the pure and beautiful in music as these qualities are understood by him. Impressionism in music does not make a strong appeal to him, and a composer like Claude Debussy, who writes literary or intellectual music in which, to quote Landormy, "the art of combining sounds is subordinated to the intention of expressing a thing or a sentiment," is not so near to him as he that writes a symphony or a sonata in conventional form. Mr. Krehbiel's historical knowledge and his charm in imparting it, his admiration for the ideal, his dislike of that which is merely eccentric or flamboyant—these characteristics have been potent factors in his educational influence, although some of his warm friends and admirers may find him reluctant to accept new doctrines which will, in the course of years, be traditions, or to grasp the full meaning of new and subtle expressions of emotion.

Mr. Henderson, a man of sound, varied, liberal education, of musical training, of true poetic fancy, of biting wit, has a more pronounced individuality as a critic than any of his colleagues. With the exception of Mr. Huneker, if Mr. Krehbiel reminds one at times of Mr. Dwight, Mr. Henderson recalls the memory of Mr. Woolf. He, too, is impatient with airy and bustling mediocrity, with snobbish and unintelligent admiration. The singers and pianists and violinists and conductors whom he discusses are not to him persons of flesh and blood; they are as the checker men on the board with which he plays his game, that he may win for truth and righteousness as they are known to him. He writes with the authority born of knowledge, with the warmth of artistic appreciation; with the severity of a just man moved to indignation.

Mr. Finck is frankly an honest partisan who glories in his partisanship. Baudelaire wrote that the critic should be a partisan, and he elaborated his statement. Mr. Finck has his idols; Wagner, Chopin, Grieg, Johann Strauss, Tschalkowsky, MacDowell, Jean de Reszke, Paderewski, Nordica—there are others—and he sings their praise in and out of season. He is ready to welcome a composer or a singer of any nationality, provided the stranger has some unusual or original characteristic. He is the sworn foe of routine. Conventional forms are to him as the abomination of desolation. His honesty is unquestioned; he is as brave as Ney; he declares his likes and dislikes, his theories and beliefs with the bluntness of a child. He is a singular and fascinating mixture of catholicity and intolerance. His earnestness and sincerity and his devotion to art command respect and wield an influence, even when his deliberate opinion would seem wanton extravagance, as coming from another.

A critic of whatever nationality he may be must be influenced largely by the conditions of his education, by his mental equipment, by his inherited

acquired disposition, and somewhat by his prevailing physical condition. It is not likely that a German, reared musically at Leipzig, should feel toward Tschalkowsky as a Russian would feel, or toward Saint-Saens as a Frenchman would be disposed. An Italian, with the best intention, would fail to appreciate the melodic thought of Brahms. No two persons in an audience are reminded of precisely the same things when they hear a musical composition. "The landscape is in the eye of the beholder," and this saying may be applied to music. Why, then, should exact uniformity of opinion be expected from any half-dozen critics? The majority will undoubtedly agree as to fixed and established matters, such as the character of a composer's workmanship, the purity or impurity of a singer's intonation, but concerning questions of aesthetics there will always be dispute. And the intelligent reader of conflicting opinions will take note of the personal equation; he will not jump at once to the conclusion that one writer is wise and honest, the other foolish or a knave.

The American critic should be the most receptive of all. There is no American school of composition with binding or prejudicial traditions. He should welcome all comers, listen patiently to them, and then neither blame them because they present new and strange views for consideration, nor praise them for following prudently in well beaten and dusty roads.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Franz Naval, tenor, will begin in 1903 an engagement at the Berlin Opera House.

Emil Bare, formerly concert master at Chicago, is engaged in the same capacity at Budapest.

"Napoleon Bonaparte," a symphonic poem in four parts, by Schioeler, a Dane, was produced at Copenhagen.

A new "dance-lyrl," "Auf Japan," music by Rudolf Frimel, has been produced at the Dresden Opera House.

Gluck's "Orpheus" will be performed at the Roman Amphitheatre, Orange, July 11, by the Opera-Comique company, of Paris.

Henri Petri, violinist, and Georg Wille, cellist, will succeed the late Rappoldi and Gruetzmacher as teachers at the Dresden Conservatory.

Claude Debussy is at work on a lyric drama, "As You Like It." The libretto, based on Shakespeare's comedy, was written by Toulet during a voyage to India.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's piano concerto in C sharp minor was played for the first time in England at Miss Polyena Fletcher's concert, London, June 22. The concerto has never been played here in public.

Willy Burmeister, the violinist, played concertos by Bach, Beethoven and Tschalkowsky in one and the same concert at London. His performance was described as "meritorious, but fatiguing."

New musical comedies in England: "Jack's Sweetheart," by Fletcher Sansome (Woolwich, June 15); "The Babes in Toyland," Glen McDonough and Victor Herbert (for copyright purposes, Westbourne-grove, June 15).

July 7 1903 POSITION, LOVE AND TRAGEDY IN ROYAL LIFE

Austin's Drama of "Flodden Field" in Book Form.

"The Orrery Papers" a Valuable Addition to 18th Century Literature—Life at Courts of Russia and Netherlands Described in "Old Days in Diplomacy."

Mr. Alfred Austin's drama "Flodden Field," produced at Mr. Macmillan's Tree's hospital benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, June 8 (with introduction by Percy Pitt), has been published by Macmillan. In book form it is divided into a prologue at Lindisfarne and five acts at Ford Castle. The subject is of minor importance.

The prologue tells of an accident who was King James IV. The warring war with England, and the wives of light-loves of men of the time. The rest of the tragedy is concerned with Lady Heron, wife of William Heron, of Ford Castle, and her intrigues with the Earl of Surrey and the Scottish King.

Mr. Austin is his prologue had in mind the tradition that Lady Margaret, the consort of James IV., was in the tower at Lindisfarne Palace watching for the return of her husband from Flodden. In the prologue the dramatist follows the old story about the King's intention for a woman when he should have been planning for war. Lady Heron is in love with Surrey, the commander of the English forces, and she persuades James to visit her on the very day of Flodden Field. The King is defeated and Lady Surrey triumphs, but when he returns to Lady Heron and learns the truth she plays her scornful part, and sends her as a gift from the battlefield the corpse of the betrayed. Lady Heron thereupon kills herself.

The play is not dramatic and the characters are not sharply drawn. It was produced by Mr. Tree at a much shortened, but the general impression was one of theatrical attractiveness.

As poetry, without reference to stage effect and dramatic purpose, it is artistically the work of Mr. Austin. Here and there are pretty lines, as there that deserve the frailties of woman-kind.

We have too much strength of mind and blood. Too much of made-up April, when the snow is in our slow decaying and un-dying. They leave our vanished love-lives, and Winter's lone retrospect and barrenness.

Margery's song has a certain melodic charm:

Love is a dream
From which we awaken
When the day breaks and the sun
And the night is over
And all that we longed for
Is given and taken.

But the dream will not
And the sun will not
And the night will not
And the day will not
And the night will not
And the day will not

For life is so clear
And the night so clear
The world is so clear
The first of the first of the first
Soft moonlight, blue night,
Are seen and spang.

But too often Mr. Austin is painfully platitudinous. Lady Heron thus describes Mercury's charms: "Thrice enviable man! I, at least, can find no more intense search when I look at Lady Heron's trachery than: 'Oh, you abominable woman! you! the traitress exclaims just before she kills herself.' 'It is a cruel and a capricious world.' And where was Mr. Austin's ear when he wrote:

Love makes a man who is verily a man
A live in peace and valorous in war.

"The Orrey Papers," edited by the Countess of Cork and Orrey (Duckworth & Co., London), are a valuable contribution to the literature of the 18th century. They are chiefly concerned with the fourth and fifth Earls of Orrey. Charles, the fourth earl, was a scholar of some parts, the nominal editor of "The Epistles of Phalaris," a soldier, diplomat and politician. Graham named the astronomical instrument which he invented after this earl. Charles wrote and received many letters. One of his correspondents, a Mr. Byrd, wrote from Virginia, mournful at the thought of London gayeties, yet pleased with the place of exile. "Spices and vapors are as also the arties here as a winter's sun or a public spirit in England. * * * After your September is over I shall wish your lordship a little of our sunshine to dispel that fog and smoke with which your atmosphere is loaded. 'Tis miraculous that any lungs can breathe in an air compounded of so many different vapors and exhalations like that of dirty London. * * * I have a large family of my own, and my doors are open to everybody, yet I have no bills to pay, and half a crown will rest undisturbed in my pocket for many moons together. * * * Thus, my lord, we are very happy in our Canaan if we could but forget the onions and flesh-pots of Egypt."

Charles was so angered at his son John, the fifth earl, that he willed his library away from him, and John wrote essays and the "Life of Swift" to clear himself of the reproach. Perhaps his letters are the most creditable of his works. As a lad of 19, at Paris, he showed vivacity of description: "The women are never old, for the wrinkles are well filled up by paint, and Maitre Thomas sur le Pont Neuf supplies Venus with a set of teeth at any time. * * * As the women trowel themselves with red, these gowags (the fops) paint themselves white, and are paler than poor Banquo. The thought of a ghost leads me to the opera where there is a noise, at the first hearing of which you would imagine the house on fire, but it is only the chorus of pateres, which joins constantly with the stage in roaring as loud as possible for three hours together. * * * But I must own to you, notwithstanding their diversions, and the many droll figures I see from morning till night, I am heartily tired of the place. A father and a son travelling together are obstacles to each other's amusements; perhaps if I were more my own master Paris might be more palatable to my taste."

Lady Orrey, his second wife, worshipped John as a literary idol, and she was always charting his praises. She criticised freely the works of others. She found Fielding's "Amelia" inferior to "Tom Jones" or "Joseph Andrews." "It certainly is his own history, the love part foolishly fond beneath the dignity of a man; and here is an amusing touch in her analysis of Fielding's characters: 'Mrs. Atkinson's (sic) character neither uniform nor natural, the only good stroke in it making so learned a lady also a drunken lady.' She warned her husband to expect a dull letter, for she was 'very sick with eating too many Bergamot pears and drinking asses' milk.'

Orrey did not care for country life. He wrote to Swift: "The scene of Cork is ever the same; dull, insipid and void of all amusement. The butchers are as greasy, the Quakers as formal and the Protestants as holy and as full of the Lord as usual. Even the hogs and pigs are in the same cadence as of yore." There is a sympathetic reference to Samuel Wesley: "I love Wesley too well not to be deeply touched at his danger. One thing he is sure of, more of justice and better protection in 'other world than he has met with in this."

There are curious glances at the life of the period. Thus Lord Boyle in a letter to his father in 1846 described a "ragging" episode at Christ Church: "We have had an other terrible accident. Some noblemen and gentlemen made one of the scouts drunk, and they say he fell a wall, but there were several bruises about him. His skull was fractured, and he died the day after. The coroner's inquest have brought it in willful murder, and the gentlemen have all disappeared. This verdict is thought very unjust. The jury were drunk. The gentlemen concerned are almost distracted with grief. It is most certain they never thought of murdering the man, but they had many tricks with him, such as cutting off his hair." We learn from the same correspondence between the earl and Thoma Bligh that "Clarissa," when it appeared, was voted less interesting than "Amelia." "Tom Jones" is alluded to as "The Foundling" before publication, and great expectations were formed of it by those who had seen the manuscript. The post toward whom all were looking eagerly was Glover.

The volume is well illustrated.

Mr. W. H. Malloch is sure that he will be the secret of Carlyle's life, and he will tell it to the world, in strict confidence, through the medium of the July number of the "Fortnightly."

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has provided his novel "Through Sorrow's Gates" with a keynote, which is "courage and perseverance against odds; a steady optimism, in fact, in the midst of a drizzling and hopeless age."

Another book of reminiscences. The eldest daughter of Sir Edward Dishbrow, in "Old Days in Diplomacy," describes life at the courts of Russia, Wurtemberg, Sweden and the Netherlands during the first half of the 19th century.

There are accounts of the ceremonies at the funeral of the Tsar Alexander and at the coronation of Nicholas. There is also an essay on the first outbreak of Nihilism.

The new edition of Matthew Arnold's works, published by Macmillan and Smith, Elder (London) jointly, is bound in saten cloth of blue with a gilt back designed by A. R. Turbayne. The first volume which consists of poetry and has a portrait of Arnold, was published June 25. A volume will appear monthly and there will be 15.

Miss Eliza R. Selmore, the author of "Winter India" (Fisher Unwin, London), says in her preface: "It can hardly be said with literalness that one enjoys India. I did not expect to enjoy it, and it proved itself, despite its color and picturesqueness, as melancholy and depressing a country as I had thought it would be, but so absorbingly interesting, so packed with problems, so replete with miracles accomplished by all rule, so ripe with possibilities, that one soon overlooked the unnecessary hardships and discomforts of travel—travel as plain and primitive as in the Klondike, or as if the country had been acquired only within this decade." India not to be enjoyed? Miss Selmore should read Pierre Loti's latest book, or cultivate the spirit of "Israel," that brilliant Jewess whose "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks" is aglow with color.

John Oliver Hobbes' novel "The Vineyard" will be issued in book form next fall by Fisher Unwin.

Macmillan is publishing a new edition of F. D. Maurice's "Sermons in Country Churches."

The Newnes Library of "thin paper classics" will include a pocket edition of the works of Charles Lamb. The volume will contain 300 pages and be half an inch thick.

Mr. James Lumsden's book entitled "Through Canada in Harvest Time"; a "Study of Life and Labor in the Golden West," will be published early next fall. The author pays special attention to the problem of railways and waterways and to the development of Canada's mineral wealth.

John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" will be published on Oct. 2. Skilful pumpers have pumped author and publishers in vain for definite information concerning the distinguishing features of the biography. It is said that one of Mr. Gladstone's best known private secretaries has been allowed to look over the proof sheets.

Mr. Plowden, an English magistrate, whose jocund moods and sallies in court, supply abundant copy to London journals, is at work on his autobiography.

The bi-centenary of John Wesley's birth was marked by the publication of another edition of Robert Southey's "Life of Wesley," issued by Hutchinson (London), the second of the new series of Standard Biographies. The work has been abridged by Mr. Arthur Reynolds, who has added a few notes and a chronology.

"Cricket Across the Seas," Longmans, Green (London), is by Mr. P. F. Warner, a Middlesex amateur, who tells the experiences of the cricket eleven which he took out to New Zealand last winter. The New Zealanders and Australians paid the expenses and a fee to the professionals, and then took all the gate money." Not one penny of money, with the exception of a check from the New Zealand cricket council, ever passed through my hands or the hands of any other amateur member of the team."

Mr. Warner thinks that the best eleven in New Zealand is better than the best of the English second-class counties. He says that the umpiring in the colony is extraordinarily incompetent.

Murray (London) will publish a volume of importance to art amateurs in Mr. Bernhard Berenson's "The Drawings of the Florentine Painters." It is an endeavor to classify all drawings of the great Florentine masters, so that they may be distinguished from the innumerable imitations and copies. The author has corrected errors which are found even in famous collections. The book will contain nearly 200 fac-simile illustrations.

GROTESQUE CARICATURE OF NATIONAL DIGNITARIES

Vitriolic Satire on Official Life
in Washington.

"Despotism and Democracy," a Novel with a Somewhat Misleading Title—Some Characters Exaggerated as in Comic Opera—"Twixt God and Mammon."

The anonymous author of "Despotism and Democracy" (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York), gave a novel a misleading title. The reader might confidently expect a volume of essays, such as might be written by an insider

at Washington, a comedy of political principles and practices. Nor does the sub-title "A Study in Washington Society and Politics," fix beyond mistake the fictitious character of the book.

The novel is fundamentally a satire on official life in Washington, and this satire is intended to be biting vitriolic; but as a rule it runs into grotesque caricature. Crane, the congressman, who left his charming wife at Circleville, lived beyond his means at Washington as the poor slave of a senator of his state, is in certain respects a well-drawn, sharply defined character. Social life had a strange fascination for him. "I swear," he confesses to a colleague, "when I get a dinner invitation I am like the girls out our way, who will drive 20 miles in a sleigh to go to a dance. The mere look of the table—the glass, the silver, the flowers—goes to my head. The terrapin intoxicates me. Those quick, soft-moving servants fascinate me. And the women! So unaffected—so unconscious of the clothes! Yet I do not appreciate the beauty, the sense, and the harmonious dress of his own wife until his attention is called to her by the respect and devotion shown by other men. Then he repents, repudiates an unworthy political deal, and, as a reward, is elected senator."

The writer is often bitter against "the most exclusive set in Washington. The parents of these people you see here, with 18-horse power automobiles, and in the crests upon their writing paper, their carriages, their footmen's buttons, thought themselves in clover when they could afford a maid of all work. * * * Don't you see that the first result of their prosperity in their own community was to segregate them from their less fortunate friends and neighbors?"

The secretary of state in this novel is a good imitation of a statesman. "He liked to be called the premier, prided himself on his resemblance to Lord Salisbury, and dressed the part to perfection. * * * The state department has been steadily losing power and prestige from the foundation of the government until now, when it is recognized as a mere clerical bureau and a useful social adjunct to the administration. Do you think if Daniel Webster were alive today he could take the portfolio of state? He would see the administration at the demitition bow-wows first. Mr. Blaine took it twice under compulsion, and was the most wretched and restless man on earth while he had it."

"Both times he was so much too big for the place that he became exceedingly dangerous, and had to be forced out each time to save the administration from total wreck. The lesson has not been lost on succeeding Presidents, and there will be no more Blaines and Websters in the state department. The trouble is, however, that foreign chancelleries persist in taking the state department seriously. The reader should be blamed if he were to infer from this paragraph that the writer had no sense of humor."

Some of the characters are exaggerated until they move and gesture and talk as in an opera-bouffe. There is the British ambassador, with a thimble mouth, "which had contorted itself into a grin on his first arrival in Washington, and the grin had become fixed and perpetual. He had no fortune beyond his salary and pension, he had rheumatism, liver complaint, nervous dyspepsia, chronic bronchitis and a family of six unmarried daughters and four sons."

There is the Honorable Edward George Francis Castle Stuart-Stuart, third secretary of the British embassy, who in answer to a comment on a woman who delighted to give dinners where no American men were present, answered: "Never saw it done anywhere before, 'pon my soul. We have our new people at home—tea, whiskey, drapery and furniture shops—and rarer than you can think—but they wouldn't dare—haw! haw!—to give a dinner without an Englishman at it."

And there is the senator, "Mincee Pie" Mulligan, who is simply a figure of farce-comedy. When he met Mr. Baldwin, the friend of his youth, at a reception at the White House, he mocked him for his literary pretensions. "Whin you an' me was luggin' the buckets of butter an' jugs of the most ligit molasses to the customers, it was you, Jim Baldwin, as was always a-savin' your tin cints to buy a book"; and he then "distributed a general wink around the circle."

Nor does the writer spare whole classes or all American women. "The American women in general can more than hold their own with the women of other countries, except in two striking particulars—the arts of housekeeping and of bringing up children. In these two things they generally fail egregiously, and the more money they have the more conspicuous is their failure. To paraphrase the Scriptures. See you the house of the rich American man? Behold therein a tribe of undisciplined and impudent servants and children. The newness of the rich in America may account for their undisciplined servants, of whom their mistresses are in mortal terror. But American women have been bringing up children ever since the settlement at Jamestown and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and every year they seem to know less about it."

Such noisy satire overreaches its ambition. No one will deny that strange wild fowl have been seen in the House, and even in the Senate; but they are generally quiet in public, and if they attend solemn social functions they never have the aplomb, the recklessness of "Mincee Pie" Mulligan.

In this novel of screaming satire there is a quiet love story, told with delicacy and true sentiment. The country wife of the congressman is sympathetically described, and her conquest of her husband is inevitable, not a sudden theatrical stroke. If the writer had only shown like moderation in the descriptions of political life! There is ample opportunity for satire in a novel that has to do with Washington society, but neither violent abuse nor grotesque extravagance is necessarily satire, nor in socio-

logical satire is it prudent to argue in the partiular to the general

Mr. Hall Caine contrived a memoir of William Edwards Tirebuck, a way of preface to his friend's novel, "Twixt God and Mammon" (D. Appleton & Co., New York). Mr. Tirebuck died three years ago when he was 45 years old. We doubt if his name is familiar to American readers of novels, although Mr. Caine assures us that Count Tolstol, according to report, considered certain passages in "Miss Grace of All Souls" the best example of modern English fiction.

It was Mr. Tirebuck's ambition to be the novelist of Wales, not as a mere literary affectation, but because "his Welshness was of the essence." Born at Liverpool, he was educated at an elementary school, and at an early age he was assistant secretary of a Cotton Brokers' Association, then a clerk in an iron foundry; he had a position in a

telegraph office in a marine insurance company; he started a weekly journal, lost his little all; was cashier for a tea merchant; established with others a company to publish the juvenile works of amateurs; went into journalism, and then took a cottage in Scotland, where he wrote novels.

"I remember," says Mr. Caine, "the deepening sense that came to him that, notwithstanding favorable reviews, and other and similar superficial and often delusive indications of success, he was producing no real effect upon the public. I fear he was also earning next to no money; but his needs were small in his lowland cottage, and the devotion of his sister was absolute. On oatmeal porridge and barley bread, as his principal diet, he toiled on, early hours and late, and no more conscientious craftsman ever lived by his pen. He had much to learn, much to unlearn, and many grievous disadvantages of early education and training to overcome, but his energy never flagged, and his ambition never wavered."

Mr. Caine thinks that his friend did not get "quite the best out of his gifts; he lacked invention, he was deficient in power of construction, and he had no real gift of selection, but he had insight and sympathy, and humor and pathos, and the power of exact observation, and these are weapons that hang high in the armory of the greatest authors." This posthumous novel exhibits his points of weakness as well as his points of strength. "The pastoral scenes in the farmhouse in Wales are, according to my judgment, among the most exquisite pictures of rural life to be found in the whole range of modern fiction."

A clergyman of the high church who believes in the saving grace of a minute ritual and in celibacy, falls in love with a woman of devout and simple soul, who has in a life of consecration to the good of mankind and for the glory of God. A worldly woman is also in love with him. She is rich, and her influential connections gain him preferment. He yields and marries her. Then he awakens to the fact that he has sold his soul for a price. He mourns the woman he should have married, he begins to loathe his wife, he knows sensual temptation, the service of the church is without significance and when in the celebration of the mass he misses the old conviction that the sacrament becomes the real body of Christ, he empties a vial of poison into the chalice and thus kills himself in the face of the congregation. The ending is wildly melodramatic and some will be shocked by it.

Mr. Caine is right in particularizing the scenes at the Welsh farmhouse as the best feature of the novel. These scenes were real to the author, and for once his instinct for description found adequate expression. The publishers state that the novel was not revised, and that the author had proposed to change materially the scheme of the plot; thus the better angel of the clergyman was to recover. It is, therefore, perhaps not just to criticize the story itself, yet it may be said that the strength of the book is in the intention rather than in the performance. There is a striking description of the last night of a drunken woman in the streets of Liverpool; the death of the Welsh bard gives occasion for a thrilling effect; but the episode in each instance is as a digression. There is strength in the portrayal of the last struggles of the clergyman, and the children introduced are real and substantial figures. Miss Moore, the inherently vulgar and worldly woman, is unconvincing, and many of the scenes between her and the clergyman, as well as the scenes between him and Joy Probert, are without skill in characterization. The style is often careless, at times it is slovenly. The novel is a pathetic example of high intentions, and a longing to express them without the natural force that impresses in spite of crudeness, without the art that is authoritative even when the subject itself is a weaker one.

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE OF DAY July 7/1903 Remy de Gourmont's Article on Roman Christianity.

Serves as Preface to DuVigne
"Heliogabale"—Woman of the
Marbles of Romans Was a Blot
—"Mr. Keegan's Elopement"
Now in Book Form.

Not long ago we gave a resumé
Mr. J. C. Tarver's defence and cult
of Tiberius the tyrant. Mr. Tarv
brushed lightly away the charge

A decorative page featuring three sepia-toned oval portraits. The portraits are arranged horizontally and are framed by a decorative wreath of leaves and berries. The man on the left is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a bow tie. The woman in the center has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a dark dress. The man on the right has a beard and is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a bow tie. The entire page is set against a light background with a decorative border.

JOSEPH F. SHEEHAN

Monte Carlo, Milan, and only a month or two ago at Paris, to turn this dramatic legend into an opera and give it the abiding place in the operatic repertoire. Berlioz himself never had such an intention. The scenes—some of them written before 1845—are frankly episodes, without any possibly continuity. There is no action, not even the lethargic action that distinguishes the Wagnerian music-drama. No wonder that such attempts excite only short-lived curiosity, even when a Calvé impersonates the Marguerite.

The difficulties of producing this work in its original concert form are many, and they are mechanical and aesthetic difficulties. Villon once said that there was no good girl's mouth out of Paris and it may also be said that he who has not heard "The Damnation of Faust," as conducted by Colonne at the Chateau, has but a faint idea of the glories of the work. Berlioz did not write with due appreciation of the New England temperament, and in his purely orchestral music, when it is played at our Symphony concerts, we miss the tremendous vocal and instrumental expression, the ever-contrasting nuances that are so essential to the true interpretation. Mr. Lang bravely undertook the task at a time when singers are loath to sing and orchestral players are scattered. It is needless to say that rehearsals were necessarily few. As the dramatic legend was given as an entertainment for the visitors who filled the hall and gave frequent manifestations of appreciation, it is hardly pertinent to examine the performance in detail or in a spirit of

It is enough to say that the chorus was the best part excellent. In such numbers as the chorus of sylphs inciting Faust to slumber, more careful rehearsal would no doubt have brought greater delicacy, but in the magnificent Easter hymn and in the burlesque fugue, the visitors had an opportunity of hearing our choral singing at its best. The orchestra cannot be praised. Its performance was often ragged in the purely orchestral numbers, and the accompaniments were a hindrance rather than an assistance to the solo singers. Mrs. Homer sang the music of Marguerite with rich and beautiful quality of tone, with fine and musical phrasing, and with unexaggerated emotion. It is a pity that the dramatic effect of her last aria was ruined by a pause, made possibly for the interruption of applause. Mr. Miles has sung the music of Hippolyte with greater brilliancy and fuller resonance, but his conception was artistic and he displayed musicianlike qualities. The music given to Faust is often thankless and as a rule difficult. Mr. Sheehan, whose voice was generally throaty, did not meet the severe demands made by Berlioz, librettist and composer.

"The Damnation of Faust" will be sung again for the visitors at Symphony Hall on Thursday night.

terested serious persons, men of business or thought, as the elections today interest serious Frenchmen, and it was of no more importance."

A profound peace ruled. There was a fortunate and prevailing scepticism. The world went very well then. The provinces had acquired at last the privileges of administrative and judicial equality. From Augustus to Diocletian, for 300 years, no new tax had been imposed. The taxes already fixed were so minimized that they were not felt. While the Emperor amused himself, women gov-

For the condition of Roman women had changed since the literature of Augustus' century, and yet by this literature their condition is still explained. The empire had freed women from domestic tyranny. Their primitive servitude has probably been exaggerated; we do not know how far its application of the special laws made for Roman women would today in France a stranger could read the civil code and draw conclusions from that and French political manners, he would believe the po-

When the American came across the first of the prisoners, he was surprised to find that they were all of the same nationality. He had been told that they were of various nationalities, but he found that they were all of the same nationality. He had been told that they were of various nationalities, but he found that they were all of the same nationality. He had been told that they were of various nationalities, but he found that they were all of the same nationality.

[illegible]

The young Roman women were not dried, indeed boundless. They had not, it does not appear that they had. It was a thing of a more than a matter of "Physiologists, not laws, not social determine morals." Roman women by the established religion of the town, were interested by the gods. Some gave themselves to the gods, some to Christianity. The religion of the mistress of the empire was the religion of the time of the Roman empire, to the end of the 4th century, to the end of the 4th century.

Julia Donna wished to share her
paganism. She was a daughter of a
priest of the Sun, and as such was
to look upon, Septimius Severus, as her
father. She had a taste for philosophy
and letters; her court was made up of
rhetoricians; she was known as "Julia
the Philosopher." She was intellectually
severe; gossip accuses her of the most
demeanor. Julia died and left her
sister Maesa heir of her religious faith.
Maesa, the grandmother of Heliodorus
sacrificed him, because she saw in
her daughter Mamma and her other grand-
son, Alexander Severus, were more
worthy. These daughters of the
this female dynasty, were all profoundly
religious.

And it was during the reign of Illegals that the attempt was made to put Apollonius by the side of Cereus Abraham, Orpheus—who were all reviled by certain factions at Rome. For Apollonius was said to work miracles, and fathers of the church have afterward disputed over the nature of these miracles, which were, to say the least, amusing, although they were too much too logical, so that the credit of them was soon lost, for a miracle should have the air of improbability and genuineness. In the career of Apollonius there was a life of pure and noble public life, a passion, a resource, a sense of duty, a life was worked out by Philostratus, and it was worked out, busy, for of all the sects the Jewish-Christian was then the most active, and perhaps the most numerous.

It was hoped by the opponents of Christianity that if a pagan hero, a miracle worker, were presented to the people, there would be a return to the old religion. The attempt was a governmental effort. Julia Domna dreamed of making some one the divinity between Roman tradition and Christian uncertainties.

Heliogabalus labored his best to secure religious unity. He had the black stone which represented his god, the sun, brought to Rome, and wished that all the gods should kneel before it. It is said that for some reason or other the Christians obeyed and paid homage

to the "Soli Invicto." This prayer would shock no one's faith, any more than the prayer for the Holy Spirit would be compared nobly to the prayer for the Holy Spirit, and the Saviour was addressed as the Son in certain liturgic invocations. In the shadow of this equivocal prayer the shadow of the cross was equally at Rome.

Julia Domna's mistake was in the choice of her rival deity. Apollo was too well known. She might have succeeded for a time if she had selected Pythagoras or Philotas. The Alexandrians, who wished to reform paganism, refused to accept Apollonius, who was a notorious juggler, a professional magician.

Now all this passed while Hege-
lus, encouraged or watched by a fe-
male dynasty, spread fabulous banquet
or tamed lions and human guests and
gave to his people a religion composed
of all the religions known througho-
ut the world.

Mr. Winston Churchill's short and fairly amusing story, "Mr. Keegan's Departure," which appeared recently in the Century Magazine, has been published in book form by the Macmillan Company. It should be remembered by readers of the tale that Mr. Keegan is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, but he served only four months after graduation.

Mr. Arthur Symonds in an article in
some Greek Marbles," published in the
Verdity Critical Review (Paris), a part
of the modern tendency to treat
inherently ugly in an appreciatively ar-
tistic manner, and he says of some of
the statues: "They forget that there is not
so much to be told in nature or in life as we
what has not been drawn by some
woman, so pathetically." And he
concludes his article with the words:
"The men of genius have failed to
tell us what they know; the women tell

A performance of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" was given last evening in Symphony Hall for the entertainment of the visiting teachers in convention. Mr. B. J. Lang, the chairman of the music committee, arranged this performance and conducted it. The solo singers were Mrs. Louise Homer, Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, Messrs. Joseph Sheehan, Gwilym Miles and L. B. Merrill.

The choice of a choral work for this occasion was a fortunate one. The subject itself is highly educational, for if Dr. Faust had been contented with his deep studies, if he had not been restless and easily led from philosophic meditation, he would not have come to such a fearsome and lamentable end.

And burned Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fate.

True, if he had not strayed so far from his focus he would not have enlarged his philological knowledge by hearing the jargon which Berlioz, borrowing from Swedenborg, put into the mouths of the fiends in Pandemonium. It is a pity that this chorus is so often omitted in performances in this country, for it is highly characteristic of the composer and it enters into his schemes of romanticism. Furthermore, this dramatic legend, outside of the superb grandeur and melancholy beauty of many pages, may well be studied as an important document in the development of music as well as in the case of Berlioz.

For Ben-zo, viewed too often merely as a wild-eyed romanticist, was at the first and in his heart an admirer of the classics. His first idols were Virgil and Gluck, and he returned to them in his last and mournful years. But he heard Beethoven's symphonies, and he was maddened by Shakespeare's plays, and he was swept away by the tide of romanticism. The struggle between con-

brought against the Emperor by Tacitus, and he pooh-poohed the gossip of Suetonius. Mr. Remy de Gourmont contributes to the *Mercur* de France, that most admirable magazine, a singular article on Hellogabaius. His article also serves as a preface to "Hellogabaius" by Georges Duviquet. Hellogabaius has been for centuries a target and an awful warning. He was represented as the hideous incarnation of the lowest Roman immorality of his period. He has inspired all manner of diatribes against the pagans of the decadence. Now civilization and its inevitable refinements always represent decadence in the eyes of the people at large.

To begin with, Heliogabalus was not a Roman; he was a judaized Syrian and was nearer christianity than paganism. He was monotheistic as were all the oriental emigrants, "corrupted by the hostility of nature and by the constant fire of the sun." He was a priest and the son of a priest. He was a religious character even in his childhood.

trary and honest convictions may be seen in many of his works, even in "The Damnation of Faust." The first pages of this fantastical work are purely Virgilian in sentiment, and more than once is there a return to the poignant simplicity of Gluck.

Again this very work is an example of the fleeting life of modernity. The more intensely modern a composition is the quicker it is forgotten, unless it has within it the true elements of greatness; then it soon becomes a classic. Think how Hector Berlioz startled the musical world! Read the contemporaneous criticisms; examine the caricatures. He was regarded by all as an inflamed revolutionary; and by some he was the Antichrist in flesh and blood, armed with a conductor's baton, a composer's ruled paper and a critic's pen. His most striking compositions were marvellous in their own time; they excite wonder and admiration today for the creator has his own orchestral expression. He had no one before him from whom he could borrow, and whom in so doing he could abuse. "The Damnation of Faust" was first heard as a complete work 47 years ago, and yet how modern it now sounds. It no longer startles, for later composers have taught us new shudders; but even in its wildness, in its demoniac intensity it has the characteristics that stamp a work a classic. Berlioz, the composer with a panache, is now calm and serene among the great mas-

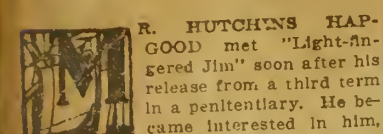
Anyone who heard the performance last night might well wonder at the attempts made within the last 10 years at

ery. He married a vestal. Always a child, his faults were those shown by any youth of 14 years. Illimitably free, enormously rich. He was generous; a tease rather than a despot; masterful after the manner of a wild boy who leads a band of hot-heads to mischief.

That he was tolerant is clear; he was never reproached for a political murder; he did not persecute his religious adversaries or the philosophers. His roguish pranks, luxury of table, licentiousness, liturgic exercises were his pleasures, and they were without the ferocious cruelty that characterized the ferocious predecessors. Gigantically prodigal, he is for all time the Emperor of Extravagance.

The people loved him for his generosity. He amused the idle and fed the lazy—and there is no easier way to be popular. He passed for a Roman—except at Rome. That he ate the tongues of birds and the heels of camels did not disturb the dwellers at Marseilles. The roads were safe, commerce was enormous. "The legions had slain Macrinus," and proclaimed Antoninus; this in-

July 5, 1903
"Light-Fingered Jim"
Police a



R. HUTCHINS HAPGOOD met "Light-Fingered Jim" soon after his release from a third term in a penitentiary. He became interested in him, and proposed to him to write an autobiography. Mr. Hapgood took notes of Jim's conversation, and he assures us that the narrative is an authentic account of Jim's life, "with occasional descriptions and character sketches of his friends of the underworld." The book is entitled "The Autobiography of a Thief" (Fox, Duffield & Co., New York). Charles Reade used this same title as far back as 1853, and how many books of picaresque adventure are at bottom nothing but the lives of swindlers, robbers of high or low degree, who as often died honored and in power as miserably or in prison? We have the unblushing, magnificent confessions of such heroic scoundrels as Cellini and Casanova. Is not "Jack Wiltton," one of the first if not the first of English novels, largely autobiographic?

And surely De Foe did not draw his incidents in "Moll Flanders" and "Roxana" purely from the storehouse of imagination; he had heard his men and women talking of their squalid deeds.

Light-fingered Jim was born in New York, of poor and honest parents. One of his brothers is now a truck driver, another is a policeman; and the other relatives are good working men. He lived in Munroe street, which in the seventies was in a clean and respectable quarter. The few glimmers were comparatively decent. Jim makes a statement that is hard to believe: "When the Jews came in they started many basement saloons, or cafes, and for the first time, I believe, the social evil began to be connected with the drinking places." Older boys put him up to stealing money from a till of his brother's grocery store. Jim was then six years old. The boys wanted money for rowboating and theatres. Those were the palmy days of wild Bowery melodramas and Indian plays.

Jim went to the parochial school, but he was a sceptic at 7 and an agnostic at 8 and he was sent away for insulting one of the teachers. Then he attended a public school. He was quick at his lessons; he liked Longfellow's "Excelsior"; and he was a hardened truant. The theatre fascinated him, and anything that was old worked a spell. "I like almost anything that is old, even old men and women. I never loved my mother much until she was an old woman." The "Old Border Gang," a band of professional thieves, or "guns," fired the imagination of the boys of Cherry street. A swell grafter, "well dressed, with clean linen collar and shirt, a diamond in his tie, an air of ease and leisure all about him. What a contrast he formed to the respectable rod carrier or truckman or mechanic, with soiled clothes and no collar."

One day Jim saw a pickpocket at work, and he was consumed with admiration and envy. He, too, began to "pick"; he began to rise in the world of graft, and he, too, soon wore a collar

and necktie. At first he was a "moll-buzzer"—he picked women's pockets. The "mob" of four or five to which he belonged averaged \$300 or \$400 a week. He learned that it was necessary to have money if he wished to keep out of the penitentiary. "The capital of a grafter is called 'spring money,' for he may have to use it at any time in paying the lawyer who gets him off in case of an arrest, or in bribing the policeman or some other official." And what revelations through the book of official corruption in New York!

His Prison Terms Begin.

Jim was naturally vain. All grafters are anxious to dress well, and Jim was handsome and a favorite with the girls, for whom he bought clothes, pins, suppers, ball tickets, etc. When he was 15 he was sent to the Tombs, where he learned much evil. "Certainly the Gerry Society has its faults; but since its organization young boys who have gone wrong, but are not yet entirely hardened, have a much better show to

become good citizens than they used to have." After his release he began to know the older grafters—grafters with diamond pins and silk hats. He became fond of Sheenie Annie, a famous shop-lifter, whom he met at Billy McGlory's. She trained him in many ways, until at the age of 17 he was sent to the house of refuge. "I say without hesitation that ads sent to an institution like the house of refuge, the Catholic Protective, or the juvenile asylum, might better be taken there could not learn even in the streets. As for me, I grew far more desperate there than I had been before; and I was far from being, one of the most innocent of boys."

Jim was at this institution about a year. He became a confirmed criminal. He did "house-work," sneak-work uptown. He spent his money with Sheenie Annie at Coney Island or at Billy McGlory's, on "dear old Saturday nights," and with downtown guns, house-men and thieves of both sexes. Yet he was moved strangely by the music and a blind evangelist at a country church, and a pal, one Dan, said to him: "I cautioned you against taking such chances. There's no dough in these country churches. If you want to try lone ones on a Sunday take in some swell church in the city." Jim began to take opium, for all guns after a time need a stimulant; he turned burglar, was sent to Blackwell's Island, although he was innocent of the alleged crime, and made his escape.

His life was a pleasant one. He would lie abed late, breakfast with his sweetheart, take in a variety show or go to a picnic, baseball match or horse race, when he was not grafting. He would go from town to town, to test the softness of the inhabitants. He fell in love with a good girl, Ethel, who said she would marry him. "But I thought I had of her, and told her I would not blast blasted my own life if I was sent to here." At the age of 21 he was sent to Sing Sing for five years and seven months for picking a pocket.

His cell was dark and damp; his cot was foul, but the food was better than at other prisons, and there were more privileges. By the underground tunnel he could receive whiskey, opium, morphine, and the keepers were ready to provide such necessities of life. There was not work enough to go round, and when he was drafted to Auburn the Legislature had just shut down on contract labor in the prisons. "It was a very bad thing for the health of convicts when this law was passed."

Jim's Views of Authors.

He took much opium, read English classics, "became familiar with philosophy and the science of medicine, and learned something about chemistry." One of his favorite books was Voltaire's "Dictionary." "Voltaire was certainly one of the shrewdest of men, and as up to snuff as any cynical grafter I know, and yet he had a great love for humanity. . . . What a clever book 'Candide'! What satire! what wit! . . . I own that Voltaire was ungallant toward the fair sex. But that was his only fault." Jim enjoyed Victor Hugo, but his novels were "not real enough." He was disappointed in Renan's "Life of Jesus." "I expected to get a true outline of the man himself, and a character sketch of the man himself, but I didn't." He liked Dumas the elder, but he could not read him or Gaboriau now. "Balzac is a bird of another feather. In my opinion he was one of the best dissectors of human nature that the world ever produced. Not even Shakespeare was his equal." It is right that Balzac should show woman with all her faults and follies and virtues, for if she did not possess all these characteristics how could man adore her? He thought Thackeray as great as Balzac. "What a character

is Becky Sharp! In her way she was as clever a grafter as Sheenie Annie. She grinned at everything, and when we learn that Becky got religion at the end of the book, instead of saying, 'God bless her, we only grin.' The death of Col. Newcome moved Jim to the depths. Jim criticized Dickens at length. Uriah Heap reminded him of men he knew in prison. "I never met in real life such a brutal character as Bill Sykes; and I have met some tough grafters. Nancy Sykes, however, is true to life. In her degradation she was still a woman. I contend that a woman is never so low but a man was the cause." Fielding, Smollett and Sterne amused him. "Why object to the girl of 16 reading such books and their mental strength is about equal. Both are ro-mantic, and quickly as the girl of 16, in love as a woman is always a girl." Jim thought a woman is always a girl. Jim read Hume, Locke, Gibbon, Lavater, Carlyle, Wordsworth, Huxley, Tyndall, Gray, Goldsmith, but he liked Moore and Burns better, and to him the greatest of all poets is Byron, although he calls Walt Whitman's "Ode to Death" the most beautiful poem in the English language. "It was reading such as this that gave me a broader view, and I began to think that this was a terrible life I was leading."

One of the best liked of the convicts was Ferdinand Ward, the partner of Gen. Grant. He was kind to the toughest. At Auburn, Weeks, the banker and clubman, was hated and despised, for he was a "squealer," but Biff Ellerson, the broker, was the most heartily hated of all.

The low-down, petty, canting thief is useless in prison or out. The healthy, intelligent, ambitious grafter may be reformed if taken hold of before his health is ruined by a certain number of years he has spent in the penitentiary. His teeth become decayed; he cannot chew his food, which is coarse and ill-cooked; his stomach gets bad, and once his stomach becomes deranged, it is only a short time before his head is in a like condition. Eventually he may be transferred to the madhouse."

Back in His Old Haunts.

Jim returned to New York with the resolution to be good, but he drifted back to his old haunts, took opium, and resumed his life of grafting. He met "Gen. Brace," a Harvard graduate, and the "professor" of Yale—both grafters, whose brilliant conversation in low-down saloons excited the admiration of men born and bred on the East side, which shows that a university training has its advantages. One day Jim was caught picking. The watch had been thrown on the ground. Jim snatched at it for he had "nailed" it and thought he had earned it. The judge was of a different opinion, and gave him four years at Sing Sing. Sick and miserable in prison, he spent some time in the hospital, where he saw men die and never heard one clamor for a clergyman. Mrs. Booth spoke to the prisoners. "Who could entirely resist the pleadings of a pretty woman, with large black eyes?" But Jim did not stand up with those who were asked if they wished to lead a better life, for he did not believe in "instantaneous Christianity." His bodily and mental health were much worse than at the end of his first term. After his dismissal he gave himself up to opium, and did not graft for seven months. Then he began to swindle Italians by advertising for a partner; he joined a gang which inserted matrimonial advertisements and worked bogus marriages. Convicted of a crime of which he happened to be innocent, he was sent to Sing Sing for five years, and he became desperate and dangerous. He was transferred to Auburn, accused there of

insanity by keepers who were afraid of him, and put in the "pipe house," the asylum at Matteawan for the criminal insane. There he heard the idiots bleating and the maniacs raving, so that he had to fight for his own sanity. He was not allowed books, and he busted his mind with the solution of arithmetical problems. Doctors and attendants were as cruel as they were in Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash." Some of the attendants were half-mad, as was at least one of the doctors. Some of the prisoners died from the results of the brutality. Yet Jim had the coolness to study various forms of madness. "I noticed that almost all insane persons are musical; that they can hum a tune after hearing it only once. I suppose the meanest faculty in the human brain is that of memory." He was transferred to the asylum at Danmore, where the conditions were much the same. Yet one good thing happened to him; he was cured of the opium habit, though for two years he suffered agonies through the enforced privation.

When Jim went away from Danmore with a ticket to New York, but not a cent of money, he looked at the gloomy building, and said to himself "I

have left hell, and I'll shovel coal before I go back." He went to his mother and lived straight. The grafters were suspicious of him; and he himself is now suspicious of men and women. His best years were spent behind prison bars. "I could have made out of myself almost anything I wanted, for I had the three requisites of success—personal appearance, health, and I think, some brains. But what have not even After running my life, I do not receive the proverbial mass of pottage. As I look back upon my life both introspectively and society at large despises the criminal, and I am not trying to point a moral, or pose as a reformer. I cannot say that I quit the old life because of any religious feeling. I am not one of those who have reformed by finding Jesus at the end of a gas pipe which they were about to use as a blackjack on a citizen, just in order to finger his long green. I only say by painful experience that there is nothing in a life of crime."

Marks of Prison Life.

Grafters come out of prison marked men. The lockstep gives them a peculiar gait. The short turn in the cell becomes a confirmed and betraying habit. The old grafter has an expressionless cast of countenance, for he has schooled himself until his face is a mask, which betrays nothing. His chance of being able to do any useful work is slight; he knows no trade, and he is not strong enough to do hard day labor. "It would be cheaper for the state in the end to give an ex-convict money enough to keep him several months, for then a smaller percentage would return to 'stir.'" A criminal who is trying to reform is generally helpless. No one will trust him or take a true interest in him. "That is where the Tammany politician, whom I have called Senator Wet Coin is a better man than the majority of reformers. When a man goes to him and says he wants to square it he takes him by the hand,

trusts and helps him. Wet Coin does not hand him a soup ticket and a tract, nor does he hold on tight to his own watch chain, fearing for his red super (gold watch), hastily bidding the ex-convict to be with Jesus."

This extraordinary book abounds in curious information concerning various branches of crime and the intimate life of criminals. It is an important document for students of prison reform; it is of exceeding interest to all students of human nature. Mr. Hapgood has been disappointed in the task of finding a job for his friend, whom he is not able to look upon as a deliberate malefactor, but whom he considers as gentle and imaginative, impressionable and easily influenced, not naturally vicious or vindictive. Jim, he thinks, has come to years of sober maturity, for as Jim himself says, "Some men acquire wisdom at 21, others at 35, and some never." It should be known that when Jim returned to New York after his first term, he received a letter from Ethel, who said that she was not happy with her husband. "She wanted to make an appointment to meet me, whom, she said, she had always loved. I knew what her letter meant, and I did not answer it, and did not keep the appointment. My relation to her was the

only decent thing in my life, and I thought I might as well keep it right. And it is a convict of three terms who writes: 'I don't care for creeds, but the personality of the Nazarene, when

stripped of the aroma of divinity, appeals to all thinking men. I care not whether they are atheists, agnostics or sceptics. Any man that has understanding reveres the life of Christ, for he practised what he preached, and died for humanity. He was a perfect specimen of manhood, and had developed to the highest degree that trait which is lacking in most all men—the faculty humane."

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rendering of anything. Venus or the satyr; but may wash like a flood of air over either Venus or the satyr, making either beautiful."

Thomas Hardy in his description of Egdon Heath—the first chapter of "The Return of the Native"—foresaw the coming of this appreciation of ugliness. We are far removed from the day when Horace Walpole and the poet Gray shuddered at the sight of the Alps.

Mr. L. Frank Tooker, whose volume of verses, "The Call of the Sea," published by the Century Company, is meeting with approbation, wrote poetry as a Yale undergraduate. He was in the class of '71.

Recent book sales in London show a marked falling off in prices for issues of the Kelmscott Press. The Chaucer for which extravagant sums have been paid brought only 15s; the poems of Keats which brought £22 in 1901 brought £9.

What are modern travellers with their trumpeting of hardships and glorious adventures to their illustrious predecessors, Sinbad, Sir John, or Marco Polo, the Venetian of Venetians, the record of whose sight-seings as Englished by Sir Henry Yule, and lately revised, is now published by the Scribners? Listen to this sonorous prelude to Polo's story: "Great princes, emperors and kings, dukes and marquises, counts, knights and bourgeois and people of all degrees . . . take his book. . . . For, let me tell you, that since our Lord God did mould with His hands our first Father Adam, even until this day, never hath there been Christian or pagan, or Tartar, or Indian, or any man of any nation who, in his own person, hath had so much knowledge and experience of the divers part of the world and its wonders as hath had this Messer Marco."

Dent's series of Temple Autobiographies, edited by Mr. William Macdonald, will begin with a new translation of Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography. Miss Anne Macdonell is the translator, and she contributes a bibliography, notes and an index of persons mentioned by Cellini. She also writes an introduction, in which she discusses Cellini's motives for writing, the art of his period, his rank as an artist. Why is there need of a new translation? Does not the brilliant and scholarly work of J. A. Symonds satisfy the student and the general reader?

Dr. Robert Wallace, a Scotsman, whose unfinished autobiography will form part of a book about him, began to write his reminiscences shortly before his death. He gave this excuse: "For one thing, I have often thought that any human life, however obscure, dull and commonplace it may seem, or be, would be typical of something." Yes, if the record of that life were written with unconscious honesty.

Mr. Charles Marriott, whose novel "The Column" had its day of frantic praise, has finished a new story, "The House on the Sands," which will be published by John Lane toward fall. The scenes are in Cornwall, and the characters move in a political atmosphere.

The title page of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's volume in Duckworth's "Greenback Series" is a curiosity: "The Aftermath; or Gleanings from a Busy Life, called upon the outer cover, for purposes of sale, 'Caliban's Guide to Letters.'" The book is a satire on journalism and authorship. A story is among the articles, and there are verses. Mr. Belloc gives a list of imaginary notices of his little work.

July 13, 1903

A GRIM STORY OF LOVE
AND TRAGIC EMOTIONS.

"Anne Carmel" Does Not Have
the Relief of Comedy.

"German Ambitions as They Affect
Britain and the United States" a
Plea for Anglo-Saxon Unity—
Wordsworth as Seen by His
Neighbors—Walpole's Letters.

"Anne Carmel," by Gwendolen Overton (The Macmillan Co., New York and London), might be classified, according to the system of Balzac, as a scene in provincial life or as a scene in private life. It is a grim story without relief of comedy. The leading characters are

An English woman, Lady Grant, described Johnson in her diary. He was nearly 6 feet high, broad shouldered, deep chested, exceedingly powerful, with a finely shaped head, a frank face, a humor, a witty & delightful conversationalist. His hospitality was boundless, and rare Madagascan, ports and curiosities were on his table. The Indians who sat at most were dressed as white men and they conversed for the most part in English. The chief of the Upper Castle Mohawks was "a man of prodigious influence and the most grave and solemn courtesy." Lady Grant admitted the quality of Caroline, and made no slur, she also spoke of Sir William's manly vigorous capacity for detail in business.

Sir William advocated the policy of arming the Indians; otherwise, he said, they would be of little use as allies, and he invented for them a gun known as "the Indian-trade-smooth-bore." This gun was "3 feet long in the barrel and about 4 feet 2 inches overall, smooth bore"; it carried a half-ounce spherical bullet, and could be used with

ball or small shot. He had the courage to denounce duelling, which he considered a barbarous and often murderous practice. "I should be sorry," he wrote, "if I thought I had a reputation for courage that could be sustained only by fighting duels. Believe me that I shall always keep all my bullets and all my marksmanship for the enemies of my country! I shall never visit them upon any of my own countrymen who may be hostile to me personally." This was in 1751—and remember that Sir William was an Irishman.

Braddock's defeat, the battle of Lake George, and Pontiac's war are considered at length. In 1753 Sir William was appointed by his king general superintendent of Indian affairs for the whole of British North America—less than a month after Braddock's arrival in Hampton Roads. Sir William attended the conference at Alexandria, where Braddock outlined his strategy; he called a conference at Mt. Johnson, where over 1000 Indians assembled and promised help. The news of Braddock's defeat chilled their enthusiasm. Johnson set out for Lake George with 1400 men, where he was joined by other troops.

In the fight in which Dieskau, the French commander-in-chief, was mortally wounded and defeated, Johnson, too, was wounded, and as he and his foe were taken to the surgeons, Sir William directed them to dress the wounds of his antagonist before they attended to his own. This victory at Lake George restored the confidence of the American colonies, and it taught the world that American provincials could overcome French regulars. Sir William was busied during the later years of this war in retaining the assistance of the Indians in New York colony, until he was made second in command of the Niagara expedition, and on the death of Gen. Prideaux he succeeded him as commander. At the head of nearly 1000 Indians, he did not allow them to offer insult or injury to a captured garrison, nor did they plunder private property of troops or families. As diplomatist and soldier his abilities were recognized on both sides.

Pontiac's conspiracy took Sir William off his guard for the first time in his experience of 20 years with the Indians. Nearly three years after the outbreak of the plot, Pontiac and Sir William met at Oswego to smoke the great calumet of peace, and Pontiac pledged his fealty to the King of England. Soon after this picturesque event Sir William put an end to his direct personal management of the Indians. The treaties he had made included every Indian tribe hitherto under French dominion or influence. The era that began with the surrender of Pontiac was one of peace between the two races that lasted until the outbreak of the revolution. After 1766 Sir William's life was, in the main, one of quiet. Yet he had under his control nearly 200,000 Indians. Of these, the Iroquois lived in a state of civilized comfort which is scarcely realized by modern readers.

His last great public work was the ratification of a definite boundary between the territory of the Six Nations and the colony of New York, with a survey and delimitation—the "Fort Stanwix Treaty Line." He lived happily with his family. Proud of his children, he purposed to send two half-breed boys to what is now Columbia University, and the girls to a fashionable school at Albany. He introduced the manufacture of rifles in New York; he read—and he had a library of over 2000 volumes; he was a voluminous correspondent, and he annotated in Latin letters received from priests written in that language. He was fond of gunning, fishing, horse racing, boxing and wrestling.

His benevolence was proverbial, and, though formally a member of the Church of England, he built chapels for Lutherans, and mission schoolhouses for missionaries of various denominations. If he had lived, would he have fought against the King in the revolution? Politically, he was a Whig, but in public and in his correspondence he was conservative, almost non-committal, yet he congratulated a correspondent on the repeal of the stamp act. He did not believe that the crown could subdue the united colonies, and not more than a week before his death he said: "I dread the coming of a struggle that must shake the British empire to its foundations. For my part, I can only say now that I shall not be found on the side of the aggressor!"

In 1774 (on July 11) he made a speech of two hours to about 600 Indians, who invoked his influence to prevent an invasion of the Indian country on the Ohio. He was prostrated by the heat, and he died of cerebral apoplexy about two hours after he had stopped speaking. His mantle fell on Joseph Brant, to whom Sir William spoke his last words: "Joseph, control your people. I am going away."

Mr. Buel's notes and digressions often throw light on the manners and customs of the period in which his hero figured brilliantly. Even among young half-breeds in what would be now considered a wilderness, there were positive ideas concerning the characteristics of a gentleman. One of Johnson's half-breed sons refused to faze for a clergyman's son, on the ground that he was the son of a gentleman and should not perform menial service for the sons of common people.

"What is a gentleman?" inquired young Wheelock, rather superciliously. "A gentleman," quickly responded the young half-breed, "is a man who lives in a big mansion, has a great lot of land, keeps race horses, and drinks

Madeira wine at his dinner—and your father doesn't do a single one of those things!" Young Wheelock saddled the pony himself.

The volume is illustrated by portraits and other pictures, and there is an index.

SOMETHING INTERESTING FOR LOVERS OF BOOKS.

Gosse's "Romance of Natural History" in New Form.

A Book of Entertaining Reading for Young or Old—An Elaborate Work on Sociology from the Pen of the Late Dr. Stuckenberg—"King Edward and His Court."

Forty odd years ago Philip H. Gosse wrote an entertaining book entitled "Romance of Natural History." The New Amsterdam Book Company of New York has republished it in a small and convenient form.

But when was natural history not a romance? Look over the pages of the Elder Pilly as Englished, now in brave and pompous and now in naive language, by Philemon Holland. Look over the natural histories translated into English from various languages for the benefit of the Elizabethans and their immediate successors. Read "Batman Upon Bartholome." Topsell, Mouffet and others. Romance follows romance. It is not necessary to refer to the fabulous animals whom Flaubert leads in procession before his astonished St. Anthony; the most prosaic animal had in those early days his mirific characteristics.

Since 1860 many things have happened, many things have been swept into the dustbin of Time, many things have been discovered. We find Gosse writing in 1860 concerning Darwin's "theory of the origin of species by means of natural selection or the preservation of favored races in the struggle for life." "I am very far, indeed, from accepting Mr. Darwin's theory to the extent to which he pushes it, completely trampling on revelation as it does; but I think there is a measure of truth in it."

We find Gosse in 1860 shaking his head knowingly at certain evidence brought forward by Americans concerning the existence of the sea serpent. He quoted a report of the Linnaean Society of New England relative to "a large marine animal, supposed to be a serpent, seen near Cape Ann, Mass." In August of that year; he quoted from a Boston newspaper of 1848 a long communication from the Hon. T. H. Perkins, who attested his own personal observation of the marine serpent at Gloucester harbor, near Cape Ann in 1817, but he added as a corrective this uncompromising paragraph: "Though the position and character of some of these witnesses add weight to their testimony, and seem to preclude the possibility of their being either deceived or deceivers, yet, owing to a habit prevalent in the United States of supposing that there is somewhat of wit in gross exaggeration, or hoaxing inventions, we do not naturally look with a lurking suspicion on American statements, when they describe unusual or disputed phenomena."

And when he summed up the evidence in favor of the existence of the sea serpent, he eliminated all the testimony of Norwegian, American and French eye-witnesses, and confined himself to "English witnesses of known character and position, most of them being officers under the crown."

His chapters are still entertaining reading. The one entitled "The Terrible" may still be read by children young and old with awful attention. For years we remembered uneasily the description of the mailed crocodile as one of "the most formidable foes to man." "So that even when quiet, the monster seems to be grinning with rage (his teeth are terrible round about, Job xli. 14); and we shook off fear only when we learned from De Quincey that Mr. Charles Waterton once publicly mounted and rode in top boots a savage old crocodile "that was restive and very impertinent, but all to no purpose. The crocodile liked and tried to kick, but vainly." From which De Quincey wisely argued that the two animals had misunderstood each other. "The use of the crocodile has now been cleared up, viz., to be ridden; and the final cause of man is that he may improve the health of the crocodile by riding him a fox-hunting before breakfast. And it is pretty certain that any crocodile who has been regularly hunted through the season, and is master of the weight he carries, will take a six-barred gate now as well as ever he would have done in the infancy of the pyramids."

Gosse gave an impressive description of the bell bird of the Amazon, and ended: "The jealously reclusive habits of the bird have thrown an air of mystery over its economy, which heightens the interest with which it is invested." We met lately a traveller who had just returned from South America. He insisted that the bell bird, or champanero, had never been seen, and Mr. Charles Dixon, in his "Curiosities of Bird Life" notes that these birds confine themselves to the densest parts of the forest, and are exceptionally shy and retiring in their habits. Yet this bird has been

seen, caught and sent to Europe (see a footnote in Burton's "Brazil", II., 85). But has Waterton's statement, that the bell-like note is audible at a distance of three miles, been confirmed? There is another bird in Brazil, the chaomorphyn or nudicollis, that gives out notes resembling the sound of a clear-toned bell, sometimes repeated at intervals and sometimes in such rapid succession that they closely resemble the sound made by striking steel on an anvil, so that the bird is known to the Portuguese as the "ferrador" or "smith."

The whole excited the admiration of Gosse, but no one has ever equalled Herman Melville in descriptions of the whale and whaling. "Moby Dick" is still the one great treatise on cetology, the supreme romance of "the great leviathan that maketh the seas to seethe like boiling pan."

It is a pity that Gosse's entertaining book was not annotated by some editor of curious research and sympathetic taste. Valuable opinions of Gosse and Sir Thomas Brown would have added to the interest, and there should have been due consideration paid Joseph Joachim Da Gama Machado, who breakfasted daily in Paris with the animals he studied, who would not give his birds parsley because it resembled hemlock, who insisted that the Virginia cardinal sings only because it has red plumage.

The 10th volume of "The New International Encyclopedia," edited by D. C. Gilman, H. T. Peck, and F. M. Colby, has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. (N. Y.). The subjects treated are "Infantry," "Larramendi." There are maps, colored plates, engravings and other illustrations. The scope of this work is liberal, and the performance of the contributors is modelled on that of the two well known German encyclopedias, which for general family use have surpassed all English rivals except possibly Chambers'. In matters of opinion the contributors are, as a rule, conventional and prudent. Few students of the Koran would agree to the statement made that Sale's version, with its stiff Latinisms, is "one of the best translations in any language," and some will wonder why the author of the article on "Iron Mask" was not convinced by Funch Grotan that the famous victim was Matthioli. But there is a great amount of varied information in the volume, and the editors are so catholic as to make room for "Jack the Ripper" as well as "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Jack Spratt." It is a pleasure to see that pseudonyms are included.

Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg did not live to see the publication of his elaborate work, "Sociology; the Science of Human Society" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.). He published an "Introduction to the Study of Sociology" some years ago. Since then he worked incessantly on the present volumes, and made his researches in London, Paris, Berlin as well as in Boston and Cambridge. He did not force his material into a preconceived plan, but his system grew out of the material. He criticized the products of preceding investigations, made original examinations, and was led to abandon traditional methods for his own social analysis and synthesis. Some of his most valuable suggestions were obtained not from works on sociology, but from such as treat of anthropology, ethnology, historiography, economics, political science, logic. His introduction of sociological ethics is new.

Dr. Stuckenberg adopted this definition of sociology: The science of society. He inquired into the nature of society, its physical basis, constituent elements, the individual and society, the nature of social forces, the fundamental, constitutional and cultural forces. He then examined the subject of social evolution, the evolving causes, the causes which evolve the interaction and the products of the social forces, the general characteristics of social revolution. The second volume is devoted to the consideration of the three great eras of social evolution: (1) The era of social evolution and why it is inadequate; (2) the political era of social revolution—the state and the evolution within it; (3) the international era and its international requirements. The concluding chapters treat of the nature and aim of sociological ethics, the social ideal, the actuality and principles for changing the social actuality into the social ideal.

Dr. Stuckenberg believed firmly that we are gradually but surely moving into the third era, and the chapters concern-

ing this era and those concerning sociological ethics are among the most suggestive in the important work.

Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "King Edward and His Court" has been published by Fisher Unwin (London). The author's object is to give impressions of the chief personages in the social and political system in which the King is the central figure. Mr. Escott maintains that cosmopolitanism is the most characteristic quality of the English court.

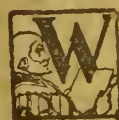
New novels by Lucas Malet, Richard Whiteing, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, F. E. Moore, Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman and Rita will be published in the fall.

A portfolio of the etchings of Charles Keene, with an introductory essay by M. H. Spielmann, will be published by Curtis Guildford, Eng., next autumn.

A volume illustrating "Old English Doorways, from Tudor times to the end of the 18th century, has been published by Batsford of London. It contains reproductions of photographs and historical notes and sketches by Henry Tanner, Jr., author of "English Interior Woodwork."

Greening & Co., London, have published an anonymous novel, "The Staff in Flower," a title derived from the well known incident in the Tannhauser legend.

The Qualities and Qualifications He Should Possess; Why It Is Better for the Critic to Avoid Acquaintanceship with Public Singers and Players.



As discussed last Sunday the attitude of the American critic toward music in general. Let us consider today his attitude toward musicians—singers, players of instruments, conductors, composers.

It may be said by some that the attitude of the American critic cannot differ materially from that of his European brethren; that he, too, is a man of likes and dislikes, prejudices and passions; but this point is raised in connection with the personal relationship that should or should not exist between the critic and the one criticised.

The concert is a venerable institution. From time immemorial singers and players have exhibited their art in the presence of the people. Solomon, describing his royal pomp and glory, wrote, or at least a melancholy and cynical essayist put into his mouth these words: "I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings and of the provinces. I gat me men singers and women singers and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts." And years before his glory, singers and players were in fashion and they were no doubt hotly discussed.

That the critic was also known is beyond doubt and peradventure. Was it not to him that the author of "Ecclesiasticus" addressed these golden words of wisdom: "Use not much the company of a woman that is a singer, lest thou be taken with her attempts." "Use not much." In the revised version the advice is more imperative—"use not," and there is no qualification.

In a word, should the critic keep steadfastly aloof from men and women whom he may be obliged to criticize in the course of his professional duty?

A well known critic of this city once said to us: "I have learned more from my social intercourse with singers and composers, violinists and pianists than I have from teachers or books. When I heard Maurel explain his views concerning the proper interpretation of Paderewski's performance in private, I saw more clearly certain phases of Paderewski's art after I became well acquainted with the man. So if I talk with a composer I learn something about his processes of musical thought, and I become familiar with his aims and purposes."

But if Maurel's stage impersonation of Paderewski was not convincing, of what advantage to the critic was the baritone's private explanation of his composition of the part? Furthermore Maurel had published a pamphlet concerning psychological, physiological and dramatic problems in the performance of Verdi's opera. If Paderewski does not fully reveal his art in a concert will his conversation, however fascinating, determine his exact position as an artist? And if a critic is not able to learn a composer's processes of musical thought from his compositions, either the composer's thought is cloudy or the critic is not sensitive to impressions and has no right to pronounce judgment on public.

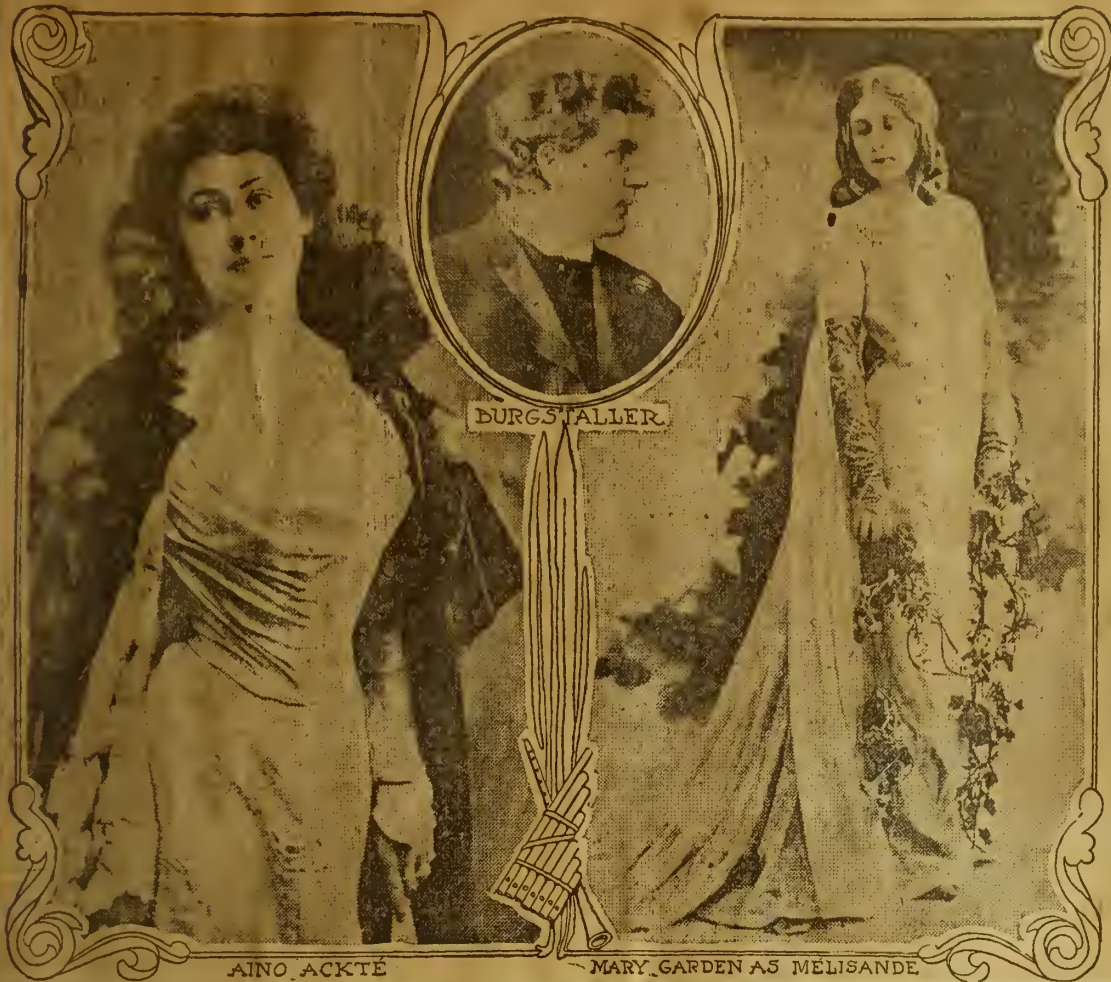
We quoted last Sunday these words of Richard Grant White: "I then laid down for myself an absolute rule, from which I never swerved, not in a single instance, during the 10 years in which I wrote musical and dramatic criticisms: this was, not to make the acquaintance of an artist, either singer or actor, until after I had fully expressed my opinion in regard to him or her, so that there was nothing to be gained, even by being civil to me." We are inclined, in theory at least, to go further, to say that the critic should deny himself possible pleasures, and the remote chance of self-improvement by avoiding even acquaintanceship with public singers and players.

There are several reasons why such course is wiser, why it is, in the end, fairer to both critic and performer.

It is a good thing for a critic to have illusions. Let Terina be always him Isolde, or Tosca or Brünnhilde; let Calve be Santuzza or Anita; let V. Dyck be Tannhauser, the despairing pilgrim, returning to the Horsa after he had heard the pitiless sentence of the Pope let Paderewski be merely the haunting apparition of hypnotic spell.

Richard Grant White bore witness the superb beauty, the large and simi-

ATTITUDE OF THE AMERICAN CRITIC TOWARD MUSICIANS.



AINO ACKTÉ

MARY GARDEN AS MELISANDE

style, the tragic intensity of Teresa Truffi. To him she suggested the statue of a Roman empress. She bore herself upon the stage absolutely unconscious of her personal magnificence. White had glorified her to the public "with the enthusiasm of an unhackneyed critic and the ardor of a very young man." She wished to see him, to know him, and he called on her. The room into which he was shown was not large, "and much of it was occupied by a great, lumbering pianoforte, on which were piles and those sheets of music, a bonnet and a shawl, a pair of soiled white shoes, a half-empty bottle of wine, and a plate containing a cut loaf and a huge piece of bologna sausage. Dingy disorder pervaded the apartment, in which I detected faintly an odor novel and indescribable, which might have been that of the sausage, but which certainly was not that of a large faded bouquet which stood upon a table, on which the cover lay awry."

The lips and the complexion of the prima-donna were the freshest things in the room. Her hair was in disorder; she wore a strange stuff gown and a queer little shawl. There was not a suggestion of the charm of refined womanhood. "On the stage she had a graceful dignity which an empress might have envied; in her own parlor no one could have mistaken her for a lady." Her dingy old mother sat in a rocking chair taking snuff in huge quantities. She talked volubly about her daughter's brilliant talents and the impresario's stinginess. She snuffed and sneezed and gabbled. And White thought, "Truffi herself might come to this."

White drew no moral conclusion for the benefit of the reader, but when he saw Truffi again as Lucrezia Borgia or Donna Anna, did he not also see the clutter in the room, did he not smell the stale air and the sausage, did he not hear the sneezing of the snuffy old woman in the rocking chair?

An opera lover might say: "This is another period. Singers and players today are more refined, more intellectual. Suppose you should meet Aino Ackté, who will sing next season as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company. She is still young—in her 28th year. She was born at Helsingfors. Might you not learn from her something about the folk songs or the composers of Finland? At first she sang at the Paris Opera such parts as Marguerite and Juliet, but of late she has attempted more dramatic and heroic parts, and some say that she is not suited to such work. There would be a subject for discussion. There is that remarkable young Scotch-American woman, Mary Garden, the glory of the Opera Comique, the creator of Debussy's Melisande. Do you not think she could talk entertainingly about Debussy and his artistic beliefs and aims? Or if you wish information about Bayreuth as it is today, could you not learn much from Alois Burgstaller, who was here last season, and of whom

there is now talk in connection with performances of 'Parsifal' at New York?"

Yes, this is another period, but the characteristics of singers, composers, pianists and violinists are as fixed quantities. The chances are that Ackté would much prefer to talk about her present and future, and that if the critic tried to lead her to Helsingfors she would escape him to be in Paris. Or she might be amiable and without conversation.

The most brilliant, the most impressive singers on the stage are often the most matter-of-fact persons in daily life, just as the most naturally refined on the stage are often inherently coarse and vulgar the moment they are out of the opera house or concert hall. Even the voice that thrilled you in song may be harsh or common in speech. The singer often knows little or nothing of the opera except those pages which directly concern her. Her judgment of an opera is determined by the opportunity given by librettist and composer for her personal display.

One famous singer will be quiet and dull; this one talkative and malicious; this one vain and conceited beyond belief. One curses all teachers: "They did their best to ruin me, and I am where I am today by my own efforts." Another has never had an opportunity. Her colleagues are in league with the manager to hide her from the public. Another affects gentility and chatters of receptions and dinners. Another is discontented with all the performances in which she is not the star: "No, that is not art as I understand it." And

yet another can talk of nothing but tone production, and she gives practical illustrations of her own theories: "See how I take this tone; just put your hand here."

The prima-donnas and their humble sisters, the tenors and their brethren, violinists, pianists, composers, are as a rule a self-centred folk. Art is to them a personal matter. The virtuoso will talk of his success, and he will often praise loudly another—whom he does not fear. The composer is unappreciated, neglected, and when a conductor does produce one of his works he ruins it in performance by misconceiving the general intention; by his choice of tempi or by indifference toward the remarkable beauties of the overture or symphonic poem. The pianist prates about technique; when the conversation is not directly about his own life and deeds, he looks unhappy and he practises five-finger exercises on his knee. These musicians of various kinds are seldom interested in anything except music as interpreted or composed by them. Talking in groups, they are as at a convention, where each is armed with a paper and restless to be heard.

Now, these singers and players, when they are busy in their respective callings may move and thrill the hearer by subtlety or power of interpretation; the composers by their music may awaken emotion, suggest moods, take the hearer away for a time from the petty annoyances, the tiresome routine,

the troubles and sorrows and woes of this too daily life. Is it not better to know merely as interpreters and creators the men and women who have this power over an audience? Is not the critic then able to write concerning them without the interfering and prejudicial thoughts of their personal weaknesses and follies?

Let it be freely granted that there are modest musicians even among virtuosos; that there are brilliant men and women in the ranks of singers and players; that there are composers who would go quietly to the stake for an essential principle of pure art; even then it is better for the critic to entertain respect for them rather than to be on terms of intimacy. A critic in his endeavor to be just toward a performer or the composition of a friend is often cool in praise or he writes with an "if," a "but," and a "perhaps," because he is afraid lest as a friend he may seem too eulogistic in the eyes of the public. Let the critic be a partisan of a cause, but never the press agent of an individual. The public is only too eager to ascribe an unworthy motive for praise, when the art which calls forth the praise is rare and subtle. If the singer be a woman who is not immediately a popular favorite, if she does not unmask boldly the battery of her physical attractions on the audience, if she does not unblushingly set traps for applause, but sings with consummate art or moves by cerebral and psychical rather than physical force—if such a one be praised, there are shrugs and winks: "Did you see that article? Bludner has been worked—that's plain enough; but what can he see in her?" Mr. Bludner hears the gossip, and he smiles. He has never met the woman.

No sensitive man likes to write an unfavorable opinion concerning a man or a woman with whom he has talked familiarly or supped, yet even the most distinguished singers and players have their unfortunate hours. The intonation of a Sembrich or a Melba is not always flawless; their spirits as well as their tones are sometimes depressed; Plancon may suffer from a cold; De Pachmann, Bauer, Paderewski are not invariably in the mood; talented composers may deceive themselves concerning the worth of their latest compositions. Or a musician, a pleasant companion, with high artistic ambitions, may sing wretchedly or compose stupid music. How much easier the task of the just critic when he has had no personal relations with these musicians.

A singer, player or composer will accept a critic's praise for 364 days with a pretty show of thankfulness, and in the firm belief that an intelligent critic could not write otherwise; but if on the 365th day there is a line of adverse criticism, no matter how poor the performance, no matter how courteous the critical expression of opinion, the glowing articles of the preceding 364 days are as the hole in the millstone. The little fly is larger than the jam pot. The critic is thick-witted, ignorant, an oaf; or he has listened to a rival; or there is

Melba, of a kindly nature, and a crowd of brilliant, sometimes figure-able and gregarious critics by the distribution of gifts during or at the end of a season, and this open act of mis-conceived friendship is without thought of bribery, which is an unpleasant word. A distinguished pianist sends a dozen bottles of choice liqueur to one, packages of imported cigarettes to another, to a third, who has no petty vices, he gives a gold-headed umbrella. He remains with pleasure a dinner at the house of a fourth, and he sends his host's wife a bediamonded watch as a souvenir, or a wedding present to the sister-in-law of a fifth. "she reminded me so much of my countrywomen." These critics are honest and high-minded. They would no dream of selling their opinions. At first they resent the idea of a gift, and then they say, "He means nothing evil, he is extravagant in his generosity and he is rich; it is only his way of showing his liking. I should not take this umbrella from another pianist. If I should return it I should probably lose an agreeable friend." But when the pianist plays carefully at the next concert he is seen in a fragrant cloud of cigarette smoke, he breathes forth the odor of Kirsch, an umbrella protects his head from the critical storm, and a wife and a sister-in-law look appealingly at Messrs. Minos and Ithadamanthus of the daily press. Mr. Minos steels his heart and tells the public that, in his opinion, Mr. Soffopolski did not play at this particular concert in a manner worthy of his reputation. Mrs. Minos talks to her spouse the next morning in sour italics. The eminent Soffopolski says to companions of Minos, "Singular fellow that Minos; I don't understand him. He has smoked and drank with me, and he has talked so nobly of the duties of a critic that I did not dare to make him a little present. There's where I made a mistake." The Greeks are not the only ones to be feared when they come bearing gifts.

In certain European cities it is the custom for visiting virtuosos to call on the local critics before the night of the performance. They thus complete the work of the press agent; they inform the critics concerning their technical acquirements and temperamental gifts; they intimate that at last they hope to win the favor of the severest but most just critics in the musical world, and that after such approbation has been couched in memorable and imperishable words, they are prepared to sing the "Nunc Dimittis." This is an essentially humorous performance carried through by visitors and critics with the utmost gravity. Certain virtuosos who visit this country make such calls, but fortunately the practice is not yet general. Some opera singers, generally Italians or French, send their cards.

A conscientious critic struggles against the natural prejudice incited in his breast by the earnest words of the passionate press agent. Because a singer has been a favorite of fashionable London she is not necessarily unschooled nor her tones as vinegar. A pianist has been praised in Berlin as a formidable disciple of Liszt, and yet his performance may be something more than sound and fury. Even if Cosima Wagner kissed a Bayreuth tenor on his brow, he may occasionally sing, and not invariably shout.

Nor should a critic be prejudiced against singers because they are "stars." A good ensemble in opera is greatly to be desired; and yet on more than one occasion the stars have sung together. In these German towns where there is so much talk about ensemble, the chief singers are as stars in the local firmament, just as at the Castle Square Theatre, where there was an effort to have a respectable ensemble, Clara Lane was considered as a star by the faithful audience, though the words of Paul, "For one star differeth from another star in glory," have always been true. Leonora Baroni was a star of the first magnitude. Poets vied with each other in trumpeting her praise, and among them was John Milton. The star has hazled near the northern lights and by the Southern Cross. The wise men as well as the foolish have followed it. The critic should insist on the use of the telescope; he should not refuse to adjust the instrument. Nearly two centuries ago the poet Gay wrote at London to Dean Swift: "As for the reigning amusement of the town it is entirely musical; real fiddles, bass viols and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres and reeds. There's nobody allowed to say, 'I sing,' but an eunuch, or an Italian woman. Everybody is grown now as great a judge of music as they were in your time of poetry; and folks that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different styles of Handel, Bononcini and Attilio. People have now forgot Homer and Virgil and Caesar; or, at least, they have lost their ranks. For in London and Westminster, in all polite conversations, Senesino is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived." Yet it was the duty of the London critic of 1722-23 to examine the art of Senesino in spite of the frenetic enthusiasm of the fashionable mob.

When Wagneritis was most infectious and at the height of its rage, it was commonly reported by its victims that only Germans knew how to sing with genuine expression. Did a German woman bawl and scream, "She threw her soul into her part." Did a German tenor serve as a strutting compendium of vocal errors, or did he with worn voice mouth and indulge himself in semaphoric gestures, "He was so intellectual."

We know a man who plumes himself

on his "stalwart Americanism." To him all foreigners, Russians or Spaniards, Egyptians or Norwegians—all are as he classifies them, nothing but "Dagos," and to his mind, mere cumberers of the ground. There were critics, sufferers from acute Wagneritis, who reminded us of our friend, Vocal art was cultivated only in German. Italian and French singers were without soul or brains, and all singers that sang in operas outside of Wagner's were unintelligent, immoral, like unto the brutes that perish. If a French singer was reported to be studying a Wagnerian part, there was hope for him. Jean de Reszke was not a truly great tenor in the eyes of these critics until he began to study for "Siegfried" and "Tristan und Isolde."

Nordica was nothing but a soulless singer in hurdy-gurdy operas until she was baptized at the Bayreuth Chapel. The American critic should be free from such absurd prejudices, and it may be truly said that in Boston such prejudices never prevailed. The questions to be answered are: "Does the woman know how to sing? Is she emotional? Is the tenor something more than a lay figure?" The critic at the performance should not care whether the prima donna come from Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg or Hockanum Ferry. The question, when a new pianist appears above the local horizon, is not "Who taught him?" not "Is he an exponent of the Hammerklavier method?" but "Is he a master of his instrument? Is he emotional or impressive, is he merely mimetic or a pronounced individuality?"

Nor should the critic be unduly influenced by the fact that a singer, pianist or composer is of American birth. He should not, therefore, and at once, entertain dark suspicions, nor should he be prepared to shout "My country, right or wrong." Maud Powell would be a most admirable violinist if she named Posen as her birthplace. Nordica would be worthy of high praise if she had been born in Tangiers. MacDowell would still be a highly imaginative composer if he had come from peasant stock on the lower Danube. And there are American men and women who are no more conspicuous as singers, players and composers than if they were barely subsisting in Chemnitz or Dijon. The critic, however, has a right to expect that an Italian woman will display more passionate intensity in song than a New Englander descended from a line of deacons and selectmen; and when, as sometimes happens, a New England girl is irresistibly passionate in song, the warmer praise should be awarded this display of the unexpected.

In France, Italy, Germany and Russia the eulogizing critics are chiefly professional musicians. In Paris such men as Gabriel Faure and Claude Debussy do not disdain to serve newspapers as Berlioz served before them. In Berlin, when that city was famous for criticism, Dorn, Ehrlich, Engel, Urban, Ed Taubert, Tappert were musicians of indisputable ability. In the United States there has been an improvement in this respect during the last 25 years. We say "improvement," for surely a critic should have a certain practical knowledge of the art about which he writes. In this city, for instance, five of the critics who wrote for daily or weekly journals from 1890 to 1900 were men who had studied for a professional career, and four of them were busied during those years professionally. It has been said that pedagogues and composers are unsympathetic or biased critics. Fetus is cited as an example of a pedagogue-critic, and Weber and Schumann are named as composers who pronounced extraordinary opinions on the works of contemporary opinions, which Time, the avenger, has, in many instances, mocked. It is not now necessary to discuss this point at length. It may be said, however, that a critic is supposed to have an adequate technical equipment for his task. He may not be able to sing so as to give pleasure; he may not touch the heart by mastery of violin or piano; he may not have the imaginative faculty indispensable to the composition of music that is something more than notes correctly written, but he should know why a singer sings well, or poorly; in what respect a player of an instrument is technically deficient; whether the workmanship displayed in a composition is good or bad. He should be sensitive to Impressions, catholic in his attitude toward various schools of performers and composers, a student of the past, yet one deeply interested in the present and hopeful for the future. He should remember that the golden age is always shifting, that the immediate present, in the opinion of some, is always a barren period or one of bizarre experiments. The despairing question: "But whether is the music tending?" is century old. Music "tended" toward Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Verdi, Wagner, Tschalkowsky, Brahms, Cesar Franck. It is tending now toward Richard Strauss—or Claude Debussy?

The work lives and the interpreter is soon forgotten. The golden voice, choked by dust, is a tradition. Liszt, the pianist, will soon be merely an illustrious name. The critic, knowing all this, will, nevertheless, appreciate perfect artistry in interpretation and pay the deserved tribute. Toward the righteously ambitious young, whether in performance or in composition, he should be helpful, but never a flatterer, never a dealer in unmeaning phrases. He should be severe toward pretentious incompetence, toward any display of Barnumism. If he himself prefers bel canto, the beautiful continuity of a flowing phrase, he should realize the fact that in much modern music subtle or passionate declamation is more to the purpose. He should not be excited by the roaring of the crowd, he should examine into the causes of the enthusiasm; for perhaps the crowd's intuitions are as the cool judgment of others. He should write simply and bravely, without thought of any impression to be made by him, with serene unconscious-

ness. He should write as he knows and feels, for a man can express only that which is in his heart and brain. The moment he begins to think, first, of his readers, they will no longer think of him.

NOTES.

Ada Crossley will sail for Australia on Aug. 5, and return to London late in February.

Bruckner's "Te Deum" will be performed at the Birmingham festival for the first time in England.

Lilli Lehmann has refused to take part in the dedication of the Wagner statue at Berlin.

The Municipal band, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, will give concerts today on the Common at 3:30 and at Marine Park at 8 P. M. The programme on the Common will include pieces by Saint-Saens, Berlioz, Lecoque, Halevy, Franck, Waldeufel, Litolfo, Gounod.

Sarasate, who has not played in London for some years, will give a few concerts in England in October.

August Bungert wrote incidental music for the two parts of Goethe's "Faust," performed at Dusseldorf, July 5-15.

Edward Lloyd, the tenor, is again in England, after his long tour in Australia. He purposes to come to the United States in January.

A. J. Balfour has been chosen president of the Bach Choir, London. He has for some time been a "non-performing" member of the choir.

"Isebill," a dramatic symphony by Friedrich Klose, poem by Hugo Hoffmann, has been produced at the Carlruhe Opera House. It lasts three hours.

It is said that since Edward came to the throne the names of English composers have been more frequently seen on the programmes of state entertainments.

A volume of feuilletons contributed by Berlioz to the Journal des Debats, never before published in book form, and edited by Andre Hallays, has appeared in Paris.

Remi Marsmo, the baritone lately engaged by Henry W. Savage, will appear with Mr. Savage's grand opera company probably as Escamillo, in Brooklyn, in September.

Paul Corder's overture "Cyrano de Bergerac" and a concert piece in G minor for organ were performed for the first time June 26 at a Royal Academy concert, London.

Dr. Elgar has finished the second part of "The Apostles" for the Birmingham festival of October. The July number of the Musical Times has a short preliminary account of it.

Zelda Rotall and her husband, Thomas V. Donnelly, are singing successfully in the South as members of the Robinson comic opera company in "Girofio-Girofia," "Fra Diavolo" and "Said Pasha."

Mr. George W. Stewart of Boston, the manager of the bureau of music of the St. Louis world's fair, will sail for Europe in August to close contracts for the engagement of the Garde Republicaine band, Paris, and the British Grenadier band, London, for eight weeks, respectively. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been appropriated to provide music. Prizes to the amount of \$30,000 will be given for band concerts, and to the amount of \$25,000 for "choral recitals."

Mr. John Mahnken of New York, formerly manager of Thomas' orchestra and then manager for Seidl, Herbert and Walter Damrosch, will take charge of the Philadelphia orchestra next season.

Etienne Trefeu, librettist, died lately. Born in 1821, he wrote, or collaborated in, librettos for Offenbach, as "Genevieve de Brabant," "La Princesse de Trebizonde," "Jeanne qui pleure et Jean qui rit."

Colin McAlpin's opera, "King Arthur," composed about six years ago for a music festival at Leicester, was performed by the pupils of the London music school at the Royalty Theatre, July 6.

The July number of the Musical World, published by Arthur P. Schmidt, contains articles by H. R. Pratt, T. P. Currier, J. R. Weber, Miss E. L. Winn and others. There is the usual music supplement.

Louis Arens, a Russian tenor, has been engaged by the Moody-Managers opera company for a season at Covent Garden. He is said to be a pupil of Tschalkowsky in theory, and he is a "Mus. Doc." But can he sing?

Miss Alice A. Cummings, pianist of this city, has sailed to fulfil engagements in London and Paris. She will return the last of September. She has letters to d'Indy, Saint-Saens, Moszkowski and other prominent musicians.

Mr. Efrangcon-Davies has been singing in London a ballad, "Thyralce," with orchestral accompaniment by R. J. Somerville. Thyralce is a young girl who leaves her family for a riotous life, and is found and killed by her father.

A dance-poem, "Waldezauber," by Leo Herzberg, was produced at the Bunte Theatre, Berlin, on June 15. A tenor takes the part of a dreamer, who sees a fairy in the enchanted wood. The music is arranged from pieces by Mendelssohn.

The Era (London) of June 20 commented in a delightful manner on Cesar Franck's piano quintet, the greatest chamber work since the last quartets of Beethoven. "We have not found any particular attraction in his works, although, we grant, he was a sincere student, and might have won fame if he had lived long enough to develop his ideas, and to get rid of some grave defects of style and some very crude harmonies." The Era also speaks of Franck's "imperfectly developed, dreamy and ambitious nature."

The programme of the Berlioz centenary concert, to be conducted by Richard Strauss at London on Dec. 11, will consist of the "King Lear" overture, the "Nuit d'Ete" songs, the "Fan-

tastic" symphony" and Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben."

The July number of the Musical Record and Review, published by Oliver Ditson Company, contains articles by Miss Chapin, Miss Bauer, Messrs. Henderson, Salmon, Storer, Gotschius, Cutter, Burdett and others. There is the usual music supplement.

Melba brought with her from Australia "some oil paintings which were the outcome of her talent in that direction at the early age of 14, and the merits of which have led her friends to declare that, had she chosen to persevere in that branch of art, she would have won distinction as a painter."

Mr. E. A. Baughan regrets that Melba of the golden voice has ambitions as an actress. "Even if she had the physical aptitude, it would be a mistake, for her voice is incapable of acting. It has neither the volume nor the variety of color required. Any serious attempt to make a voice of the type of Melba's dramatic robs it of its entrancing beauty."

Mr. Baughan heard Richard Platt, the young American pianist, play a second time in London. "He did nothing to make me modify the opinion I have already expressed of his powers. There is no doubt he has musical ability, and it might be worth his while to study his instrument with the view to become a public pianist, which at present he emphatically is not."

There will be another Richard Strauss festival in London next year. Even admirers of Strauss protest. "A composer, however great, is heard at the best advantage at a series of concerts devoted entirely to his music. It would be interesting to hear programme music by Berlioz, Liszt, Dvorak, Tschalkowsky side by side with Strauss' symphonies," writes a friendly critic.

The Misses Wall, pianist and violinist, graduates of the Royal Conservatory of Stockholm, have been visiting Mrs. Minerva C. Fletcher of Melrose, who gave a musicale for them. Their first public appearance was at the Green Acre conference, Elliot, Me. They will make their debut at New York in the fall. They have studies in France and Germany as well as in their native country.

Coleridge-Taylor will call his new oratorio for the Hereford festival "The Atonement," instead of "Calvary," "as the latter title might evoke comparison with Spohr's oratorio." But Spohr's chromatic work is as dead as King Pandion, except, possibly, in England. The overture to this melo-drama's new oratorio is said to be longer than is customary. Dr. Cowen will write for this festival an Indian rhapsody, founded on authentic Indian melodies. There will be a short novelty by Sir Hubert Parry and a festival evening service by Ivor Atkins.

"Kunacepa," a Brahmin legend in four acts, translated by A. W. Jordan from the poem of Leconte de Lisle, music by C. E. Pritchard, was performed for the first time at the Queen's Hall, London, June 9. The composer, who conducted, studied with Cesar Franck and Massenet. Kunacepa, a younger son, offers himself in place of his brother as a sacrifice to Indra, but he asks for one more day. His betrothed urges him to escape with her. A hermit promises succor. Kunacepa is led to the pillar; he recites the sacred hymn to Indra seven times; a thunder storm comes on; the chains fall from the victim, and the sacrifice of a horse appeases the god. Mr. Baughan wrote: "The music is hopelessly weak and old-fashioned. The vocal writing is never effective, and the choruses are as naively simple as old-fashioned part-songs. The handling of the orchestra is on a rather higher plane, but it never rises above the kind of music any competent bandmaster or theatre conductor could write by the ream. There was a good deal of unconscious humor in the music and its performance by a number of amateur singers. That their ineffectiveness was largely due to the composer was proved by Mme. Sobrino, who, competent artist as she is, could make nothing of her part."

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

BERLIN, June 25, 1903.

NOTHER American girl has appeared in Germany successfully in opera. This time it is a young Philadelphia, Miss Florence Wickham. She sang Fides in Meyerbeer's opera, "Der Prophet," at the Wiesbaden royal opera and scored an immense success. The Wiesbaden Tageblatt says of her: "Again a theatrical at-

tempt. This time more important for our court stage than the recent one of Miss Kessler, for the alto question has become a burning one. A substitute is needed for the retiring singer, Mrs. Mosel Tomschick. A few months ago in the role of Fides an English-linguist artist, Miss Crawford, appeared here yesterday we heard Miss Wickham of Berlin. Well, if it must be, 'English' we prefer the miss of yesterday, and 'made in Germany.' Miss Wickham is, theatrically speaking, still unspooled, is youthful and is endowed with brilliant voice qualities. The part of Fides can stand—yes, demands—great talent, and

really no beginner, but a routined artist is needed therefore. It speaks well for Miss Wickham's ability, that although being a beginner, she carried out the role in an attractive manner. She possesses magnificent material; her mezzo soprano sounds uniformly pleasant, although making an agreeable rather than strong impression. The schooling of her voice is excellent; every tone is equally pure, although still lacking somewhat in dramatic force; her enunciation, with the exception of a few hissing sounds, showing the for-

eigner, was excellent, clear and comprehensive. She displayed musical routine in the able manner in which she corrected a faulty beginning in the first "hissing aria." Very impressive was her appearance in the beggar's scene, and the duet with Bertha; a decrease in power was only noticed in the church scene, where her dramatic accent, as already indicated above, remained somewhat timid. The tall figure of Miss Wickham—so far as one could see in the makeup of the venerable Fides—was as if created for the part; mimicry and gestures showed understanding of every situation, and in the future will increase in importance and strength. In short, Miss Wickham has a brilliant, promising talent, and it is only to be hoped that under proper instruction it may be fully unfolded. Miss Wickham was well received by the public. She sang in the company of such noted artists as Mrs. Leffler Burkhard, who took the part of Bertha, and Herr Kraus as the prophet."

Intendant von Huelsen is so much pleased with Miss Wickham's singing and acting that he offered her an engagement at the Wiesbaden opera. The young Philadelphia is still undecided, however, whether to accept the flattering offer, as she fears that her voice may be injured by too much singing of Wagnerian parts.

EDWARD T. HEYN.

AN INTERESTING WORK FOR LOVERS OF BOOKS.

"Buddhist India," Described by T. W. Rhys Davids.

A Book Not for Idle Reading, but
Containing Much Information
Cautiously Stated—A Picture of
Conditions in the Great Indian
Peninsula in Ancient Days.

Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids is the author of "Buddhist India," a volume of "The Story of the Nations" series (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The book is not for idle reading, but it contains much information cautiously stated.

The author attempts to describe ancient India during the period of Buddhist ascendancy, from the point of view of the rajput, not of the Brahmin. Some may regard the attempt as a species of petty treason, such reverence is still paid the Brahmin view. Why should attention be paid pestilential heretics? But do not certain coins and inscriptions bear evidence against Brahmin theories of caste and history? To those who are pessimists concerning the possibilities of historical research in India, Mr. Rhys Davids answers: "If we compare the materials available for the history, say, of England in the eighth or ninth century, A. D. with the materials available for the history of India at the same period, the difference is not so very marked. The more proper comparison, moreover, would be made with Europe, for India is a continent of many diverse nations. And in the earlier periods, though we have inherited a connected history of one corner in the southeast of the continent, the records handed down for the rest of Europe are perhaps as slight and as imperfect as those handed down in India."

Men are lacking rather than historical data. "It is accepted tradition in England that all higher education may safely be left to muddle along as it best can, without system, under the not always wise restrictions of private beneficence." The new studies struggle under great poverty. There is no chair of Assyriology in England, and there are only two chairs of Sanscrit while in Germany the government provides more than 20 chairs of Sanscrit.

There was no paramount sovereign in India when Buddhism arose. There were kingdoms of various importance and there were small aristocratic republics. There was a tendency toward the absorption of smaller kingdoms and republics into the four royal domains of considerable extent and power; yet republics with either complete or modified independence survived side-by-side with more or less powerful monarchies—a fact ignored by the Brahmin books (Mr. Rhys Davids prefers the familiar spelling "Brahmin" to the form "Brahman," which is neither English nor Indian.) The word in Sanscrit and Pali is "Brahmana." The character of these kings is discussed and the delightful story of Pajjota and Udena is retold.

The administrative and judicial business of the clan was carried out in public assembly. A single chief was chosen as office holder, and he bore the title of raja, which meant something like the Roman consul or the Greek archon. However he was chosen and for how long is no known. The parliament or palaver was held in a mote hall. The clan lived on the product of rice fields and cattle. The peasants, all Sakiyas by birth, had rights of common over the cattle wandering through the forests. There were artisans, probably not Sakiyas, in each village, and men of certain special trades had a higher standing; carpenters, smiths and potters had villages of their own, as had the Brahmins, whose services were in request at every domestic event. We hear nothing of merchant and bankers, such as awelt at the great capitals of the adjoining kingdoms. The villages were separated one from another by forest jungle. From the fourth century down the forest covered over



MISS FLORENCE WICKHAM,
As Fides, in "Der Prophet," at Wiesbaden.

the remains of the ancient civilization. This jungle sheltered at times robbers or runaway slaves, but there was very little crime in the villages themselves. The central authorities were served by a special body of peons, or police, who had a bad reputation for extortion.

The social conditions were simple in that portion of North India where the Buddhist influence was most felt. They differed from those of the same districts now, and contradictory theories have been advanced in explanation. "Vegetarian diet is supposed to explain the physical and mental degeneracy proved by the presumed absence of political movements and ardent patriotism. Or the enervating and tropical heat of the sultry plains is supposed to explain at once the want of political vigor and the bad philosophy." Some say the inferiority of the Indian peoples was due to the mental effect of the powers of nature—thunder storms, the scorching sun rays, the depressing majesty of the great mountains. Others mention the contact with aboriginal tribes in a semi-savage state of development, frequent inter-marriages and consequent adoption of harmful superstitions.

But those well acquainted with India insist that the climate has positive advantages. "Those who had lived there knew the great amount of energy and work, both physical and intellectual, that was not only possible, but habitual, to both Europeans and the natives of India." Economic conditions and social institutions were a more important factor in Indian life than geographical position. The social structure of India was based on the village.

It is a common error to suppose that the tribes met by the Aryans in their conquest of India were all savages. Some were savages, but there were also settled communities with highly developed social organization and rich enough to excite the cupidity of invaders.

The houses of the villages were all together in a group. There was a sacred grove, adjoining; then there was the wide expanse of cultivated field, and each village had grazing ground, and a stretch of jungle where the villagers had common rights of waste and wood. The cattle belonged severally to the householders, but no one had separate pasture. The herdsman was an important person. The fields were all cultivated at the same time; irrigation channels were laid by the community and the supply of water was regulated. No one fenced his position of the fields. The great field was divided into plots corresponding in number to that of the heads of houses, and each family took the produce of its share. No shareholder could sell or mortgage his share without the consent of the village council. "The earth itself said—and mother earth was a most dread divinity—'No mortal must give me away.'" No individual had the right of bequest. All such matters were settled by custom, and the general sense did not recog-

nize the right of primogeniture. Women had their personal property, and the daughters inherited from the mother. No individual could acquire, either by purchase or inheritance, any exclusive right in any portion of the common grassland or woodland.

Villagers united of their own accord to build public halls, to mend roads, to lay out parks, and women were proud to bear a part in such work. No one was rich, but there was security, there was independence. There were no landlords and no paupers. There was little if any crime. "The people," to quote the words of an old Suttanta, "pleased one with another and happy, dancing their children in their hands, dwelt with open doors." These villagers held in degradation, "to which only dire misfortune would drive them," to work for hire.

The basis of social distinctions was relationship, or, as the Aryans put it, color. At the head were the nobles, who claimed descent from the Aryan leaders; then came the brahmins, who claimed descent from the sacrificing priests; then came the peasantry, the people; and lowest were the Sudras, who worked for hire and were dark in color. Some put workers at "low trades"—workers in rushes, bird-catchers, cart-makers—below the Sudras. These were all free men. There were slaves who, for the most part, were household servants. They were few and were not badly treated. There was a much freer possibility of change among the social ranks than is usually supposed; a prince would earn his living with his own hands, brahmins would live by trade, or as handicraftsmen. There were marriages between men and women of all social ranks. Brahmins were occasionally spoken of as "low born" in comparison with kings and nobles. "Restrictions as to marriage and as to eating together, such as then existed in North India, existed also everywhere throughout the world, among peoples of a similar stage of culture." There was no real caste in Buddha's time; the caste system, in any exact use of the term, did not exist till long afterward.

The town was probably something like a fort, surrounded by a number of suburbs. Stone was much used in building, but a palace of stone is mentioned only once in the books that treat of this early period, and that is in fairy-land. The superstructure of all dwellings was probably either of woodwork or bricks covered with fine plaster work. We are told of buildings of seven

stories, but no one has survived. The King's palace had a public gambling hall. There were hot air baths and open air bathing tanks. Mr. Rhys Davis asks if the Turks derived their bath from India. The great houses were few. There were long lines of bazaars. "There was probably a tangle of narrow and evil smelling streets of one-storied wattle and daub huts with thatched roofs, the meagre dwelling places of the poor." The city was crowded and noisy. Drains were only

for water. The dead of distinction were cremated. The corpses of ordinary persons were put away in a public place, not buried, but left to be destroyed by birds or dissipated by natural processes, and this spot was the public place of execution, especially by impalement.

The people were workers in stone, metal, wood; weavers, leather workers, potters, ivory workers, dyers, jewelers, fishermen, butchers, hunters and trappers, cooks and confectioners, barbers and shampooers, garland makers and flower sellers, sailors, rush workers and basket makers, painters, and most of them, if not all, were organized in guilds. The merchant dealt in silks, muslins, the finer sorts of cloth and cutlery and armor, brocades, embroidery, and rugs, perfumes and drugs, ivory, and ivory work, jewelry and gold—seldom silver. No silver coins were used; no gold coins have been found; a square copper coin was the medium, guaranteed as to weight and fineness by punch marks of private individuals. Letters of credit were in use; interest was taken, but there were no banking facilities.

For a long time there were no writing materials. Writing was introduced at a late period in the intellectual development of the people who had already brought to unequalled perfection another method. Signs were traced with an iron style on leaves or on birch bark. The priests were anxious to keep the knowledge of their verse charms in their own hands. "The ears of a Sudra, who listens, intentionally, when the Veda is being recited are to be filled with molten lead. His tongue is to be cut out if he recite it. His body is to be split in twain if he preserve it in his memory." Several systems of literature were preserved independently among the followers of different schools—the Hermits, the Wanderers and other orders.

Finally the brahmins won the exclusive right to teach. They gave literature and history to make good their pretensions. In their later books they gave a distorted view of Indian society. "They were not the only learned, or the only intellectual men, any more than they were the only wealthy ones. The religion and the customs recorded in their books were not, at any period, the sole religion, or the only customs, of the many peoples of India."

Mr. Rhys Davis reviews at length the Pall and the Jataka books and then discusses the early religious beliefs. He shows how the brahmins adopted one by one the popular fables, how the early gods were ousted—Sakka ousting Indra, as Jupiter ousted Chronos. Observing the constant progress from Vedic times, he says: "But whatever the facts, and whatever the reasons for them, we are not likely to cease from hearing that parrot cry of self-complacent ignorance, 'The immovable east'—the implied sop to vanity is too sweet to be neglected."

The early gods were unmoral, not immoral; they owed their supremacy to sacrifices they had carried out to older gods. There were no temples and probably no images. The altar was put up anew for each sacrifice, for whose sole benefit this sacrifice was made, and he paid for the slaughtered animals and the priests' fees. But the nearer we approach the time of Buddhism, the greater importance is attached to self-mortification, self-torture. There were long lists of methods of such mortification.

The priests were vexed by the gradual abandonment of sacrifice. And what did these early priests teach? The soul dwells in a cavity of the heart; it is the size of a grain of barley or rice; it is the sole and sufficient explanation of life and motion; it is material. Certain diseases are induced by the fact that the soul has escaped from the body; and there are charms for bringing it back. In dreams the soul is away from the body; "Let no one wake a man brusquely; for that is a matter difficult to be cured for him if the soul find not its way back to him."

At the death of an ordinary man, "the top part of the heart becomes lighted up, and the soul guided by that light, departs from the heart into the eye, and through the eye to some other body, exalted or not according to the deeds the man has done in that body; the soul is now leaving."

"But the soul of the man whose cravings have ceased goes, through the ture of the skull, at the top of the head, to Brahman. In each case there are many stopping places on the way."

Now there must be a soul in the sun, and there must be other exterior souls, and again come in the reign of gods. By reaction just before Buddhism, "the immortality of the soul, the High-Soul, the Paramatman, from whom all the other gods and souls had proceeded." But the souls inside men were held to be "identical with God, the only original and true reality; whereas, historically speaking, soul was the original idea, and the gods and God had brown out of it."

The final chapters tell of the rulers Chandragupta and Asoka. There are many illustrations, and there is an index.

July 14, 1903

WRITINGS OF HENLEY.

English Poet, Essayist,
Editor, Playwright.

A Verse Writer Bold in

Metaphor and Rhythm.

His Latest Works Essays and Article on Stevenson.

The death of William Ernest Henley is a serious loss to literature, and to some, even though they have never seen him, his death is as a personal loss. For, if by his peculiar frankness he made enemies, and his art of making enemies was not gentle, he also made friends by his bravery and nobility of speech, by the fortitude of his life. This natural heroism found voice in the memorable lines that have strengthened the will of many, that have consoled so many sufferers, and these lines may now well serve as Henley's epitaph, for they were inspired by his own cruel sufferings and were something more than a fine rhetorical flourish:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not wined nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

Mr. Henley was poet, essayist, critic, editor, playwright. As a playwright he is chiefly known as a collaborator with Robert Louis Stevenson. The fame of neither one was enlarged by the dramatic pieces.

As a poet, Mr. Henley was bold in metaphor and rhythm. His collection, "In Hospital," in which he sang his own bitter experience, is distinguished by a realism that rivals the master work of the French, while it is made vital and throbbing by intense humanity. The poet was so familiar with pain, he had so often known life as cruel and had looked forward to death as the gentle releaser and consoler, that his views of the problems of this world and the next were disconcerting or offensive to some who had always walked smoothly their well appointed ways. The natural courage of his expression was accentuated by his constant delight in familiar and slang speech in terms and phrases that are as footpads or loafers, compared with the duly registered and approved words of the family dictionary. What, for instance, was the reader of ordinary poems to make out of these extraordinary verses? (We give them as they appeared originally in the Pall Mall Gazette, for Mr. Henley did not improve them by revision.)

Mrs. Life's a piece in bloom
Death goes dogging everywhere;
She's the tenant of the room,
He's the ruffian on the stair.

You shall see her as a friend,
You shall blink him once and twice;
But he'll trap you in the end,
And he'll stick you for her price.

With his kneebones at your chest,
And his knuckles in your throat,
You would reason, plead, protest!
Clutching at her petticoat.

But she's heard it all before,
Well, she knows you've had your fun,
So her frills flush through the door,
And her old man's job is done.

You find the same irony—savage—some may call it brutal, in the fourth of his superb "London Voluntaries." The poet describes the wind that settles down to the grim job of throttling the city:

And Death the while—
Death with his well-worn, lean, professional smile.

Death in his threadbare working trim—
Comes at your bedside unannounced and bland,
And with expert, inevitable hand
Feels at your windpipe, fingers you in the lung,
Or flicks the clot well into the laboring heart;
Thus signifying unto old and young,
However hard of mouth or wild of whim,
'Tis time—'tis time by his ancient watch to part.

From books and women, and talk, and drink
And art.
And you go humbly after him

To a mean suburban lodging on the way
To what or where;
Not Death, who is old and very wise can say;
And you—how should you care
So long as, unreclaimed of hell,
The Wind-Flend, the Insufferable,
Thus vicious and thus patient, sits him down
To the black job of burking London town?

Yet it was the same poet that wrote:
The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.

It was the same poet that thundered and lightened in his "Song of the Sword" and wrote exquisite lyrics loved by musicians who tried to parallel in the music the beauty of rhythm and the subtle grace of fancy—such lyrics as "We'll Go No More A-Roving," "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold," "Or Ever the Knightly Years Were Gone," "On the Way to Kew." And it was the same poet that wove the gorgeous tapestry of "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," revived the glory of the ballads, and mourned the death of his little daughter in verse of simple and haunting pathos.

As a literary critic Mr. Henley was beyond doubt and peradventure the first among his fellow Englishmen. His essays on Burns and Hazlitt are memo-

able examples of his acumen, justice, strong and saving sense, unequalled insight and felicity in communicating impressions and opinions. His terminal essay to the "English Bible," now publishing in the Tudor Series, of which he was editor, will be awaited impatiently—for surely it was completed before his death—the loss of it would be irreparable; but his fame as a critic will rest secure for years on that little golden book, "Views and Reviews," in which there is no page that is not charged and shot through with original thought, that is not vividly brilliant with bejewelled sentences. Here is sentiment side by side with wit; searching criticism and now an award as from an eastern monarch. Nowhere is there a trace of fetish worship. The mighty are put down and the humble exalted. His Thackeray made brilliant studies of club humanity and club manners; he thoroughly he understands the feelings of them that go down into the West in broughams!" and yet how gladly Henley in the same essay pays tribute to the nobler of rhetoric that De Quincey himself might envy, as in the essay on the "Thousand Nights and a Night":

"The sea-horse ramps at them from the ocean floor; the great roc darkens earth about them with the shadow of his wings; wise and goodly apes come forth and minister unto them; enchanted camels bear them over evil deserts with the swiftness of the wind; or the magic horse outspreads his sail-broad vannes and soars with them; or they are borne aloft by some servant of the Spell, till the earth is as a bowl beneath them, and they hear the angels quivering at the foot of the throne. . . . It is a voluptuous farce, a masque and anti-masque of wantonness and strategem, of wine cups and jewels and fine raiment, of gaudy nights and amorous days, of careless husbands and adventurous wives, of innocent fathers and rebel daughters, and lovers happy or befooled."

"And high above all, his heart contracted with the splendor of the East, the tedium of supremacy towers the great Caliph Haroun, the buxom and bloody tyrant. With Giafar, the finest gentleman, and goodliest gallant of eastern story, and Mesroure, the well-beloved, the immortal eunuch, he goes forth upon his round in the enchanted streets of Bagdad, like Francois Premier in the maze of old-time Paris. The night is musical with happy laughter and the sound of lutes and voices; it is seductive with the clink of goblets and the odor of perfumes; not a shadow but has its secret, or falls, or amorous or terrible; here falls a head and there you may note the contrapuntal effect of the bastinado. But the blood is quickly hidden with flowers, the bruises are tired over with cloth-of-gold, and the jolly pageant sweeps on."

Or how he understands Longfellow's acquaintanceship with the sea, his familiarity with the secret of the ocean;

"To him the sea is a place of mariners and ships. In his verse the rigging creaks, the white sail fills and crackles, there are blown smells of pine and hemp and tar; you catch the home wind on your cheeks; and old shipmen, their eyeballs white in their bronzed faces, with silver rings and gaudy handkerchiefs, come in and tell you moving stories of the immemorial, incommutable deep. He abides in a port; he goes down to the docks, and loiters among the gallots and brigantines, he hears the melancholy song of the harp-ty-men; he sees the chips flying under the shipwright's adze; he smells the pitch that smokes and bubbles in the caldron. And straightway he falls to singing his variations on the ballad of Count Arnaldo; and the world listens, for its heart beats in his song."

Mr. Henley's abilities as an editor were displayed in various ways; as editor of magazines, as associate editor of "Slang and Its Analogues" his notes and contributions are easily the feature of that voluminous and necessarily shady work. His annotations to an edition of Byron, begun in 1897, are unique in the history of literature. Unfortunately, only one volume appeared, on account of the action of John Murray, the rival publisher, whose definitive edition of Byron was begun about the same time; but among these notes are vitriolic portraits of famous blackguards of Byron's years, and there is a wealth of curious material that throws light on Byron's character as an exponent of the age in which he lived; a dreadful age, no doubt; for all the solid foundations of faith and dogma in the church and of virtue and solvency in the state, a fierce, drunken, gambling, keepink, adulterous, high-living, hard-drinking, hard-hitting, brutal age. But it was Byron's; and "Don Juan" and "The Giaour" are as naturally its outcomes as "Abelom and Achitophel" is an expression of "The Restoration," and "In Memoriam" a product of Victorian England."

Among Mr. Henley's latest works were his famous article on Stevenson, in which he rebelled against the overpraise that he was sure would work his friend an injury, and a collection of essays on art and painters, characterized by the qualities that made the first collection of "Views and Reviews" illustrious among books.

Nor should the abiding influence of the man himself go without mention. As editor of magazines, he founded a school of reviewers, who tried, without slavish imitation of his style, to catch his brave spirit. To his young contributors he was a guide and friend. But now he is no more. As for himself, his fame is sure; his influence will long survive him. But who is there now to write as he wrote? In his introduction to the collected works of William Hazlitt we find this sentence: "Whether or not we are mighty fine fellows is a Great Perhaps; but that none of us, from Stevenson down, can as writers come near to Hazlitt—this, to me, is merely indubitable." Who is there to succeed Henley? There is Mr. Chesterton—but he hath a devil—the devil of paradox.

IN THE LITERARY FIELD.

"Law of Mental Medicine" by Dr. Thomson J. Hudson.

A Detroit Physician Who Believes in Curing Various Ills, Especially Dyspepsia, by Suggestion and Who Praises Pie as One of the Glories of American Life.

Dr. Thomson J. Hudson of Detroit, in his "Law of Mental Medicine" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), purposes "to assist in placing mental therapeutics on a firmly scientific basis, and incidentally to place within the reach of the humblest intellect the most effective methods of healing the sick by mental processes." The first part of the volume pertains to the psychological principles of mental medicine. In the second part the author takes cognizance of those facts of physiology and histology which pertain to the subject matter.

"There must exist a physical mechanism through which the mind operates, and that mechanism must necessarily be adapted to its uses. . . . We find in man a physical structure so obviously adapted to the uses of mental healing that it leaves one in doubt whether or not all therapeutic agencies, in their ultimate analysis, may not be classed as mental." Dr. Hudson thinks he is able to throw light on some obscure problems, the method of healing known in ancient times as the laying on of hands, animal magnetism, mesmerism.

In all ages man has recognized the existence of a power capable of creating disease in the human body and of healing them independently of material remedies or appliances. Evil spirits were to be thwarted; good spirits conciliated. All primitive peoples have had and still have the same generic ideas, and practise generally the same methods of healing the sick, and all the facts of spiritual or mental healing among primitive people of all the ages are easily correlated with each other and with many of the methods now in vogue in the most highly civilized nations. Since all systems, ancient and modern, have been successful in healing the sick, a law exists which pertains generically to all systems. The question of mental healing is primarily a psychological one, and it is necessary to study the fundamental principles of psychology as a basis of a correct theory of causation. Dr. Hudson states these three propositions: (1) Man is endowed with a dual mind—objective and subjective. (2) The subjective mind controls the functions, sensations and conditions of the body. (3) The subjective mind is amenable to control by suggestion.

The body is a confederation of micro-organisms, controlled by a central intelligence which controls the functions of the body in health and requires aid in case of disease. A mental stimulus is more direct and positive than a physical one. Suggestion is the prepotent therapeutic energy. But the systems of mental healing which refer the healing power to extraneous sources are based on error, an error that Jesus constantly combated. Nor is mental healing in any sense a religion.

The healer to be successful should be well grounded in the fundamental principles that underlie the science which he proposes to utilize, "for he should be able to instruct his patients in its fundamentals, to the end that he may be filled with the same kind and quality of faith that the healer possesses—the faith born of knowledge of the law, and not of blind credulity." Dr. Hudson considers in connection with this proposition the duplex mental organism, the phenomena of dreams, and hypnotism as a means of stimulating the activity of the dream intelligence, or subjective mind. Hypnotism is to the human soul "what the scalpel is to the human body." And he pays this tribute: "In the hands of the skilled and conscientious scientist hypnotism may be, and has been, the instrument of scientific investigation of the problems of the human soul. It has rescued psychology from the domain of speculative philosophy and made it an experimental, inductive science. It has invaded the realms of superstition and destroyed the food upon which it has fattened throughout all the ages of mankind. It has done this by revealing man to himself."

The laws of duality of mind and suggestion have been dimly perceived for ages. Jesus was the first to give authoritative utterance to the law of mental healing. Braid made hypnotism respectable, although Paracelsus said 300 years before him that a false belief, however induced, is just as efficacious for therapeutic purposes as a true one. Liebault of Nancy formulated the law. Bernheim came to the conclusion that hypnotism merely increases the susceptibility to suggestion. Dr. Hudson finds this conclusion fundamentally erroneous, for a non-existent limitation is implied. Dr. Hudson defines hypnotism as "the induction of a peculiar psychical condition which releases the subjective mind from the dominance of adverse auto-suggestions."

He believes that by suggestion bad habits may be eradicated in the adult as well as the child; that adult criminals may thus be reformed, "although with less certainty of immediate results"; that good suggestions, "of whatever character they may be, or to whomsoever they may be addressed, in-

variably react upon the character of the suggester." Thus hypnotists have lost their former drinking capacity, after they have treated others for the eradication of the habit. All evolutionary development of animal intelligence is due to suggestion, which is an essential factor in the progress of civilization, and is the one available means whereby man may neutralize the evils due to heredity.

The lower animals are exempt from suggestions adverse to health, but man is the prey of such suggestions. Animals and idiots are free from diseases of the digestive organs because they are beyond the reach of adverse suggestions. "Some one has well said that if the current dietetic suggestions could reach the mind of an ostrich he would soon be unable to digest a boiled potato."

The prime sources of suggestions, good or bad, which dominate today are books and newspapers. The newspaper leads in material and intellectual progress, but "as a means of promoting or promulgating psychological knowledge" it has thus far proved "a dismal failure."

The average newspaper man shows the prevailing ignorance of the fundamental principles of psychology, especially of the new psychology. The patent medicine advertisement promulgates suggestions adverse to health with its list of "symptoms by which any one can know that he is a victim," but the most prolific source of suggestions adverse to health is the newspaper literature relating to diet. "It is safe to

say that nine-tenths of all diseases of the digestive organs, especially dyspepsia, are due primarily to the suggestions embraced in that kind of literature. The exasperating feature of it is that not one newspaper article in a hundred on that topic is written by any one who knows anything about the subject. They are generally written by boys or young ladies who are learning the trade of newspaper writers."

To be original or startling, they select a popular article of diet and tell their readers that they are sapping the foundations of their constitutions by indulgence in this or that food. Dr. Abernethy said: "When a man begins seriously to dissect himself, he will soon be a fit subject for the undertaker." The reader dissects himself. The food that he ate without thought and consequent injury, now begins to distress him, and it is banished from the table.

Dr. Hudson considers the suggestion induced by newspapers against pie as indigestible, and he pronounces a eulogy on pie that reads like a humorous editorial article in the New York Sun. He draws the line at "railroad pie"; but he cannot speak of the "American pie" as it was made by our New England grandmothers in ante-bellum days' without emotion. His cheek flushes as that of Montaigne recalling the life and death of Socrates. He analyses pie. "Let us examine it dispassionately, with the view of determining, approximately, what proportion of suggestion has been mixed in with its other ingredients, in order to render it indigestible."

The American pie, per se, is built up of the following materials, to-wit: Flour, water, lard or butter, or both, sugar and fruit, the latter normally predominating largely as to bulk. . . . Will some dietetic crank rise to inform us what there is among the materials themselves, or in the combination, that is unwholesome, or indigestible, or even hard to digest? Is it not, indeed, a combination devoutly to be wished for by any one of simple tastes and normal appetites?"

The newspaper reader is told that coffee is a deadly poison; beefsteak is the prime source of all the ills of the human stomach, and it brutalizes humanity and incites nations to war; potatoes contain too much starch; more salt should be eaten, or none at all; bread ruins the stomach and nuts should be substituted. The alleged national dyspepsia comes from such suggestions. "The average American need not be ashamed or afraid of either his diet or his cuisine." Be cheerful at table, and after you have eaten without question, do not watch for symptoms of indigestion.

There was a time when watermelons and hard-boiled eggs were considered to be as deadly poison. If you are told that a particular dish is bad for you, suggestion will turn that which is wholesome into that which distresses. Not so many years ago a fever patient was kept in a close room and denied cold water. The efficiency of medicine was assured by its nastiness. "The majority of people need to be informed that their powers of digestion and assimilation are absolutely within their own control."

Fear is of fatal potency in epidemics. The frequency of cases of appendicitis is due largely to "expectant attention." "In the good old days, before it was generally known that man had such a thing as a vermiform appendix concealed about his person, cases of appendicitis were very rare." But does not Dr. Hudson remember fatal cases called "inflammation of the bowels"? He draws this lesson: "Any disease that can be induced by suggestion can be avoided either by a counter suggestion or by ignoring the adverse suggestion." Adverse suggestions should not be allowed to enter the mind. Avoid introspection while eating and during the process of digestion.

"A good way to silence a chronic dyspeptic is to boast of your own good digestive powers." "The most dangerous blessing that a chronic dyspeptic can have is a sympathetic wife who is ignorant of the law of suggestion. . . . She conscientiously arms herself with all the current misinformation on the subject of dietetics, and proceeds to make his life miserable at meal times by doling it out as occasion seems to require. With true wifely devotion she watches every mouthful with which he attempts to regale himself, and pounces upon him at intervals with 'Henry, you must not eat this, or that, or the other; it will surely make you sick.' "And if Henry heeds her admonitions,

he makes a hash of it all in a few minutes. The result is that the apparatus still further weakened by disuse, atrophied for the want of exercise, confirmed in its vicious habits by a fresh instalment of pernicious suggestions—suggestions made by the best of wives with the best intentions."

Parents should not be incessantly watchful over the diet of their children. Nine-tenths of the talk to children about the hurtfulness of food is prompted by motives of economy. The luxuries should never be denied children on the ground that they are hurtful. Children have an appetite for sugar, because their bodies need sugar. Nature cries out for sugar, as it does for water.

Disease of the body is disease of the cells of the body, and these cells are amenable to control by the subjective mind. The nerves are the mechanism for the conveyance of therapeutic impulse from healer to patient. Suggestion thus employed is designed by Dr. Hudson as "histonic." This form controls all that is valuable in all other forms of suggestion, and renders hypnotism unnecessary in any case.

Dr. Hudson gives a historical sketch of the science of histology. He explains how every body cell is a mind organism endowed with intelligence commensurate with its functions. These confederated cells are dominated by a central intelligence. After he has explained how the cerebro-spinal system controls voluntary movements and is dominated by the objective mind, and the sympathetic nervous system is dominated by the subjective mind, he treats of the curious psychological phenomenon known as the inhibition of physical sensation or of pain, as where a toothache suddenly ceases in presence of a dentist armed with his instruments. He speaks of local anaesthesia, catalepsy—"a supreme effort of nature to give the nerves a much needed rest."

There are medicines that contain the specific pabulum adapted to the requirements of the cells involved. There are also medicines that produce their results by indirectness; they arouse in the cells the instinct of self-preservation and stimulate them to intense activity in an effort to eliminate the medicine from the system. But no system of healing, mental or material, can be hypothetically valid that fails to take cognizance of all the psychic factors.

The hypotheses advanced to account for the phenomenon of sleep are discussed. The isolation of the brain cells from contact with each other is the cause of unconsciousness; natural and induced sleep are identical, and hypnotism is but a concomitant of the power to induce natural sleep.

There are interesting chapters on animal magnetism, the laying on of hands, and thought-transference by arts and bees by means of physical contact.

Dr. Hudson concludes that the old theory of fluidic emanations or animal magnetism, is unnecessary, and therefore wrong; that histonic suggestion is the most direct and positive, therefore the most powerful; that digital manipulation of nerve terminals, an organ of the human body may be reached directly; that this process, however, is

not available to all alike; if there are different degrees of efficiency in different individuals; but the treatment is available to all in a greater or less degree and practice will enay any one to attain a high degree of efficiency.

July 15, 1903 A TOPIC OF INTEREST TREATED IN NEW BOOK Persian Problem as Analyzed from British Viewpoint.

Rival Positions of Russia and Great Britain Compared by H. J. Whigham—Advantages and Disadvantages of the Two Great Isthmian Canal Schemes.

Mr. H. J. Whigham's "The Persian Problem; an Examination of the Rival Positions of Russia and Great Britain in Persia, With Some Account of the Persian Gulf and the Bagdad Railway" (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is a book of timely interest in view of Lord Lansdowne's recent announcement that Great Britain would regard the establishment by any other European power of a naval station on the Persian gulf as an unfriendly act. The volume is the substance of a series of articles written for the Morning Post (London).

Mr. Whigham considers the question of supremacy in Persia and the Persian gulf as one that involves not only the English trade and the prosperity of many subjects in that part of the world but also the peace of India, the safety of the highway from Gibraltar to Shanghai, and even the destiny of the British empire. According to him the game of diplomatic chess is already in progress, and while Russia's game is masterly and consistent, the English have hardly studied the openings. "I would, we are without a policy in the middle East." His conclusions are based on his own observations made during a journey suggested to him by Lord Curzon. He believes that Great Britain cannot make a concession without a great loss to her prestige and trade; that Russian encroachments would be arrested without difficulty for this encroachment is not a natural process—and here he does not agree with Capt. Mahan. He insists that fo-

...and a question of geography or not. Behar is only a little nearer to Russia on a straight line, so far as cost of transport is concerned, than it is to Manchester, and whatever railways are built in Persia and kept open to all nations, the market of northern Persia will be more accessible to British traders than to Russian, because it will always be cheaper to carry the goods by sea to the Persian gulf than to bring them all the way by rail from Moscow to Persia.

He also believes that the commercial power of Russia has been greatly exaggerated, and that her progress is due chiefly to a system of premiums and governmental encouragement of trade. He recommends the improvement of communications. He would have his government encourage railway building in southern Persia, and co-operate with Germany in the construction of the Euphrates valley railway, which would bring back to Mesopotamia the fertility it once enjoyed; but this railway should be used only for commercial purposes, and its terminus on the Persian gulf should not be a German naval station.

Among the most interesting pages to the general reader are those which tell of the present condition of the Persian carpet trade. "The ordinary purchaser, who is not intent on mere age and dirt, and who wants a carpet because it is either useful, beautiful or valuable, must buy modern wares, and it would hardly be going too far to say that he must buy modern wares, and it could hardly be going too far to say that he must patronize one of the foreign firms. To blame these firms for lack of originality or the use of inferior dyes is grossly unfair. Originality in artistic work has long been dead in Persia. Persian women and boys who make the carpets have no peculiar aptitude for the work; their work is generally slovenly; the best designs are in European museums, and for new designs the Europeans are superior to the Persians. The price of Persian labor is so low that 'carpets are made in Persia under European supervision, and transported at a cost of 40 per cent. of their original value to Europe instead of being made in Birmingham.' ... Fortunately for the British and American householder, the Persian woman is still a slave.

As it is, a good carpet is exceedingly rare. And only the foreign trading houses keep alive 'the spark of art in its waning Persian industry.' Mr. Whigham does not agree with 'travelers who report Bagdad as a most healthy town. The heat is often excessive but it is dry. Fires are necessary the early spring. In spite of the peculiar disease known as 'Eouton de Bagdad,' which attacks everybody and gives a scar on face or hand, or foot, Bagdad may be said to be an exceedingly healthy and almost invigorating place,' although the present town does seem to be the enchanting place described so eloquently by Sir Richard F. Burton in the terminal essay to his translation of 'The Arabian Nights.' The book is handsomely illustrated with views of cities and natural scenery, and there are maps.

Prof. William H. Burr's "Ancient and Modern Engineering and the Isthmian Canal" (John Wiley & Sons, New York, for sale at the Old Corner Book Store), the outcome of six lectures delivered at the Cooper Institute in New York in 1902 under the auspices of Columbia University. This book is of both special and general interest. The author treats first of the ancient civil engineering works, those in Chaldea and Egypt; the piers, walls, bridges, arches, aqueducts of the old Romans. The remaining chapters consider bridges, water works, certain features of railway engineering, and a minute comparison between the Nicaragua and Panama routes for a ship canal. While many of the pages concerning bridges and water works are purely technical, there is a vast amount of general interest in the volume.

Prof. Burr gives at length the advantages and disadvantages of the two isthmian canal schemes. He sums up as follows: Both routes are wholly practicable; neither has any material commercial advantage over the other as to time; the estimated cost of operation is but six-tenths that for the Nicaragua route; the time of completion for the Panama route should not be estimated greater than for the Nicaragua; the water supply is unlimited on both routes, but the controlling works are simpler and more easily operated on the Panama route; as much as the Nicaragua route is practically uninhabited and without sickness, while yellow fever and other tropical diseases are always found along the populated Panama line, initial sanitary works of much larger magnitude could be required on the Panama route; the railway would lessen the labor on the Panama route, and the Nicaragua route could call for a greater force of laborers; in neither instance should there be alarm in consequence of seismic conditions; in each case there would be need of concessions and treaties. The book is copiously illustrated. All the illustrations of the two canal routes are made from photographs taken by the Isthmian canal commission. A full table of contents practically supplies the need of an index.

Brentano of New York has published a attractive edition of George Moore's realistic novel, "A Mummer's Wife," his novel belongs to Mr. Moore's earlier period, when he was more or less a admirer of Zola's theory of realism. The story is a powerful, pulsive, unflinchingly true to the wry life. It is in the highest sense the word a moral work, one to be read in the hands of every young woman, with or without qualifications, is stress for a stage life. Not by any means that the story is true universally, the theatre; but it is painfully, terribly true of certain phases of dramatic life. As a work of art the novel stands

among the very best of Mr. Moore's more important works.

Hermann Sudermann's play, "The Joy of Living," translated by Edith Wharton from the German, has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons (N. Y.). The play was produced here last season, and was then reviewed carefully and at length in 'The Herald.' It remains to be said that the play bears admirably the test of reading, although, as Mrs. Wharton justly says, the translation of dramatic dialogue is attended with special difficulties, and these are peculiarly marked in translating from German into English. Sudermann's dialogue is more concise than that of many of his compatriots, yet Mrs. Wharton was obliged sometimes to modify the letter in order to preserve the spirit. She is to be congratulated on her success. The play itself is one of the strongest in actual situations and far-reaching suggestion of modern dramatic works.

"Representative English Comedies: From the Beginnings to Shakespeare," edited by Prof. Charles Miles Gayley of the University of California (the Macmillan Company, New York), is invaluable to all students and scholars who have not a large library near at hand. Old comedies, as Prof. Gayley says, are good reading for students of society and historians, as well as for lovers of fiction and the stage. The old English comedy was the preferred exponent of the successive phases of contemporary life. This volume opens

with an elaborate and scholarly essay by the editor on "The Beginnings of English comedy." The editors also contribute articles on Greene and Porter. Mr. A. W. Pollard of Oxford University is the author of the essay on John Heywood and his "Play of the Wether" and "Merry Play." Mr. Fluegel of Stanford University treats of Udall and his "Rolister Doister." Mr. George P. Baker of Harvard writes the critical essay of Lyly and considers his "Alexander and Campaspe." Mr. Gummere writes of Peck and his "Old Wives' Tale." Mr. Woodberry of Columbia contributes an admirable monograph, "Greene's Place in Comedy," and Edward Dowden of Dublin, an essay on "Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist." Mr. Henry Bradley of Oxford in his essay on William Stevenson discusses and rejects Bishop Still's authorship of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," still famous for the song in praise of ale: "Back and side go bare, go bare." The notes are abundant and helpful, and both playwrights and plays are considered fully from every viewpoint. The reasonable price puts the volume within the reach of any student. It is a pleasure to learn that other volumes of this series are well under way.

July 14, 1903
MANY NEW VOLUMES FOR LOVERS OF LITERATURE.
July 14
"Caliban's Guide to Letters"
a Bitter Satire. 1903

Belloe Puts His Hatreds Even Into the Index—The Process of Pulping Books Into Paste That Is Then Bleached Out with "Sardonic Oxide."

H. Belloe's "Caliban's Guide to Letters" (Duckworth & Co., London), will confound those who have so long lamented the passing away of satire; for here is satire that is contemptuous, bitter, personal. Mr. Belloe attacks the Kipling cult, the correspondence columns of staid London weeklies, the wisdom of the editorial "we," the customary method of reviewing books, the grinding out of minor poetry, the kind of self-complacent life symbolized by Dr. Caliban. It may here be said that Emile Bergerat long signed his stinging feuilletons "Caliban"; but Mr. Belloe's Dr. Caliban is the solid, respectable, smug suburban Englishman. The doctor has contributed to Household Words, Good Words, the Quiver, Chatterbox, and also to the Times and the Daily Telegraph. He was one of the first to use the term "Anglo-Saxon" in connection with the English-speaking race, "with which he was personally connected through his relatives in New Mexico." To him the United States is "our giganic daughter of the West." It was he that termed Spain "a nation in active decay." "Of Scandinavian he knew singularly little, but that little was in its favor. To Holland he was not till recently attracted; Greece he despised."

A young Radical of sorts was declaiming at his table one evening against the concentration camp. Dr. Caliban listened patiently, and at the end of the harangue said gently, 'Shall we join the ladies?' The rebuke was not lost. Told that some foreigner had disputed Mr. Broderick's figures as to the numbers of the enemy, he remarked with quiet dignity: "It is the first time that I have heard the word of an English gentleman doubted." The reviewer described by Mr. Belloe had many troubles, but none so great as the task of discussing thoroughly the book, "The Snail; Its Habitat, Food, Customs, Virtues, Vices and Future." The "Ode of Welcome" to Mr. Chamberlain returning to Southampton is one of Mr. Belloe's happiest lyrics

rights. The chorus on the body of a national scout was wisely set by the author "to a somewhat monotonous recitative."

And who more fit than they
Whom better judgment led them to betray
An aged leader and a falling cause
Because
Because they found it pay."

Here is the end of the grand chorus, "Johannesburg":
"Hail! hail! hail! hail! du lieber menschlich,
Wohl-geborner Graf von Chamberlain,
Wille underground,
Wille underground,
Such rare and scattered Kaffra as are found
Repeat the happy, happy, happy sound."

Does not this sound like Mr. Kipling?
"And Cabinet Ministers play at a game ye should all avoid,
It is played with youngling bats and a pellet of celluloid,
And a little net on a table, and is known as the Ping and the Pong.
England, Daughter of Slon, why do you do this wrong?
And some, like whitherless Frenchmen, circle around in rings;
England, Daughter of Slon, why do you do those things?"

The titles and dedications, the opinions of the press, favorable and adverse, are pleasant reading, and so is the appendix in which is described the process of "pulping" to which all books must come. The books go through "scalpers" and "skimmers," into a "funnel-shaped receiver, where they are caught by six large rows of strong steel teeth, which reduce the hardest matter to shreds in an incredibly short time," and they are finally reduced to a kind of loose paste, where the original composition is bleached out of serviceable paper by "a 30 per cent. solution of sardonic oxide."

Even in the Index Mr. Belloe was against his pet hatreds, as:
Soul, Human, What is the, by James Head-
ing, see Pulping, p. 187.
Suffrage, Female, Arguments For and Against,
by Members of the Eighty Club, see Pulping,
p. 187.
Susanna and the Elders, Sacred Poem, see Pulping, p. 187.

"Thompson's Progress," by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne (The Macmillan Company) is an unusual and amusing story. How Tom's Son, who became Thompson with prosperity, gained his education, formed a partnership, turned disaster into triumph, had a gift of second-sight in worldly affairs, made money in most unexpected and incredible ways, married the woman of his choice, and found in her his female counterpart for shrewdness—all this is told by Scheherazade in her happiest hours. And Thompson did these wonders with apparent ease—invented labor saving machines, decreed fashions in mohair, defended leaders of the Ku Klux Klan in North Carolina, whether he had gone in pursuit of his sweetheart, and yet was in the habit of sleeping only four hours in the 24, and spending most of his time in poaching. He had holes for hiding at first from keepers, then from partners, guests and bores of every kind, and in these holes he cooked game suppers and found bottles of Burgandy. As a manufacturer he fought a strike, and sent checks through a parson to the women and children of the strikers. In the last chapter he caught burglars and refused a baronetcy; but of course he was made Baron Buton before he died.

Not the least important chapters of "The International Encyclopaedia of Journalism," edited by Messrs. Hill, Harmsworth and Ernst, will be those dealing with the legal status of journalists and newspapers, the law of libel and the prices affecting the production of a newspaper. This encyclopaedia, it appears, will be "a work, in a word, in which every one interested in Journalism, whatever his position, will discover sources of Pride, Pleasure and Profit." It may, therefore, be considered a rudeness to point out that "their" should be singular, inasmuch as it refers to every one.

Andrew Lang, writing of the present distaste of the public for poetry, says: "It may also be noted that many people who certainly read poetry seem to feel timid, lonely and deserted, so that they no longer go to the public rooms for mutual protection. Wordsworth societies, Browning societies, reading societies of all kinds. Now I would as lief fish at Loch Leven in a fishing competition—men in boats shouting to each other and breaking the silence round Queen Mary's island prison, whiskey going, every kind of gregarious horror—as read poetry in a society. It is in solitude, 'in a nook with a book,' that poetry is to be tasted. But we hear of a society for reading Mr. Meredith among the Northumbrian miners—one might as well read Euclid in a society. These studies demand lonely application. A dozen decent bodies met to dig the meaning out of 'In Memoriam' is a spectacle comic and mournful, and one that would have consternated the poet. It takes a dozen men and women to understand him—and then they don't."

Among the additions to be made next fall to the Chiswick Library of Noble Writers will be Cavendish's "Life of Cardinal Wolsey," Fiorio's "Translation of Montaigne's Essays," Owen Felltham's "Resolves," Walton's "Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson," and Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote." Each volume will contain a portrait of the author, and a short bibliographical statement.

A new edition of the once highly esteemed "Original Poems" of Ann and Jane Taylor prepared by E. V. Lucas, will be published by Wells, Gardner & Darton. It will be illustrated, and there will be fresh matter.

Maj. Baden-Powell, a brother of the defender of Mafeking, kept a notebook during the campaigns in which he was engaged, and his "War in Practice" gives his observations of successful tactics under modern conditions. The book, which contains diagrams and plans, is published by Isbister, London.

The third volume of George Allen's "Library" edition of Ruskin's complete

works includes, beside a promised statement of "Modern Painters," two unpublished pages, an illustration, "Lull to Blackwood," and some of his correspondence with Dean Liddle, Sumner, Lytton and others. The plates include four steel engravings and two photographs, now published for the first time, with eight other plates and a portrait not before published collectively.

Grant Richards' two-volume definitive edition of William Blake will be severely limited.

Arthur Symonds consented to write his impressions of various European cities for Mr. Dent, the publisher, on condition that the illustrations should be only the worthiest of famous prints. Turner furnished goodly material for Venice, but in some instances the selection was not easy. The book will be published in the fall.

Major Martin Hume has discovered "some valuable state papers connected with Spain" to use in his new volume on Mary, Queen of Scots. There will be another examination of her love affairs in consequence of the new evidence.

Charles T. Batemen has prepared a book (James Sears & Sons, London), "For Conscience Sake; a Manual of the Passive Resistance Movement."

Maj.-Gen. Sir John Hills' "Points of a Racehorse" (Blackwood's), is the result of 30 years' experience among horses, and is dedicated to the Duke of Portland.

The Daily News (London), says: "In reference to a revived controversy, 'C. K. S.' in the Sphere holds that there is not a line and not a word in Mr. Froude's defence of his position that is of the least value." "C. K. S." further sets forth the proposition that 'the Celtism of Mrs. Carlyle' was 'never really comprehensible to a Devonshire man,' i. e., Froude. Let us argue it out. The Celts survived in Cornwall. Devonshire is jealous of Cornwall. Therefore, Froude failed to understand Mrs. Carlyle. Q. E. D."

In the July Wide World Magazine, Mrs. Hart of Paisley tells how she fell into a flooded brook, was carried down a sewer, was attacked by swarm of rats, and battled for life during eight hours of utter darkness. The current at last swept her into an open river, where she was rescued.

Chambers' "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," edited by Dr. Andrew Findlater, will be published on this paper in August at a shilling.

Sir Henry Johnston, known by his book on Uganda, will write the volume on "Mammals" for the Woburn series, edited by the Duke of Bedford and published by Hutchinson (London). Sir Herbert Maxwell will contribute a volume, "British Freshwater Fishes."

Lady Betty Balfour is completing the arrangement of a volume of the correspondence of her father, the late Earl of Lytton. It shows "Owen Meredith" in his more intimate moods.

We have before us two books on the same subject. They were published within a week or two of each other, and the pictures appearing in the first would have suitably illustrated the second. The books contain roughly the same number of words, printed in the same type. Yet one is very much lighter to handle than the other, and in this respect the difference is so remarkable that we venture to comment upon its reason. In one case the half-tone process blocks are separated from the text according to a custom which is becoming universal. In the other case the photographic views appear in the text and on the same paper as the text. The result is that the text itself has to be printed on heavy, close-lying, smooth paper, so adding greatly to the book's weight, since otherwise the illustrations would not come out clearly. But where the pictures are separately inserted the text is placed upon porous paper of light texture, which makes reading easy. We could mention several admirable books the chances of which have been compromised recently by the simple error of not distinguishing between text and picture.—The Daily News (London).

July 19, 1903
Superficial Observers Who Have Put in Print Some Very Erroneous and Amusing Ideas About This Country.

AN GODFREY, the English bandmaster, who died on the last day of June, wrote certain waltzes that had their days and nights of glory. They were whistled in the street, they were pounded out on the piano, they were favorites in the hall-room. The young women who in English novels dear to ladies' maids languished in the arms of gallant officers about to sail for India were haunted afterward during harassing domestic



HOW THE FOREIGN MUSICIANS VIEW THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.



JACQUES THIBAUD.

and close association with sluggish husband-squires by strains of Godfrey's waltzes. But the dead bandmaster did something more than please the Grenadier Guards as a conductor and countless women as a composer; he visited the United States in 1872, when he, with his band, was brought over for the Boston Peace Jubilee of that year, and yet he did not impart his impressions of this country to a publisher nor did he talk garrulously about America and the Americans for the amusement of newspaper readers.

We publish today portraits of Dan Godfrey, Georges Paulus and Jacques Offenbach, portraits made from photographs taken in this country. The photographs of Godfrey and Paulus, honorable rivals at the Peace Jubilee, were taken by Black of Boston; the photograph of Offenbach was taken by Mora of New York.

The first singers and players and conductors who visited the United States were as a rule unaccompanied by private secretaries to serve as press agents, biographers, historians. These visitors were simple persons who sang or played or conducted in the hope of gaining money and applause. To the Italian, German, Frenchman, America for some years was known as a vaguely defined land, with cities as Havana, New York, New Orleans; with curiosities, as Indians, Niagara, racing and exploding steamboats. A visit was necessarily adventurous. The public was composed chiefly of barbarians. Art, so far as the United States was concerned, was a dictionary word without significance. The inhabitants were given over to money-making, and it was the duty of a foreigner to take as much of this money as possible to some European city, where the art of spending was better understood and where all sister arts were really appreciated. Musicians of divers sorts came and went. They were successful or they failed. The and itself was considered as Tom Tiddler's ground; it is so considered today, and singing men and slugging women, fiddlers and pianists, conductors with or without their bands, come over to

stand on it and to pick up gold and silver.

The Americans have been characterized as the most sentimental people on earth; Charles Reade said in "Foul Play" that we are the most generous; it is true that we are the most sensitive. We have long hungered and thirsted after the approbation of older nations. "What do you think of our institutions?" When the answer is unfavorable, how hot the indignation! Even Lowell, in his essay on a certain condescension of foreigners shows mental uneasiness, perturbation of mind. He is itching to ask, "Why should they be so condescending? Are we not as a nation?" etc. We are not contented with the prudently or rashly expressed opinions of visiting statesmen, army and navy officers, clergymen, scientists, essayists; we must know what play actors and play actresses, opera singers, virtuosi think about us. This curiosity is something more than a symptom of mummer worship.

Does the London public care what De Pachmann, Kreisler, Mary Garden, Scotti may think of it? Should Mr. Kreisler take a dismal view of the orchestras in London, the reply would be a stony stare. Was the English public seriously disturbed by the unpleasant remarks of Emerson and Hawthorne? If Joachim or Rosenthal, visiting Paris,

should criticise severely the works of the modern French school or find fault with the taste of a Chatelet audience as displayed by the distribution of applause throughout a concert, there would be a few newspaper paragraphs; a writer might dispute in a music journal the justice of the criticism, but the great public would be indifferent, say rather chauvinistically self-complacent. Paris does not think she is the art centre of the world; she knows it. London, Dresden, Vienna, Milan—these cities have had musical traditions for years. An American might say—and his statement would be an indisputable fact—that operas were performed at Covent Garden this last season with casts that would raise a storm of indignation in New York, and yet the London audiences filled the opera house, and were loud in applause. The statement would pass without reply. Was not the imposing Handel an opera manager in London years before Gen. George Washington assumed command of the continental troops? These singing men and singing women and players on musical instruments have little or nothing to say about the audiences and the condition of music in foreign cities when in the cities themselves; when these strollers are in New York or Boston they are easily induced to draw comparisons, and then they remember their "triumphs" in the European towns; you never hear of the failures in the presence of those highly cultured audiences and under truly artistic conditions.

The simple early visitors were satisfied if the season was a profitable one—if they were favorites with the public. What the great Garcia and his daughter, Maria, thought way down in the heart about the New York public, we shall probably never know, though the son and brother who took part in those performances is still living in London. We know that they were all glad to meet Da Ponte, the librettist of "Don Giovanni" and "The Marriage of Figaro," who could tell them about Mozart's purposes and the original stage business. Their successors came, sang, accepted philosophically or growled at the queer American ways, and no doubt gossiped with countrymen in exile over an Italian dish and an Italian bottle. The great Vieuxtemps, who visited us more than once, found us at first barbarians, but when he came for the last time he appreciated the advance in musical taste and knowledge, and rejoiced in it. But he wrote no book; he made no long-winded statements for publication. We know his impressions and opinions chiefly from the biographies that appeared after his death.

One of the first to publish his views on the condition of music in America was Josef Gungl, who wrote bitter, amusing, and, in a measure, truthful, letters concerning his experiences. Mr. John S. Dwight translated portions of these letters and published them in his journal.

But one of the first books written by a visiting musician about this country was "A Travers l'Amerique," by Henri Kowalski, a second or third rate Parisian pianist and composer. This book was published at Paris in 1872, when we

thought that we were surely civilized. Was it not the year of the Peace Jubilee and the tremendous performance of the Anvil chorus with real anvils manned by red-shirted firemen? Mr. Kowalski landed at New York in the fall of 1869. He not only played notes; he took them. And what did he not discuss in this extraordinary volume? Manners, customs, Jim Fisk, scenery, politics, religion. Let us listen to his opinions on music as known and practised in the United States.

"If the Londoner or cockney (sic) speaks English in his throat, the New Yorker speaks it through his nose. This is not agreeable to a musician."

No American composer rose above mediocrity. They wrote only piano pieces or songs; the former were rehashes of pieces by Thalberg or Gottschalk, the latter were disguised tunes of England or Ireland. Gottschalk was the most original of American musicians. He made much money but lost it all at the gaming table. He died and left behind him only unpublished manuscripts written while he was travelling or "on the corner of a 'monte' table." The New Yorkers idolized him and raised

his statue in Central Park. Mason, Mills, Hoffmann, Pattison were the satellites of this star.

The American pianists sought to please by acrobatic force. Sanderson made a colossal reputation by playing in octaves and in the right tempo the overture to "La Gazza Ladra." Ole Bull, "who once no doubt played well," was applauded wildly even when he was abominably false. "The American public as a rule delights in eccentric artists."

There were many singers with good voices; "but voice, without method, without style, without the sacred fire, is matter without spirit." The music schools were merely industrial enterprises. "A speculator rents and furnishes a building in a central position, chooses teachers and then noisily advertises the opening of a conservatory." The orchestras were made up of Germans or Italians. The German conductors were elected by the players; the players shared in the concert receipts. (Here Mr. Kowalski referred to the Philharmonic Society of New York; and, incredible as it may seem, this society still chooses its conductor, and the receipts at the end of each season are shared by the players.) Operatic performances in New York and Boston were for the display of a star. American pianos had more power; French pianos more "civilization." The American people, "religious, cold, methodical," enjoyed the music of Handel and Mendelssohn. Dan Bryant's minstrels gave one of the most original entertainments in the country.

Mr. Kowalski preferred Boston to New York. "It deserves the name, the Athens of America, for the study of Grecian and Roman antiquities is pursued there to the utmost. A discussion concerning the precise meaning of a verse from the Aeneid or of a phrase in the Iliad will sometimes excite as much interest in Boston as a presidential message of Gen. Grant. Sumner, the great defender of negroes, also known as lawyer, legislator, secretary, was born at Boston, the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin. Butler, the adversary of Grant, perhaps his successor, is also a Bostonian." Several important magazines, published at Boston, were edited by women.

The two most popular poets in the United States were Washington (sic) Irving and Longfellow. Mr. William Pope, an epic poet, like Homer, went from town to town reciting his verses, and was a "great attraction."

At Chicago Mr. Kowalski was so fortunate as to see Lydia Thompson, "the queen of the blondes and the Schneider of America." She was the toast of the town because she had thrashed "the manager of the Times. The poor man, not knowing how to rise above his shameful position, finally killed himself."

"Each large town in America possesses at least a half-dozen musical societies, which are generally composed of Germans. I have heard more than 1000 miles from New York orchestral performances of works by Raff, Brahms, Liszt, Schumann, Berlioz, which we have known in France only during the last 10 years." At Milwaukee Mr. Kowalski played a fantasia on airs from a then unpublished opera by Wagner. He had never heard the airs, but he wished to please the Germans, so he improvised a piece with successions of diminished seventh chords in the treble and with a broad melody in the bass.

It was necessary to do tricks in western cities. "Leopold de Meyer played fantasias for the left hand while he ate vanilla ice cream with his right; Wehl played a military piece, and when he wished to imitate the cannon he sat down on the keys in the lowest bass. I remembered the case of a pianist who played concert pieces with a clothes brush, and I thought I could use the same of a hat in like manner. It is unnecessary to tell you that the announcement of a concert polka, performed with the aid of an opera hat, drew a crowd. Two hatters called on me afterward and asked permission to give my name to a hat just invented by them."

The book is flippant, superficial, contemptuous; yet it contains shrewd observations, and there are remarks that might be pondered with profit today.

The story of Paulus and the Garde Republicaine band in the United States was told by Oscar Comettant in 1894. The story was first told to the narrator by Paulus himself, after his return from the trip in 1872; but Comettant, a versatile, amusing journalist, one of the most inaccurate of men when he girded up his loins for a serious literary undertaking, had visited this country in the early fifties and published his book, "Trois Ans aux Etats-Unis: Etude des Moeurs et Coutumes Americaines," which went into a second edition (Paris, 1858).

In this earlier book Comettant stated that music was more assiduously cultivated here than were the sister arts, although it was not better appreciated. Gottschalk, the most distinguished of American composers, was a thorough and through Frenchman, who happened to be born at New Orleans. What had he to do in a country where, after a brilliant performance, one of the audience slapped him on the shoulder and said: "That's good exercise in cold weather"; and Comettant quoted this criticism published in an American newspaper the morning after his music, and of all instrumental performers pianists are the least endurable. For this reason I was not bored at Mr. Gottschalk's concert; I heard neither music nor a pianist." Nor had other artists fared better. Mall-bran, Boslo, Tedesco, Laborde, Damoreau-Cinti, had all wasted time here and gained little money, and Alboni and Paul Jullien saved little or nothing. "Mr. S., pianist of the Duchess of Montpensier, is playing the piano in taverns of New York, to put whiskey drinkers in good humor, and lately one of them came up to him, and, by way of joke, gouged out one of his eyes." The opera had ruined all managers in turn. The manager of Julien's orchestra lost \$250,000 in six months, although Julien conducted all sorts of music, romantic, diabolical, charivarresque, and panophonous. Leopold de Meyer pleased only because he wore trousers with enormous checks and gave bouquets to the women in the audience, to whom he also threw kisses. Henri Herz once advertised a concert to be given by the light of 1000 candles. Thalberg was forced to open a restaurant in which between oyster soup and ham, ladies begged him to play one of his celebrated fantasias. A violinist dressed himself as a traditional devil to play the "Carnival of Venice." There were concerts with some piquant attraction, concerts religious, dancing, with a lot of history, historical, improvised, comic, pyrotechnic, enigmatical, bacchic, gastronomic. Comettant heard in Boston "a man with a detestable voice give, unaided, lucrative concerts, unaccompanied, and for three consecutive hours he sang the soporific psalm-tunes of all religions and sects." The favorite instrument had been the accordion, which had replaced the jack-knife found formerly in the hands of every Yankee; but the piano succeeded the accordion.

Was this a faithful picture? We know that Tedesco was the rage in Boston that tickets for her performances were sold at a high premium. Mr. Comettant tells us that a mint julep is made with Madeira as a basis; that a sling is a species of cocktail; that "half-and-half is half water and half brandy, and that a once popular drink, "the thorough knock-me-down," is to be translated into French "casse poitrine." He saw and heard strange things even in Boston. "An American assured me—and have no reason to doubt his word—that he called daily on a young lady in Boston at her home. He never met her parents and they never questioned his visits. She had not found it proper to present her young friend to her family, and the family, in a spirit of individual liberty, had not demanded acquaintance

ship. The father and mother often gave up the parlor to their daughter and withdrew whenever the visitor came to spend the evening."

In his account of the visit of Paulus and his band, Comettant gave much interesting information concerning the celebrated leader—he died in 1893 at the age of 82—and the band itself. The story of their exploits in Boston and other American towns is told in an easy and entertaining manner, and for the Americans there is nothing but praise. It is pleasant now to read about the hospitality offered by "M. Jordan, Davis,

"The Great Hoggarty Diamond," they say, was declined by Blackwood's Magazine, and when it appeared in Fraser's in 1841 it was not enjoyed by many. The author was advised by the editor to cut it short. John Sterling read the numbers as they came out, and knew that it was the best in fiction of the Golden Age. The man is a true genius, and with quiet and comfort will produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers"; but his Indorsement by Sterling was for private use, and few would have been persuaded to read the story if the plan had been placarded or passed about as a handbill. Some years afterward a huckery wrote to Mrs. Brookfield, saying he had been reading "The Diamond" this morning, upon my word and honor, if it doesn't make you cry I will give a mean opinion of you. It was written at a time of great affliction.

when my heart was very soft and num-
ble. Amen. Ich habe auch viel geliebt."

To us this little story is one of the most striking exhibitions of Thackeray's genius. The essential and exquisite qualities are here simply displayed. Here the applications of a text which he chose so often are fresh and convincing. Mr. Brough is sketched a little after the manner of Dickens, but he is elemental rather than artificial; there is something majestic and sublime in his poetry and his rascality. Mrs. Hoggarty is a forerunner of Mrs. Mackenzie. The clerks are all delightful. Blanche Amory would have found a sympathetic friend in the thin, beetle-browed Bellinda, who, to use the speech of the Honorable Francis Fizzig, "pinned" the harp and "touched" the piano, and "egregious" the guitar and "ecorched" a song or two. The scene of Samuel at Mrs. Roundhand's is in Thackeray's most characteristic manner: "As she spoke, the bells were just tolling the people out of church, and I felt a-thinking of my dear, dear Mary Smith in the country, walking home to her grandmother's, in her modest gray cloak, as the bells were chiming and the air full of the sweet smell of the hay, and the river shining in the sun, all crimson, purple, gold and silver. There was my dear Mary a hundred and twenty miles off, in Somersetshire, walking home from church along with Mr. Snorter's family, with which she came and went; and I was listening to the talk of this great, leering, vulgar woman."

We are not attempting to discover Thackeray at this late day. We are returning with a thankful heart to works of his youth before he was famous, before he preferred to view life through a club window, before he showed occasionally a curious admiration for the snots whom he dissected. Is there talk about the pathos in "Esmond," or about the death of Helen Pendennis, or the old colonel? The description of the death of Samuel's little child; the scenes in prison and between Mary and Lady Tiptoff—these surpass in simplicity and intensity of pathos the more famous and the most artful episodes in the later novels.

Mr. Walter Jerrold, the editor, might have annotated "The Ravenswing" to the advantage of the reader. Was Morgiana drawn from life? We know Sir George Thrum, the great composer of the opera "Britons Alarmed; or the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom," with his speech about the Ravenswing: "She has the graces, sir, of a Venus, with the mind of a muse; she is a siren, sir, without the dangerous qualities of one; she is hallowed, sir, by her misfortunes as by her genius"; he is Sir George Smart. But who was his rival, Baroski, and who were Desmond Mulligan, Squinny, Slang and Bludger? There is page after page of capital fooling, and do not the advance notices, the paragraphs published before Morgiana's debut, read as though they were in aid of some soprano of today? Sir George is always irresistible: "Miss Horsman, Mr. Craw, my dear Mrs. Ravenswing," said Sir George, "shall we begin the trio? Silence, gentlemen. If you please; it is a little piece from my opera of 'The Brigand's Bride.' Miss Horsman takes the page's part. Mr. Craw is Stiletto the Brigand, my accomplished pupil is the bride."

THE BRIDE.
My heart with joy is beating,
My eyes with tears are dim;
THE PAGE.

Her heart with joy is beating,
Her eyes are fixed on him;
THE BRIGAND.

My heart with rage is beating
In blood my eyeballs swim.

Such verses are still written for composers and singers.

As for "Dennis Haggarty's Wife," that grim tale published in 1843, it was as a child born out of due time, so far as the spirit and the realism are concerned. Some might wish away the "sermonizing" in which Thackeray indulged so fondly. "Marry, gentlemen, if you like; leave your comfortable dinner at the club for cold mutton and curl papers at your home; give up your books or pleasures, and take to yourselves wives and children; but think well on what you do first, as I have no doubt you will after this advice and example." The narrator should not intervene; there should be nothing between the procession of scenes thrown on the sheet and the spectator. Here the story is told as a confession of George Fitz-Boodle, but even in this instance the tale would be stronger without the asides, the explanations, the final "This fable teaches." Thus the last paragraph of comment, an indignant outburst, is an impertinent anticlimax after Dennis's dreadful shout of passionate grief.

"The Bedford Row Conspiracy," one of Thackeray's weakest stories, was suggested by the plot of one of Charles de Bernard's tales. Mr. Jerrold might have shown other instances of Thackeray's familiarity with the writings of this ingenious Frenchman.

Mr. A. Wallis Myers has edited for George Newnes, Limited (London), a volume entitled "Lawn Tennis at Home and Abroad." The various chapters are "The Old School and the New," by H. S. Mahony; "Memories of Men and Meetings," by H. S. Scrivener; "Courts and Conditions," by G. W. Hillyard; "Lawn Tennis for Ladies," by Mrs. Sterry; "Players of the Present," by the editor; "American Methods," by Holcombe Ward; "The Game in Northern Europe," by J. M. Flavell; "Play in France and Switzerland," by R. B. Hough; "Lawn Tennis in Australia and New Zealand," by L. O. S. Poldevin; "Lawn Tennis in India," by P. G. Pearson.

The book, illustrated lavishly with many portraits of players and pictures of courts, is not intended as a treatise or a handbook. "Rather is it produced for the benefit of all lawn tennis votaries, players and spectators alike, who may desire to know something, both by

word and picture, of the conditions under which the game is organized and contested in other lands besides their own, while at the same time providing them with interesting information regarding the pastime at home."

Perhaps the most interesting pages for the American reader are Mr. Mahony's on the old school and the new, Mr. Scrivener's reminiscences, the editor's notes on contemporaneous players, and Mr. Ward's description of American methods.

Mr. Mahony refers to the want of brilliance in more modern plays, a want mourned by some. "One writer, in particular, using a chess phrase, regretted the 'bits of Morphy.' The phrase is a very apt one. Many of Morphy's brilliant games have been shown to result in great part from weak moves on the part of his opponents, and would not be possible in modern chess." These very brilliant attacks must generally crumble before a steady and well-judged defense; and undue risk was the Achilles' heel of the brilliant school represented so ably by William Renshaw. Tribute is paid the Renshaws, Messrs. Lawford, Hamilton, Barlow, Lewis, W. Baddeley and others. "The general opinion of experts would seem to rank J. Pim as the finest player the world has ever seen. His game was of the very severe type, yet executed with such ease and nonchalance as to give the impression that he was taking no interest whatever in the proceedings." Mr. Mahony was impressed by the change in American methods when he visited this country the second time: "Every one played for position, and that position was to get to the net first at any price. The general standard of play also had much improved, and we were treated to the twist service for the first time." He thinks it merely a matter of time before the English championship passes into the hands of American players or foreigners. "No young players of any ability are coming to the front, and as soon as the present exponents of first-class play retire there would seem to be no one to take their place. Not that the number of players has not largely increased, but the numbers of the first class are sadly shrunken. This should cause no surprise, as in the public schools in America the game is encouraged, whilst in this country it is not even permitted."

Mr. Hillyard, in his article on the condition of courts, asserts that "there is not a single big meeting in England, with the possible exception of the championship, where both the background and the floor of the courts are first class. * * * From what I am told by our present champion, and also his brother, we have a lot to learn in this respect from our American cousins. The courts at Bay Ridge, N. Y., where the international matches of 1902 took place, were of absolute perfection, and far ahead of any tournament courts in the old country."

Mr. Ward begins his review of the game in America: "The tennis career of the average American is short; he begins early, and does not continue active playing long. One reason is probably the great heat in summer time; another his entry into business life and the pursuit of the elusive dollar. At any rate, when a man reaches the age of 30 his tournament days are numbered; some of our champions won their blue ribbon while yet in college." After general remarks on the development of contestants and on the nature of the tournaments, he discusses the leading players. "We have two distinct types—Larned, who is brilliant, and Whitman, who is steady. Larned, the present champion, is probably the truest type of the American style." He then analyzes carefully the style of each. "Whitman in his way is probably the greatest genius at the game that America has produced."

"The saying, 'Lawn tennis players are born, not made,' is proved false in this case, for while Larned is a natural born player, Whitman's game was acquired only after long and careful study and conscientious practice. Which is the better man will always be a matter of discussion." This chapter is illustrated with portraits of R. D. Sears, Dr. Dwight, G. P. Sheldon, Beals Wright, L. E. Ware, C. Hobart, Dwight Davis, Miss Cahill, Mrs. Morgan, Miss Jones, W. A. Larned, R. D. Wrenn, Messrs. Ward and Davis, M. D. Whitman, W. H. Collins.

Mrs. Sterry thinks that the "smartest" costume for women is "a nice hanging white skirt (about two inches off the ground), white blouse, white band and a pale-colored silk tie and white collar. Nor can ladies be too particular about 'going into court' looking perfectly spick and span, for all eyes are on them. Many an onlooker understands nothing about the game, and the next thing generally is to criticize the player and her looks." As though a woman needed such a reminder.

There is much interesting information about foreign courts and foreign players, and the wealth of illustrations is here in no way diminished. The King of Portugal in position is, indeed, an awe-inspiring sight.

145-25-1907 EPISODE OF HUGUENOT LOVE ON A NEW BASIS.

But Toward the End Old Story
of Meyerbeer Is Retold.

Anonymous Play in Three Acts,
Where Beautiful Marguerite Is
Slain with Her Ardent Lover, and
Which Will Put to a Test the In-
genuity of the Stage Director.

"Mors et Victoria," by an anonymous
poet-playwright (Longmans, Green &

Co., London), is a play in three acts. The story is an episode in the strife between the Duke of Guise and his followers and the Huguenots; the year is 1576.

Two men, brothers, are talking together in a street before the castle of the Louvre. It may here be said that the stage directions for each scene are often over a page long. They remind one in the complexity of detail, and in the psychological exposition, of George Bernard Shaw's directions, but they are not nearly so amusing. The "first gentleman" is disgusted with his country, France, nor can he listen quietly to men and boys singing its glory in a roundelay. He declaims against men who measure face in lieu of battles, against the Florentines who have corrupted the honor of France. "Traffic is in the air; all things are sold." He looks across the channel:

And as our honor wanes, great England's
Is fostering upon her sea-encircled isle
A free and stalwart race predestined yet
To overthrow us.

The second brother angrily protests and calls his brother a heretic. The first repeats:

England will conquer; she will rule the world
When we are dreaming of our vanished day.
Look where he comes—the blood-soaked Duke
of Guise!

May the sad ghosts of all the massacred,
On the dark, fatal St. Bartholomew,
Haunt him and hound him to his death!

The second brother grasps his sword hilt, but there is no fight, and the two are dropped overboard by the author. They disappear like the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe," and are heard of no more.

A corridor in the Louvre. A Venus stands in a niche of the sombre wall. "A new note in an old motive. She stands the height of a living woman, undraped, beautiful, but her beauty is the beauty of form rather than the beauty of spirit." The Duke of Guise makes hot love to Marguerite, daughter of Gaspard de Bonne-Grace, a marshal of France, living in retirement. Marguerite is a maid of honor to Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre. The duke tries to kiss her. She does not resist. Kissing as a duty, she says, a perquisite of ducal office, and she exclaims: "Back! My lord of Guise," but Guise does not back; neither does he "whoa!" so that Marguerite is obliged to draw a small dagger from her bodice. He then offers her guilty splendor, speaks of land, gold, jewels, rank, vast estates, which will seem as humble, measured by the bliss of love's delights, the warm surprise of life which waits for you what moment I arouse the tides of passion latent in your frame.

Marguerite straightway chides the duke for his unseemly talk. He, nothing daunted, proceeds to give a warm description of her anatomical attractions; he comes still nearer; but she dodges, slips under his arm, runs down the corridor and disappears behind an arras. The duke, just a little disconcerted, does not wish to ask the help of the Queen.

It would not please her, though her fickle heart has, by the present, cancelled all the past; For woman's grasp reluctant to unloose, Holds from another what she wants no more.

An hour later Marguerite stands before the Queen of Navarre. The Queen is in her bedchamber, and a description of her will assist the play actress in her make-up: "The subtle, softer charm of sun-warmed Italy is blended with the alert and fascinating charm that has come down from Francis the First. Her glossy hair is as black as onyx; her skin, of dazzling whiteness, is vivified by the warm crimson glow that lies beneath, and illumined by the flashing of her brilliant eyes; her small head is held proudly; her smile stirs the virile sense of man." Marguerite de Bonne-Grace, on the other hand, has "a light in her eyes that the House of Valois or the House of Medici has never known, and a smile that stirs the soul of man."

Here is a distinction in smiles that will cause painstaking play actresses hours of anxious practice. The good Marguerite wishes to go home to her father's house in the deep forest of far-off Touraine, but the Queen will not hear of it; she wishes to provide her with a husband. Marguerite then complains of the Duke of Guise. He persists in following her.

I crave the shelter of my father's house.
My heart is weary unto death of court,
Where maidens are the prey of levity,
Where women smile to hide their unshed tears,
And men hold love upon a pondard's point.

As soon as the Queen hears the name of the duke, she jumps to Marguerite's wish. Yes, indeed, she shall go at once. And she soliloquizes:

I danced with Henry. Is the girl a fool?
Or Henry knave? Both; it is ever both.
All men are knaves, and women all are fools;
Save, sometimes, they change places in the role.

But, wherefore murmur? Cool content is best
For the complexion; the good saints will grant
Calm resignation in all stress. They know
How many prayers I've offered for my skin.
Nor have they been unmindful of my prayers,
If this new mirror doth the truth portray:
'Tis very pleasant to be beautiful!

A little plait, a little white, a curve
That lies beneath the chin or on the cheek,
Are worth a score of battles in a cause,
And move men more than counsils. Isabelle!
Bring me the perfumes Reue hath prepared.
And those new nunguts that he brought from
Rome.

From which it will be seen that Queen Marguerite was of an eminently philosophical turn of mind. We know that she was beautiful, for Brantome was garrulously minute in his description, and did she not introduce the bourree into the court of France? "Since she had extremely beautiful legs," says another old chronicler, "she substituted this bourree for the low dances, in which one walked rather than leaped." Yet Brantome admired her in the stately pavane: "The eyes of the whole hall could not sufficiently be ravished by such a delectable sight, for the passages were so well danced, the steps so finely managed, the pauses so finely made, that one did not know

whether to admire more the beauty of fashion of dancing or the majesty of her pausing; and now she represented gaiety and now a grave and noble daint." The playwright does not do this rich material. Exit Marguerite de Valois.

Act II. The castle of Bonne-Grace Touraine. Stage directions concerning trees and forestry, soft-breasted doves "cooling mating notes in warm content," a moat filled with turbid, greenish water, and Marguerite, the Bonne-Grace, kneeling at an open casement with a face that "matches the morning." Truly the poetry of this play is in the stage directions, not in the verse! Marguerite, after the fashion of heroes in Greek tragedy, halts the morning and welcomes the sun. But what if he father knew she loves a heretic, a plous Huguenot, one Vallon de Vallon bols. She goes to meet Vallon in an alex-bower. He is a solemn person and this is the way he talks to his sweet heart:

There's naught to tell of which you have not heard.

No change has come since last I saw you, say
The Treaty, for which God the Lord has praised
Much will be born of that to strengthen us
And much to strengthen and establish France.

No wonder Marguerite thinks of the Court and is put out until it occurs to Vallon to kiss her. Then Marguerite exclaims:

Too well, too well you know
Your lightest touch has potency, to move
My body, soul and spirit to your will.

What are all men to me but shadows faint
Of you? I live but in your arms, beneath
Your dominating eyes, which draw me as th moon

Draweth the tides of the deep-hearted sea.
Love is a woman's doom.

Vallon does not rise to the occasion. He merely says—and what are words?

Doom, Marguerite?

Love is her crown, her great immortal crown.

Marle, the old nurse, talks with Marguerite, who is slightly feverish. Marle never married. When she was a child the nuns told her all men were bad. Vallon again meets Marguerite in the bower. He has had time to coin pretty phrases.

The sombre book, straightway, becomes to me
A fragrant grove Elysian, by your grace;
And all the conscious air is redolent.

He draws her unbound hair over his eyes and in other ways shows himself to be a human rational being. Marguerite declares that she knows "the hidden Wherefore of the Universe."

But the villain still pursues her. The Duke of Guise, with his soldiers, on the way to meet the invading Germans who have come to aid the cursed Huguenots, stops at the Castle of Bonne-Grace. He enters the great hall, which has been lessened by windows. A banner hangs on projection of the wall: "It hangs quite alone, the stone wall framing it as in dignified separation." A sparklin fire has "the elemental beauty of flame. It was Plinius who said that the form of fire is the most beautiful of all form."

and stage managers who produce this play should see to this "elemental beauty" without consideration of expense. Gaspard puts his castle and it inmates at the disposition of the duke. Inasmuch as Gaspard is deaf, the duke roars politics at him and coos low words in the ears of Marguerite. He proposes to pay her full attention after he has been to the mass and partaken of the sacrament.

Gaspard tells the duke that a ban of pestilential heretics jar "upon the Sabbath"—the "Sabbath" in the Franc of 1576—with their "whining songs and loud gall-stirring psalms"; whereupon the duke instructs him to send out the order that such singing will be punished by death. Now Vallon is one of the lustiest of these singers.

A country road, and the stage manager is asked to provide the whirr of a bird's wing, the buzz of the droning flies, the rustle of the startled hare. A soldier stabs a heretic and kisses his sweetheart, just to keep his hand in. He and other soldiers curse the dull village and go to the tavern for drink. Marguerite lets a page kiss her hand and then sends him with a warning letter to Vallon. She herself purposes to entertain the duke so that he will not leave the castle till Vallon and his friends are safe from harm.

Now to put on my very fairest robe.
My silver tissue overstrewn with pearls,
My petticoat of Medician lace;
I'll wreath my hair with roses, and my cheek
Rouge, for the nonce.

If converse fail, I'll ask Terpsichore
To help my brave intent to hold his Grace
By ravishing his eyes.

The rest is familiar to all those who know Scriba and Meyerbeer's "Le Huguenots." Marguerite and Vallon meet in the alex-bower, but he will not run away. He kisses her eyes and hands; the barn will sing, and sing loudly, at an cost. She, from her chamber, hears a psalm of Clement Marot; then there is a crash, a shout, firing. She draws a cloak about her and rushes to the barn. She, too, will sing. After the slaughter the duke on the way to meet Gaspard, who is waiting for his daughter. The massacre has put a end to the fretting of the soldiery, and it was a pleasing pastime, a divertissement to the gallant duke. Vallon has given him some annoyance. He is only kept on singing after he had been wounded, but he made disagreeable remarks about "broken faith." Where Marguerite?

In a bare and desolate barn 60 Huguenots are dead or dying. Streams of blood are running to meet in dark pools. "In one corner, a wounded

mother has lifted herself to lean over her dead boy, crooning to him, as though he were still alive; and, near her, a little child with appealing cries has crawled up to the cold breast of a dead mother. In the background, a old man, mortally wounded, is stead-

WORKING OUT
The story of the life of the great French dramatist, Victor Hugo, is told in a most interesting and readable manner in the new book, "The Life of Victor Hugo," by the late Professor of French Literature at the University of Cambridge, Mr. J. H. Muir. The book is published by the Macmillan Company, New York, and is available in a handsome binding for \$3.00. It is a most valuable addition to the literature of the life of this great Frenchman.

And the reader remembers how Alger-Charles Swinburne's "The Queen of the Sea" is a most beautiful and touching story of a woman who is loved by two men, one of whom is a king. The story is told in a most beautiful and touching manner, and is a most valuable addition to the literature of the life of this great Frenchman.

July 26, 1903

ATTACKS HUME ON MIRACLES.

Prof. Orr of Glasgow Tries to Overthrow His Arguments.

Dr. Whitton's Book Holds for a Motto Augustine's Saying That a Miracle is Against Nature as It is Known—Benner's Helpful "Selections from Iliad."

Two books that have appeared lately—"David Hume and his Influence on Philosophy and Theology," by Dr. James Orr, professor of apologetics and systematic theology, United Free Church College, Glasgow (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), and "Miracles and Supernatural Religion," by Dr. James Morris Whitton (The Macmillan Company, New York), might be read with profit, one after the other. For whereas Dr. Orr has much to say concerning Hume's famous essay on miracles and spends time in attempting to overthrow his arguments, Dr. Whitton makes only a passing allusion to the essay and evidently considers it as an old-fashioned smooth-bore of modern warfare, nor does he examine it as an elaborate sophism. Hume's propositions are these:

"A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature, and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, he proof against a miracle, from the nature of the case, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined."

"No testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless this testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which endeavors to establish."

Dr. Whitton's allusion to Hume's argument is in a footnote quotation from the "Dictionary of Psychology": "Early and medieval theologians agree in concluding the miraculous as being above, or contrary to, nature. The question rested on a new phase when Hume defined a miracle as a violation of nature, and asserted the impossibility of substantiating its actual occurrence. The modern discussion has proceeded largely in view of Hume's destructive criticism. Assuming the possibility of a miracle, the questions of fact and definition remain."

Dr. Whitton takes as a motto a saying of St. Augustine: "A miracle is not worked against nature, but against nature as it is known." He begins by calling attention to the fact that scholars of the church have moved along with me. "No scholar of more than narrow local repute now hesitates to acknowledge the presence of a legendary element both in the Old Testament and the New." The early narratives in Genesis are of a legendary character, as are the stories of Samson, Elijah, Elisha. "Even the conservative revisers of the Authorized Version have eliminated from the Fourth Gospel the story of the angel at the pool of Bethesda, and in their marginal notes on the third Gospel have admitted a doubt concerning the historicity of the angel and the bloody sweat in Gethsemane." Landell in the 13th century A. D. has given historical character to Joshua's crossing the Jordan on dry ground; the warning given Abijah of the disused queen's visit was a case of telepathy. The hypnotic transformations of the Sapphoire, Paris, of mentally disordered persons are analogous to the ones wrought on victims of "demoniacal possession." And the cases of apparitions, investigated and verified by the Society for Psychical Research have laid a solid basis of fact for the Biblical stories of angels. Of course, the scholars who advance these explanations are considered by some as deserters to the camp of unbelief. But those who consider miracle as the "personal intervention of God into the chain of cause and effect," must admit that when God does not thus appear periodically, he is punished by the orthodox from his world.

Dr. Whitton has much to say about cataplexy, and consequent premature burial, especially in the East where burial on account of the ceremonial "uncleanliness" occurs immediately after the apparent death. Suppose one should say that the dead Moabite who was thrown into Elisha's sepulchre and revived as soon as he touched the prophet's bones was in a trance; and another might answer that this is only a hypothesis. So is the explanation that the story is a fantastic literary hypothesis. Jesus said of the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue: "The child is not dead, but sleepeth." But how about the raising of Lazarus, so stupendous a miracle that the Rev. W. J. Dawson says of it: "Even the most devout mind may be forgiven occasional pangs of incredulity." The onlookers at the tomb of Lazarus doubtless regarded his awakening as revival from actual death. Jesus probably exerted on this occasion the same kind of psychical power that he regularly exerted in healing victims of nervous disorders, of "demoniacal possession." His thanksgiving after the tomb had been opened showed that he had prayed with the utmost energy. The intensity of voice employed is shown in the original better than in our translation: "He shouted with a great voice, 'Lazarus, come forth.'" To speak of the "resurrection" of Lazarus is a misuse of words. "Resurrection to life" in this world and resurrection, the rising up of the released spirit into the life of the world to come, are as distinct as are the worlds to which they severally belong."

In the New Testament a reputed miracle is not merely some wonderful work improvised for any kind of an occasion. It is "an act of benevolence will exerted for an immediate benefit, and transcending the then existing range of human intelligence to explain and power to achieve." As the range of knowledge and power widens, the range of the miraculous narrows. Miracle is an elastic word. A miracle cannot always be one and the same thing. As Prof. Le Conte says: "Miracle is an occurrence or a phenomenon according to a law higher than any yet known." Miracle is a case of human ignorance, not of divine interference. "Nay," says Dr. Whitton, "may it not be true that the ancient days of seers and prophets, round trip, including berth in stateroom. Tickets, staterooms and all information on application to B. D. Pitts, Agt., 308 Congress St., Boston. Telephone, 6460, 6461, Main.

the days of Jesus, days of the sublime strivings of great and lonely souls for closer converse with the Infinite Spirit behind his mask of nature, offered better conditions for marvellous experiences and deeds than these days of scientific laboratories and factories, and world markets and world politics?" Bible miracles are the effluence of extraordinary lives.

"For centuries the story of the miraculous birth of Jesus was serviceable for confirmation of his claim to be the Son of God." Now the law of atrophy has begun to work even upon the doctrine of the virgin birth. The virgin birth is only one of many statements of the mode of incarnation, and the doctrine of the incarnation does not depend on the virgin birth, which is a minor matter connected with the incarnation. "It may even be found that the weakening of belief in the incarnation as an isolated and miraculous event may tend to promote a profounder conception of it, that brings the divine and the human into touch and union at all points instead of in one point." So, too, with the resurrection story in the gospels. For many years this story has served as the conclusive proof of Jesus' claim to divine sonship and of our own resurrection to immortality. Now a distinction is made between the real resurrection of Jesus—"his rising from the mortal state into the immortal"—and his phenomenal resurrection—"the manifestations of his change that are related as having been objectively witnessed." Something of an external sort surely took place. Could it have been only an apparition? Or could it have been a material body suddenly becoming visible in a closed room?

The true supernatural is the spiritual, not the miraculous, "a higher order of nature, not a contradiction of nature." Miracles are as universal as human life. They need not be closed till the evolution of life is complete. The essential character of Christianity has been obscured. "Its appeal to man's highest nature, foiled, and its power, lamed by the wretched fallacy that has transferred its distinctive note of the supernatural from its divine ideals to the physical marvels embedded in the record of its original promulgation, even conditioning its validity and authority upon their reality. Such is the false issue which, to the discredit of Christianity, theology has presented to society." The revelation which Jesus gave to man was in the higher realm of the moral and spiritual life.

Dr. Orr's Life of Hume is a volume in "The World's Epoch-Makers" series. He

was a good-tempered, kindly man, without idealism. He appreciated nature chiefly at second-hand, through descriptions of the poets; nature to him was as a Virgil or a Pope portrayed it, "not as Wordsworth would have felt it." He took no interest in music, painting, architecture. He preferred Hume's "Dissertation on the Passions" to the outward life. He began at an early age to display intensity and individuality of defective life. From Virgil and Cicero he derived the ideal of a life independent of fortune, which remained with him to the end. His first book, "Treatise of Human Nature," fell "dead-born from the press," to use Hume's own language, but his faith in the merits of his work was not shaken.

Lord Charlemont could not find the smallest trace of mental faculties in the unmeaning features of Hume's visage. "His face was broad and fat, and without any other expression than that of imbecility, his eyes vacant and spiritless and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher." Yet when Hume was at Paris in 1763 as secretary to the Marquis of Hertford, ambassador to the Court of France, he was "smothered in compliments" by women; as he himself wrote to Adam Smith: "I retain a relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the ladies." Mme. d'Epinau gives an amusing picture of him seated between two of the loveliest women of Paris, speaking in execrable French, and "beating upon his knees and stomach."

Whenever there is an opportunity of introducing a disagreeable story about Hume, Dr. Orr makes the story more disagreeable by the way he tells it. This is undoubtedly to the reader's advantage, for the life of the philosopher was one chiefly of literary labor. Even Dr. Orr admits that Hume's amiable social qualities were everywhere recognized, and that he "never wantonly or inconsiderately wounded the religious susceptibilities of others by untimely airing of his own sceptical opinions."

Yet the learned doctor cannot resist the temptation to preach a sermon over the mental composure with which he met death. What business has a biographer to indulge in such commonplace as this: "And so, indeed, he would be" a sage, "if the foundations on which his philosophic indifference rested were sound—if human life had, indeed, no higher meaning, no more earnest purpose, no more awful issues than he supposed. But that 'if' makes all the difference in our sense of the fitness of things in the way of quitting life."

Dr. Orr reviews carefully and at length Hume's scepticism and his views on the first principles of knowledge, cause and effect, free-will, substance, and he also considers him as a moralist, political economist and historian. An appendix gives a list of some editions, and there is an index.

Even schoolboys should welcome Prof. Allen Rogers Benner's "Selections from Homer's Iliad" (D. Appleton & Co., New York), for they are now able to gain some idea of the Iliad as literature. In our own day and generation the first three books were ploughed through laboriously that there might be a harvest of Homeric terms at examination. What came after these three books was left to the imagination or the private reading of the student.

Prof. Benner has chosen the first, third, ninth, 18th and 22d books entire, and added excerpts from the second, fifth, sixth, 15th, 16th, 19th and 24th. The schoolboy may now read of the meeting of Hector and Andromache, of the making of the armor, of Hector's death and the ransoming of his body. The excerpts are connected when necessary by short summaries of the omitted portions.

In the introduction, the professor at Phillips Academy, Andover, discusses the early home of epic poetry, the language of the early minstrels, the character of the Homeric bards, the dress and armor in the Homeric age. "Of Homer, the minstrel, there exists no trustworthy account whatsoever. If a real person, as is not unlikely, he must have been the most eminent of the bards to whom the Greek epics are due, whether he came early or late in the succession. * * * It is not unreasonable to believe that the Iliad, in large part, if not as a whole, lived for centuries long by oral tradition—on the lips of the minstrels. Not later, doubtless, than the sixth century B. C. it was written down as a whole in its artistic unity."

The value of the work is enhanced by a short Homeric grammar and by notes which are truly helpful, and are a wise mean between the exuberance of such editors as Anthon and the grammatical dryness of hardened pedagogues. Unusual words, such as are found only once in the text of Homer, are defined in foot notes. Prof. Benner has followed closely the text of Dr. Paul Casar (Leipzig 1890-91). There is a carefully prepared vocabulary and a Greek index, as well as a bibliography, a map showing the site of ancient Troy, an English index of selected subjects. The illustrations are inserted to serve a purpose, not merely as a vague ornamentation.

Favorite Composers and Singers of Days Gone by; Offenbach Once Reigned Supreme; Paris Success of "Le Sire de Vergy."



HE immortal success at the Theatre des Varietes, Paris, of an opera-bouffe, "Le Sire de Vergy," set the provokes commotion in the city where Offenbach once reigned supreme, although "Le Sire de Vergy" was produced last April (the 16th). When the piece was first seen, old theatrogoers beamed on each other, seized each other's hands, and kept ejaculating after the manner of De Quincey's Tond-

in-the-hole, drawn from his morose retirement by the news of the superb murder by Mr. Williams, the great exterminating chef-Poivre, at Mr. Marr's, in Ratcliffe Highway. "Why, now, here's something like an opera-bouffe—this is the real thing, this is genuine—this is what you can approve, can recommend to a friend; this—says every man, on reflection—this is the thing that ought to be! Such works are enough to make us all young." And even now the chorus of approbation is still loud. Opera-bouffe is still, it seems, a veritable form of art; it was not merely the fashion of evil days under the Second Empire. "Claude Terrasse," says Mr. Ferdinand Herold, and he is no mean judge, "has breathed the breath of life into opera-bouffe, which died here long ago, and no one was astonished at its death, because under the pretext of erasing it they had turned it into something timid, langorous, without shape."

Opera-bouffe was once high in fashion in this country. The unconsciously amusing Mr. Kowalski, from whose book of reminiscences and opinions we quoted last Sunday, was in New York in 1869. There had been two seasons of opera-bouffe under the management of "Papa" Bateman. Let us listen to Mr. Kowalski:

"Alas, the people were soon tired of seeing Col. Fisk on horseback; they were weary of looking at his solitary diamond; the brilliance of this sun seemed to pale, and with it the star of the nabob."

"He remounted with one leap his cloud of a demi-god by the acquisition of the Grand Opera House. As soon as he had changed himself into a theatre manager, he sent dramatic couriers into all countries of the world, to drum up playing and singing and dancing women. He did not haggle over the salaries, but he insisted that the women should be pretty."

"The steamers soon brought charming feminine cargoes. There were Montaland, Silly, Irma-Marie, Desclauzas, Jenny Bell, Tostee, Laurier and others. Miss Schneider should have come, but her demands were too exorbitant, even for a nabob."

"Fisk, as manager, treated his actresses well before the performances. He gave great suppers, to which he shrewdly invited all the influential critics of New York. But how to amuse these women who did not speak English? If there was little conversation there was hearty eating, there was valiant drinking. Their agent had promised the colonel that the ladies would call New York in future Fiskville. Are we indiscreet in saying that Miss X, a charming black-eyed brunette, was the special object of Fisk's attention, and that a French hairdresser of Broadway served as interpreter? Nothing was more curious than to see the colonel, accompanied by the hairdresser, doing the honors of New York to Miss X."

"The performances took place and 'Offenbach forever' was most successful. Miss Silly was not understood for some time, but the public finally fully appreciated her."

After two seasons, Mr. Kowalski remarked, "The laurels were cut and the American public did not wish opera-bouffe at any price; when I left New York, the latest French company was foundering."

But opera-bouffe again came into fashion in this country with Aimee; and later, Paola-Marie, the sister of Irma, and of Gail-Marie, who created the part of Carmen, had many admirers.

We remember well those performances of "La Grande Duchesse" at the Grand Opera House, New York, in the late sixties. We remember Tostee, who had taken honors as a singer at the Paris Conservatory; Tostee who acted with such wit and verve, and who by her can-can steps those who would have been disappointed if they had not been shocked. She was a reckless creature, too fond of drink, they said—and what did the enemies of opera-bouffe not say about her?—yet she died, not from dissipation, not penitence in a hospital, to teach a moral lesson, to serve as an awful warning; she died from grief over the death of her young daughter.

We remember Auguste, the tinner, who was once at the highly respectable Monnaie, Brussels, and who was reported as killed in the Franco-Russian war. And there were the never-to-be-forgotten

REVIVAL OF OPERA-BOUFFE, ONCE HIGH IN FASHION HERE.



CLAUDE TERRASSE .

ROBERT DE FLERS .

G. A. DE CAILLAVET .

comedians who impersonated Boum and Puck and Paul and Grog.

The tunes were heard in streets, in parlors, in concert halls, on hotel verandas. Young women sang their passion for the military. The staidest aunt abbed out at twilight: "Say to him." "Voici le sabre," threatened to be as popular a nuisance, as the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust."

The Muse of opera-bouffe was a wanton baggage. Her eyes were bold or sly; her cheeks were flushed with wine; she hiccupped in song; her gesture was a wriggle or a kick; when she was demure she was the most dangerous. Whether her name was Schneider or Tautin, Tostee or Aimee, the muses of opera, opera comique and operetta looked at her askant. Yet for some years throughout Europe the kings and the rulers and the mighty men drank of the cup of her sorcery; and some earnest students of sociology assert that she was the supreme symbol of her period.

Her favorite musician was Jacques Offenbach, a German Jew by birth, but more Parisian than the Parisians themselves. He was an extraordinary man. "Twere folly to deny his talent, a talent that in certain ways overstepped the line and could not be distinguished from genius. He had a rare gift for melody; for if he often was a tune-monger and trivial and vulgar, he also

wrote true and exquisite melodies, as Fortunio's song, "Say to him," Perichole's Letter and more than one air in "Contes d'Hoffmann." He had an inimitable sense of rhythm, and no one, not even Wagner himself, has surpassed him in wedding music to words, so that they seem as of spontaneous and synchronous birth. He was master of wit, humor, irony, buffoonery. He was a born writer for the stage, who could individualize and characterize the men and women of his librettists.

And Offenbach was fortunate in his librettists. Chief among them were Melhac and Halevy, who later were admitted to the Academy, who were of the Immortal Forty. "La Belle Helene," "Barbe Bleue," "La Vie Parisienne," "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," "La Perichole," "Les Brigands"—what masterpieces from 1864 to 1869! Nor were such librettos by others as "Orpheus aux Enfers," "Genevieve de Brabant," "La Princesse de Trebizonde," to be found on every librettist's bush.

Halevy is still living. Melhac died in 1897, and when Henri Lavedan succeeded to his chair in the Academy and pronounced the eulogy on his immediate predecessor, he glorified these very librettos which at the close of that year, 1895, were so out of fashion. Opera-bouffe, he said, was compounded of extreme irony, of the dishevelled picturesque, of fretted fancy; it was at the same time false and profound; it proceeded from parody, comedy, operetta, farce. And although this species of entertainment was known at Paris in the fifties, Melhac and Halevy first gave it its true form and raised it to the dignity of art: Melhac with his wild and intense buffoonery, inexhaustible humor, debauches of wit, cascades of irreverent gaudy jests that popped like corks, the gush of the first vintage, ready and intoxicating; Halevy with his cool sense of proportion even in maddest moments, with his knowledge of the

public, with his skill in theatrical politics, with his savory irony and dry wit. The French of those years had been in the habit of "welcoming victorious troupes."

"We reposed then on our laurels. The present was luminous. The future promised a harvest equal at least to that of the past. The men full of ardor still kept the oath of fidelity, women willingly forgot theirs. One could dream of amusing himself for years. If M. de Talleyrand had continued to drag his leg on earth, and could, even at the height of his insolent and withered old age, have thrown a glazed look in extremis on this thoughtless and charming epoch of the Second Empire, he would surely have applied to it his famous but now corrected speech: 'Whoever did not live from 1839 to 1867 knew not the pleasure of existence.' This pleasure, overflowing, feverish, bursts out, sparkles, flashes in all the operas bouffes of Melhac. It quickens the dialogue and tickles the jests, shoots the repartee, sharpens the sally, darts the couplet. It is the inspirer, the agitator, always alert, and always rebounding from these extraordinary and comical fantasies, which are only perpetual displays of fireworks and festival shouts. And as though this were not enough, this pleasure, tireless and mad to the marrow, not content with speech, calls to the rescue joyous and gallant music, to act as the drum, to blow the brass, beat the cymbals, shake the cymbals, shake the Chinese pavilion and its bells of gold. Bounding from the prompter's box, like one of Hoffmann's devils, appeared, with violin in hand, a kind of Paganini of an opera ball, with eyes like glowing coals, with the sneering chuckle of a sorcerer; he raised his magic bow, and bore on an enchanted rhythm of velvet and flame

all these puppets, distracted as in a baker's dough of laughter and kisses. And immediately brown and wide-awake polkas, blonde German waltzes, quadrilles for Mogador with leg in air, tender melodies, sighed rondeaux, fiery brindis, bacchic strophes, triumphant evokes, couplets of the Sabre, or letter of Perichole, lo, these drop without cessation, and desert to the uttermost parts of the earth, the name of this Parisian charmer, of this demon of genius, who called himself Jacques Offenbach."

In those glorious years of opera-bouffe the Varietes Theatre saw the Tsar of all the Russias, Kings of Bavaria, Portugal and Sweden, grand dukes in shoals, Bismarck, Thiers, beys, pachas, tycoons, hospodars and volkodes. The war came; the Germans entered Paris; snow fell in the winter of 1870 on men and hearts, on France, and on the temples of old gentlemen with white gaiters, for whom "the Belle Helene"

and "Barbe Bleue" revived, are "now no more than the distant echo, the emotion, the sorrow, and sometimes the remorse, of their youth."

Opera-bouffe, as introduced to us by the French companies was untranslatable and untransplantable. It is doubtful whether it was ever thoroughly enjoyed by thoughtful Americans, who, while they admitted the diabolical wit, the irresistible parody, the wild extravagance, could not relish the seasonal, inherited causes, from constituting salt, which, to speak courteously of our neighbors, may be called "gaucherie." Perhaps it is not necessary to go so far as Matthew Arnold, who reproached the French nation for their worship of the great goddess, Lullulity, but surely in this early opera-bouffe an absurd importance was attached to the comic value of mean, contemptible or grotesque sexual relations. Men and women were looked upon by the librettists as so many rabbits with the power of saying "Je t'aime" or "Amour" in human speech. To say that the English-speaking people is prudish, often hypocritically prudish, and yet at times amazingly coarse, is merely the answer. "You're another," an answer not held final by logiclans in university chairs or near the cracker barrel in the country store. There is a certain robust manliness even in the coarsest scenes of Beaumont and Fletcher's coarsest comedy. The men in the Elizabethan drama, and even in the drama of the Restoration, may be cynically brutal or debauched, but they are at least men with certain manly attributes.

During the furious popularity of opera-bouffe in Paris, protests were made by Frenchmen, indignant that such pieces should try to climb the hill of the Muses. Emile Bergerat is hardly a prude or a prig; his feuilletons signed Caliban were audacious and cynical; yet he was most severe in his attacks on librettists and composers. Some objected to the ridicule of the Olympian gods and goddesses, to the foul treatment of charming mediaeval or earlier legends. Only the other day Francis Chevassu referred to such objection as "puerile and incorrect," and he insisted that the Olympian deities themselves would have roared with laughter, seated in the Varletes and seeing themselves mocked; not that they gave Mr. Chevassu any personal assurance as to their conduct, but Homer had represented them as giving way to enormous, uncontrollable, inextinguishable mirth. We prefer to Mr. Chevassu, ingenious as he is, the courteous man who took off his hat to a statue of Jupiter at Rome, "for there's no knowing," he said, "but he may be voted in again." And there were Parisians who mourned that such stage plays should, like so much export-literature, misrepresent Frenchmen and Frenchwomen in the eyes of the world.

Opera-bouffe in this country did little harm, chiefly because the majority of American spectators had little idea of what was said on the stage. They heard the gay or pretty tunes, which were easily hummed the next day; they saw the pantomime; but they seldom understood fully the meaning of the dialogue, and still less the verbal and facial winks and suggestions. Some applauded constantly from fear lest their ignorance might be apparent; some applauded incongruously, to the surprise and perplexity of the comedians; and some, more tactful, looked toward a hairdresser or a waiter as fugleman. While opera-bouffe was in fashion here, objections were raised against the nature of certain plots and dialogues, and the fiercest in denunciation were often those who did not read or speak French. When at last Leon Vasseur's "Timbale d'Argent" was produced, the outcry was unanimous; for eyes without an opera glass were sufficient for comprehension.

These pieces were played with English texts by American or English companies. The salt was without savor; the dialogue was vapid and dull; the situations and the action were incomprehensible. And why? Because no audience would have endured a literal translation with accompanying and appropriate action, and because the delicate suggestion of French indelicacy would have become plain dirt in English speech or gesture. Allee Oates was a sprightly, vivacious, fascinating little woman—it does not seem possible that she could have been so long quiet in her grave—but the pieces in which she rolicked were often changed fundamentally; for the original clou on which all

depended was for men only, and for Frenchmen at that. Soldene of the generous mouth and disposition visited us—and the plots were changed even for her. Of late years there have been a few revivals, with star casts, with gorgeous scenery. Lillian Russell as La Perichole or La Grande Duchesse, is a sumptuously upholstered woman with a pretty voice and not a bit like the street singer or the promoter and the degrader of poor Fritz. And as for the comedians—where are the traditions? and if the comedians knew the traditions, they have not the Gallic quickening spirit. In Paris there have been revivals lately of Offenbach's operettas—there have been a certain Offenbachian revival over Europe, and in Paris itself there is the same complaint: the traditions are lost.

After Offenbach, Lecocq, Herve came Gilbert and Sullivan, Johann Strauss, Millocker and their imitators with amusing stage works. We all remember the popularity of Sullivan's operettas—a healthy craze. Witty, wholesomely cynical, the librettos of Gilbert with their charming lyrics and with the master music of Sullivan delighted thousands, and had a mighty influence in the development of the theatre in this country; for many who had hitherto looked skew-eyed at the playhouse, considered it as the abomination of desolation, and seen symbolism in the direction, "This way to the pit," were lured by the performances of a church choir company, found no harm in the operettas, and gradually hardened themselves to "Camille," and then to the problem plays, of morally disposed Englishmen. Would it be possible to revive the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas? Where now are the Savoy seriousness? Where the spirit of intense seriousness in dealing with wild paradox and incredible but inexorable conclusions of logic based on an absurd but seemingly plausible premise? And does not the great audience debauched by farce comedy, now hunger and thirst after the gag and the topical song in which Gilbert found no pleasure?

It should also be remembered that stage comedy, when it is not elemental, is the veriest thing of fashion. Aristophanes introduced the topical song in his comedies, and today commentators quarrel over the allusions patent and hidden. How many of the younger generation would sit confused and "pale-faced today at a performance of the allusions"! Grosvenor Gallery? The allusion to the aesthetic movement and the mockery of the art-jargon of a period? No; the libretto of "Patience" is now first of all a document to illustrate a short period in the social history of England. Years hence it, too, will have its learned and quarrelsome commentators.

After opera bouffe in Paris came pieces that were either operettas, comedies with music, or thin forms of opera-comique. Take "Miss Helvett," for instance. The librettist, Boucheron, characterized it as an "opera-comique," but it is really a comedy with incidental music. In the United States we have had varieties of farce comedy, the entertainments provided by "Hugh Morton" and Gus Kerker, and the English musical comedies, which have been imitated with more or less success by American librettists and composers. If opera bouffe again becomes fashionable in Paris, will it cross the Atlantic and triumph here?

But what would an American manager do with this "Sire de Vergy"? He would first give it to a cleanser and dyer.

The librettists, Armand de Caillavet and Robert de Flers—the former is 34



ANNA TARIOL.

ears old—first became celebrated in collaboration by their joyous opera buffe, "Les Travaux d'Hercule," in which Hercules, a rank pretender and oser, bitterly disappoints his little life, Omphale, who therefore looks indly on Aegus, the owner of a celebrated stable of racers, and he, vexed because Hercules blackballed him or the club, eagerly embraces Omphale's opportunity for revenge. The story is highly amusing, extremely witty, but we doubt whether an American audience would sit through a performance in which the text were Englished literally and the spirit scrupulously preserved. It is easy to imagine the uneasiness of Mr. Comstock and of the many societies for the protection of public morals and individual purity.

Claude Terrasse, who wrote the music for both "Les Travaux d'Hercule" and "Le Sire de Vergy," is, they say, a musician of unusual gifts, and he is praised by the severe as well as the frivolous. He was born at Arles. He ran away from school when he was 13 years old, which was his love of music. At first he studied in the conservatory at Lyons, where he took prizes, and he played the organ in the orchestra of the Grand theatre. At Paris he studied at the Ecole Niedermeyer. Always humorous, he wrote quadrilles on airs from Wagner's "Ring," and quadrilles on themes of Bach. He studied the organ under Gigout, and exiled himself as a professor at Arcachon. Called to Paris, to take charge of the holy organ at the Trinite, he became acquainted with the theatre manager, Eugène-Poe, and he wrote burlesque and fantastic music for "Ubu Roi, a piece by Alfred Jarry, produced at the Theatre de l'Oeuvre. In 1900 he founded the theatre des Fantins in the rue Ballu, where plays were performed by marionettes, and all sorts of queer entertainments were provided. Among his works are an insane "Trio a Cordes," "Pantagruel" in five acts (not yet produced), "Pantagruel-Courcelles," "La Femme de Luth," "La Plancee du Scaphandrier," "Au Temps des Croisades," "Chouette."

Anna Tariol-Rauge, the heroine Gabrielle in "Le Sire de Vergy," was born at Clermont-Ferrand in 1872. She made her debut at Bordeaux, where she sang Carmen, Mignon, Marguerite. She sang in Russia, then at Marseilles and in other provincial cities. In Paris she sang first at the Nouveau Theatre in Boccaccio. She created important parts at the Bouffes Parisiens, and went to the Varietes. In "Le Sire de Vergy" she was assisted by Eve Lavalliere and such excellent comedians as Guy and Brasseur.

They say that a playwright of Berlin celebrated for his farcical and extravagant pieces once called on Mommson, the historian, and proposed to him that they should write a piece for a theatre. When Mommson roared at him, "Are you joking, sir?" the playwright answered, "I am thoroughly in earnest. I have always held that history and opera buffe are brother and sister." This story was told in a late number of Le Theatre and we do not swear that it is true.

The librettists of "Le Sire de Vergy" went to the old and familiar legend of

the Sire de Coucy, the troubadour who fell in love with the wife of his neighbor, Du Fayal. For some time they loved in peace, but the day came when the Sire de Coucy thought it prudent to go to Palestine. He was slain in the Holy Land, and he, dying, told his squire to take his heart and give it to Gabrielle. The squire came to Du Fayal's castle, where the lord and master caught him and extorted a confession.

The husband took the heart, had it prepared for the table, and it was served. Gabrielle ate the heart of her lover and found it good. Then Du Fayal told her what she had eaten, and Gabrielle soon thereafter died. The real de Coucy wrote verses to which he set music, and some of his melodies were in the hypo-phrygian mood. Here is a specimen of his poetry: "Alas, why have I seen this sweet object who deserves the name of ingrate, since she lives apart from me, although I have wept so bitterly for her. No man was ever so gently betrayed. While I was master of my heart she was goodness itself toward me. Today, when she is sovereign mistress of it, she kills me by the slow fire of her austerity."

The Sire de Coucy in the opera-bouffe sings in more joyous strain:

Motte violence, motte douceur,
Debauche dans un sag' mesure,
J'aime énormément la pudeur,
J'aime énormément la luxure;
Un nez qu'un zéphir retourna
De cynisme et d'la poésie,
Du classique et d'la fantaisie,
Je suis le sire de Coucy-Coucal

The librettists have given to Du Fayal the name of Vergy, the maiden name of his wife Gabrielle. Husband and wife and de Coucy live happily together, and the husband is the happiest of the three, for he has the utmost confidence in his wife; de Coucy is his best friend; and he is adored by his vassals, who cheer him whenever he gives them the signal with a trumpet. De Coucy finally becomes disgusted with his wife, for de Vergy is too much in evidence, so he persuades the husband that as a man of war and a good Christian, de Vergy should go a-crusading. De Vergy is persuaded. He farewells tearfully his wife, and, as French husbands who went to the crusades were in the habit of locking up their wives, he gives the key of the "corselet de fidelite" to his dear friend de Coucy.

De Vergy is far away and the lovers should be happy, but de Coucy is ill at ease. There is no chance for a public scandal. No danger attends his serenades. The lovers are on the point of quarrelling when de Vergy returns bring-

ing with him his captives, the Princess Mitzy, Macach and Pogo. Did he capture these infidels in Palestine? No; he never went farther than Paris, and there he had been living gayly. This princess with her danse du ventre had played the part of the serpent in the mystery "Adam and Eve" and her captor, de Vergy, soon became her bondsman. And the Sire de Mipertuis returns. He had set out with de Vergy for the crusades; he actually saw war in Palestine, and he returns to read a lot of letters in which the conjugal affairs of de Vergy are piquantly related. Both de Coucy and de Vergy box his ears. The crusader remarks: "You two have struck me; you two must fight

with other!" But Vergy and de Coucy in heavy armor, with their battle-axes of combat. Durl, the witch they call, they strike hands. But what will the public, the great gallery say to such a lame ending?

The librettists return to history. De Coucy agrees to absent himself, and de Vergy will announce that he has slain him. De Vergy offers his wife the heart of her lover in the form of a slice of calf's liver. The lover returns. He is pardoned; the Princess Mitzy leans lovingly toward de Coucy; Gabrielle gives the key of her corselet to Fridolin, a handsome page; and de Vergy continues to be the most popular person in the castle and in the region roundabout.

Here is an example of true opera-bouffe. Gabrielle and de Coucy share the fate of Genevieve de Brabant and Eurydice and gods and goddesses of ancient Greece and heroes of the Trojan war and imposing grand directresses and generals and diplomats of little German states; they are mocked to make a Parisian holiday. But would this story of Gabrielle and de Vergy and de Coucy, we have told with necessary discretion, serve in this country to introduce a revival of opera-bouffe, no matter how delightful the music of the surprising Claude Terrasse may be?

NOTES.

Zelle de Lussan has become a member of Charles Manners' English opera company.

Mr. Baughman complains that English singers do not make sufficient use of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's songs.

Richard Temple, once a favorite at the Savoy, sang songs and gave recitations in London at "his matinee" July 9.

Theodor Leschetitzki's reminiscences, "written by his sister-in-law the Countess Potocka," will be published this fall.

Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" was revived at the Botanic Gardens, London, July 6, with incidental music by Charles W. Smith.

August Enna has entitled his new opera "The Death of Antony." It is a continuation of "Cleopatra" by the Danish composer so little known in this country.

"The Sultan of Rangoon," musical comedy sketch, book by Walter Summers, music by Clement Lockname, was produced at the Hippodrome, Liverpool, July 6.

Otero purposes to sing in operetta at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris, next season. She will appear in December in the revival of Audran's "L'Enlèvement de la Toledad."

The voice of Mr. Whitney Tew, a voice of sepulchral gravity, suggests to "Lancelot" the unalterable decree of fate. This is the reason why Mr. Tew has so little variety in tone-color.

Mr. H. T. Finck says amiably of Edward Elgar: "He seems to be as rapid a worker as Mascagni, and his fame has the same mushroom quality." But does not the trouble with Elgar lie in this: he is trying to galvanize into life a dead musical form—the oratorio?

"Charles Barnard has received from Frederick Lure, the husband of the late Camille Urso, all her correspondence, diaries and papers, and will compile from them an authorized biography of that distinguished woman." Mr. Barnard wrote her life some years ago. It was published in Boston by Loring.

"Roland Stuermer," a new opera, book by Dr. Paul Sakolowski, music by Dr. Hugo Weiss, will be produced in the fall. Let us hope the doctors agree to agree. The subject is "the fate of a modern artist"—a vague description, which may be interpreted in various ways.

Miss Blanche Towle, dramatic soprano, formerly of Boston and now of New York, will be the soloist for a week beginning tonight at the Duss concerts, "Venice in New York," at the Madison Square Garden. She will sing Elisabeth's entrance aria from "Tannhauser," the cavatina from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," Micaela's aria from "Carmen" and several songs.

A critic reviewing in the Standard (London) the third volume of Glass-napp's "Life of Richard Wagner," says most shrewdly: "It would be no bad rule for biographers of Wagner to keep Meyerbeer altogether out of their pages—he had so very little to do with Wagner's life, and they become so very wild when they make any mention of him."

"Lancelot" of London has discovered that Calve's Carmen is so "womanly" that the hideousness of the character is forgotten, and one gets to look upon the fickle and heartless cigarette girl as a beautiful child, sinning more from consuming vanity and thoughtlessness than from indulgence in evil passions." We hope Calve read this. She has not had much to amuse her of late.

Some may remember "Florizel," the boy violinist, brought to Boston by the late Col. Pond. Florizel was born in Wisconsin, where his father, a violinist, still lives. The story now told in German music journals is that he came from Geneva; his father is dead, and his talent was discovered by an Austrian nobleman who sent him to Ysaye.

The London correspondent of the German magazine Die Musik complained of the orchestra led by Hans Richter in the third cycle of the "Ring" at Covent Garden. He also found that Van Dyck's "opera-like gestures" went without the frame of the performances, and that Mrs. Kirkby-Lunn's inclination to sing contralto parts in Wagner's music-dramas is at war with her natural gifts and her artistic acquirements.

A new life of Schumann by Hermann Abert has been published by "Harmonie," Berlin. It is the 15th volume of the illustrated series, "Berühmte Musiker," and the price in boards is 4 marks. Many of the biographies in this series are excellent. The author has here made a liberal use of Schumann's letters and critical writings, and tried to portray the period in which the composer worked. Various compositions are

referred to. The volume is lavishly illustrated.

kered Cherubini's "Water Carrier" for performances at Mannheim. They will be a prelude "which was of advantage to the whole opera." Up to this time, the fact that Count Armand had only told the Savoyard Antonio was only told, now there is a stage representation of this rescue. The scene is the old Savoyard Pass. Monks with their dows at work. Savoyards are on their way to Paris. Antonio, the son of the water-carrier in the opera, is rescued from an avalanche by the count. The music is borrowed from Cherubini's opera "Etema" and it includes a chorus of monks, songs of the Savoyards, and a romance for the count. The opera itself no longer begins with the dialogue, but with a revolutionary hymn, sung by Sans-Culottes.

Mr. James Huneker gives the following description of Claude Debussy, the miracle composer of "Pelléas et Mélisande," "The Blessed Damozel," "The Afternoon of a Faun," and some of the most exquisitely poetic songs in modern literature for the voice. "His face is flat, the top of his head is flat, his eyes are prominent—the expression veiled and sombre—and altogether, with his long hair, unkempt beard, uncouth clothing and soft hat, he looked more like a Bohemian, a Croat, a Hun than a Gaul. But there is talent in the man's face, unique talent. His high, prominent cheek bones lead to a Mongolian aspect to his face. The head is brachycephalic, the hair black. * * * Again I see his curious asymmetrical face, the pointed fawn ears, the projecting cheek bones—the man is a wraith from the east."

Mr. Floersheim, Berlin correspondent of the Musical Courier (N. Y.), wrote, July 7: "Among the American musicians present in Berlin during the past week were two conductors, Wilhelm Gieseke and Sam Franko. The former is about to conclude here some important engagements for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and according to latest reports current in musical circles was negotiating with Hekking and Krassalt for the first 'cello position in Boston, made vacant by Alvin Schroeder's retirement from the Huh's Symphony Orchestra. Hekking's money demands are considerably higher than those made by Krasselt, of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which causes the wavering, but in either case the Boston forces would gain a valuable acquisition."

Mr. Anton Hekking, who was solo 'cellist in the Symphony orchestra under Mr. Nikisch, was the immediate predecessor of Mr. Schroeder.

Mr. E. F. Benson has written a novel, "The Valkyries" (Dean & Son, London), based on Wagner's opera. He has attempted "to render as closely as possible into English narrative prose the libretto." Here is an example of Mr. Benson's inflated melodrama: "Fly, father, fly," she cried, half laughter, half pity for him. Let the King of gods be seen to fly for safety, for a storm for thyself sweeps hither, swiftly. * * * A London critic characterizes the story as "one of those depressing books about books; one of those literary cobwebs, spun from another's silk, and spoiled in the spinning." There are many pictures, and some of them make the Valkyries "strangely similar to the tinsel-armored ladies in a ballet." Passages in this book, "the first few pages, and a gentle piece at the beginning of chapter X are not without merit; the rest of the book is tedious, very difficult to read, and, what is worse, very difficult to forget."

"Lancelot" said in the Referee (London) apropos of Calve's Marguerite: "Fair hair does not suit the French artist's style of beauty and, therefore, Goethe and tradition are defied, and Marguerite's tresses were as black as a raven's wing. In other respects it cannot be said that Mme. Calve's reading in the earlier scenes was ideal. It was not the guileless maiden who walked in the innocence of ignorance, but a born coquette that appeared in the market place of Nuremberg, and no dancer ever dropped a handkerchief with more artful artlessness than did Mme. Calve her prayer book when Faust addressed her. By the way, is it not a little unnatural that the entire (stage) population should stand stockstill and gaze at Marguerite when she happens to be addressed by a stranger?" The populace, O Lancelot, is not staring at Marguerite; it is waiting to see whether Faust will sing his high note in falsetto or from the chest. As for Marguerite's hair, Lucca preferred it black. South German women are often brunettes. Should Marguerite roughen and stain her hands to answer Goethe's description? And it should be remembered that the Marguerite of Gounod's opera was invented by Barbier and Carre, not by Goethe.

The music critic of the News (London) says in a review of Charles L. Graves' biography of Sir George Grove: "One is tempted to regret that G. did not take up musical criticism in earnest. The limitations of his taste would not have mattered in the days of his prime, and how much that enthusiasm of his is required in professional musical criticism! He himself did not consider his technical knowledge sufficiently intimate. With regard to his capacity for reading music, writes Mr. Graves, 'he could find his way well enough about the full score of a work he had heard three or four times. By that time the written page became luminous, so to say, to his mind. The mere mental perusal of the score of a brand-new work conveyed as little to him as it does to most amateurs.' He was 'no executant,' though as a boy and a young man he had played the piano a little and sung in choral societies. For many years I had heard Sir George Grove's musical opinions belittled by professional musicians for this very reason, but they were wrong. He never wrote anything which was beyond his knowledge, and slight as his practical

musicianship may have been, he had the supreme gift of being able to listen to and feel music. Wagner, whom Sir George Grove did not admire, looked on that kind of musical appreciation as more valuable than the narrower and more specialized verdict of the professional or 'class' musician."

The Paris correspondent of the *Referee* (London) found "The Belle of New York" extremely comical in her French dress at the Moulin-Rouge. "It is not a Bowdlerized edition of the original—au contraire, somewhat décolleté. I should call it, but there are some sweet things in it. For instance, Bob wears a Scotch suit of tartan trews, surmounted by a Norfolk jacket, covered with checks so big that Rothschild's could not cash them; and in the middle of the play, a New York policeman, dressed in the uniform of the London city police, puts his hand upon Bob's shoulder and remarks, 'Au nom du Président, je vous arrête.' I don't think arrests are made this way in New York somehow. But then I may be wrong. The best part of the parody—for parody it is, although Gavault's name is upon the programme as librettist—is the performance of the two Frenchmen, made into lemon-squash-colored Brazilians on this side of the channel, who say no word, but do some splendid fooling in dumb show. The Belle's adorers, who are supposed to be Frenchmen, are played by eight young ladies known to fame as Les Cocktails Americains, whose accent has an after-taste from far Whitechapel; and, speaking generally, all the Americans are very, very French, the Frenchmen are extremely British, and our old friend the polite German lunatic becomes a subject of the Sultan, Badaboum Pasha. But still we laughed, though not, perhaps, just where we were expected to, and Baxone, the cashier, is quite a French edition of our own Letty Lind, and dances charmingly."

July 27, 1903

VALUABLE POINTS FOR AMERICAN HUNTSMEN.

Handbook on Feathered Tribe by Dwight W. Huntington.

Sportsmen of the Past Knew No Restraint—Present Game Laws Evaded—National Government Should Regulate Preserves—Bob White Gameiest Bird in America.

"Our Feathered Game: a Handbook of the North American Game Birds," by Dwight W. Huntington (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), will interest not only sportsmen, but many who are not demoted with the mania of killing things, and many who are forbidden the pleasures of the table. Mr. Huntington writes in a simple, straightforward manner. He has seen and shot much; he is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and when he goes a-gunning he takes the reader with him.

Mr. Huntington asserts that there is not today a complete manual of the feathered game of North America. The authors of the earlier books had little or no experience west of the Alleghenies, and many birds were unknown to them. Much of the western country was inhabited by hostile Indians or was a barren waste when Audubon and Wilson wrote; Forester did not know the common prairie grouse.

When Forester flourished, there was a marvellous abundance of game in the western states; there was neither a game law nor a game preserve in the land. Today game birds are not abundant in the East; there are many game enactments, and there are hundreds of preserves. Yet a few years ago unrestrained game was so abundant that market gunners often killed a swivelgun, Bogardus, with a friend, shot 30 snipe one day in Ohio. Forester doubted if the breech-loader would ever come into general use on account of the inconvenience of the cases in which the loads were carried. Mr. Huntington lately hunted vainly a whole day in New York for an old, single-muzzle-loader. Dogs have been carefully bred; large purses are now offered at a trial of these animals. Not only are there state laws concerning shooting by non-residents within their borders—but there is the national Lacey law, which prohibits the shipment of game by interstate transportation is prohibited by state law. Yet these laws are evaded. The cold-storage warehouses have vast quantities.

Mr. Hornby estimates that "33 states and territories, comprising three-fifths of the total area of the United States, show a decrease in the number of birds of 45 per cent. during 15 years. The decrease in game birds is fully 75 per cent." The woodcock and the wood duck are in danger of extermination. Eliot, in his work on wild fowl, wrote: "While engaged upon this book I felt that I was writing the history of a rapidly vanishing race."

There was a time when the sportsman slipped out the back way, "since there was a prejudice among his neighbors against all sport, and no distinction was made between the terms sportsman and sporting-man." Now sportsmanship is fashionable and sportsmen travel in a various railway car especially built for their comfort and convenience. Yet

Mr. Huntington regrets the change from old to new conditions. "There was a charm about the tramp over virgin fields where there were no game laws, club rules or restraints of any kind."

The author includes as game birds in his commentary "all birds which are legally taken by sportsmen, save one—the robin redbreast (which is legally shot and devoured in some of the southern states)—giving more space to those deserving of it." There are many which he would willingly see protected at all times.

The sportsman should buy the best gun he can afford. "Do not spend money on the fancy engraving of shooting scenes with impossible ducks, pheasants or dogs in gold." A good English gun was not to be had for less than \$150 to \$200. Of late there are excellent American guns, and a safe and serviceable one may be bought for \$50 and more. A sportsman has only one, should be 12 gauge with barrel 30 inches in length, and the weight should be 7 to 7½ pounds. It should be hammerless, because it is thus the safest.

There should never be more than one gun in a duck-boat, "and never a loaded gun in a wagon, except when the wagon is used to approach game, as in shooting the upland plover, and in that case there should be no more than one gun in the wagon, and that always held in a safe position, with the muzzle pointing outward." * * * It is unnecessary to advise a sportsman never to point a loaded or unloaded gun at a person. The penalty for a boy's doing such a thing should be the loss of his gun. It is the unloaded gun, usually, that kills a companion. There should never be any uncertainty as to whether the gun is loaded. Remove the loads in getting over a fence, especially if the fence be at all shaky. * * * The fit of the gun is far more important than the fit of the clothes. A gun which fits is said to "come up" well or handle well. By that is meant that when it is tossed suddenly to the shoulder it will be so poised that the eye will see along the barrel and the aim be true without further adjustment of the gun. * * * Always shoot with both eyes open."

The setter is handsomer than the pointer. The pointer will go farther in warm weather and without water. The setter is the better dog in cold weather. The long hair of the setter collects burrs and the dog is often badly used up by them. "Speed and endurance, as well as 'bird sense,' are the qualities which go to make up a good field dog, and after listening to the controversy until the small hours, between field-trial men and shooters at the tavern, after a fixed competition, I have arrived at the conclusion that the sportsman will do well to select for his shooting a dog of field-trial stock, but one that has been especially trained, not for a fixed trial, but to hunt to the gun, as it is called, or for field shooting." There is an interesting chapter on Game Clubs, Parks and Preserves.

There are now in the United States many private parks and game preserves where game birds are as carefully propagated and protected as on the preserves in England, and there are hundreds of clubs or associations formed to own and control shooting. The private clubs and most of the parks are of recent date. Private parks or preserves, owned by individuals, are as yet comparatively few. "There is in America much prejudice against the private game preserve, probably on account of its association with aristocratic and monarchical institutions. Large country seats and palatial city houses have, however, the same association without the game. Prejudice against the private game preserve may prove an argument in favor of the public park or refuge, and this is far more important to the safety of the game."

Mr. Huntington is satisfied that the club rules which prohibit all shooting by punters, guides or attendants are often broken: "The punter usually carries a gun, is an excellent shot, and his employer is often ambitious to make a large bag of birds." The shooting at driven birds is not far off, for from England came the epidemics of tennis and golf, and also came the riding to hounds. "Are the vermin in the fields and woods, the chief charms of sportsmen's life, to be banished in America for a stand beside a fence, with a servant to load the guns? Such results may follow the coming of the private game preserve. Pheasants will, no doubt, be shot at an American battue, since they often run before the dogs. Our western grouse may be driven to the amushed guns. This, indeed, is not so bad, since they are far too easy "over dogs." Long be the day, however, before the best game bird in the world, Bob White, shall be clubbed by shouting beaters from the fields and driven to a line of guns."

Mr. Huntington again discusses the quality of the battue when he speaks at length of the pheasant, and again states his belief that it will be long before the pheasants are shot at the battues of the other mountain and on the other vast country estates now owned by Americans who can afford them. "A member of one park association recently informed me that on that preserve the pheasants are held in captivity until a member of the club notifies the gamekeeper that he is coming. Thereupon the few birds which each member is allowed to shoot are placed out in a field and he is informed exactly where and proceeds to shoot them. I said nothing when this information was imparted, but my informant added: 'It does seem a little funny, does it not?' I replied that it did."

The game refuges should be under the control of the national government. It has been legally held that the ownership of the game is in the state, and therefore uniform national laws for the preservation of game, cannot be enacted. At present there is a lack of uniformity. New England sees that the woodcock is a vanishing bird and stops summer shooting; the birds, the tamer for this, are shot by market gunners.

was in most of the southern states may shoot them after they have paired in the spring. If there is a legal difficulty in the way of uniform national laws, there is none, in the creation of national game preserves. "Thirty-one states have game commissioners or other officers whose duty it is to preserve and, in some states, propagate the game. There are 10 national and 43 state organizations concerned with the protection of birds and game, besides the Audubon societies in 23 states, but the destruction still goes on, with improved weapons and appliances, and until the birds have the needed refuge the danger of their total disappearance will remain."

Mr. Huntington classifies the birds of which he speaks in delightful detail, as follows: Gallinaceous birds, pheasants, grouse, partridges, wild fowl or swimmers, sea ducks, river ducks, mergansers, shore birds or waders, cranes, rails and reed birds, wild pigeons and doves. It is impossible to give any idea of the wealth of information, the clearness of observation, the pages of incident and observation with entertaining digressions contained in these chapters.

Is the canvas-back duck worthy of his epicurean reputation? Mr. Huntington has eaten canvas-backs from the Chesapeake on the ground where they are supposed to be cooked and served the best, and he appreciates their qualities. "But the wood duck, fed on acorns, and the mallards, fed on corn and wild rice, are their equal, and I am inclined to believe, with many sportsmen of my acquaintance, and the great Audubon besides, that the little blue wing teal is their superior. I prefer, however, the shooting of all game to the eating." It would be a pleasure to read annotations by Col. Carter of Carversville to this chapter. Let us take that familiar bird, the Bob-White, to illustrate Mr. Huntington's method of treatment. Sixteen pages are devoted to this partridge—for he is a partridge, not a quail—the best game bird in America. "In my opinion he is not his equal in the world. He lies well to the dog, tests to the utmost the sportsman's skill in the open, and never seloom takes to the trees, is of convenient size for the game pocket and is excellent for the table. He is certainly a better game bird than any of the grouse, since over dogs they are too easy marks, or fly too often to the trees. He is better than the imported pheasants or the partridges of Europe, since he lies better to the dogs, and birds shot over dogs are superior as game to those shot from ambush the ducks and shore birds or waders. During the mating and nesting season he whistles the notes loud and clear, which are supposed to resemble the words 'ah, Bob White,' and so he may be said to have whistled for himself a name." On Cap Cod his notes are generally "Bob White," without the prefatory "ah," we speak from personal observation.

Mr. Huntington describes the nesting habits of the young, the educational conduct of the parents. He believes that the bob-white sometimes rears two broods in a year. He describes the food, the perils of winter, the distribution of the bird—attempts to introduce it into Arizona have so far not been successful—the hostile farming implements. The open season for shooting the bob-white a few years ago was much too long. "A uniform law, providing for an open season, beginning Nov. 1 and ending with the year, would be exactly right." A limit of two or three dozen birds a day would, in Mr. Huntington's opinion, be about right. There should be an early start for the birds. Do the bob-white have the power of withholding their scent. They certainly are often safe from the noses of good dogs. The best opinion seems to me that the scent is dissipated by the birds' rapid passage through the air, and when they first alight they press their wings closely to their bodies and do not give forth any scent until they move again."

Two sportsmen are the proper number in partridge shooting. The birds are often found in the vicinity of old deserted cabins and houses. Is the bird partridges have of lying to the dog natural or acquired? Never shoot them on the ground and refuse at once to shoot with one who would suggest it. "As the birds rise with noisy wings, select one far out on your own side, and having killed or missed it, shoot vaguely at the flock with both eyes shut." The average number of birds killed from each covey is small. There are varieties, but sportsmen have little interest in attempts to extend the list. "Until the variety-makers find a bird which does not whistle 'Bob-White,' which has not the same pattern or markings, which does in fact differ in some material habit of nesting, rearing its young, feeding, flying, lying well to the dog, or equally well on the plate, the sportsman may well consider the species and subspecies of bob-white as one and the same."

There are eight shooting scenes in color from original drawings by Mr. Huntington, and 135 bird portraits, which are accompanied with carefully prepared descriptive notes. There is an index.

HIS AUDIENCE EVER THAT OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

Life of George H. Hepworth by Susan Hayes Ward.

Career of a Man Who Was Famous Both as a Preacher and as a Journalist Described Most Inter-

estingly—His Early Life in Boston and Vicinity.

Susan Hayes Ward has told the story of the life of "George H. Hepworth Preacher, Journalist, Friend of the People." The volume, illustrated with portraits of Mr. Hepworth from 1858 to 1893, with portraits of his parents and with pictures of his churches, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Here we are far from the methods of Mr. Chesterton or other biographers of the ultra-modern school. The volume is anecdotal and constantly eulogistic; it is extended by quotations, by inconsequential detail, by repetition. Yet it is precisely the kind of biography that the friends and admirers of Mr. Hepworth would expect, and if it were less voluminous or pitched in a milder key they would be sorely disappointed.

A long chapter is filled with the account of Mr. Hepworth's early years. He was born Feb. 4, 1833, in a house in Nassau street, Boston: "Born of honorable, industrious, God-fearing stock, in good old New England, with a vigorous body, a handsome, mobile, attractive face, an active, inquiring mind, with enough originality to suggest experiments and disregard of public opinion to carry them out." His father, an Englishman by birth, was a machinist. His mother's ancestors were of English, French and Spanish blood: "She had the dark, flashing eyes, olive complexion, small hands and small feet with high, arching instep, which seem to be the birthright of the Spanish lady." George showed no signs of life at his birth, but a neighbor persuaded him to draw a breath, and when he threw out his arms on either side, "after the manner of a clergyman when giving the benediction, he uttered a shrill cry, and she exclaimed, joyfully, 'He lives, and he will be a minister of Christ and preach the gospel to sorrowing souls.'" We are told of the days on the Newtow farm, where the boy "loved the old farmhouse, the grand old elm that overshadowed it," etc. The father used to cough and walk carefully toward the help, bearing bread and butter, doughnuts or pie, and something to drink. The following extract shows the father as the biographer: "As this was also a dairy farm, from which milk, butter and eggs were sold, this drink may have been at times buttermilk, but more often the popular switchel, made of molasses, a dash of vinegar, a spice of ginger or nutmeg and water from the north side of the well. It was with this 'sweetened water' that father's hands were used to wash down the dr. luncheon or 'piece' which broke the monotony of a long forenoon or afternoon in the fields. This slight reminiscence shows the nature of Mr. Hepworth, the father, better than a whole page of characterizations."

George was not a brilliant student at the Boston Latin school, but as a child he had the desire to preach, and he practised declamation indoors and out. Fowler, the phrenologist, examined his head and pronounced him over-estimated, so the boy left school for his father's shop. The work was distasteful, and as his lungs were weak he went to a gymnasium, walked, rode horseback. At the Latin school—Dixwell was then head-master—Phillips Brooks, Hasket Derby, William L. Gage were in the class with Hepworth, who, with J. Allen, contracted the habit of writing poems and romances, which were published in the South Boston Gazette at the True Flag.

Mr. Hepworth did not go to college. He tutored under the Rev. Mr. Child of South Boston, studied elocution and Selden Smith of the Boston Museum and entered the Harvard divinity school in 1852. He gave lessons in elocution at a girls' school in South Boston and played Claude Melnotte at a school entertainment. Yet he never overcame his boyish timidity. "To his latest years he declared that his knee always trembled as he entered the pulpit." The air of the divinity school was "hardly warm enough for a youth eager to be in touch with the masses and ready for experiments along sociological lines," but he had a habit of picking up stray drunkards and seeing the home.

His first church was at Nantucket. Twenty-five years before this call, 1855, Nantucket was the third commercial town in Massachusetts. According to Mr. Round: "Solid men sat in the pews. The preacher preached to millions of money every Sunday." The Unitarians had been minded, were rich enough to build the church of mahogany and gold it over. The bell of Mr. Hepworth's church—the Second Congregational—was made in Lisbon, and bore an inscription that began, "To the good Jesus of the mountains the devotees of Lisbon direct their prayers." Mr. Hepworth was popular. The congregation grew rapidly, although, or perhaps, because his sermons were sophomoric. Thus, a poleon, in the words of the preacher, was "the gloomy, terrible, the low but lofty and sublime Mont Blanc, a man," while Nero and Caligula were "herce monsoons and simoons." He Mr. Hepworth became betrothed to a young woman "who broke down nervously and never recovered mental poise." Soon after this he resigned.

He returned to the divinity school and was appointed, late in 1857, pastor for six months, at a salary of \$5 week, to the newly organized Church the Unity. In 1858 he was settled pastor at a salary of \$2000 a year, and lectured as well as preached, and accustomed himself to extemporaneous speaking. In a sermon on the death of the dove Parker he criticised a statement attributed to Dr. Bellows, who made explanation, which reads curiously today: "Dr. Bellows denies that he made use of the expression that he could

...the end of the ... Parker ... but he affirmed that the ... had not accepted the means ... His present version of ... is not that I entertain any ... of the loss of Mr. Parker's soul, ... I think that he did not accept ... condition of salvation prescribed by ... Now, Testament." Mr. Hewworth ... the poor should be ... to the Common on Sunday by ... and for this he was taken ... by the Boston Recorder, which ... rebuked him for offering prayer at ... raising of a flag.

... to the secession of South Carolina he had hoped for peace, but he ... preached from the pulpit strong ... and anti-slavery sentiments, and ... this he was criticised severely by ... union men in his church and by a ...ocratic local newspaper. In 1862 ... obtained leave of absence to serve ... captain of the 4th regiment. In ... company of 101 there were 71 church ... He gave in his book "Whip, ... and Sword" reasons for leaving ... regiment. He was deeply interested ... the condition and future of the negro, ... thought it was better to induce ... to return to their homes and get ... a crop than to allow them to live on ... government rations and contract ...ous habits. He worked in Louisiana ... Gen. Banks. His own views were ...med up as follows: "There are some ... to rule, but they are not all white; ...re are some born to serve, but they ...not all black. To serve or to rule is ...light which is not written in the skin. ...in the head" in 1867 he put into op ...ion in Boston two pot schemes: ...are preaching and the Boston school ...the ministry. The preaching in the ...ston Theatre aroused opposition and ...eula, but the theatre was crowded ...all sorts and conditions of men ...women, swells, play actresses, the ...n people, to quote Abraham Lincoln ...e vast company of the unchurched ...the unfriended.

In 1869, Mr. Hewworth was called to ... Church of the Messiah, New York. ...received the same salary as in ...ston, \$3000. "And in addition thereto, ...ever it might cost him to live in ...York more than it then cost him ...live in Boston." In New York the ...mon people heard him gladly. His ...dy night lectures were crowded, ...he spoke hardly more than a hund ...words a minute and was clear in ...ance, he was easily reported. He ...found out that many were in ...as to the precise nature of the ...tarian doctrine, and he felt the need ...some statement of faith for mission ...work. The Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, ...of Salem, gives an interesting ac ...nt of the storm provoked by this ...h for a simple creed. Dr. Bellows ...ppears, was in conference warmly ...favor of some doctrinal statement, ...when the subject was brought up ...a May anniversary meeting in Bos ...after Robert Collyer had sup ...ed Mr. Hewworth's proposition, Dr. ...ows, to the amazement of those ...n he had met in conference, made ...thent speech against any form of ...to the noisy delight of the radi ...Dr. Putnam acquits Dr. Bellows ...dishonesty or trickery in his "sud ...and appalling change of mind or ...He speaks of his nature as im-

...sive, and the radicals had no doubt ...the last word with him before the ...eting. Messrs. Hewworth and Put ...n then issued a circular with a ...posed statement of belief, and on ...stmas, 1870, the former preached ...the mission and position of the ...st, in which he declared his be ...in Jesus as "a personal Saviour, the ...y embodiment of God himself." ...e had already said at a Unitarian ...dual in Boston earlier in the year; ...ou may talk as much as you please ...ut culture. What Unitarians want ...nsecration; cultured or uncultured, ...or poor, you need it"; so that the ...art Unitarians were prepared in a ...sure for his desertion from their ...ks. He wished the Church of the ...ish to assume an independent con ...ative position. To him the Uni ...an body stood at the time "simply ...a denial of something," and he ...efore resigned from the church. For ...bravery he was savagely attacked ...Unitarians and self-called liberals. A ...organization was founded for him ...New York, "The Church of the Dis ...s," and he was welcomed by the ...ing Congregational clergymen. The ...church was dedicated April 3, 1873, ...an enormous building; there ...a debt of \$200,000; a financial crisis ...hroughout the country increased the ...culties, and the first five years were ...es of hard labor and keen anxiety. ...1878 the deed of the church was ...sted by Mr. Hewworth to Russell ...the chairman of the board of ...tees; the church was at last on a ...foundation, and early in 1879, on ...unt of poor health and in the belief ...another man might be of more ...e, he resigned.

...r some time Mr. Hewworth had ...ributed articles to the New York ...ld, and Mr. Bennett decided that ...ould prepare a special column ...by the Way"-for the Sunday ...on. During his travels after his ...nation Mr. Hewworth wrote letters ...e Herald in which he gave his im ...ions of Percival H. Hinchth, the "Old ...olic Movement," the Irish famine ...be distribution of the Herald Irish ...fund-and he continued to con ...te his Sunday column. On his re ...to New York, in the fall of 1880, he ...essed a great crowd on the Irish ...ion, and then told calmly truths ...were unpalatable to the Parnell ...League. He preached in a small ...regational church at Newark, and ...racted such congregations that a ...buildings was dedicated in 1884. The ...year he was obliged to resign on ...nt of his taxing editorial work.

March, 1885, Mr. Bennett appointed ...superintending editor of his news ...and not until 1892 was he re ...from the pressure of responsi-

...in his ... his own ... He wrote much for publication, short ...stories, religious pamphlets. In 1832 he ...began to write book notices for the ...Herald of Saturday, and in the same ...year he began a series of Sunday lea ...ders, "which later, slightly modified by ...the adoption of a text, became widely ...famed as The Herald's Sunday sermon."

The next year he was put in charge ...of the Evening Telegram, and for two ...years he contributed two articles daily ...to this newspaper. In addition to his ...work for The Herald, in 1835 he re ...sumed his "Chat by the Way," and he ...stopped writing for the Telegram, al ...though his name was retained as ed ...itor. In 1837 he was asked by Mr. Ben ...nett to go to Anatolia, to study the ...Armenian situation, to report the gen ...eral condition and future prospects of ...the race. He was then 64 years old, ...and his health was far from robust; ...but he crossed the Taurus mountains ...in midwinter without turning a hair. ...The travel involved being in the sad ...dle eight to 10 hours a day; the start ...was long before daybreak; the rest ...was on the floor of some khan or stable ...on the caravan road, "where typhus ...and smallpox were to be had for the ...asking." As a result of his personal ...investigations he came to the con ...clusion that the Turks, free-handed, gen ...erous, brave, hated the Armenians and ...Greeks for their mental superiority, ...thrift, and business enterprise; that the ...Armenians had the faults of a sub ...ject race; that the antipathy between ...Turk and Armenian was a race, rather ...than a religious, antagonism; that the ...Sultan had not planned the destruction ...of the Armenians, but false reports of ...uprisings had been sent to Constanti ...nople, and the Sultan had ordered that ...the revolts should be put down; that ...a good railway would transform the ...people of Asia Minor, a country of rich ...soil and mountains abounding in gold; ...that Turkey would never organize ...practical reforms, for it was paralyzed and ...hopeless.

On his return early in 1838 he resumed ...his work for The Herald. He was still ...faithful in gymnastic practice, walked, ...rode the bicycle, but he was not well ...and his eyes began to trouble him. In ...1839 he went to Atlanta to examine the ...Sam Hose lynching case, and later in ...the year he went to Salt Lake City to study ...into the case of Brigham H. Roberts ...and Mormonism in general. He was in ...Washington on many important and ...confidential missions. His physical in ...firmities grew upon him and he died on ...June 7, 1902.

Mr. Hewworth was fond of nature, of ...outdoor life, and he was passionately ...fond of the ocean. He enjoyed music, ...but nothing is said concerning his lit ...erary tastes. He found enough for ...thought in the Sermon on the Mount. ...He was not a scientist, and he never ...had a scientific training, but he was ...interested in scientific research. To him ...the spiritual world was near-so near ...that he believed it possible for spirits ...to return to the earth.

He was from the beginning to the end ...a preacher, and as an editorial writer ...he was best known, by his Sunday ...sermons. Mr. Bennett once said to him: ..."My idea of a great journal is that it ...should satisfy the spiritual as well as ...the intellectual needs of its readers. ...If we publish a paper on Sunday, why ...should we not have a leader in which ...some religious topic is discussed? Re ...ligion is worth as much as the ...of any other political issue. Why then ...should it be ignored as it is by all the ...newspapers of the country?" Mr. Hen ...worth answered: "It would be a bold ...experiment." "It is an experiment ...worth trying," said Mr. Bennett.

Prejudice followed Mr. Hewworth ...from the time of his withdrawal from ...the Unitarian church to that of his ...death. "Take away the prejudice that ...modified these judgments and see how ...they read. For 'vain' read 'handsome'; ...for 'shallow' read 'popular'; for 'un ...stable' read 'left Unitarianism' for ...'sensational' read 'original,' and for ...'unscholarly' read 'untheological.' ...Thousands who knew him through his ...newspaper sermons mourned his death ...as that of a faithful friend and ad ...viser; good men eulogized him from ...the pulpit and in the press. He him ...self could not have asked for a more tender ...memorial than this sentence, published ...in the New York Sun: "This was his ...record as a journalist during his many ...years of service: Thousands of columns ...and never one word that was not in ...spired by the kindness and good will ...and active desire to help with which his ...honest soul was filled."

"The Coronation Book of Edward ...VII." by J. E. C. Bodley, has been ...published in London. The author deals ...with the coronation as an event in ...connection with the growth of the senti ...ment of loyalty in the British nation, ...and compares it with similar cere ...monials on the continent in the past ...century, and with the coronation of Vic ...toria. An appendix contains a list of ...8000 persons invited to the ceremony, ...the hitherto unpublished form of ser ...vice used on that occasion, and a memo ...randum of the Indian contingent. There ...are a few copies of a royal edition, ...printed on Japanese vellum, and three ...of these copies are for the King, the ...Queen and the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Hilarie Belloc, in his "Caliban's ...Guide to Letters," of which we have ...already spoken, tells how a reviewer ...should open a book: "The book should ...be taken in both hands and opened ...sharply, with a gesture not easily de ...scribed, but acquired with very little ...practice. The test of success is that the ...book should give a loud crack, and lie ...open of itself upon the table before one. ...This initial process is technically called ...'cracking the back of a book.'" And ...here is a specimen illustration of "The ...Personal Bar." "Lady Sophista Van ...Haren is famous for her repartee. In ...passing through Grosvenor gate an ...Irish beggar was heard to hope that ...she would die the black death of Ma ...chushla Shewn. A sharp reply passed ...her lips, and it is a thousand pities that

...not exactly correct in its terms. It was ...certainly a gem.

Was the title of Mr. Anthony Hope's ...new novel, "In Double Harness," sug ...gested by his recent marriage? It is a ...society novel, and will be published next ...spring.

There are some queer things in the ..."Notes" and "Outline Questions" of the ...new "Hamlet," in the series of "Pocket ...English and American Classics." Here ...are two: "Which of these men, Hamlet ...or Macbeth, is likely to be most tempt ...ed to talk of the night's experience?" ..."Does it seem that Polonius is making ...a stated remittance, or has Laertes sent ...home for the money?"

The Daily News (London) says: "To ...speculate what is actually the largest ...income made by a living author would ...be unseemly. But, setting aside the la ...dies, we should say that in this country ...the palm must lie between Sir Arthur ...Conan Doyle, Mr. Barrie, Rudyard Kip ...pling and Mr. Anthony Hope, to all of ...whom dramatic royalties have come un ...asked. The sum paid to Sir Arthur ...Conan Doyle for 'The Hound of the ...Baskervilles' would, if stated, awaken ...astonishment, but that which will be ...paid to him for the resuscitation of ...Sherlock Holmes in the Strand Maga ...zine will be the highest price ever paid ...to any author for such use of his MS."

Methuen of London is preparing a six ...penny edition of the elder Dumas. The ...novels will be translated afresh, and ...30 of them will be Englished for the ...first time. One of the best selling vol ...umes of Methuen's "Sixpenny Library" ...is "Ben Hur."

Mr. Stephen Gwynn will write the life ...of Thomas Moore for the "English Men ...of Letters Series."

The motive of Lucas Cleeve's new ...novel, "Anglo-Americans," is one of ..."fundamental antagonism" existing be ...tween two characters: An American ...girl educated in ideas of freedom and ...independence, and of the subservience ...of man to woman, and her husband, an ...English lord, who expects his wife to ...regard his career and interests as her ...own, and to devote herself to them, ...even to the obliteration of herself.

First editions of Blackmore's "Lorna ...Doone" were sold lately in London for ...£8 10s., and a copy of "Alice's Adven ...tures in Wonderland," of the July, 1865, ...edition, which was withdrawn by Dodg ...son on account of the defective printing ...of Tenniel's illustrations, brought 10s.

Few of Them Reach the Place to Which They Aspire.

Their Struggles and Joys of Anticipation.

Then Finally the Cruel Disappointment.

The Return Home After a Foreign "Triumph."

Sybil Sanderson's Last Days and Doings of Calve.



OR months Eustacia has ...envied the passengers ...who yawned while the ...train stopped at the vil ...lage railway station. At ...night she has followed ...with her eyes the lights ...of the express on its way ...to the city. Her home is intoler ...able to her. She is tired of the ...routine and the gossip; she is bored by ...the simple amusements; the compli ...ments of friends no longer satisfy her. ...She works and sings and mopes. She ...longs for the bustle and the excitement ...of a metropolis, in which she should be ...known, conspicuous, a public character, ...to be pointed out as one of the chief ...sights. Her ambition leaps across the ...Atlantic. She has read of New Eng ...land girls who left farm houses or fac ...tories or shops and are today blazing ...stars in the operatic sky. She has cut ...out their pictures from newspapers and ...magazines, and when the house is quiet, ...she, ready for bed, holds the lamp near ...the looking glass and compares herself ...minutely and exultingly with those ...famous women of song. She dreams of ...opera houses and the roaring and the ...wreaths. She is at Marguerite's window ...pouring out her passion to the night; ...she is with Raadames in the Egyptian ...tomb; as Juliet she is awakened from a ...graceful death by the thunderous ap ...plause of the crowd beyond the foot ...lights. The morning breaks on the ...round of household care.

She, too, has a voice. She ...in the choir, in the parl ...town hall. Her fame has spread to ...neighboring villages. Summer holidays ...have said to her, "It's a pity that you ...cannot go to Boston. Such voices are ...rare." Ambition knows her home. ...What future is there for her at home? ...She will be a mere housekeeper, a ...drudge, either for her parents or for ...some man. She has woe, but she ...feels herself above them. They ask ...her to sing; they dance with her; they ...love her in their slow, heavy fashion, ...but they do not understand her hopes ...and ambitions. She has heard that her ...mother was once young and a beauty, ...she looks at her wrinkled before her ...time and dares to do anything bey ...the village circle.

At last Eustacia answers the whistled ...apcall of the locomotive. She has ...persuaded or tired out her father; her ...mother has exhausted her stock of ...simple arguments. Money has been ...raised for board and lodging, lessons ...and clothes. The father draws from ...his savings against old age, or ne ...cessary properly which had never known ...encumbrance. Eustacia leaves her home ...for "a career."

A teacher has been recommended. ...What teacher is not recommended by ...some one? There are teachers who are ...ignorant and unconscious of their ig ...norance, enthusiastic and indefatigable, ...and they are, perhaps, the most dan ...gerous. There are teachers who know ...nothing and are aware of their incom ...petence. They are few, yet they teach ...and are often peculiarly successful. ...There are teachers who have studied ...faithfully and whose intentions are ...honorable, but their own abilities are ...limited and they have not the gift of ...imparting knowledge. There are teach ...ers who understand thoroughly the art ...of tone production, but they are greedy ...and they encourage the incompetent ...and the hopelessly unfit. There are ...teachers who are true masters; they ...are also sympathetic and honest; they ...believe it their duty to refuse lessons ...to men or women without a trace of ...talent. Such teachers are few, and ...even they may be tempted by the un ...usual quality of a voice or by the in ...domitable ambition of a pupil to give ...her lessons when they see, as from a ...tower, that the case is hopeless, that ...no brains control the voice, that the

pupil is wholly unimaginative, that ...kindness and justice demand the advice ...to be content at home or to seek some ...other calling.

Let us suppose that Eustacia is not ...merely a creature of discontent, vanity ...and absurd ambition. Let us suppose ...that she has a wondrous voice, a mo ...bile face, a sculptural figure, dramatic ...instinct; that she is endowed with a ...peculiar species of intelligence; that ...she has the brains for the management ...of tones in emotion; that she is shrewd ...and tactful, or that her simplicity wins ...friends, or that her determination com ...mands respect. Let us suppose that ...she is fortunate at the very start in her ...choice of a teacher, that she is willing ...to be patient, that she is able to con ...tinue her studies in a foreign city, that ...she makes a successful appearance, and ...with experience develops steadily until ...she is recognized even by managers as ...an artist, something more than a mere ...singing woman. To one Eustacia that ...thus prospers and repays the parental ...sacrifice there are hundreds who fail ...dismally in greater or lesser degree. ...Sometimes the failure is inevitable; ...sometimes it is due to misfortune or a ...series of misfortunes.

Eustacia may be self-deceived. An ...honest teacher would say to her: "Your ...voice is not an extraordinary one, and ...you are at present wholly unskilled in ...its use. Your intonation is often false, ...but I cannot tell just now whether this ...comes from your vocal ignorance or ...from a chronic infirmity. If you should ...work steadily for some years, you might ...perhaps have a good church position ...and do concert work, but the recom ...pense for such years of industry would ...be small and you would be obliged to ...teach. I cannot guarantee you these ...results, and if your parents cannot ...easily spare you the money, I advise ...you to go home. Whatever you do, you ...will never shine in opera."

One Eustacia would not believe him. ...She would consult a less conscientious ...teacher and would study with him. An ...other Eustacia would say: "Do the best ...you can, and I'll work faithfully. Per ...haps I shall surprise you." Not one in ...500 would go back to the village.

Or Eustacia does not meet a wise ...counselor. Her teacher examines her ...voice, commends it, speaks of her phys ...ical advantages, and adds: "We must ...work, you know. Rome was not built ...in a day. No singer falls in these days ...like an angel from heaven." This ...teacher may not determine the nature ...of her voice. He may almost ruin its ...quality by his application of some wild ...theory. Her upper tones at the end of ...a year have grown thin, metallic; or ...they are tremulous; or the lower tones ...sound like a stopped horn; or there is a ...bad break; or her intonation is impure. ...In some instances she discovers the ...incapacity of the teacher and goes to ...another; and sometimes she has a pa ...thetic confidence in the vocal destroyer

and continues with him her preparation ...for a European career.

Let us take the case of an ambitious ...girl with an ordinary voice, or with a ...voice that is something more than ordi ...nary. She is reasonably intelligent, she ...is industrious. It is an effort for her ...parents to support her in the city, or ...she has a little money saved by work ...as a school teacher or clerk. Her name, ...too, is Eustacia, and she, too, is wildly ...ambitious. She studies with a good ...teacher and makes a certain progress. ...She is obliged to live most economically. ...Her room is small and the sun visits it ...only late in the afternoon. She eats at ...a second-rate boarding house or at ...cheap restaurants. More than once she

THE FATE OF GIRLS AMBITIOUS TO BECOME GREAT SINGERS.

is hungry, faint, discouraged. (There are girls with good voices and musical natures in Boston who are trying to live on \$5 a week.) At last she obtains a choir position and is a little more comfortable.

At the end of her third year she sings at a pupil's concert managed by her teacher, and the next season she gives a recital. The programme is familiar to hardened concert-goers. A group of old Italian songs, a group of French songs, several songs by Johannes Brahms, and at last two or three songs in English written by local composers and sung in a spirit of homage and also with the hope of recognition and aid—a polyglot programme. The four languages sound alike to the hearer, although the English may be the hardest to recognize, if the hearer has not the concert habit. The teacher is congratulated; the singer is applauded and recalled and bellowed; and even the heart of the Boomerang, the music critic of the Boomerang, is touched and he writes concerning her with a soft pen and purple ink. And now Miss Eustacia is ready for Europe, almost ready for the European career. "Yes, I shall spend a winter in Milan, so as to perfect myself in Italian, and I shall take a few lessons in dramatic action. Thank the Lord, my tone production is all right." A paragraph appears in the newspapers: "Miss Eustacia Higgins, the well-known soprano, will sail in August on the Boraxonia to be gone a year or two. She will study during the winter with the celebrated Sanquirico, and she expects to make her debut in the spring. Her teacher and friends confidently expect a great future for her."

But where did Eustacia get the money for this European trip? She has sung at little concerts in little towns for \$10 a night. For these concerts she paid her railway fares, and she carried her own concert dress—a pathetic attempt at elegance—in a bag, in a street car, to and from the station. Sometimes there was a storm, and she caught cold. She would not reach her home till after midnight, and street car owls would stare at her and sometimes hoot. She pinched and saved. She denied herself at times the necessities and even the

decencies. She taught beginners at \$1 or 50 cents a lesson. Or she worked in an office during the day, studied at night and took her lessons during luncheon hours. Or her father borrowed more money. Or some patron or patroness was persuaded to lend her pompous aid.

Grant that Eustacia has been well taught. The great Sanquirico was the master of her teacher and is friendly disposed. But there is so much to be done. There is the foreign accent to be mastered; there is the stage action—and poor Eustacia is a New Englander. Her voice has developed, but it is not an unusual voice in compass, strength or quality. She had learned mechanically the dramatic business of two or three parts. Fortunately, she is good looking, and, off the stage, vivacious. Managers of "stations" in small Italian towns hear her, for Sanquirico is still a power and he has influence with music publishers. They hear her and shrug their shoulders. "Will she pay for an appearance?" And she is fortunate if noble or rich protectors of the theatre, and incidentally of the women of the company, do not make her offers which they consider as a traditional duty and the highest compliment. Noblesse oblige! Perhaps she pays a certain sum to the manager. Perhaps Sanquirico has his way, and for once a young stranger in Italy has an opportunity without paying too dearly for it. Eustacia sings. The local critic and the correspondents of the music journals write notices of encouragement: "We shall watch the Higgins' career with interest." A cablegram is sent to the teacher in Boston. Letters with press notices and photographs follow. "Glorious triumph!" Perhaps she sings again, perhaps half a dozen times. The manager runs away with the receipts, or there are no receipts to tempt him, or the audiences do not care for Eustacia and her amateurish ways. The great Sanquirico says to her: "You have had your chance. You sing prettily, but you are not emotional enough for our people, and I see no future for you in opera. I advise you to go home, where they give oratorio, and I can recommend you as a teacher. Why don't you marry?"

Or Eustacia goes to Paris with letters to teachers and coaches and men and women who are supposed to be influential in the managers' rooms. Study as she may, her American twang is still objectionable, although Paris should now be accustomed to the accent. Let us suppose that this Eustacia has a golden or passionate voice, and that she is emotional in song, though she is still prim and restrained in action, for she cannot as yet forget herself, and she still thinks of an audience as made up of individuals ready to consider a passionate avowal as a private and shameful declaration. In Paris she is only one of a hundred. She may sign a contract with the manager of the Opera Comique and yet not be called upon to sing even an insignificant part. It takes a mighty pull to bring an American woman on the stage of one of the great theatres, but as the weeks and the months go by, she thinks less severely of them. She is fortunate if she finds her opportunity in a provincial theatre. And if Eustacia has not these natural gifts, if she is only the product of hard work and patient industry, she at last knows that she must go back to her own country, that is, if she prefers to respect herself.

The Eustacia of the ordinary type returns. The return of the native!

What is there for her to do? She has the courage to look toward the Metropolitan Opera House. Then there is Mr. Savage's English opera company. Mr.

Savage, like Baptista Minola, is an affable and courteous gentleman; but his door is besieged day and night by unfortunate Eustacias—for Eustacia's name is also Legion. His chorus is composed exclusively of would-be prima donnas. He is not conducting an opera school; he is not superintending a soprano farm. It may here be said that he has given young women an opportunity when they were without any possible influence on box office receipts. But Eustacia has no repertory, and, alas, she has no special talent. Then comes the question of light opera, comic opera, musical comedy, farce comedy, vaudeville. She sings for the managers' conductors: "Yes, you sing well enough; you are more musical than most of 'em; you are not badly made. Perhaps you might go into the chorus and later be an understudy. No objection to tights, I suppose?"

She gives a concert—to shed glory on her teacher, and she sings a couple of operatic arias which she had hoped would arouse enthusiasm in some great opera house. She wishes to sing at a Symphony concert; the manager regrets that all engagements have been made for the season. She sings for the committee of the Handel and Haydn and she is praised vaguely, and her name is taken—in vain. She goes to Worcester to sing before the Festival committee, in the hope she may be remembered another year. She haunts the offices of managers in New York. At last she resolves to make some city her home for a season or two; to support herself by singing in a choir and by teaching; and in a year or two she will again try her fortune in Europe; but the years have gone by and they go by, and they are as inexorable as when Horatius Flaccus mourned in imperishable verse the flight of time.

Eustacia is still a famous woman in her village. Did she not sing in Italy? Did not the local newspaper reprint a

glowing eulogy? She went to her home soon after her return. Her father and mother did not reproach her; they did not speak of any sacrifice; did she not sing in Italy? They had grown very old and they looked worried, when she observed them without their knowledge. The village girls she knew best were married. She took supper with one of them. The house was modest, furnished in hideous taste, yet comfortable. Her friend showed her the baby, and at 6 o'clock began to look out of the window for her husband. They made much of Eustacia, who had sung in opera in Italy. The wife had been to Boston only once since she was married. "I am afraid you will find us a dull couple, Eustacia, but we are very happy." Eustacia did not envy her; she was sure that she herself would still have a career. Nor would she have exchanged her mean and feverish and anxious days and nights, her joys of anticipation and her cruel disappointments for such smug, molluscian life.

Year after year went by, and Eustacia at last found that her career was to help others ambitious for a career. Her experience was invaluable. In her teaching. She warned and advised with an authority that was almost tragic. She had known poverty, and she was wisely generous to deserving pupils. Yet she could not prevent some of the girls from chasing the jack-o'-lantern, fame, through briars by which the good name was scratched, through bogs in which some disappeared. For Eustacia is an eternal type. This Eustacia stimulated, comforted. Before she died she saw one of her pupils famous. Her own career, short-lived, flickering as it was, had assisted in shaping a career recognized as brilliant on two continents. She remembered her early years, her pride in her mobile face and sculptural body, her devouring ambition, her struggles and temptations. She remembered the parochial happiness of her playmate, "I never envied her; for me such a life would have been impossible."

SYBIL SANDERSON AGAIN.

The art of Sybil Sanderson was more appreciated in Paris and other European cities than it was in her native land. Her art was delicate, fragile, exquisite, charming. In such a vast theatre as the Metropolitan Opera House it was lost, and here it was hardly discoverable in the Mechanics' building even through a telescope. Poor Manon might as well have sighed and sung on Boston Common.

She was an eminently seductive woman. She was beautiful and graceful; her voice, though light, was of the purest quality, and it was emotional. As play-actress and singer she was, first of all, intensely womanly. She had known sorrows as well as joys; it was not hard for her to understand the character of Manon, who was a very human being, human when seemingly inhuman, and her disturbing beauty served her as Esclarmonde, Thais, Phryne.

We are led to speak of her at this late day, in consequence of articles by Henri de Curzon and Adrien Bernheim. The former reviews her rare and magnificent gifts, her talents formed by long years of study. "Was she a great artist? That is another thing. She always lacked that gifts—style; and this was noticeable when she attempted, in 1892, a classic when she attempted, in 1892, a classic part that could not do without it—the Queen of Night in 'The Magic Flute.'" As Esclarmonde "she displayed not only the skill of the vir-



EMMA CALVÉ IN "THE DAMNATION OF FAUST."

tuoso, but the wordy grace of the 18th century, and her action was discreet and delicate—a joy of art. Not every singer can impersonate Phryne without provoking laughter at her pretension. Yet Sybil made it one of her best parts, as woman and as artist, by her sure and sympathetic beauty, by her subtle action, by her charming voice so full of inflections. And her Thais was another Phryne ennobled by a touching poetic spirit."

Mr. Bernheim saw Sybil Sanderson for the last time at Nice three months before she died. She was in a box at the opera house with a Russian count, an Italian baron and a Spanish duchess. Nervous, excited, she spoke of her plans for the future, her contracts with Parisian managers, and she wished to talk with the managers if they were in the theatre. "Alas, those contracts of which she spoke were not signed, the parts which she was to create were not written, the managers were not present. She knew well that after her last performance, had obliged her to abandon the opera house; she knew well that her strength and voice were betraying her, but she wished to sing, and she fought against the disease that she knew to be terrible and incurable. Oh! the cruel anguish of the artist who feels herself of less and less importance, almost forgotten, who calls for aid, who wishes new parts, and who no longer dares, from fear of comparisons, to risk herself in those that made her famous!"

Yet in her triumphant days Sybil Sanderson knew her limitations. She idealized heroines of Massenet and Saint-Saëns and shaped them to her character, but she described herself as only "une demi-Juliette," and she knew that her voice was not a voice for the repertory. Mr. Bernheim reminds us that her French was amusingly inaccurate. "She had a peculiar fashion of searching for words, flinging them out and also of maiming them, and she was the first to laugh at this Franco-American jargon. She was gay, witty, slyly malicious, yet a woman of continual good nature." She thought nothing of asking a friend in one breath for a rare collection of porcelain medallions, a passport for a dozen trunks, and the palms of an officer of public instruction.

"She had realized her dream when she fell dangerously sick; she was homesick for the theatre and did not dare to confess it. One day she received a dispatch from Paris asking if she would take part in a gala performance, and

suddenly, to the amazement of her physicians, she recovered. She reappeared on the stage in her favorite parts, and the ever faithful public applauded, but the joy was of short duration. "I am no longer the beautiful Manon; I am the little Manette," she said. Weary of the struggle, she left the opera house; she abandoned her leading parts and sang in concert at Vienna, at London, awaiting anxiously the hour of her return to Paris. She would occasionally spend a fortnight here. She would open her house and telephone at once to the dressmakers; she would walk in the alleys of the Bois and hide herself in the theatre; she would invite a few intimate friends to her table and try to live again for some days; but the struggle was in vain and she became more and more despondent. Perhaps the radiant Manon, grieved at becoming the little Manette, not made to suffer, departed at the right time."

CALVÉ'S DOINGS.

We publish today a portrait of Calvé, taken from her latest photograph, at the time when she was singing in the operatic version of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." There is still dispute in Paris as to the artistic propriety of giving such operatic performances. Some of the warmest admirers of Berlioz are bitter in their denunciation of Raoul Gunsbourg, who arranged the show; but this denunciation is rather late, for Mr. Gunsbourg put his idea into performance at Monte Carlo about 10 years ago; there were other perfor-

ances there and at Milan. Others say that Berlioz at first characterized his work as an "opera de concert" and wrote this phrase on the autograph manuscript now in the Conservatory library; and they argue that today the procession of such disconnected scenes should not shock anyone, for many modern lyric stage works, especially when they are based on novels or plays, are nothing but a collection of scenes. In the opinion of playgoers who have seen these operatic performances of Berlioz's work, the experiment was ill-advised, on account of the essentially undramatic character of the majority of the scenes themselves. Rose Caron, Mme. d'Alba, Melba were the predecessors of Calvé in this operatic version.



SYBIL SANDERSON.
(Her Latest Photograph.)

Calve is uneasy in her ambition to create new parts or to appear in well known parts for the first time. It was in Boston that she failed as Mignon, when she was physically sick and mentally distressed. It was her last as well as first appearance as Goethe's heroine seen through the glass of French librettists. Not long ago she created the leading part in Hahn's "La Carmélite" at the Opera Comique, but the opera itself was not praised. Last month at Covent Garden she created the part of Maguelone in Edmond Milla's opera of the same name. This opera, by the way, was the only novelty of the late London season. The story is of a woman and two men. Maguelone, a provincial fishermalden, is wooed by Castelan, fisherman and smuggler, and by Cabride, a custom house officer. The latter sets a trap for his rival, and Castelan would be caught were it not for Maguelone's attempt to be affectionate toward Cabride. The custom house officer is too pressing, and Maguelone screams bring Castelan, who kills the insulter. A crowd gathers and the fishermalden, to save her sweetheart, snatches the dagger, points to the corpse and exclaims: "It was I that killed him." This piece was evidently made to order, for we learn that Calve sang folksongs of Provence "which she learned in her childhood"; that she sang these to Missa, who introduced them in his score. Missa is hardly the man to accentuate by music such a grim story, and it is not surprising to learn that the score did not please the critics in spite of Calve's acting. Born at Rheims in 1861, Missa studied at the Paris Conservatory and took prizes. He has written several works for the stage, of which the most distinguished are "L'Hôte" (originally a pantomime), "Ninon de Lençois" and "Mugucette," founded on a short story by Ouida.

NOTES.

An opera, "Lorenza," by Mascheroni, succeeded at Buenos Ayres.
The centenary of Adolphe Adam was celebrated July 28 at Lonjumeau, his birthplace.
"Sarrana," an opera by an American, Legrand Howland, was produced at Bruges July 15.
Paul Morillot is the author of a pamphlet of 50 pages, "Berlioz Ecritain," published at Grenoble.
Henry Russell of London has been appointed professor of the Royal Academy of Saint Cecilia, Rome.
Miss Muriel Foster, the English oratorio and concert singer, will visit the United States this next season.

"Lancelot" says of Plancon's Escamille in London: "He would have apologized to any bull before slaying him."
The skull of Donizetti has been dug up and put in an urn, and it is now in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Bergamo.
Saint-Saens, the restless one, read lately at the Academy of Fine Arts, Paris, a paper on the ancient lyre and harira.

"Cupid in a Convent," a new concert opera by Edward Martin Seymour and Mario di Capri, will be produced at Troyden the 17th.

Hayden Coffin, who created the part of John Rigg in the play "Lorna Doone," will not desert musical comedy or romantic drama.

The third act of Gluck's "Orpheus" and the second act of "L'Amlco Fritz" were chosen for performance by the Royal Academy of London, July 22.

Walter Slaughter has written music for a new version of "A Snug Little Kingdom," which was produced at the Royalty, London, last January.

A quintet by George Dyson, for piano and wind instruments, was performed for the first time July 13 at a concert of the Royal College of Music, London.

They say that Pucini will be lame the rest of his life as a result of his automobile accident. One of his legs is shorter than the other by nearly four inches.

Sir George Grove's "Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies" has been translated into Dutch—why not "Dutched"?—by Dr. J. de Jong, and published at The Hague.

Performances of Wagner's operas last year in theatres, Bayreuth not reckoned, brought to the heirs more than \$150,000. And life is cheap at Bayreuth, except during the festival months.

"Helga," a new opera by Victor von Wolfowsky-Biedau, will be produced next season at Wiesbaden; "Nacht," a new one-act opera by Bogumil Zepler, will be produced at Hamburg.

Le Courrier Musical (Paris) hints that Dubois, director of the Paris Conservatory, has a slant against pupils of Widor, the teacher of composition, and sees to it that they gain no prizes.

Theodor Gerlach entitles his "Liebeswogen" a "spoken opera." The text is a free adaptation of the composer of Heine's cycle, "The North Sea." The work has been performed at a concert in Breslau.

Massenet has written incidental music for "La Citoyenne Cotillon," a piece by Ernest Daudet and Henri Cain, to be produced next season at the Ambigu, Paris, with Jane Granier as the heroine and Tarride as Barras.

Scarenberg, a tenor, who has sung in the French provinces and at London, has been engaged at the Opera, Paris, till October, 1894, at \$1400 a month—not a night. American nights, in the eyes of tenors, are superior to the vaunted Arabian.

Firmin Faure, a deputy at Paris, has such a good tenor voice that he may leave the chamber for the opera. The Referee correspondent remarks: "He was a hot opponent of the congregations bill, so it is only in the fitness of things that he should make his debut in 'Les Huguehots.'"

It was stated at the annual meeting of the Philharmonic Society, London, that "although the balance sheet of the past season could not be presented because of some outstanding accounts, there was no reason to expect a deficit beyond, at the worst, an insignificant sum."

The first July number of Die Musik published a sketch by Arthur Lasser of the Philharmonic Society of New York, with portraits of Carl Bergmann, Adolph Neuendorf, Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Emil Paur, Richard Arnold, and with other pictures. The portrait of Mr. Paur is singularly atrocious.

Isidore Edmond Philipp, the maker of technical piano exercises, has been

appointed to the place of De Berlioz, piano teacher in the Paris Conservatory. Philipp, a Hungarian Jew, went to Paris when he was young, and took the first piano prize at the conservatory in 1883. Born at Budapest in 1863, he is a naturalized Frenchman.

The mass to be sung this year at the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, on St. Cecilia's day, will be composed by Albert Renaud. Born at Paris in 1855, pupil of Cesar Franck and Dolbes, organist of St. Francois Xavier, he has written for church and opera house. His ballet, "The Sleeper Awakened," was composed for the Palace Theatre, London, in 1892. He, too, has been in Arcadia as music critic.

The Topeka Capital admonishes its musical readers to say "Vogner." Wrong again: nicht Vogner, aber Wagner. The really latest agonies in music are always on hand at this office. Incidentally it is noted with pain that the misere from "Trovatore" tore the heartstrings out of the brass band reporter of the Capital last evening at the park. How would Dr. Miles Nervine do for that trouble?—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

Alfred Bruneau has written a third book, "Musiques de Russie et Musiciens de France" (Fasquelle, Paris, f.3 50c.) The volume includes his report to the minister of fine arts on the condition of music in Russia, essays on Reyer, Saint-Saens, Massenet, studies of librettos, chapters on "Siegfried," Meyerbeer, "The Roi d'Ys," Debussy's music, notes on Verdi, Godard, A. Thomas, Pasdeloup, Carvalho, Lamoureux, the Paris Conservatory.

A set of five songs, "Veilles de Depart," by Guy Ropartz of Nancy, has just been published.

Bogca Oumiroff, a baritone, who sang here last season, gave a recital in Paris June 22, and was favorably criticised.

Nedbal's ballet, "Lazy Hans," will be produced at the Vienna Opera House early in the season, which will open Aug. 15.

Vincent d'Indy is writing, at the request of Chausson's widow, an orchestral accompaniment for the late composer's "Chant Funebre."

"The Redskins," book by Alcia Ram-say and Rudolphe de Cordova, music by Clarence C. Corri, was produced at the Hippodrome, London, July 6.

Chappell & Co., London, have acquired an extension of their lease of St. James' Hall, which will now be available until the end of 1904.

The centenary of Berlioz will be celebrated at Moscow by a "monster performance" of "The Damnation of Faust." Marie Van Zandt will sing the music of Marguerite.

The first grand prix de Rome has been awarded to Raoul Laparra, pupil of Gabriel Faure. The cantata to which music was set by the competitors was an Irish legend, "Alyssa," by Marguerite Coiffier of Dublin.

The Princess Helene Georgiewna de Saxe-Altenbourg, born a Russian grand duchess, is publishing at her expense the cantatas of Bach, with the text

translated into Russian and approved by the ecclesiastical censor.

In the Moody-Manners opera competition the foreign prize has been awarded to the opera "Phileus," sent in under the name "Ramon." The second was "Demeuzza d'Amore," and the third "Fortunatus."

Kubelik in London played, according to a circular, "on his improved stradivarius." This improvement is an invention of a Mr. Leo von Dobransky, and it does not consist of added sound boards. Mr. Baughan of the News remarked: "It is difficult to say whether the 'improvement' makes much difference. If anything, his tone on Saturday seemed to me rather veiled and unclear, for which a possible increase of sonority was not sufficient compensation." Mrs. Frieda Kwast-Hodapp, pianist, made her debut in London at this concert, July 11.

E. A. Baughan wrote of Mr. von Zur-Muehlen, who, much admired at Berlin, gave his second recital in London late in June: "The singer is known to be intelligent, but his range of expression is limited, and, as so many German singers, he indulges in alternate exaggeration of sentiment and outbursts which to English ears are not more artistic than the ranting of old-fashioned actors. Herr von Zur-Muehlen, too, is always preoccupied with his vocal mechanism. He never persuades me that he finds singing a natural medium of expression. I have said he is intelligent, and so he is, but he is not allied to great artistic insight. For instance, he tore the end of Schubert's 'Hoffnung' to pieces, and in the 'Erlkoenig' he made the father's voice much too sentimental, and in his final outburst of terror the child had grown suddenly to man's estate. To sing lieder with real artistic expression the vocalist should cast aside his ego as singer and make everything subservient to the musical illustration of the poem. False energy is not drama. When will singers understand that?"

OLD DECORATIVE DESIGN THAT IS NEVER MISSED.

Word About Svastika That Permeates All Life.

Intimately Associated with the
Lotus It Has a Remarkable His-
tory—Staffordshire Waves Being
High Prices—Mr. Mead's Emerson
Papers—Memoir of R. M. Hunter.

The Burlington Magazine for June, with the supplementary Burlington Gazette for the same month (the Saxon Publishing Company, Limited, London) contains several articles interesting to connoisseurs, but the two that will attract the attention of the general reader are the third of a series on oriental carpets and Mr. R. L. Hobson's first article on "Early Staffordshire Wares in the British Museum."

The former is a discussion of the meaning of the Svastika, of the origin and the symbolism of this universal and conventional decorative design. The Svastika is to be found "everywhere in our modern life. In our household appointments, in our mural decorations, in the shapes and adornment of articles of our furniture."

"Even does it come down to us in the shape of those old iron with which we are all familiar, and which, though a few persons fondly believe them to be so placed for the purpose of comedy, every right thinking country person as a protection against lightning and fire."

"Unconsciously Svastika permeates our whole existence. We cannot even sit down to dinner without finding it set before us in some of our table appointments; and nowhere is the symbol more constantly and more permanently evident than in oriental rugs and carpets."

"In every specimen of these, of whatsoever provenance, and no matter how much the flowing line of curves may have encroached on the rectilinear design of convention, the Svastika is traceable. It may not be at once discovered in the main body of the pattern, though it is always present, but it is invariably and inevitably to be found in the border, which it may at once be said is as much an historical asset as is the central design itself."

How many theories there are concerning the meaning of these crossed lines, which may not be seen at once in the main body of the carpet's pattern, but is invariably and inevitably in the border. And how conflicting are some of the explanations.

The Svastika is the emblem of Zeus, Baal, the sun god, the sun itself, the sun chariot, the fire god, the rain god, the sky and the sky god, the deity of all duties, light and the god of light, the forked lightning as a showing of the god of light; and, since it is intimately associated with the lotus, it is the emblem of the water god.

It is the oldest known Aryan symbol. It represents Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva; it appears in the footprints of Buddha; it stood for Jupiter, Tonaas and Phivius and Thor. Some see in it a phallic emblem, and, as it appears on the person of Artemis, Hera, Demeter, Astarte Nana, it is a sign of fecundity. Yet it was always, if not primarily, ornamental.

It was an auspicious sign, and as such is still used by the common people of India, China and Japan, as a sign of long life, good wishes and good fortune. It is embroidered on the garters of North American Indian women, and Thibetans are tattooed with it.

Did it come from the pieces of wood which, rubbed together, brought forth fire? Was it originally Chinese, or did the Greeks get it from Egypt? are the Svastika and the lotus invisible symbols?

Prof. Goodyear holds that the lotus is the keynote of decoration. "The lotus is the Tree of Life, or, rather, the accepted Tree of Life is really the lotus in one or another of its many aspects."

"The spiral scroll, he urges, comes from the bent sepals of the lotus much exaggerated, which, being squared, becomes the Greek fret or meander or key pattern, and this doubled forms the Svastika."

Those interested in pottery and in early English domestic life will enjoy the illustrated article on Staffordshire wares.

If we expect Gothic paving tiles, a few of the better costrels of pilgrims' bottles, and the mysterious "poteries gracieuses de la reine Elizabeth" (which whatever they are, no one thinks of claiming for Staffordshire), it may be said that for five centuries after the Norman conquest the ceramic art of our country boasted nothing better than coarse pitchers, gotehes, gourds and gorges of clumsy shape and uncouth ornament, which appeal to few but the sternest antiquarians.

A new period of development began with the 11th century. The solitary potter, helped by one or two laborers, or by only those of his household, glazed and fired his weekly oven load of crocks, and his wife took the load on a donkey to town to exchange them for the necessities of life.

The common clays were bottle, hard fire, red blending, and a white clay so called because it produced a yellow ware. There were three finer clays for decorative purposes: Orange slip, white slip, and a red slip which burned black.

"Slip was a creamy fluid made of clay softened by water. The glaze was produced by powdered lead ore dusted on to the ware." Only two coloring oxides were used, manganese and oxide of copper. Tygs or loving cups were made in great variety and with from two to 12 handles.

There were posset cups, usually distinguished by a spout. There were fudding cups, in which six cups communicated with each other internally; puzzle jugs, from which the liquor was quaffed in some unusual way. If the drinker did not wish to wet his clothes, then there were surprise mugs, as one in which the drinker near the bottom discovered a toad, usually of red clay with white-slip eyes.

Good examples of old Staffordshire wares are scarce, and they bring high prices. "They deserve all the attention they get. There is something genuinely fascinating in their naive simplicity and their entire lack of all that is artificial or extraneous."

The Burlington also includes an article on the finest hunting manuscript ex-

tant—the codex captured in the tent of Francis I. at Pavia—with exquisite illustrations; articles on early Netherland painters; alleged pictures by Giorgione, a newly discovered "libro di ricordi" of Alessio Baldovinetti, fine lacers, etc. Among the illustrations are fine reproductions of pictures by Gerard David, Baldovinetti, Hans Memling, Jan Vermeer, Steen Verspronck, Vande Gaerelle, Van Rhijn, Giovanni, Busi, Cariani and others.

"A memoir of Robert M. T. Hunter" by his daughter, Martha T. Hunter, with an address on his life, prepared for the Hunter Monument Association by Col. L. Quinton Washington (The Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.), is a loving and touching family memorial rather than a study of the statesman and financier and the stormy times in which he was busied.

There is much about his ancestry, as is natural in the biography of any prominent man born the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. Much of this biographical detail and many anecdotes and reminiscences of Hunter's early life are of interest only to members of his family, for they are not entertaining in themselves and they do not shed any light on the social life of the period.

Hunter is revealed as a studious, ambitious, able man of high purposes and the purest principles. He foresaw the infinite miseries which would follow secession, and he anticipated the civil war long before the first gun was fired on Sumter.

"While Mr. Hunter was not one of the eager secessionists who would have hastened to leave the Union without parley or condition, his hesitation ended with the withdrawal of Virginia from the federal government, and he did not wish her to linger a moment longer than the strictest principle of honor demanded."

His last years were full of sorrow. He was impoverished by the war, but he bore himself bravely, and he met the loss of children and others dear to him with Christian fortitude.

He was one of the first, if not the first, to agitate the subject of applying the merit system to all minor and clerical appointments of the federal government, and his political as well as his private life was marked by the strictest honesty.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead's "The Influence of Emerson" (American Unitarian Association, Boston), is made up of three papers. "The Philosophy of Emerson," "Emerson and Theodore Parker," "Emerson and Carlyle."

These papers have served, as Mr. Mead tells us, as public addresses, "the last two many times." Parts of all of them are 20 years old, and some parts have been changed much more than others; and the author is conscious of the fact that there are repetitions in the volume. More than one page reminds the reader of the lecture room. Mr. Mead lays much stress on Emerson's anticipation of the position of modern science, of his being a Darwinian before Darwin, and he insists that he was a philosopher or poet plus philosopher.

"In estimating my philosophy, there is nothing which illuminates and tests it better than its application to the distinctive tendencies and problems of the time."

Even warm admirers of Emerson, the man and thinker, might dispute Mr. Mead's proposition, and with a good show of reason.

Mr. Mead is enthusiastic and reverential, and we are tempted to say, inclined toward fetid worship. But he fails to give us any clear idea in a few words of Emerson's "philosophy," and, it may have been said, others have failed. They have not formulated "it is this" and "it is not this," but Emerson was not a professional philosopher, either of the Concord grove or porch. He formed no deliberate system; he has no school. The greater perhaps is his immediate usefulness as stimulator and consolator.

The chapters on Theodore Parker and Carlyle are of more general interest. It is hard for us to say to whom Parker is merely an honored name to realize the opposition stirred up by his brave words. Read his sermons or addresses; he seems as one of the orthodox.

The contrast between Emerson and Parker was great, yet it was Emerson who fed Parker's lamp, as Parker said; and Emerson said that, be the lamp fed as it might, it was Parker whom the time to come would have to thank for finding the lamp burning. This thought is presented in various ways throughout the article.

The essay, or rather address, on Emerson and Carlyle fills about half the book. There is little that is new to the student of these men, but the familiar facts are pleasantly arranged, and Mr. Mead's generous use of quotations from the works of the two enhances materially the value of the volume.

The American Architect Company (Boston) publishes the first number of the Public Library Monthly, which is an illustrated magazine, "devoted to libraries, books and their makers."

This first (August) number includes editorial note and comment; the first portion of Mr. Sidney K. Greensdale's paper, "Libraries in the United States," read before the Royal Institute of British Architects March 17, 1902; the story of the fight between the Indian and the Pirate in Charles Read's "Hard Cash"; book reviews and other minor articles.

There are pictures illustrative of architecture and decoration at Bowdoin College; and among the other illustrations

are pictures of models for a monument to R. M. Hunt by Daniel C. French. The pages are large and the number promises well for the future. The publishers do not intend the magazine to be "merely another publication in the somewhat overworked field of architectural journalism." * * * In reality it aims to bring librarians into closer touch, not so much with one another or with book publishers—ends already satisfied by other existing publications of a literary complexion—but with the general public whom each library serves.

The editor advocates the manufacture and use of the word "Carnegiarium." "The advisability of adopting the word is due to that certain awkwardness of statement which appears in the carved inscriptions upon the buildings erected through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie."

"The Boxtown Carnegie Library" or "The Carnegie Boxtown Library" are equally unpleasant, alike to eye and ear, while "The Boxtown Carnegiarium" would be, it seems to us, clearly self-explanatory, and, even at the outset, no more disagreeable to eye and ear than the present awkward phrasing, besides being a more veracious statement."

Aug. 1, 1903 INSANE LOVE ENDING AT THE CHAIR OF EXECUTION

No Doubt of Sensationalism in
Mr. Dixon's Book.

His Second Novel, "The One Woman," Is an Attack on Socialism, Especially as It Reveals Marriage Relations—Mr. W. E. Henley's Poems.

Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., was for a time a clergyman, and he was characterized by some as sensational in his methods. He is now known as a novelist. His first book, "The Leopard's Spots," treated the race question in the South. His second novel, "The One Woman: A Story of Modern Utopia" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), is an attack on Socialism, especially as it is revealed in the marriage relations, and there can be no dispute concerning its sensational character.

The Rev. Frank Gordon is 6 feet 4 inches, a man of tremendous physical strength; he has "great hairy blue-veined hands," and his feet are "big, broad," so that his shoes are filled with them. He is an idealist, a dreamer; yet he speaks hot, passionate words, clean-cut and penetrating, "with the rush of lightning," and he is the impulsive champion of the people, "the patriot prophet of a larger democracy." He is exceedingly fond of music; he has a fad for precious stones, especially pearls and opals, which he carries in his pockets, and handles "with the tenderness of a lover." He attracts children and animals, and all women like him instinctively from the first. He has a wife and children.

His wife, Ruth, is "a petite brunette of distant Spanish ancestry." She has a passionate temper, raven hair, dark and stormy eyes, a dimple in her chin, a small, sensitive mouth. Her footstep has "feline grace, delicacy and distinction." Her figure is "almost perfect, erect, lithe." Her voice is "a soft contralto, caressing and full of feeling, with a touch of the languor and delicate sensuousness of the South." She is wildly jealous, but she and Frank have been happy together even in New York.

Miss Kate Ransom of New York admires the clergyman, and one Sunday evening she calls on him in the church study. She is rich and she is very beautiful. Her figure is full and magnificent; her skin has the "delicate creamy satin of the blonde, flashing the scarlet tints of every emotion"; her lips are cherry-red, "half-parted with a lazy suggestion of tenderness and love"; her gaze is proud and careless, telling of perfect health and stores of untouched vital powers, a movement of the body at once strong, luxurious, insolently languid, rhythmic and full of dumb music." Furthermore, she has lots of mentality. The reader exclaims with the clergyman: "What a woman!"

Ruth is jealous of her and there are stormy scenes. The clergyman soon feels the spell of the unconscious temptress. His friend Overman, cynical, one-eyed, and a king in Wall street, as well as among the blind, looks at Gordon with his good eye, which is in the habit of gleaming "a fierce, steady blaze like the electric headlight of an engine," and warns him against his socialistic tendencies. The triumph of socialistic wills destroys the monogamic family. A deacon in Gordon's church, Van Meter, the presiding officer of the stock exchange, also objects to Gordon's peculiar views. But there is Kate, who helps the clergyman in his church work and goes slumming with him. She keeps knocking against him as they walk and he feels the "warmth and glow of her beauty." The reader is constantly reminded of Kate's sensuous attractiveness, just as Gordon is always recalling her "superb figure with rounded bust and arms full and magnificent, in the ripe glory of youth, her waving auburn hair so thick and long it could envelop half her body."

Now Kate had never loved. "Her nature was warm, rich and passionate, and she was consumed with longing for

the moment of bliss when her whole being would so burn with sacrificial love for her beloved that she could walk with him naked in winter snows, unconscious of cold." She feels herself drawn toward Gordon, and on a fresh air excursion she grows coquettish.

"She lifted her superb arms, showing bare to the elbow, and felt of the mass of auburn hair. 'That load of red hair about to fall?'" "Don't be ridiculous. No."

"Harness broken anywhere?" she felt of her belt, and ran her hands down the lines of her beautiful figure, eyeing him laughingly.

He goes home to tea with her, and she appears with her "splendid neck and shoulders bare and little ringlets of hair curling about her face as though scorched by the warmth of the red blood below." Her eyelids quiver, and her nostrils dilate, her eyes flash, and her hair has a subtle perfume. Gordon is anxious to have a new church, a "Temple of Humanity," and this is made possible, in spite of the stratagems of Dea. Van Meter, by the subscription of \$1,000,000. Kate is the subscriber.

He goes to thank her, and their lips meet in burning kisses. He tells his wife that he loves her no longer, that they must separate, and he offers her half a million of dollars, which sum is thoughtfully offered by Kate.

Ruth spurns the offer. Gordon's aged father, "professor emeritus of history and belles lettres" in an Indiana college, goes to New York to see if he cannot straighten matters. He argues in vain with his son, tries to console Ruth, and then drops dead.

Gordon asks Kate to enter into a new world as "a comrade pioneer and priestess," and they are married in the temple and in the presence of "a handsome poet, a disciple of William Morris and a man of international fame, Socialists, Anarchists, Theosophists, Spiritualists, Buddhists, Christian Scientists, Communists, single taxers, walking delegates, presidents of labor unions, editors of radical papers, ethical gymnasts and lecturers." Kate wears a superb gown, but "no conventional art of bridal costumer could confine or conceal the glory of her beauty." They are married by a Socialist preacher according to a highly original service written by Gordon.

One King, a muscular lawyer with a handsome black mustache, has long loved Ruth, and now he woos her openly; but, although King is a leader of Tammany, a member of a firm of lawyers and has served one term in Congress, she is true to the memory of Gordon.

Overman continues to thunder against Socialism, and the strongest attacks of Mr. Dixon are put in the mouth of this one-eyed banker and cynic, who meets Kate and is soon in love with her. Gordon and Kate and Ruth and her children all meet by chance in a railway dining car. The boy shouts: "Oh, papa, we've got you at last!"

Fortunately, there is a railway accident, which prevents more serious complications, and Ruth saves Kate by tearing her robe where it was pinioned between timbers and losing the wealth of auburn hair caught in the snap of the folding rack of the berth.

Kate is thoroughly tired of Gordon's vanity and jealousy, so she invites Overman to dine with her. "She was dressed in a gown of pink and white filmy stuff, which clung to her form, revealing his beautiful lines from the rounded shoulders to the tips of her dainty slippers. The sleeves were open to the elbow, showing the magnificent bare arms. From the shoulders soft diaphanous draperies hung straight down the length of her figure, revealing by contrast more sharply the graceful curves of the body. The throat was bare, and her smooth, ivory neck glowed in round fulness against the background of her hair falling in waves of fiery splendor. The rhythmic music of her walk, quick, strong, luxurious, breathed an excess of vitality." And when she kisses Overman tenderly on his game eye he forgets the duties of friendship.

Gordon is jealous of Overman, and one night he proposes a duel with Italian daggers in the dark. Gordon breaks his weapon and strangles Overman with his enormous hairy left hand. Then he seeks refuge at the house of his former wife, who is again in New York, and woos constantly by King, now the Governor of the state. Gordon is tried for murder; Kate swears false oaths; the assistant district attorney makes a speech of "fierce and terrible eloquence," and holds the jury in the hollow of his hand for four hours.

The accused is convicted and sentenced to death. Ruth uses every means to free him. At last her daughter Lucy dresses as her mother looked years ago at a ball, goes to Albany and says "Please, Governor, save my father." He writes out a full pardon, and as the telegraph wires are down—"tis a fearful night without—he charts a locomotive and promises the engineer and fireman \$500 apiece if they will get to Sing Sing by 1:55 A. M. They get to the prison just as the cap has been drawn over Gordon's face and the straps buckled on his wrists and legs. Gov. King has provided a magistrate to remarry the separated couple. "This,

Ruth, is your marriage certificate and my death warrant, Frank Gordon, we have changed places." A very amusing story.

English newspaper men are complaining because Mr. Bodley's "Coordination of Edward the Seventh" contains a list of the journalists who were present at the ceremony. The publishers state that no record of journalists who described the coronation was kept by the earl-marshal's office.

Andrew Lang, one of the warmest of the many admirers of Dumas, the elder, will write a long introduction to the new, cheap and complete edition of the great romancer's works to be published by Methuen & Co. "The Three Musketeers" will be the first volume.

Wilfrid Meynell is the author of "Benjamin Disraeli: an Unconventional Biography." Lord Beaconsfield will be

treated from a new standpoint.

George Bernard Shaw's new play, "Man and Super-Man," will be published by Constable & Co. It contains a novel, a play written by the hero of the novel, an introduction addressed to A. B. W. K. Key and some appendices of general interest. Mr. Shaw wrote lately a characteristic complaint. "It is the lack of shop window that impoverishes me. For nearly 20 years I have been a published author, and for nearly 10 out of the 20 years of the most insufferably beparaphrased public persons in the country. But I have never yet seen a book of mine offered for sale in a shop window. That certain number of fanatical Shavians do, by dint of laborious inquiry and indomitable perseverance, manage to procure a sufficient number of copies of my works to make them worth publishing is true; but the ordinary non-Shavian Englishman knows no more of the existence of my books than he does of those of Samuel Butler, or Ruskin, or Wagner, or Weissman, or Ibsen, or Maeterlinck, or Murray's translations of Euripides, or anything else that is not 'pastime for all'."

Suppose you have heard that one of my plays is called "Caesar and Cleopatra," and you want to buy it. You go to the bookselling stationer. The moment he realizes that you do not want a photograph frame or five quires of notepaper for a shilling, his countenance falls. You ask for Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." He has not got it, but can order it for you. Good. You then call on him at intervals for three weeks or a month, and are assured each time that negotiations are proceeding. At last he tells you that there is no such book. You say you are sure there is. He replies that the whole story who supplies him could get it if there was, so it must be out of print. What can you do but apologize for having troubled him, and buy some stationery to console him? You then write to one of the second-hand booksellers, whose catalogues you get from time to time, instructing him to procure you a copy. Three years later he informs you eagerly that he has at last obtained the offer of a copy, in perfect condition, which he can let you have for a guinea. If you are an infatuated Shavian you send the guinea, and receive therefor a new copy of "Three Plays for Puritans," which the stationer would sell you for 4s 6d net, if only you were able to give him all the information which it is a bookseller's business to give you."

The collector will not find it difficult to buy Mr. W. E. Henley's books. There are four volumes of poems, "The Poems," of 1898, "For England's Sake," (1900), "Hawthorne and Lavender" (1901), and "A Song of Speed" (1903). His collected critical work is to be found in "Views and Reviews," "Literature" (1899) and "Art" (1902). The plays he wrote in collaboration with R. L. Stevenson are published in one volume by Heinemann. Then must be added the editions of Burns (1897), with the terminal essay; Byron (1897), one volume only of letters; "Lyra Heroica" (1892), with preface and notes; "English Lyrics" (1897), "A Book of English Prose" (1894), an essay on Smollett in Macmillan's edition, an essay on Hazlitt in the complete edition of the essays; works now publishing, and there is an amount of recent and unprinted matter in the Outlook and the Pall Mall Magazine. There is also "Slang and Its Analogues," which he edited with John S. Farmer.

A collection of the stories contributed by William Morris to the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine will be published by Longmans. It will be entitled "The Hollow Land" and the edition will be limited to 300 copies.

A new edition, in two volumes, of James Clarence Mangan's works will be published by J. O'Donoghue, Dublin.

Beckles Willson has written "Ledge and Sword; or The Honorable Company of Merchants of England Trading to the East Indies (1533-1874)." Longmans will publish it in two volumes.

Macmillan concludes the cheap edition of Hardy's novels by the publication of "The Well-Beloved."

A collection of "Lady Members of the Scandinavian Anti-Vivisection Movement" describe in their book "The Shambles of Science" certain experiments on animals which they witnessed in specified London lecture rooms. Ernest Bell is the publisher.

The Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "Unfortunately, the record of what they observed is not given with the clearness of deliberation which would make serve any purpose as evidence, and whether the plentiful appeals to sentiment have any justification the unbiassed reader is not in the least assisted to determine. The conception of the book is most commendable, and it might have rendered a real service in bringing to point some features of a controversy that seems to be interminable. But it could scarcely have been executed with a more inadequate sense of the rudimentary requirements of public discussion."

Mrs. Meynell is writing the text for an art book to be published by Duckworth in the fall. The book, "Children of the Old Masters," will consist of about 60 reproductions of pictures of children, painted by the Italian masters, which have been primarily selected as studies of child life.

Mr. Lucas remarks apropos of his new and complete edition of Charles Lamb's works that the text of many of Lamb's earliest and best poems was not fixed until 1818, 20 years after the composition.

Fisher Unwin will include a selection from the plays of Dryden in the release of the Mermaid series, which he is preparing. The volume will be on this paper, and will be issued in two kinds of binding.

The third and final volume of the new edition of Chambers' "Cyclopedia of English Literature" will appear in September.

The venerable Duke of Rutland has reprinted in pamphlet form, an article on tariff reform, which I intend to

Out of 258 Popes only seven willingly
obtained from living at Rome without

any cause or pretext, although, during the early years of the church, their journey there was full of danger. St. Zephyrus, the 16th after St. Peter, was the first to die peacefully in his bed. "More than a fourth of the successors of St. Peter practically never went beyond a few miles from Rome after their elevation to the Holy See; some of these, in fact, did not go outside the city walls at all. During the whole of the 10th, 12th and 17th centuries not one

Pope undertook a journey of half an hour's drive." No wonder then that these men of sedentary habits should become still feebler after their elevation. The historians of the papacy remark frequently: "The sovereign pontiff at the time of his accession was no longer in the enjoyment of good health." Leo XII. had the last sacraments administered to him 19 times during his life of less than 70 years. The sufferings of some of them were excruciating, yet nearly all of these sufferers were cheerful. Nor were all austere in the matter of amusement. Innocent III. was fond of games and shows; Gregory XVI. had a (then) complete edition of Paul de Kock's works; he delighted in reading aloud to the cardinals; and he bequeathed the volumes to Pius IX., who completed the edition and often quoted stories from it.

Some were fond of table pleasures. Did not Dante reproach Martin IV. for gluttony because the pontiff stewed eels in wine? "The first time I read that passage," says Mr. Vandam, "I came to the conclusion that Beatrice had a lucky escape. A fellow who objects to eels being stewed in wine ought not to marry at all, not even his cook." Gregory VII. was fond of leeks and onions; Leo XII. of stock-fish; Innocent III. of oranges; Adrian VI. of saltfish and whiting. On the other hand, Urban VI. starved cardinals instead of entertaining them, when he invited them. He himself never partook of more than one dish, and why should the emperors have fared better? "It reminds one of the young man who was discussing the wedding arrangements with his fiancée, whom he was going to marry against the wish of his parents. 'My mother and father are not coming,' he remarked, 'and your mother and father need not come.'"

Leo XIII. was not fond of entertaining, and his personal abstemiousness is famous. His mid-day meal was soup and the meat boiled therein; one side dish, which he rarely tasted; some fruit, a glass of Johannisberger or Chianti, and a cup of coffee. The evening meal was lighter. On Fridays "frugura mista" was on the table. The ingredients were supposed to be small fry, the hearts of artichokes fried in butter (for the Pope had a perpetual dispensation in this respect), and other things of a more or less mysterious nature. They say that on the first evening of his pontificate he found one dish more than usual of his table and he said to his old friend Sterbini, "What is this?" "Pardon me," was the answer, "but I fancied that an additional dish would not be amiss on your holiness' board." "Consequently on the pretext that today I am the Pope, I am supposed to have a different appetite and digestion from those of yesterday. My good Sterbini, no doubt you will notice a difference in both before long, but I am afraid they will be disappointing to you as far as the increased consumption of food is concerned. If I should feel hungrier than I did before, I will let you know. Meanwhile nothing is to be changed in my meals; and, above all, there is to be no waste." But has not this story been told of Gregory XVI., who, however, was passionately fond of tobacco, too fond, for some believed that if he had heeded the warning of physicians he would not have contracted cancer, and might have been a centenarian, so superb was his constitution.

Pius IX. answered a bishop when the condition of the papacy was far from prosperous: "That need not trouble me, I shall always be able to find the half crown a day I want for myself;" yet the cost of his private table was great. No wonder he constantly exclaimed: "After all, a Pope is made to be robbed." Cardinal Antonelli one day docked two-thirds of the ton and a half of coal Pius' cook insisted that he wanted. Pius, ignorant of this, complained of the cookery, and the chef replied to the steward: "It is not my fault; I can do no better on a half-ton of coal." The original quantity was again ordered. Leo XIII., in spite of his economical strivings, could not reduce the expenses of his table to the figures of some of his predecessors. Gregory XIII.'s personal expenses were about £20 a year, and out of this 50 cents a day was set apart for his board. Innocent XII. did with 16 cents less and Clement XI. with 12 cents less than that; but Pius V. lived on 16 cents a day, and Innocent X. on 12 cents a day. They were all surpassed by Alexander VI., who scarcely ate at all; the cost of his food during the 11 years and some months of his reign did not amount to \$300—about 8 cents a day, and yet this Pope was once represented as the Vitellius of the Vatican.

As Mr. Vandam says, both art and literature are responsible for a good deal of the misconception that prevails in the minds of many with regard to the social lives and the dietary of the popes. "Numberless pictures and engravings, both large and small, have shown us, some, a Pope surrounded by a glittering array of courtiers and well-born dames, and having 'a high good time of it'; others, abundantly stocked cellars, presumably of monasteries, with pot-bellied monks, rubicund of countenance, 'sampling' the contents of capacious vats." And a volume could be filled with mouth watering descriptions of papal feasts from Ranke to Richepin, from Artaud to De Brosses.

An Art That Has Become a Trade in Which Many Engage.

Majority Not Fitted for It Naturally.

The Duty of a Teacher to His Pupils.

Life of Marie Delna, Who Has Left the Stage.

Bessie Abbot's Return to the United States.



BEFORE the revolutionary war, Mr. John Adams commended Peter Chardon, "a promising youth, who has a sense of the dignity and importance of his profession—that of law. This fellow's thoughts are not employed on songs and girls, nor his time on flutes, fiddles, concerts and card-tables; he will make something." John Adams, as a practical man, thus voiced the opinion of the ages concerning the worth of musicians, and his remarks about young Chardon might well be printed as one of innumerable footnotes to Gelbke's treatise, "De Causis Infamiae qua Scenicos Romani Notabant," for the ancient Romans and John Adams would have agreed comfortably in many things. Yet we learn from Adams' letters that he was not necessarily adverse to music; he not only endured it on occasions, he sometimes spoke as an amateur, although he never could have said as Sir Thomas Browne, in that noble burst: "For even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer."

To Adams, as to the great majority of respectable men and women, there was a great gulf fixed between the professional musician and all that wished "to make something." We need not discuss here the evil reputation of musicians, singers, for centuries, was proverbial; singers and players were toss-pots, generally dissolute, parlous in every land; or, at the best, they were, as Stephen Gosson put it: "Peevish cattle that live by merry begging, maintained by alms, and privily encroach upon every man's purse." This evil reputation will furnish the theme for a separate article. Today the musician, as well as the play-actor, may be an important personage, pointed out in the street, puffed continually in the newspapers. The photograph of a pianist, fiddler or singer is displayed in shop windows with those of distinguished authors, politicians, clergymen, dancers, philanthropists.

The question now is this: "Is music a desirable profession? Should it be considered seriously by a young man or a young woman as a means of supporting life and gaining a reputation?" The very question shows how far we have drifted from the old idea of what constitutes art.

We are now told by men of authority that music should be taught to every one, in and out of school. Every one should either play or sing. Audiences should be "educated" so that they can be intelligent in joy and applause. There are lecturers who are ready to explain orchestral or operatic music before it is performed. They put a symphony on the dissecting table and show its anatomy and the reasonableness of its parts. They are never weary of explaining what a composer "meant" by a certain work, as though the music itself were otherwise cryptic. An opera by Wagner, it seems, has primarily an esoteric meaning. You go to hear it with the mind a sensitive blank; you see the men and women on the stage expressing various emotions; you hear the shouting; you are swept along by the orchestral stream; you are moved, awed, transported; but, according to these men of authority, you are then merely a victim of physical sensations; you are not acquainted with Wagner's theories; you are moved only by what he did, not by what he was trying to do, and so you are as the dumb, driven cattle. You should not go to a symphony concert without a preparatory course of fasting and prayer and deep meditation. Music is not an idle pleasure; it is a mental exercise. It is not a luxury; it is a necessity. Music should be encouraged, yea, commanded,

by selectmen, mayors, Congress. It should be taught in households and in the street, as well as in the public schools and in conservatories.

On the other hand, Mr. Vernon Blackburn of the Pall Mall Gazette, a critic of exquisite taste and of incomparable literary style, wrote only a month ago: "Art is art, and trade is trade. You can create a tradesman; you cannot create an artist. Anybody with an average brain can learn the multiplication table; it requires a very peculiar, individual and remotely located talent to accomplish a great artistic achievement. Therefore, the teaching of music on a large, a multitudinous scale—as if one should attempt to turn out from the loom a continual repetition of the same sort of cricket flannels—seems, to our thinking, to be like building a palace of 3000 rooms, when it is more than likely that only a score of men are likely to inhabit them. In Vienna, in Paris there are wonderful schools of music, into which drift innumerable students, desirous of accomplishing great things in the art of music. Frankly, how many of these students win any solid, any worldly advantage from such centres of teaching? We should say very few indeed. We do not attack the teachers who bring chosen pupils to a high level of attainment. We only state our opinion that academic schools of music are not, by any manner of means, pioneers of art, or of great musical encouragement to the best and most thoughtful musicians."

Not long ago La Plume in Paris made an inquiry as to the necessity of the artistic education of the public. Among the replies to the question two were of special interest, for they were written by Vincent d'Indy and Claude Debussy, who are now at the head of the ultra-modern French school.

D'Indy answered: "Artistic education should be thorough or not at all. There are two kinds of 'a good audience': (1) that which is made up of well informed

persons, who know thoroughly the art which they pretend to judge; (2) that which is composed exclusively of individuals who are wholly ignorant of everything that concerns the artistic profession, and they run the chance of being good judges if they allow themselves to be guided by their heart, by their feelings, for one is rarely deceived in the self-surrender to simple and naive faith to one's sentiments. There is a kind of 'bad public' that which is recruited among the half-learned, persons to be hated (in music they are those 'who have studied harmony'). This sort of a public is injurious to any form of art."

Claude Debussy will be called by some more arrogant: "The artistic education of the public seems to me the most futile thing in the world. It is impossible, if not hurtful, from a purely musical point of view. Far too many busy themselves in art utterly at random. If any one has to live by artistic education, how can you prevent him from believing that he, too, can create something artistic? This makes me fear that a too generalized diffusion of art would lead only to the greatest mediocrity." Debussy asks if the beautiful creations of the renaissance ever showed the effects of the dense ignorance which surrounded their birth, or if music was ever less beautiful because it depended on the church or on a prince.

There was a time when music was held to be an art, not a trade, not a profession. The musician as well as the poet was born. He may have been one of a musical family and with almost pre-natal dispositions. He may have been born of dull toilers, one fitted, it would seem, to live by the sword, or by the humblest of trades, or as a household drudge; yet there was something musical within him, and it would out. There was in those days no royal road, no quick and sure method for singer, composer, organist, violinist. The more prosperous musician was one of the servants of a prince; he played while his master dined, or he wrote music to aid in aristocratic digestion. Did one singer live on intimate terms with a Spanish king, act as counsellor and die rich, laden with honors and known as the most illustrious of male singers? Hundreds led mean and squalid lives, or if they had their little day of glory they were soon forgotten, and they died friendless and poverty-stricken. The most celebrated teachers found their chief reward in the fame of their pupils. Composers were the sport of fortune. The life of the musician was, as a rule, lowly or disorderly or miserable. At the best it was simple and precarious. Yet the men called to it by an inner voice had their reward even before death. What Thackeray said of the painter may well be said of the born musician: "Each day there must occur critical moments of supreme struggle and triumph, when struggle and victory must be both invigorating and exquisitely pleasing—as a burst across country is to a fine rider perfectly mounted, who knows that his courage and his horse will never fail him. * * * Here is occupation; here is excitement; here is struggle and victory, and here is profit. Can any man ask more than fortune? Dukes and Rothschilds may be envious of such a man. * * * In certain minds art is dominant and superior to all else—stronger than love, stronger than hate or care or penury. Love may frown and be false, but the other mistress never will. She is always true, always new, always the friend, companion, inestimable consoler."

Music is now a trade, a profession, in which many engage who have no natural gift or disposition. Let us at once leave out of the question one unfortunate class of teachers. A young wife is left a widow, or a young woman is obliged suddenly to support herself. What can she do? At school she took piano or vocal lessons. She was fond of music, and she gave pleasure as a pianist or a singer to her family and her friends. She went to concerts, she was a member of a musical club, and, as she was pretty, amiable, attractive, her musical proficiency was unduly valued. Now she must earn

money. Her friends advise her to teach; they promise her pupils; they recommend her. "You know Lucy has great advantages and she really played remarkably well. She was a favorite pupil of Mr. Wanger." As a matter of fact, Lucy skinned the knees of Camilla the plain. She was superficial, she had no sure technique. Her interpretation was mimetic. She was no thoroughly musical. Never under severe discipline, she has not now the gift of imparting knowledge, even if she were musically intelligent, and, of course, she has had no experience. For such teachers there should be only pity—pity for the teachers, with the hope of speedy and relieving marriage, and pity for the pupils.

We spoke last Sunday of the disappointed women who have spent time and strength and money in the pursuit of an operatic career, and who at last find comfort in teaching and advising young women, fired and maddened by ambition. They often prosper pecuniarily; and they do useful and honorable work.

We are now more immediately concerned with men and women who look favorably on music as a profession, although music has been to them only an accomplishment.

Augustus began to learn the use of the piano at an early age. He plays with a certain facility when it is time for him to think of college or business. His father is in comfortable circumstances, but the boy must earn his own living after he "has been educated." Augustus believes that the freedom of a musician's life would be pleasanter than the routine of office work, or the profession of law or medicine. His father yields to his wishes, and Augustus goes to a teacher of renown in a larger city or to a conservatory. What is the duty of the teacher who is then consulted? Mr. Blackburn tells us; and the form in which he moulds his opinion arrests attention: "A pupil who has no real talent should be instantly, even ruthlessly, dismissed from an impossible position; such a one should be treated as the mediaeval masters treated their apprentices; the money was paid back, and the apprentice left, let us say, shoemaking or carpentering, or for whatever form of work toward which his natural bent seemed to lie. Yet it is possible to hear voices unutterably artistic, prompted by the dictation of an ear, incompetent to recognize the smallest sense of tune, driven on, spurred on and encouraged by kindly-minded teachers, when, as a matter of fact, the owner of that voice would be doing far better behind the counter of a draper's shop, or working to pecuniary advantage in such a concern as the Prudential Association." Mr. Blackburn speaks of the would-be singer. Augustus is a pianist, but the duty of the examining teacher is the same. He should say to the aspirant: "You will never be a great pianist, not even a formidable pianist, as the Germans say. In the first place, you have not the divine spark. You have no originality of expression; you have no individuality of emotion even in a crude form. You have not been thoroughly taught and you would be obliged to spend some years before your mechanism could be pronounced good. At the end of those years you would then see that you were only one of many. What would you then do? You would make little or nothing as a concert pianist. You might join a little company controlled by a bureau and play in small towns, now in New England, now in the South and West, at so much a week from October till April or May. You might serve as an accompanist. You might teach. You would find the competition great in all these fields; you would probably find the life irksome and monotonous, unless you should develop a gift for teaching and should be enthusiastic in the drudgery of endless repetition and detail. Don't you think it would be wiser for you to go into business, or even to take a university course, and look on music as a recreation?" How many musicians are there in this city? You can hardly throw a stone aimlessly in Tremont street during the season any day between 1 and 2 P. M. without hitting at least three, and two of them will turn out to be piano teachers.

If the teacher is callous and simply holds out a dragnet, the young Augustus will learn these things only from experience. Ten to one he will not have the patience to pursue the fight in a European city, where he suddenly finds himself as in a searchlight and how bitter that moment of illuminating knowledge! He returns disappointed,

possibly sour with the thought of wasted years, to do whatever he can find at hand. Or he goes on doggedly till his money fails, and he then comes back to play where he can, to teach, if any pupils stray his way.

The young organist who was hired by the music committee because his father was prominent in the church or because the boy's services were obtained for comparatively little money, delights in the congregation by his performance of an offertory by Batiste or by a transcription of "The Angel's Serenade." He too, wishes to be a professional musician, and, although a position is read for him in his father's shop or factory, he studies here and abroad. He returns an organist of good technical ability who has acquired a certain knowledge of counterpoint and fugue. He brings with him a few compositions of a sacred nature which were passed by his bloodless teacher in theory, indeed, praised because they were grammatically flawless. And what is the organist to do? Would he pay expense? If he were to give a recital in Symphony Hall or in a church? He himself paid for a lesson in Paris, whither he went after wasted years at a German conservatory; but what pupil in Boston will pay even \$ for a lesson when he can obtain excellent instruction for less money at a conservatory? This organist is lucky in that he has within a year a church position with a salary of from \$100 to \$500. And do the music publishers ring his bell before breakfast to secure his anthem for church use?



MARIE DELNA IN ROLE OF MARIANNE.

The violinist began too late; or his intonation is too often impure, his tone is small and without character or large and coarse; his interpretation is spineless; his phrasing is, as a rule, aimless. Yet he has worked, first industriously in his way, then heroically and despairingly under a true master to correct the faults due to former and slovenly teaching. What shall he do? He is not an applause-compelling virtuoso of strong or even forced box-office draught. He is lucky if he becomes a member of a respectable, established orchestra. When the season is over, he plays at a seaside or mountain inn, and he is dependent, and he speaks of "Pegasus in sound," "genius bound in the service of the Philistines," and thus does he quarrel with his bread and butter. Or, misquipped or puffed up, he will not humble himself to play in any orchestra, although the routine would be of marked advantage to him. "My day will come," he says, even when he knows that he has no virtuoso blood in his veins, and that he is still technically inadequate to a triumphant accomplishment of a virtuoso's task. Yet a violinist or a cellist of only fair abilities is surer in large city of his daily bread than is the mediocre singer or pianist.

Then there are the players of wind instruments. There is little encouragement in this country for a man to give his life to the oboe or bassoon or horn in the hope of being a virtuoso, for his services are seldom required except in the few large cities. Travelling companies usually take the players with them when their repertory demands such instruments. How many can surpass themselves by the aid of the flute, clarinet, trumpet, trombone, except in the large towns? And in the few towns where great orchestras flourish, there is no competition with foreigners. What conductor of foreign birth and prejudice and convictions would not take as a wind instrument player a first prize of the Paris Conservatory or the Brussels Conservatory or an ex-member of a famous European orchestra rather than an American? Run over the muster-roll of the Boston Symphony orchestra, the Chicago orchestra, the leading orchestras of New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and how many names of Americans will you find either in the wood-wind, the brass, the strings, or even in the section of pulsatile instruments? There are the military bands, the theatre and restaurant and hotel orchestras for the American players of instruments; and how much money does a player in each instance receive each week?

There was a time when the American was pre-eminent for skill and honest as well as intelligent work in many callings. Fisherman, carpenter, machinist, tinner, cordwainer, house painter, toolmaker, what not—he was first. He made good wages, he had a comfortable home, he had a little time in which he pursued politics and religion. Little by little the sons and the grandsons of the craftsmen learned to look down on a reputable and necessary calling. A son sukked at his father's trade, a profession as more lucrative and—oh! precious word!—more "genteel." Fathers gladly took the places of these

degenerates, whose laziness, or whose unfitness often turned into vice. There are young men today who look on music as a comparatively easy profession, and one that will give them a better standing in the community than if they were at work in the machine shop or with any tools of trade. Yet he who makes an honest and comfortable pair of boots is more deserving of respect than he who composes a dull fugue, or strings together vulgar tunes. The former is, indeed, the artist. It is better to be a master mechanic than a second-rate singer; it is better to be a skilful telegraph operator or a trustworthy druggist, or an ingenious carpenter than a poorly equipped, struggling teacher of the piano or of the voice—a blind leader of the blind.

Schools of music are supposed to exist in order to encourage a certain form of profession for many or woman. Such a profession is well enough, and in some cases leads to a middle-class income; in very many cases it brings to the teacher the wages of a bricklayer; in extremely rare examples it leads to fortune and to notoriety, if not to fame.

Are these words of Mr. Blackburn cynical? Then truth is synonymous with cynicism.

No music school can make a musician. A music school can make the naturally

musical still more musical, when the teachers value the spirit as well as the letter, when they train and carefully encourage originality, when they discriminate between talent and mere inclination, when they refuse to consider industry the greatest of musical virtues, when they extend no hope to painstaking mediocrity. In art there is no room for mediocrity.

Nor should the public at large complain if there are fewer and better pianists, singers, violinists, composers. At present there are too many concerts in the large cities; too many for the public, too many for the good of the profession. The moment an art is popularized, art ceases to be art. The public itself is quick to realize the change, for the public is neither so gullible nor so ignorant as some would have us believe. The highest, purest art will always be a mystery to the great crowd; but the crowd, though it does not fully understand, though it may at times be impatient or neglectful, yet in the long run pays homage to the true artist. It often feels the presence, the influence of true art, although it cannot explain its nature even were it so inclined. And in like manner it often judges shrewdly between the artist and the tradesman in art, the merchant-musician, the trafficker in sounds.

MARIE DELNA.

Marie Delna was married a fortnight or so ago to a young manufacturer, who lives at Brussels. She refused an offer from the Messrs. Isola, who will open the Gaite, Paris, in the fall as an opera house; for she says that she has left the stage forever, and that if she sings again in public it will be only in concerts for some charitable object.



BESSIE ABBOT.

The stage life of Marie Ledan, known as Marie Delna, has not been of long duration, for she made her debut at the Opera-Comique, Paris, as Dido in Berlioz's "Les Troyens" in June, 1892. She was born in Paris and of humble stock. As a young girl she was employed in a restaurant near the railway station at Meudon, and there she was heard singing by the family of Guilman, the organist. They and others thought her voice warranted cultivation. After her debut she sung in several operas at the Opera-Comique, and she was successful chiefly in parts that called for the display of simple, elemental emotions, parts in which there was even a touch of rustic coarseness or inherent vulgarity; for Delna, with her robust voice and her exuberant

health, was always more or less common on the stage. In 1898 she left the Opera-Comique and went to the Pides, Dellah, Leonore in "La Favorita." She never was mistress of the grand style, and she was never a fine and subtle singer. Her voice was in the organ itself rather than in any use of it. At the Opera she was tempted to force her voice on account of the size of the hall, and her mannerisms and limitations became more and more pronounced. She returned to the Opera-Comique, sang Carmen as well as her old part, Orpheus, and created in Paris the part of the witch in "Hansel and Gretel" (1900), and of Marianne in "L'Ouragon," an opera by Zola and Bruneau (1901). The picture published here today portrays her as Marianne,

a fisherwoman, who is tempted through jealousy to betray her sister with her lover to her sister's husband that he may kill them; but as the husband is about to stab the defenceless lover, Marianne plunges a knife in his back.

BESSIE ABBOT'S RETURN.

It is said that Miss Bessie Abbot of the Opera, Paris, will star in the United States next season in English opera; and that Puccini is writing a new work expressly for her. As a matter of fact, Puccini, who is still suffering from the results of an automobile accident, is not yet able to finish his "Mme. Butterfly," which was begun without thought of Miss Abbot.

The story of Miss Abbot's career is familiar. One of the Abbot sisters, she was seen and heard in vaudeville, and Jean de Reszke became interested in her. She went to Paris, and when De Reszke sang Siegfried for the first time at the Opera, Miss Abbot made her debut as the Forest Bird. She afterward appeared as Juliet, and then was heard of no more, though this was not to her discredit, for a contract with the manager of either the Opera or the Opera-Comique, Paris, does not necessarily insure appearances. Will it yet be said of Miss Abbot: "Vaudeville thou wert and to vaudeville thou wilt return?"

THE OPERA "MAGUELONE."

We gave a week ago the plot of Edmond Milla's new one-act opera, "Maguelone," which was produced July 20 for the first time on any stage at Covent Garden with Calve as the heroine. Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote of

the work as follows:

"Late in the season though it seems for the production of any new work, we should not for our part have been particularly sorry if it had never been given at all; for, after witnessing two performances, one in rehearsal and one last night, we regretfully came to the conclusion that the work is distinguished by a most potent dullness. As a story the thing is loosely knit together, and possesses the faintest human interest; one is more than inclined to wonder, indeed, why anybody should have thought it worth while to write a libretto around so commonplace and so uninteresting a story; the reason for such a choice altogether passes our comprehension; but far more inconceivable is why any composer, once that libretto was written, should have taken it as a source of musical

inspiration. The music, indeed, has a certain flavor of originality—at moments; at other moments it is irritatingly reminiscent, not so much of actual phrases, as of the spirit and intention of what has been called the neo-Italian school; at other moments it is fluent enough, and it is here that the work departs from the Italian influence, and relies for it upon the modern French school which may be said to have taken its origin with Gounod. We scarcely think that it would be of much interest to summarize the plot of the piece, which depends upon the somewhat antiquated situation of two lovers and one heroine, culminates in the assassination of the lover whose suit is not favored, and in what appears to us to be the wholly unnecessary claim on the part of the heroine to the doubtful honor of

being the assassin. Mme. Calve took the title part, and she seemed to us for the most part too imperiously overwhelming for these phrases, that seemed to drift along without passion and without significance. Of course, she acted charmingly, particularly at the beginning of the work, in which every little passage of delicate comedy once more proved her charm and individual fascination. The parts of the two heroes, if heroes they may be called, were taken by M. Salignac and M. Sevellhac, but neither singer was particularly impressive. Perhaps the prettiest thing in the opera was a sort of folk-song, sung by Mme. Calve, which reminded us strangely of the plain song used in the Roman church."

NOTES.

Mr. Felix Fox, pianist, will play at the New England Festivals conducted by Mr. W. R. Chapman, at Burlington and St. Albans, Vt., and at Portland and Bangor, Me., in October.

Le Guide Musical (Paris and Brussels) states that Marix Loevensohn, the young Belgian cellist, will play with the Boston Symphony orchestra this next season Saint-Saens' second concerto for cello and orchestra.

A French baritone, Layolle, who had signed a contract with the manager of the San Carlos, Lisbon, has asked for a release, and has produced a physician's certificate to the effect that the necessary study of Italian had induced severe headaches.

It is now stated that "Ramon," the composer of the opera "Philaenis," which won the first prize offered by Mr. Charles Manners, is a Polish composer, named Stalkowski, and that the opera had been accepted for production at Warsaw before he sent the manuscript to Mr. Manners.—The Era.

Carrie Bridewell sang the part of Maddalena in "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden, July 22. The Pall Mall Gazette said of her: "As it was extremely difficult to hear her, we will not venture to pass any conclusive opinion upon her work; as an actress she struck us as being rather awkward and a good deal shy."

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Black, tenor and pianist of Boston, have been giving concerts in towns of Pennsylvania. The programmes (composed of songs by Walthew, Arne, Henschel, Cornelius, Chadwick, Jensen, and piano pieces by Chopin and Schubert-Tausig) and the interpretation were warmly praised by local newspapers.

We have received the following note: "Mr. Joseph Giese, father of the late Fritz Giese, cellist, died lately at home at The Hague, in his 82d year. For many years he had been leading cellist of the orchestra and a professor at the Conservatory of The Hague. He was one of the oldest and best known musicians in Holland."

The fourth act of "La Favorita" was given with two scenes from "Manon" and with Missa's "Maguelone." Mr. Blackburn wrote in disgruntled mood that "La Favorita" is as dead as any Egyptian mummy. "To discuss such a matter now in any detail would be superfluous and vastly uninteresting; thin, weak, unutterably dull, the work might have been left in its comfortable and historical grave in peaceful obscurity." We admire Mr. Blackburn's critical style, but we admire this music more. Fernando's song is one of rare beauty, and there is on many a page the poignant expression of hopeless love and eternal regret. Yet we should not care to see and hear Mrs. Kirkby-Lunn as the Leonore.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. will publish a new political version of the text of "Parsifal" in anticipation of the performance in New York.

The first performance of Liza Lehmann's "Songs of Love and Spring" was given at Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford's garden party, London, July 21.

Louis Arens, a Russian tenor, who has sung with Melba in concert tours, and also at Covent Garden, has joined the Moody-Manners opera company.

Rudolph Aronson has procured the rights for the production of "Erminie" in France. He will produce the opera in Paris next season, with French principals and an American chorus.

Was not the Baron de Bush, who was killed by falling from a train on the London & Northwestern railway, July 23, the husband of Pauline Joran, a singer who came from Freeport, Ill.?

Agnes E. Done is the author of "A Short Account of Our Great Church Musicians," published by Henry Froude. It is "specially written for young choristers," and is intended to awaken interest in the music they sing.

Miss Edie Reynolds, a young violinist, made her debut on the stage at the Albert Hall Theatre July 21 in a new "gesture play" in one act, "Pierrot," "invented" by Reginald Turner and "furnished" with music by Dalhousie Young.

The Washington Post says: "It is rumored among Mr. Sousa's business friends in this country that he will permanently retire, and Mr. Pryor (the trombone player) will become the leader, Mr. Sousa, of course, retaining a large interest in the organization."

Charles Phillips of London offers a cash prize for the best unpublished song with English words which he may receive before Oct. 1 at his house, 8 Manor-Mansions, Hampstead. The successful song will be published, and a royalty on its sale will be paid the composer.

Miss La Palme, who made her first operatic appearance as Musetta in "La Boheme" at Covent Garden July 13, is a French-Canadian, who studied the violin and singing at the Royal College of Music, London. She gave promise as a violinist, but she went to Paris, where she studied two years with Bouhy. Her voice is a light soprano.

Out of 3000 students at the Guildhall school of music, London, over 500 couples were married during the past year. The Era says: "By a coincidence a marriage took place on Friday between two violinists who first heard each other play before a professor in the Guildhall school less than a year ago. Of course, the husband will play second fiddle."

A London concert agent said lately to a reporter of the Daily Chronicle: "A person has to work up a big reputation before he can make money at concerts, for concerts appeal to a very small percentage of Londoners. This fact is proved by a glance down the subscription lists of any important musical undertaking. The names to be seen will be mostly those of wealthy German residents, who have always proved themselves the best and most loyal supporters of talented musicians."

Aug 10 1903 STIRRING NARRATIVE OF A NOVEL SEA ADVENTURE

Snap and Go in a Story by
W. Clark Russell.

"The Captain's Wife" Reviews a
Discussion of His Seaman'ship—
Murel's Account of Education of
Italy's King—German Praise for
Wellington.

There has been discussion of late con-

cerning the precise quality of Mr. W. Clark Russell's seaman'ship as displayed in his novels. Mr. Russell's own words in "The Captain's Wife" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston) may be quoted in connection with this discussion:

"I have often thought," said Phyllis, "that the most beautiful sight in the world must be the mountain of cream which the blow of a ship's bow sends recoiling as the vessel plunges into the valley, swept by wet squalls and guns of wind which measure her paces to the strains of a hundred orchestras."

"Whose sea novels have you been reading?" asked her husband, dryly.

"I think I have read every sea story that was ever written," she answered, smiling.

"What you have just said," he exclaimed, "is exactly in the talk-talker style of a fellow who never puts to sea in fiction without a girl, and whose style and methods are greatly despised by sailors."

"By sailors who write, do you mean?"

"Well, they must write to deliver their opinions."

"What sort of an opinion on such books as 'The Green Hand,' and 'Tom Cringle,' and 'Moby Dick,' which are as rich with gems of thought and description as the night sky is with stars, would a man like that mate on the quarter-deck be able to form?"

Mr. Russell was surely a sailor, a practical sailor, but his many land readers are drawn toward his novels not by accuracy or detail of seaman'ship, but by the rush of the story. Robert Louis Stevenson was sorely vexed by Victor Hugo's description in "L'Homme qui rit" of the sinking of the boat. The boat could not have gone down as Hugo said it did; hence Stevenson's anger. But the average reader accepts Hugo as though the narrator had been an eyewitness; if the boat actually did not sink in that manner, it should have done so. Essays have been written on Shakespeare's accuracy in the rise of sea-terrors as shown in the storm scene of "The Tempest"; but who cares when reading Gonzalo's description of the boatswain—"I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows"—whether the boatswain's orders are technically correct?

However, there are few nautical technicalities in "The Captain's Wife," which is a yarn of extravagant adventure, with relieving reflections on the present condition of sailors in the merchant service of Great Britain, comments on the mistaken policy of that government and mourning for the good old days when steam was not master of the sea. Phyllis, the daughter of a rich, stern, brutal father, is turned from her home because she announces at the breakfast table her marriage to Capt. Mostyn, handsome and poor. She should have made her confession after dinner. No man, father, uncle, or son, wishes to hear disagreeable news at breakfast. The captain is sent by an insurance company in command of a ship to recover gold from a foundered vessel near Staten Island, the island near the Horn. Phyllis smuggles herself aboard, and there meets strange company. The diver, the steward, the sailors are her friends, but the first mate is a desperate villain, and Mr. Benson, who represents the insurance company, is worse than any of Mr. Sutton Vane's bad men with a staccato laugh. Mr. Benson talks about John Stuart Mill and Bentham; he has luxurious and suspicious black whiskers; he falls madly in love with Phyllis, but he is folled in his hellish purpose and cuts his throat soon after they all leave the island. There is a stirring description of an American clipper under full sail; some of the remarks of Mr. Dipp, the diver, are amusing; the comments on the treatment of sailors and merchant captains of today are suggestive. The dialogue between Phyllis and her husband often reminds one of a collection of "elegant extracts," and Phyllis is as stilted in speech as any heroine of James Fenimore Cooper. The story is not one of Mr. Russell's best, yet it has go, and we confess that we read it through at one sitting.

The late B. J. Farjeon was a hard worker. It was stated some time ago that he kept five typewriters busy at his house at Hampstead; that he often sat down to his desk at 10 A. M. and did not rise from it until 3:30 A. M., while he lived on soup and tobacco; and that on his holidays he was never without two typewriters. Yet he lived to be 70 years old.

Mr. Hutchinson announces in the Academy that he has in his possession several "tobacco verses" by W. E. Henley. One of the poems is as follows:

INTER SODALES.
Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,
And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hastens, a very spendthrift, to disburse
The coins new minted of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation
Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse
The sweet old farce of mutual admiration
Over a pipe.

Heard in this hour's delicious divagation,
How soft the song! the epigram how terse!
With what a genius for administration
We rearrange the rambling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration,
Over a pipe.

Dr. Regnault of Paris wishes to save the time of readers and with philanthropic intent proposes a series of simplifications. Thus, if a man writes an article on tuberculosis, he may refer to it in full the first time and afterward mention it as "t." He also proposes that the striking ideas of an essay should be printed in larger type to make them prominent.

Mr. George R. Sims gives the following list of the latest Parisianisms:

To enjoy oneself.....Avoir un Heep Murrah
The parting.....Le Goby
The breakfast.....Le Baconeggs
The promenade.....Le Goyak
The sergeant de ville.....Le Bobbymans

The greeting.....Le Howdydo
Ditto.....Le Shaykams
A married woman.....Une Meeskes
The end of the performance.....Le Godsava

After all, the new Methuen edition of Dumas, the elder, will not be complete, for the publishers have decided to omit any books which "are not agreeable to English or American taste." A few of Dumas' novels may be dull—and there are very few—but we remember none that would shock any one save the prurient prude. The feast prepared by

this famous cook was sumptuous, lavish, wholesome.

Roland E. Prothero, in his book, "The Psalms in Human Life and History" (John Murray), treats, as might be inferred, of the Hebrew lyrics in their relation to human life, and he was thus anticipated, in a measure, by C. L. Marsden in "The Psalms at Work."

Essays by the late bishop of Southampton, the Hon. A. T. Lyttelton, on Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Clough, Swinburne, James Thomson and George Eliot, will be published this fall by John Murray.

The Macmillan Company has started "The Jewish Worthies" series with a volume on Maimonides by D. Yellin and I. Abrahams.

Maurice Muret gives an account of the education of the King of Italy. As prince he was made by his preceptor, Col. Oslo, to begin work at 6 on a cold bath and a cup of bouillon. If he were late he went without the bouillon, but not the bath. The prince in consequence of this regime was afflicted constantly with colds in the head, which he was taught to disregard, "for if Italy were to be invaded, it would never do for the heir to the throne to be found doctoring a cold in the head." He was taught English, French and German, until he could speak all three as well as his native tongue. Latin, which Queen Margherita learned along with him, mathematics, in which he distinguished himself, but no Greek. "This, with a daily riding lesson and the preparation necessary for his examinations in the different grades of the army through which he passed, took up all his time, and left him little leisure for the gentler arts." Yet he read some poetry, and now he admires Dante, but not Ariosto, for his sole defect, according to Mr. Muret, is a lack of imagination. The prince travelled much, after his grand tour he produced a diary, in which he refused to say anything about the present state of Italy and Samarcand, "because if he described them as they were, it would be offensive to some of Italy's allies, while if he described them as they were not, it would be offensive to his own respect for truth." Perhaps it was for this reason that the diary was never published.

Ernest Charles says that the number of persons who write about their travels is increasing beyond all bounds. After reviewing Pierre Loti's book of "India, Le Roux's 'Choses et Gens d'Abyssinie,' and Jules Bois' 'Visions de l'Inde,' he prays that these examples may encourage more Frenchmen to travel, and may dissuade them from describing in print their adventures.

A selection including the Belfast Address is published by Watts & Co. as one of the Sixpenny Reprints of the Rationalist Press Association. Mrs. Tyndall contributes a short biographical sketch of the author. The publishers have decided to include Darwin's "Origin of Species" in the series, so that it too may be purchased for 4½d. at the discount booksellers.

We mentioned the other day the publication by O'Donoghue & Co. (Dublin) of the first of two volumes of the centenary edition of James Clarence Mangan's writings. This volume contains the poems, some of which have never before been collected, a new portrait, and the introduction by John Mitchell to the American edition. The second volume will contain the prose writings, stories, essays, sketches, with introduction and notes by Mr. O'Donoghue. The prose of Mangan, so far as we know it, is of comparatively little worth. A volume, "Essays in Prose and Verse," edited by P. Meehan, was published in Dublin by James Duffy & Sons (1884). The "Fragment of an Unfinished Autobiography" is found in "The Poets and Poetry of Munster," with poetical translations by the late James Clarence Mangan, which collection reached at least a fourth edition. Some pages of this autobiography are said to be purely imaginary, and when this charge was made against Mangan, he said he had dreamt. It appears that Mangan, like Bishop Berkeley, was a staunch believer in the virtue of water, and his recipe with curious remarks is in the "Essays," to which reference is made above. Some of these prose essays, by the way, were first published as far back as 1834-5, in the Satirist and Comet, publications which indulged in "gross personalities and rivalry, that would have provoked the jealousy of a Piron or a Rabelais." Mangan also contributed to the Dublin Penny Journal, the Irish Penny Journal, the University Magazine, and the Nation of '47 and '48.

Von Pluget-Hartling's "Wellington" is favorable to the Iron Duke. The author rebukes former German writers for saying that Wellington should have gone to Blucher's assistance at Liévy, for Blucher could have refused battle, and he did not accept it by Wellington's advice, nor did he depend on any promise. Furthermore, Wellington could not spare aid. The author blames Blucher for loitering on the road between Liévy and Ligny, and says he would have been court-martialed had it not been for his bravery a few days later. The book reveals the important part played in the campaign by the secret service of the allies. Fouché kept Louis XVIII. regularly informed of Napoleon's plans, and the information was passed quickly to Wellington's headquarters. Gen. Maison, Marshal Berthier and some one in Gen. Bertrand's household were the chief traitors.

The Standard (London) says that Mr. Lennox's biography of his friend,

George Douglas Brown, the author of "The House of the Green Shirts," a book which was not in the least required. "There is amazingly little interest in the meagre facts." Brown did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and he seems to have letted little down. The incidents of his short and shadowed career are common to hundreds of young fellows of brains who settle down in mean streets with an inkpot and a ream of foolscap to dream of fame and the conquest of the town. The only difference is that Douglas Brown "arrived," and then died as life grew full of promise. Not even Mr. Andrew Lang—who, on the strength

of a chance encounter, has written a introduction to the volume—can tell us more.

The Rev. John Pickford of Woodbridge, England, calls attention to drawing made at great expense by T. Blight, of every place which Shakespeare is known to have visited. These drawings were made to illustrate Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare." Mr. Pickford says: "When I last heard of the collection I was moulding away in a repository in Chancery Lane. Will none of our wealthy Americans cousins invest in it purchase before it is too late?"

Aug 15 1903 STEVENSON AT HEART WAS A TRUE BOHEMIAN

Faith of Author Discussed by
the Rev. John Kelman.

His Hopefulness, "the Duty of Joy," Was an Exposition of the True Aspect of Christianity—Both an Actor and a Preacher, He Was a Message to His Times.

The title of the Rev. John Kelman's book, "The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson" (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto) might well dissuade one from reading what the Edinburgh preacher has to say about his more famous colleague, for Stevenson was always more or less of a preacher. Why read Kelman about Stevenson when one can read or reread Stevenson himself? Yet this is an age when many find more pleasure in the commentators than in the one commented upon. They are thus directed in their critical opinions; they are warned or encouraged; and after they have read the author himself they know what to say about him, and sometimes they have much to say when they have not read him.

The Rev. John Kelman, pastor of the Free North Church, is well known and highly esteemed in Edinburgh, and he has been called "the legitimate successor to Prof. Drummond," a doubtful compliment. "His fame has crossed the Atlantic, and no speaker at Northfield has been more appreciated in recent years." He is described as a man of "wide and sympathetic culture, an earnest religious sympathy, and a personality of decided magnetic power." He was not personally acquainted with Stevenson. He saw him in Edinburgh, but never spoke to him. Yet he did not write about him as though he were an outsider. "Like him, I spent the summer days of my boyhood among the ship at Leith. I knew all about 'Id, plain and d. colored. And I, too, bore a lantern at my belt. These memories alone, to say nothing of the student days in the old quadrangle, are enough to establish an intimacy of some sort. 'Ego in Arcadia vixi.' And he feels a debt of gratitude toward Stevenson's heavy that he had all he could do to restrain the book from becoming a more notorious pænegric—a kind of appreciation which he would have despised, and a kind of book which has less than a value."

Mr. Kelman insists that Stevenson had a message to his times; that his faith is to be taken seriously; that he felt himself advocating this, against a considerable body of common opinion, and that is one reason why so much of the book is written in his own words and why certain sayings of his have been repeated in it so often. And this is one of the reasons why this exposition of Stevenson's faith fills nearly 300 pages of good size. The true Stevenson is always garrulous, even when he is not violent in speech.

According to Mr. Kelman, there is much "unconscious Christianity" in the air in the present time. "There are strong men whom God has girded though they have not known him, and quiet men who do not seem to be following Christ, and yet unquestionably are casting out devils." These are the men who will appreciate Stevenson's faith, its unconventionality, its freedom from dogmatic expression.

Stevenson was impatient with the sectarian side of Scottish church life, and he used to sneer at the conventional respectabilities of ordinary types of religion. Yet he was the friend of good missionaries and humble worshipper, and he held that all free-thinkers "are under the influence of superstition." His character was complex; he was something more than an optimist or a pessimist. His faith was credulous, his religion was one of character as well as sentiment. This sentiment should not be confounded with sentimentalism for Stevenson neither gushed nor splurged. His sentiment appears in the spirituality which so characterizes his work. He had the instinctive sense of God. And with him "there is no sense

that of his own life. As a result of this, he felt every day of his life had a greater interest for him than that interest is still centered on the little rough and tumble world in which our fortunes are cast for the moment. I cannot transfer my interests, not even my religious interests, to any different sphere."

Nor does Mr. Kelman think that Stevenson's religion was a late phase, developed almost wholly in the years at Samoa. If he went to church in his later years, did he not at an earlier period in the Adirondacks find help and comfort in the sermons of Robertson of Brighton? These conventional facts—his family worship, the prayers he wrote, his service as a Sunday school teacher—are outward, extremely conventional facts, "inadequate, beneath contempt as final tests of a man's religious life," but they are significant in the life of so unconventional a man. From scepticism in his youth he met with a deeper scepticism, the distrust of scepticism. There was a great change of campaign when he was still young. "The life of Goethe," he says, "affected me; so did that of Balzac; and some very noble remarks by the latter in a pretty bad book, 'Cousine Bette,' I dare say I could trace some other influences in the change. All I mean is I was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personal to do with the matter. I came about like a well handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God."

The world was crowded with phenomena that interested Stevenson, but the most interesting was the being that was interested by the phenomena. Mr. Kelman suggests that Montaigne influenced him in his views, and the expression of them in the first person singular. We believe that Sir Thomas Browne and Walt Whitman were also instrumental in shaping his expression. Stevenson delighted in revelations of self; he impressed himself on his readers by the recurrence of favorite figures and ideas, by the snatches of verse that recur, by the personal reminiscences. There was a time when he was undoubtedly affected and egotistic, as when in Edinburgh he delighted in sitting in a drawing room in his shirt sleeves that attention might be centred on him. His sense of humor saved him; for he was conscious of his vanity, and more than once he joked about it. In his books he was never weary of discussing himself, his likes, his prejudices, his opinions, but the reader listens greedily and is no more vexed than when he listens in like manner to Montaigne, or Pepys, or Casanova, or Hazlitt.

This strong sense of personal identity, Mr. Kelman takes to be the philosophical counterpart to what the religious man calls a sense of the value of the soul; and here again we are reminded of Whitman's repeated declaration that he soul and body are one. The spirituality of Stevenson, clear and lofty as it was, was always reached through sense.

Stevenson was both an actor and a reader. He dearly loved to be picturesque in his life and in his books. He constantly struck attitudes. Were his expressions of religious feeling mere ostentations? "Pretending" was his favorite amusement as a boy. This theatrical element in his thought and life, his straining after effect is revealed even in his prayers by some fantastic touch. The repentance of some of his soundrels is, first of all, picturesque. But a man always expresses religion in his own particular terms and style. There is a sting in all human life. Stevenson became "identified with the parts he had chosen to play, and became transfigured by his work. The religious part was that which he most deliberately adopted. More and more naturally he fell into it until he was indistinguishable from it, and it became the natural expression of his truest self." Stevenson was a born preacher, and the preacher, as well as the actor, is bound to keep his audience in mind and aim at effectiveness.

Mr. Kelman reviews at some length the ancestry and the childhood of Stevenson, and shows their influence on his later life. His youthfulness was in a way perpetual. He was always thinking about toys and games. When he was over 30 he played with tin soldiers, building-bricks, and paint boxes. At the age of 38 he composed music for his favorite instrument, the tin whistle. His early years were full of devotional thought, and his childlikeness of spirit continued to the end. Now the "Childhood of the Kingdom" does not mean renunciation of intellect. "It means something far more human and more beautiful. It means wonder, and humility and responsiveness—the straight line of childhood past conventionalities, the simplicity of a mind open to any truth, and a heart with love alive in it."

In the examination of the books that helped Stevenson, Mr. Kelman has much to say about the influence of Scottish literature, of such books as Millings' quaint and grim "Antiquities of Scotland." The influence of the overhauling history was profound. His books are strewn with quotations and allusions. Furthermore, William Penn's "Fruits of Solitude" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" entered into his blood. The latter was the book in all English literature he knew best and to which he made the most frequent allusions. And he was literally steeped in the thought and sentiment of the Bible. A long chapter is devoted to "revolt at originality." Stevenson was at heart the true Bohemian, "who lives wholly to himself, does what he wishes, and not what is thought proper." He had a tendency to revert to the elementary and the savage. Conventional morality irritated him, and he was tentatively defiant toward certain matters in the accepted code. His originality was something more than responsible reception of thoughts which came to him as out of nowhere;

he insisted on judgment, all such matters for himself and using them his own way. It was something more than an eagerness for change.

Stevenson's gift of vision was remarkable. He himself said that three-fifths of him was artist and two-fifths adventurer. His vision was exact and intense, and the intensity was sometimes brutality in description. It is illustrated "by his delight in color and still in literary manipulation." He had a physical love of light. He found surprising possibilities in lamplight, candle light, lighthouses. This gift of vision was developed spiritually in imagination and insight. He had a marvellous faculty for the association of ideas. He set no bounds to the freedom of vision, and he delighted in the ghastly, the horrible, spectres and apparitions. This vision was extended till it pierced the recesses of the human heart. And this vision included God, for "every unprejudiced man who looks searchingly and steadily at life shall sooner or later see God."

"The instinct of travel, like the gift of vision, is an element in human nature which may be traced up from the physical to the moral and spiritual regions of life." Stevenson, always a complex character, viewed life both as a spectacle and a campaign, as an artist and a laborer. Many were his moods; now the practical was subordinated to the spectacular, and now the spectacular to the practical, when Stevenson no longer travelled in order to see, but saw in order to travel. The instinct of travelling was strong, as was his love of maps. He always felt the width of the world; he was nomadic, and he held it to be the natural state. Hence the demand for immediacy. The lapse of time is hardly noticed in his novel. This immediacy developed interest in war, and more than this enthusiasm for vitality.

The message Stevenson learned and delivered was sympathy and appreciation. Many-sided, he was catholic, and he was thus enabled to detect "the one-sidedness of much popular morality," to perceive the relativity of morals, to be alive to the change and development in moral ideas during the passing of the years, to fall back on certain general guiding principles, "the spirit of magnanimity and the spirit of harmony." He set special value on the virtue of fairness in judgment and was honest enough to confess that he never found it easy to be just. He valued the casual acquaintance with a fellow-mortal, yet friendship was not with him a light matter. He knew how to put himself in another's place. "Stevenson's love for his fellows is never shown so keen and strong as in those cases where there is nothing to be gained by it in the way of service or intellectual return—nothing but such return of gratitude and affection as only love prizes." This love was not content with attitude; it passed over into deeds.

A sick man, manliness for him was primarily strength. He had little sympathy with weakness as an excuse for failure. He was in a large measure a fatalist with an imagination, and destiny was to him a tonic. His fatalism was built on a superb courage. Like Marcel Schwab—and they admired each other—he recognized dual personality found in so many strong beings, the double nature that furnishes difficulties in morals. His moral earnestness was great. He hated cynicism "as an acute and disastrous form of morbidity." No prude, he was singularly pure in his writings. Perhaps he did not go so far as Emerson or Whitman in his acceptance of sin as of indispensable use, but we find him asserting: "To any but the brutish man his sins are the beginnings of wisdom."

His message was "the duty of joy, the ethical value of happiness," which take the place of honor and precedence. "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties." "If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong." Noble disappointment, noble self-denial, are not to be admired, not even to be pardoned, if they bring bitterness." His gaiety was daring, as Mr. Chesterton well says. "The supreme and splendid characteristic of Stevenson was his levity; and his levity was the flower of 100 grave philosophers. The strong man is always light; the weak man is always heavy." His was no surface optimism, and later he rejected his optimism, or hope—he used the terms as synonyms—for faith. Thus he served valiantly his own times by sounding the note of health and gladness, and he may be taken as the chief representative of the healthful and bright spirit of Hellenism. "As an exhaustive, or even an adequate, account of Christianity, the faith of Robert Louis Stevenson is very far from complete; but that is not to say that it may not have an immense value as the exposition of a true aspect of Christianity to its generation. For each particular age there is one set of Christian thoughts and principles, which is more valuable than any other."

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He author of "Religio Medici" names as the first circumstance that might persuade the world he had no religion "the general scandal" of his profession. Physicians, he admitted, were popularly accused of atheism. Other professions or callings have been charged proverbially with some inherent fault or vice. Cobblers have been characterized as seditious as well as atheistic; tinkers as necessarily rascals; lawyers as monsters of greed, etc., etc. Proverbs often grow musty or they become unintelligible on account of the disappearance of the beliefs or the material things that gave birth to the proverb. Even when proverbs hold their full force, they are often tiresome, whether they are found among South

EVIL NAME OF THE MUSICIANS.



CHARLOTTE WIEHE.

African tribes and are collected and annotated by a Sir Richard F. Burton, or fall from the lips of Sancho Panza, who

and at the same time unreasonable fable than that of the ant and the grasshopper? And many fables are merely proverbs expanded.

is immortal in spite of his proverbial sayings. The proverb is generally the triumphant boast of the narrow and worldly wise. The proverb monger is hopelessly commonplace, material. Jonas in the Rollo books should have always a proverb on his tongue. Look over the collections in the various languages; would not any boy who took diligent heed and applied these proverbs to his daily life turn out a prig, if not mean, selfish, hard-hearted? When there is wit, it is almost always at the expense of the poor, the unfortunate, the weak. Was there ever a more cruel

The musician, singer, player or composer has been for centuries reproached for vagabond days and dissolute life. If the art of music was encouraged among the Greeks, the musician was generally held to be a loose person. Did Jesus, the son of Sirach Eleazer of Jerusalem, in his "wisdom," otherwise known as "Ecclesiasticus," name "such as sought out musical tunes" among the famous men to be praised? Did he say: "And hinder not music; pour not out talk where there is a performance of music, and display not wisdom out of season? Did he write As a signet of carbuncle In a setting of gold, So is a concert of music in a banquet of wine; As a signet of emerald In a work of gold, So is a strain of music with pleasant wine.

He also warned the young man not to use the company of a singing woman, "lest haply thou be caught by her attempts." We have quoted this saw before. The quotation is for daily use.

The musician, according to the old moralists and framers of proverbs, was first of all a drunkard. Even in "Ecclesiasticus" the praise of music includes the accompanying grace of wine. "Cantorres amant humores" was the old Latin saying. The burghers who met at Grandgousier's feast cried out: "Let us sing, let us drink and tune up our roundelays!" Moliere's Frontin ordered 100 bottles of Surenne, for there were eight musicians and nine singers in the party. In Regnard's "Serenade" opera singers are described as "wretched acquaintances; they take you into the tavern and you always pay the bill."

Listen to some of the proverbs: "It is the key of the cellar that tunes the voice."

"A raging thirst does not make a man sing alto."

"The cock crows best when his throat is wet."

"He drinks like a flute player." There are endless variations on this theme: For "flute player" substitute "fiddler," "bellringer," "trombone player," "organist," etc. There was a tradition that flute players were specially endowed by nature with thirst, just as it was long believed that obolists necessarily went mad. Flute players, both male and female, from the earliest days, were held in particular disrepute. "To drink like a musician."

"A young man with a good voice was asked to join a parish choir. 'No,' he answered: 'I am already too much disposed toward drink.'"

"When the bagpipe is full it sounds the best."

"After drinking, you wish to sing; after singing you wish to drink. He that does not love song and the bottle is a hideous monster without tongue and ears."

"Intone" or "sing a mass" was a euphemism for "soaking."

In the time of Plautus. "vivere musice," to live like a musician was to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and to fare "sumbustiously" every day; but the times have changed since Plautus wrote, and he borrowed his comparison from the Greeks.

Glarean, the ologist, musician, theorist, poet laureate, the friend of Erasmus, admitted frankly that he lived like a court musician: "I eat and drink well, and I owe every one."

Hearken unto the advice of Annibal Gantez to a young musician of the 17th century, who purposed a concert tour: "Drink sometimes with your comrades; for as you catch fish with a hook, so you gain a musician's friendship with a full glass. * * * Beware, however, of acquiring the reputation that many singers enjoy, subjects to wine; although one may say that all musicians are drunkards, remember that all drunkards are not therefore musicians."

There is no dearth of illustrious examples. Look over the annals of the Paris Opera.

There was Desmatsin, who in her time sang many parts, from that of Venus to that of Iphigenia. In her younger and more honest days, she was a kitchen maid, but when she dazzled as a star, she was served at table by domestics on their knees. Immoderate eating and drinking fattened her. She applied the remedy of vinegar and lost her voice. She grew fatter and fatter, until she sought the aid of a heroic cathartic; a surgeon cut her open and removed nine pounds of fat. She ordered a sumptuous feast in celebration, and what the surgeon had cunningly carved out was the dish of honor, and it was eaten by the gallants with toasts and clinking of glasses.

There was Le Pelissier, the Imperial beauty, whose excesses were so outrageous that even Castil-Blaze, the curious, prying chronicler, hid his face at the mere recollection. She never ate peas when they cost less than 1.60 a plate.

Operatic managers of the 17th and 18th centuries gave their singers strong doses of coffee so that the interpretations of mythological and legendary characters might be heroic, and not grotesque and titubating figures. Dumenil, for instance, as Atys, Phacton, or Amadis, rose to a sublime height by drinking six bottles of champagne during a performance. In private life, poor, sorry thing, once beaten soundly by his colleague Mlle. de Maupin, who in male dress, took from him watch and snuff box in the street, he always appeared in the last act as a glorified demi-god or god of song.

Then there was Marie Laguerre, another glory of the Opera, who worked so zealously in the vineyard of Noah that she was known as Iphigenia in Champagne. Her life became so riotous that she was imprisoned. After her release she became abstemious, and drank only 13 glasses of her favorite wine at dinner. She died at the age of 28, a melancholy example; and hers were the wages of sin—£800,000 in cash, £40,000 a year in investments, two houses and a great store of jewelry.

The great Garcia's preferred gargle was Tintilla di Rosa. He played the count disguised as a drunken officer in "The Barber of Seville" in realistic fashion, and one night as Othello in his ups he nearly strangled Maria, his daughter, the Desdemona. She contented herself with sadles dipped in Madeira; she also drank half and half.

Nor were these isolated, splendid examples of insolent dissoluteness, nor was such drunkenness known only in opera houses of Paris. Read the memoirs of the 18th and 19th centuries, or the books of operatic gossip published in France or England or Germany. We find Pidansat de Mairobert in his "L'Espion Anglois" (1777-1784) describing the Paris Opera as "essentially a school of gallantry and luxury, which

contains only vile persons, dishonored men and abandoned women, furnished incessantly by corruption and debauch, the asylum of all the vices and everything that is shameful." Is the picture drawn by Caroline Bauer of operatic life in Germany during the earlier half or middle years of the 19th century, a much more agreeable one? Whether you read Casanova or Grimm and Diderot, whether you look over the "curious" literature of England or Germany, the musician, male or female, is too often a shameful, shameless figure. Read the biographical notes of appalling frankness concerning the singers in Brussels during the season of 1705-06, published in Isard's monumental work, "Le Theatre de la Monnaie." Were such men and women physically able to sing when they were on the stage?

We have spoken in preceding articles of the reckless, squalid, miserable lives led by so many virtuosos, composers, orchestral players. The story of Don Emanuel Barbella, violinist and composer, whom J. G. Naumann knew at Naples, might easily be paralleled ad infinitum. "Not before his 60th year," says Naumann, "did this man have a dwelling place of his own. He never worked, slept in the rooms of adventures or in public squares, and he did not attempt to conceal his stunted physique beyond remedy, and yet he professed the greatest reverence for the Virgin, who, as he claimed, had rescued him by descending from heaven when he was in danger of assassination. In gratitude he took a solemn oath never to wear any colors but blue and black. An expert fencer, he fought nightly in the streets. When the fit of composition came upon him he hurried to his nearest acquaintance, even though a tavern girl. There would he borrow pen, ink, paper—for he owned nothing—and he dashed off his sonatas." Nor can we go further with Naumann in his description, for this is a prudish age. One might naturally infer that Don Emanuel Barbella was a man of "temperament," but Dr. Burney heard him fiddle and recorded the fact that he induced sleep. There were hundreds of such vagabond musicians.

Nor were organists and choir-masters free from reproach. The old music dictionaries of biography contain many unfavorable paragraphs, and sobriety is mentioned as one of the desirable virtues of an organist in more than one German book on church music.

It should be remembered, however, that in the years when opera singers and other musicians were said to be most dissolute, the highest society was corrupt. The stories told by Edmond de Goncourt about certain sopranos of the Opera at Paris in the 18th century, and they are doubtless true—are no worse than those that might be told of the noble dames who favored Gluck or espoused the cause of Piccini. The compilers of scandalous memoirs were by no means especially prejudiced against the singers; they recorded faithfully, with picturesque malice, the naughty deeds of persons on or off the stage. The singers and musicians were in many cities the servants of a court; they were considered as subordinates, and the women were so many animals to be pursued in the chase. The position of play-actors and play-actresses was no better, the world over. For years these stage-people were expected to be irregular, dissolute, lawless.

The memoirs of English playwrights or play-actors, even in the first half of the 19th century, reveal the shabbiness, the looseness, the miseries of the actor's life. And what, pray, was fashionable life during the regency or during the reign of George the Fourth? There were exceptions here and there. There were singers, violinists, orchestral players who were modest, simple men; and some were persons of natural refinement. There were some women who moved with pure dignity as the lady in the presence of Comus and his swinish rabble.

The Opera at Paris was set on a proud eminence of immortality, and if we wonder how the singers of that institution in the 18th century could control their voices after vinous excesses, the answer is that, according to the testimony of foreign visiting judges, and of some Parisian critics, who preferred Italian music and Italian singers, the vocal performance at the Paris Opera was insupportable; there was screeching and there was howling, and there were broken voices. The singer that does not take proper care of his body, that is intemperate in any pleasure, will not long be master of his voice, and the quality of his tones will surely deteriorate. This is a physiological fact, and examples may be seen and recognized today. The abstemious, whether they led clean lives through principle or merely through fear or avarice, often suffered from the general reproach. When you read of the continual triumphs of Italian singers in the various opera houses of Europe for season after season, it is safe to infer that these men and women were not given over to the bottle, and that many of the tales told concerning their debauchery are either false or grossly exaggerated.

The charges made against musicians as a class, and from the beginning, were undoubtedly, as a rule, were strollers, and they were looked on by the respectable as tramps are viewed in our own time. They lived from hand-to-mouth; they were birds-of-passages; jovial or despondent, they were toss-pots. The cement of good or evil fellowship was moistened whenever there was opportunity. Playthings of chance, they in turn were given over to dice and all devices for gambling. The excitement of performance led to excitement of wine and love. Slighted or despised by the staid, they made laws for themselves. Applauded, flattered, what wonder if they thought themselves a special class relieved from the duties and obligations of society, or the exaltation of composition, the disappointment in performance, the gnawing thought of talent un-

recognized or generously scouted—all this led many to the easy revenge of alcoholic self-glorification.

The position of the musician as well as that of the play-actor has been much

bettered during the last 25 years. The virtuoso is no longer looked on as an amusement maker whose home is alternately a garret and a tavern. He is no longer classed among the naturally and inevitably polygamous. He is decorated in Paris or Berlin, and in Boston or New York he is "the guest of honor" at a tea or a reception.

He is taken seriously as an ornament of a lucrative profession. He is asked to give his opinions concerning all things knowable, besides other things. In New York they write sonnets in his honor. In Europe he breaks contracts that he may go to New York, where he will enjoy inestimable privileges.

Morality among musicians is now chiefly an individual matter. Virtuosos have contracted the habit of marrying, even though they may marry often and choose wives or husbands in rapid and perplexing succession. Rich American women at times show their appreciation of art by marrying an artist, and if they do not marry a singer, fiddler or pianist they at least give him delightful hours and place him on a level with a desirable broker, with a corporation lawyer, or with them that have put their trust in steel, copper or sugar—all artists in their way. The singer may be the son of a Polish inn-keeper, or, as a girl, she may have sung in street and cafe; the welcome is none the less hearty and is a proof of the broad democratic spirit that vitalizes the highest society in this country, especially when the prima donna has been honored by the attentions of a prince or even a duke. The visiting virtuosos of all kinds are now seldom given to drink. They cannot drink and keep their engagements. They cannot drink and then sing and play in a manner to satisfy managers and public. The more intelligent have seen much; they have seen cities and men and women; the operatic singers have been trained in stage graces; surely these visitors should be entertaining companions.

The humbler musician now lives more decently. There are drunkards and gamblers among virtuosos, orchestral players, teachers, as there are among shopkeepers, lawyers, retired merchants and genteel idlers. There are eccentric persons, as there are in every walk of life; but the average musician in this country, native or imported, no longer thinks that resemblance to the Wild Man of Borneo stamps unmistakably true genius. With greater opportunity for work, the musician has come to consider work as a habit, and not as a bread-gaining, but disagreeable digression from the pleasing routine of dissipation.

The chief reproach that may be brought today against the musician of high or low degree is the amazing vanity that is revealed—revealed, say, rather, trumpeted—in speech. There are a few singers and players and composers who can talk for perhaps half an hour without reference to their own deeds and accomplishments, but the effort is prodigious, and the very reticence is often suspiciously vainglorious. We say this, and at the same time we remember the definition of a bore: "A bore is a man who keeps talking to you about himself, while you wish all the time to talk about yourself." But these musicians are at first hardly bores, for they amuse by the artless vanity. The prima donna will speak pleasantly of her colleagues, and tell you how happy she is when she encourages them or tells them how certain measures should be phrased, or coaches them in the interpretation of a trying scene. They are all improving, though X. will never have the grand style. Y. should never attempt to sing Mozart's music. Z. has not the temperament for Aida, etc., etc. The heroic tenor may not praise himself, but he pours out his views on vocal art, and he gives funny imitations of other tenors in the parts in which he himself is famous.

We remember well a pianist of rare charm and exquisite distinction who visited Boston some years ago. He was showing a photograph which portrayed him with his master, Liszt. "You will observe," he said, "that I am standing and Liszt is seated. I wished to be at his feet, at his honored feet. 'No,' he answered, 'I am through. I sit. You, my dear pupil, will outstrip me. I am the past; I sit. You are the future; you must stand. Call you such a man a bore? Perish the thought.'"

CHARLOTTE WIEHE.

It is stated that Mr. Charles Frohman will introduce Charlotte Wiehe, the singer, dancer, pantomimist and play actress, to the New York public in October. During her engagement she will appear in "Le Main" and in other plays.

This versatile woman, who is described as a tall, svelte, graceful blonde, "psychology in action," was born at Copenhagen, Aug. 28, 1875, the daughter of an orchestra conductor. As a child she studied for the ballet at the Royal dancing school of that city. She made her debut at the age of 12 as first dancer in a celebrated Danish ballet at the Royal Theatre. When she was 17 years old she left the ballet to sing in operetta, and she took the leading female parts in "Ninotchka," "Lili," "Niniche," "The Mascot," "Hiss Helyet," "The Chimes of Normandy," "The Pique," "La Vie Parisienne," "The Mikado," "La Geisha." Not content with this, she turned comedian and appeared in "Frou Frou," "Musotte" and other plays. Then she busied herself with pantomime, and was seen in "L'Enfant Prodigue," that little masterpiece which was not appreciated here at the Boston Museum, when Pilar-Morin mimed the Prodigal, and Courtes, now dead, gave his marvellous impersonation of the Father. Mme. Wiehe made her debut in Paris at the exposition of 1900 (Theatre des Auteurs Gais) in the mimodrama, "Le Main." She afterward played in "Le Main" at the Capucines, where she was

als. "Le Homme and in "Je ne sais pas." In 1901 she played a comedy, "Vitor Ma," a famous operatic baritone, in the appearance as a comedian without success, and this distinguished actor in operatic stage then failed dismally, acknowledged manfully his mistake, said in an open letter that the experience would aid him materially in his psychological study of the operatic art.

Mme. Wiehe has also played at the Gymnase.

Her husband, Henri Bereny, a Hungarian by birth, violinist and composer, studied with Leonard and Liszt. He has written music for pieces in which his wife acts or sings, and "Le Main" is by him. The story of this mimodrama, which Mme. Wiehe has played throughout Europe, is a simple one. A dancing woman returns home from the theatre, but a thief has entered before her and hidden himself behind a portiere. She practises the steps of a new ballet in front of a looking glass, and suddenly she sees the reflection of the thief's hand. She had locked the door, but she keeps on dancing and finally gets the key and throws it into the street, for she hears the approaching steps of her lover. The thief is about to kill her. She faints and he relents; she is so beautiful. The lover enters the room, and at the wish of the dancer lets the thief go.

NOTES.

Herman Klein's "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London, 1870-1900," will be published this fall.

Adele aus der Ohe, the pianist, will begin her season by playing with the Philharmonic orchestra Oct. 20.

A new "musical comedietta," "Stage Struck," by John Jackson and Sam Richards, was produced at the Bedford London, Aug. 3.

The next season at the Opera Comique, Paris, will begin with Puccini's "Tosca." Herold's "Le Pre aux Cleres" will be revived.

Paderewski's "Solemn Cantata," text by Casimir Tetmajer, will be produced by the Warsaw Philharmonic Society at the beginning of next season.

Miss Borgo, who took the first prize for opera at the Paris Conservatory, has been engaged for the Opera. A man was considered worthy of a prize.

There will be a musical festival at Rumbold Falls, Me., on Aug. 24 and 25. The local chorus will take part, and the solo singers will be Miss Clara Sexton, Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child and Mr. Frederick Martin of Boston.

Stanley Lucas, a well known music publisher of London, and secretary of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain, died at South Hampstead on July 24.

Ben Davies, the tenor, will visit South Africa next year for the first time. His engagements are for about five weeks. "This visit will prevent his making his annual tour in America." Waft his angels!

Leopold Wenzel is writing the music for the ballet to be produced in September at the Empire, London. The subject is bacchanalian, and it is treated "not on classical lines, but in a modern and up-to-date manner."

A new symphonie poem for violin and orchestra, "Life a Dream," by Ott. Neitzel of Cologne, was produced at that city late in July at the last Summer Symphony concert. The music was suggested by Calderon's drama.

Messrs. Kufferath and Solvay have written the libretto for Mozart's "Eurydice" from the Seraglio, which will be produced at the Paris Opera at the same time as D'Indy's "L'Etranger." In former performances at Paris the dialogue has been spoken. The part of Constantine will be sung by Miss Linsay, a young lady born in France from American parents.

Payne Clark, who used to sing English opera in this country, is now member of the Moody-Manners company. The repertory of the week beginning Aug. 24 at Covent Garden will include "Romco and Juliet," "Carmen," "Lohengrin," "Il Trovatore," "Faust," "Tannhauser." The chief singers will be Fanny Moody, Alice Esty, Zella Lussan, Blanche Marchesi, Messrs. Joseph O'Mara, McLennan, Arens, Manners. The chorus will number 100, the orchestra 50.

The programme of the Hereford (England) musical festival, which will begin on Sept. 8, will include extracts from "Israel in Egypt" and "Parsifal," "The Messiah," "Hymn of Praise," Bach "Jesus Sleeps," Wolfgramm's "A Christmas Mystery," Coleridge Taylor's "The Atonement," Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," Parry's "Voces Clamantium." Among the orchestral works are Tschakowsky's symphony No. 5, Brahms symphony No. 1, Mozart's in G minor an interlude from Bantock's "Christus," Cowen's "Indian Rhapsody."

Mr. E. A. Baughan wrote in the Dal News (London) of Miss Ada Sasso who will assist Melba in her concert: "Only such harp playing would have helped to put the elegant instrument in the corner of the drawing room draped and silent, rather sooner the fashion decreed. After hearing Sasso, gentlemen with beautiful arms would have been ashamed to display the mediocre skill as harpists. The young lady from Australia is certainly wonderful; there is nothing she cannot do; she is a Kubelik of the harp; but truth to tell, a little harp goes a very long way. Signora Sasso plays with much musical feeling; her sense of rhythm is keen, the tone she produces is powerful, and her style vivacious and alive."

Our wings? There would I go, and there I'd die.
Then he, as one who some child's thoughts divines:
"That is the world where yesternight you died."
"The Frontier," "Sesostri," "A Picture of My Mother" are also conspicuously admired. Mr. Milfin seldom falls to the level of these lines.
"The plunging, dark-mawed Sea bellows and goes
Like some infuriated buffalo band."

And we are surprised to find in the sonnet to Edwin Booth such a line as "The fine rendition of Shakespearian plays."

Prof. Justin H. Smith of Dartmouth College has undertaken in his "Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec: A Critical Study, together with a Reprint of Arnold's Journal" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London) to trace the route taken by the American invaders of 1775-76 through the Maine woods. No thoroughly prepared history of this invasion of Canada has been published, possibly, as Prof. Smith suggests, on account of the pre-conceived idea that the affair was of little importance, or because the campaigns were apparently a failure, or on account of Arnold's prominence. Prof. Smith examined this neglected field and soon found out that the march of Arnold would have to be studied as if nothing had ever been written about it. "The purpose here is to ascertain facts, not paint a picture, and the foliage of the subject has been ignored."

Arnold's route lay through an unknown region. "Where did the gates of the wilderness open and close upon these daring patriots? What lakes were furrowed by their keels? At what bastion did they storm the granite walls of the Appalachians? How did they surmount the difficulties of the way, and what were the steps of their progress?"

First, there is discussion of some of the early maps of the region. A good deal was known about the Dead River passage into Canada before Arnold made it famous; and, in spite of Botta's declaration that no one had imagined it possible for an army to pass through such dismal solitudes, Prof. Smith shows that as early as 1637 Ibberville proposed to attack Boston by way of the Chaudiere, and that there were other proposals of expeditions against the New Englanders or the Canadians before Arnold took the route. Thus an expedition against Quebec by way of the Chaudiere was proposed in 1775 by Jonathan Brewer, before Arnold or Washington seem to have thought of it.

Several first-hand accounts of Arnold's expedition exist. Although Joseph Henry's is more extended and more readable than the others, Prof. Smith prefers Arnold's own journal, for Henry was only 16 years old when he joined as a rifleman, and his lack of rank prevented him from association with the officers.

Prof. Smith traces the route with the shrewd observation of a backwoodsman, and he often decides vexed questions by ingenious reasoning. His method may be best known by a quotation:
"Seth Adams, who lived on the Kennebec near where Arnold left it, died in 1832 at the age of about 85. He had two sons who used to go to the first of the ponds mentioned in the last chapter to fish. In fact they made a business of fishing. In a single season, it is said, they took 1100 pounds of trout. This means that they went back and forth a good deal, and for years kept the trail pretty well marked. Now, when they began, Arnold's road was distinctly traceable. So people say, and so we can readily believe. They began as boys, and, as we may assume, about 1820, 55 years after the American army was here. It is well known that when evergreen woods are cut down—and as the journals prove, the forests of this region were of evergreens—a growth of hardwood takes their place. This is a fact constantly relied upon by woodsmen in finding old roads and clearings."

"In 1830, there is good reason to suppose that Arnold's road was marked by a line of hardwood trees which could not be mistaken; and it is very natural, in the absence of anything to oppose that theory, to accept the tradition that the Adams boys followed this line—especially as Arnold's road, based on an Indian trail, was doubtless the best route. It is even easier to believe that the path so long travelled by them was the path one finds today, for people soon began to be numerous, and they were very sure to keep the trail alive, since it became the regular route from the Kennebec valley to Dead River. We appear, then, to have a pedigree for the present road."

The volume consists of 438 pages, 257 of which are devoted to Prof. Smith's story, and over 200 to notes in which J. Codman's "Arnold's Expedition to Canada" (1901) is shot at repeatedly, and is evidently regarded by the Dartmouth professor as an easy mark. Arnold's own journal, among the Sparks manuscripts in the library of Harvard University, is here reprinted in full for the first time. The volume, illustrated with 18 maps and plans, and provided with a carefully prepared index, is dedicated to the author's friend, "The Honorable Charles T. Gallagher of Boston, who has found time in the active practice of the law to cultivate letters and art and to serve the public in many positions of trust and honor."

Aug 23, 1903



HEN "The Huguenots" is performed in Boston, with or without an "ideal cast," a ballet appears in the third act, which is the "olio section" of Meyerbeer's opera. The playbill calls attention to this ballet. There is no eager anticipation, except, possibly, in the breast of him that hears

opera for the first time. The well-informed playgoer steals himself for the ordeal; or he may welcome the diversion as an opportunity for evolving business schemes or for indulgence in philosophic meditation. The ballet girls know only a few steps, and these not always perfectly. Their groupings are laborious and stiff, and they are expressionless and without a well defined purpose. The first dancer is not supported, and she herself is seldom conspicuous for grace or daring. She is sometimes personally lithe and attractive; but we remember one at Mechanics' building who seemed as though she were suffering from elephantiasis. And a male dancer appears, who stamps about with an air of authority, spins heavily, and is seldom successful in facing the audience with his arms raised to the gallery at the precise time demanded by rhythm and the chord.

The introduction of a male dancer, by the way, is a survival of the old times, times in which horrible old male dancers existed, "hideous old creatures" to quote Thackeray—"with low dresses and short sleeves, and wreaths of flowers, or hats and feathers round their absurd old wigs, who skipped at the head of the ballet. Let us be thankful that the old apes have almost vanished off the stage, and left it in possession of the beautiful boudoirs of the other sex. Ah, my dear young friends, time will be when these, too, will cease to appear more than mortally beautiful."

Or "Faust" is performed and German maidens in ballet costumes waltz with abandon while the rejuvenated philosopher waits impatiently for the first sight of Marguerite. When Sembrich's company appeared in the opera at the Boston Theatre, this waltz was danced heavily, awkwardly and realistically by the chorus girls. Some in the audience smiled; others applauded the "realism," but the frankest realism is seldom, if ever, effective in play or opera. Marcel Schwob tells us that when Lugne-Poe produced John Ford's old play with the unspeakable title, the heart of an animal was among the properties to represent a human heart which should be brought on pierced with a sword. At rehearsals this genuine heart was hardly noticeable, and the imitation was used at the performance.

The ballet in "The Huguenots," as in "The Prophet," "The Cid" and in any other work composed for the Paris opera, is a traditional digression. There must be a ballet. Thus when "Faust," produced originally at the Theatre Lyrique, was admitted to the repertoire of the Opera, the ballet was introduced in the fourth act, the scene on the Brocken, where Faust and Mephistopheles watch the dancers, and feasters sing a chorus which resembles melodically the "Blue Bells of Scotland." This ballet is an elaborate and the music may be found in one of the latest editions of the opera published in New York, although this act is unfamiliar to American audiences.

The Paris Opera was the home of the ballet as well as the opera. The ballet, whether as a separate entertainment,

with well defined scenario and seductive and brilliant music, or as an action-arresting digression in an opera, maintained in a large measure the popularity of the house. In the 18th and 19th century and for many years in the 19th century the ballet spread the fame of this opera house throughout Europe. The first dancers were world-renowned. The battalions of girls, corymbes, figurantes and others were almost equally famous, and even the cynical Ponsard de Malrobert exclaimed: "In the midst of this circle of nymphs, one thinks himself in Mahomet's paradise, surrounded by divine hours. Not that they are all truly beautiful, if you discuss their faces, but the richness of their ornaments, their elegant coiffure—an art pushed at present to an incredible degree of refinement, correct or make one forget various faults, natural flaws, ugliness, even deformity itself. In a word, the ardor of pleasing, the zeal of seduction among these girls gives so much activity and energy to their taste that the Queen herself does not disdain to call one of them occasionally to her toilette, and to prefer her advice to that of her serving maids and ladies of honor." French composers to this day obey the long established tradition. Wagner introduced his ballet in "Tannhauser" in the first act, and thus antagonized the members of the Jockey Club, to whom an opera was merely a ballet introduced after they had dined heavily. Verdi refused to add a ballet to his "Otello" when it was brought out in Paris, and the rule is broken in the performances at the Opera of "Die Walkure" and "Siegfried."

The French composers of the ultra-modern school are not bound by this tradition, and they prefer to write with a view to the Opera Comique. The Italians, for many years, have not known such a tradition. The whole operatic tendency of the modern operatic school, without reference to the Paris Opera, is to dispense with a ballet, unless a dance or a series of dances enter into the essence of the plot, as, for example, when a ruler is assassinated at a ball, as in Auber's "Gustave III,"

or Verdi's "Masked Ball." The ballet, unless thus indispensable, is regarded as an excrescence, an impertinence, a vain thing.

The history of the solo ballet dancer is an important document to the sociologist, as well as a storehouse of entertaining material to the anecdotalist. What memories are invoked by the mere mention of such names as Vestris, Camargo, Salle Guimard, Heinel, Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Ellsler, Cerito, Grani! Gossip of courts, foyers, boudoirs; stories of rulers captivated, Frederick the Great, Ludwig I., the King of Belgium, just as centuries ago Salome and Ariadne made kings forget wisdom; stories of triumphs,

reckless flirts, pathetic endings. What descriptions have been written, what portraits painted! Philosophers saw and wondered, from Voltaire to Emerson. Yet it is sad reading. Take Marie Taglioni, for instance. Born of an Italian father and a Swedish mother, she was for years, as Cerito, as Ellsler, a dazzling glory of the stage. "Her talent so instinct with simple grace and modesty, her lightness, the suppleness of her attitudes, at once voluptuous and refined, made a sensation; and in the midst of these brilliant successes she remained sweet, simple, reserved." Read of her coolness when she met at the Duc de Morny's her rascal husband, from whom she had been separated for years. The husband stared at her insolently, asked to be introduced, and then said to her: "I think I have met you before." She answered, unruffled, "I fancy, sir, that I had the honor of being presented to you in 1832." It was the year of her marriage. Poor, white-haired, abandoned, she taught dancing and the art of the courtesies, and she died not many years ago in dire distress.

The prizes seemed so great and they were so alluring that many began their stage career as dancers. Lydia Thompson was conspicuous in 1856 as an English dancer who appeared as a "guest" at German opera houses—"Lidia," as they knew her in Germany, the same Lydia that delighted us in "Ixion," "Kenilworth," "Robinson Crusoe," the

never-to-be-forgotten Lydia who left the stage only four years ago. She, bred a dancer, turned to burlesque, and was less known in comedy, just as Adelaide Phillips left the ballet for opera. Read of opera and you will find countless allusions to the ballet, whether you look over Grimm and Diderot, Chorley, Cruttell-Blaze, Lumley, or any other historian or anecdotalist of the operatic stage.

There was a time in this country when the solo dancer was a celebrated personage. Fanny Ellsler triumphed in Boston as well as in the less reserved capitals of Europe. Ballets as entertainments were favored; they preceded a pantomime, or they were shows of longer duration. Many of us remember the rage of "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn" and other spectacles in which the ballet was the chief feature; how there were indignant protests—Olive Logan wrote a peculiarly bitter article; how selectmen and deacons from country towns saw these shows and snatched a fearful joy expectant of showers of fire and brimstone or engulfment of the bottomless pit. Would the public of today relish such entertainments? Would it understand the sensation made in London by the "Pas de Quatre" when Lumley ruled the operatic roast? Bonfanti and Morlacchi were among the last of the dancers in this country who were trained in the legitimate school.

A few followed them, as the charming woman who danced in opera and married a Mapleson. Eccentric dancers came into fashion. The Glodchee company, which awakened a eulogistic article in the Galaxy Magazine, came after the first appearance of the fantastic Majestics in New York, and what was described as a cancan crowded Robinson Hall, a vile resort. Then came skit dancers of high and low degree. Loie Fuller developed her gorgeous color schemes and was honored by imitation.

But no ballet, to speak by the card, has been produced by an operatic manager in Boston since one by Delibes, "Coppelia," was it not?—we are far from books of reference—was brought out by the opera company founded by Mrs. Thurber, and continued for a time by Mr. Locke.

If Mr. Conried should produce "Sylvia" or "Coppelia," or one of the leading Italian ballets at the Boston Theatre next season, would the opera public show any interest in the announcement or the production? It is stated that he has engaged Virna, the leading dancer at the Scala, Milan, for the coming season at the Metropolitan. Will her engagement add one dollar to the receipts or excite the curiosity of a subscriber or frequenter of the gallery? What dancer is called great today? Otero? But she is not a ballet dancer in the old meaning of the word, and she is now eager to sing in operetta. Cleo de Merode? Say rather notorious. Carlotta Zambelli of the Paris Opera? Her reputation is local. There is Dell' Era of the Berlin Opera, and when we saw her over 20 years ago she was a beginner; she, too, is a local celebrity. Beatrice Torri, Emma Sacchini, Charlotte Ixart, Melanie Hirsch—are they known outside of Paris? Did Mauri or Invernizzi ever have an international reputation? Who are the chief dancers at the Empire and the Alhambra, London, or at the Olympia, Paris?

Or what new ballet outlives a short season? Ballet after ballet at the Empire, London, and Mr. Leopold Wenzel has been writing the music for them since 1839. Do you know a single tune by this ingenious Neapolitan? Ballets are produced each season in German and Italian and Russian cities, no doubt in the Scandinavian countries and in Spain, and how long do they keep the stage? What was the fate of "Bacchus,"

the last new ballet produced at the Paris Opera, with music by Alphonse Duvernoy (1902)? The ablest critics found silence, charitable in spite of the scenery, the costumes and the skill of the chief dancers. The scenario was stupid and the music noisy and weak. It is safe to say that no ballet since the Italian "Excelsior" has won international renown.

And Duvernoy's "Bacchus" was produced at the Paris Opera, where the ballet has been carefully nourished for two centuries. Before 1701 the ballet at that institution was in its infancy and could not be compared with that of the court; women did not figure in these operatic ballets until 1681, but as the years went by this form of art was so cultivated that a satirist wrote: "The opera moves only on the legs of dancers." The opera and the ballet were so

allied that with so many on one's feet, one shank put the two bodies in line, or when he imagined his picture of Vanity Fair for Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

It is said that Salle was the first to dance dramatically, emotionally on the operatic stage; that she was instrumental in forming what was afterward known as the ballet d'artion, which in the latter half of the 18th century and in those glorious years of Taglioni, Ellsler and the others who by their art inspired "the violent shudder of beauty" was preferred to any magnificence of mere spectacle. But the dance from the beginning of the years known to humanity was an expression or a symbol. A very old Chinese maxim runs: "A sovereign may be judged by the condition of the dance during his reign."

This art of all arts may boast of an immemorial, august past. All civilizations, extinct or living, have known it. North American Indians, African tribes, Jewish monotheists and all manner of oriental polytheists have esteemed it a worthy and most sacred offering. The dance entered into the majesty and terror of Greek tragedy. Classic dancers mind and sometimes sang a mythological tale, a strange legend, the story of Orestes' murder, the death of Orpheus, Hercules' mad, or Leda and the swan, just as the bayadere of India dances a scene of seduction or passion.

Maurice Emmanuel asserted in a thesis read at the Sorbonne that the fundamental principles of ancient dances and modern dances are identical, and he extended this theory in a voluminous book, in which he analysed the movements of the persons represented on walls and urns and jars, or by marble statues and figures of clay and bronze, and compared them with those of well schooled ballet girls. The ancients, too, knew "the five positions," practised "entrechats," and "prouettes" and the "ronds de jambes," learned painfully the toe drill. And some think that these principles coming down the ages suggest "a natural development of certain faculties of the human organism, submitted to obscure but fixed laws of evolution."

As there was monody in song, so there was monody in the ancient dance, especially when it was mimetic. The divertissement dear to Italian princes of the 16th century and the forerunner of opera was rather danced polyphony, and as melody began to free and assert itself, music, so little at first, then were innovations in the solemn order of court and operatic dances, which had been stately, formal, pompous, suggestive of powdered wigs and full cadences. Luili introduced "quick airs" into these solemn orgies, and Camargo, they say, was the first to cut capers.

It has been said that, while music and dancing were for years as the two wings of a bird, and gestures of bodies and limbs were not to be separated even in thought from sounds of lyres and flutes at last music became complex and self fish through the addition of instruments, through the application of harmonic and melodic methods, while the dance was turned into a foolish acrobatic display. "We now enjoy without restlessness a symphony, but a dance enveloped in absolute silence would seem to us little more than an absurd gesticulation."

Yet only a few weeks ago a French writer, Jean d'Udine, advanced the theory that if an Athenian of the age of Pericles should come to life and hear a symphony concert, he would accustom himself quickly to modern polyphony; enjoy the rhythms, relish a chaconne of Bach, an allegretto of Mozart, a scherzo of Borodin, but he would be infinitely astonished at an audience that would sit quietly and refrain from dancing. "At first thought the idea of dancing symphonies of our classic masters may appear sacrilegious. This is solely because we have lost the aesthetic sense of the dance, or, to speak correctly, civilization has never had this sense. The Greek, with his remembrance of the ancient chorus, would see in the orchestral dynamism of a Beethoven or Berlioz, a Mendelssohn or a Cesar Franck, the natural source of emotions and gestures for a whole people of dancers. And then, M. d'Udine, recalling the fact that the symphony grew out of the suite which was built of dance tunes, no slow now fast, hints that had not the costumes become so ugly at the time when Beethoven developed the symphony to its utmost, audiences would have had "the legitimate desire of not letting this musical force be lost without applying it to the noble and expressive gymnastics of the human body, the harmony of attitudes. So when we saw Loie Fuller for the first time, we regretted that the music which accompanied her colors and movements was not a symphony by Beethoven or Schumann, which her art might thus have illustrated, and when he saw Felix Weingartner, the orchestral conductor, mime the works which he led, he again understood the intimate union of music and the dance."

Is it possible that the glory of the ballet will be restored by Isadora Duncan and her followers and imitators? This American woman, who has danced in a New York hall or on Newport lawn, and has lately excited astonishment and applause in Germany and at the Sarah Bernhard Theatre in Paris, has surely revived the thought of the ancient dance and answered the speculations of such as Marcel Reja and Jean d'Udine. I have quoted the views of the latter. The former finds the dance the highest and most moving form of art, because it does not translate merely a determined moment or an abstract emotion by some conventional intermediary—sounds, speech, etc., but "it translates life itself, palpitating, throbbing. It translates life immediately through fluidity of gesture and eloquence of attitude and passion of movement. To him the movement is the supreme expression and he goes so far as to say that if one shows us a son killing his father, that which moves us is not the gesture of the arm that strikes, not the way in which the knife penetrates or the blood spurts or a other purely physiological detail. A

THE DECAY OF THE BALLET AND SOME FAMOUS DANCERS



FANNY CERRITO.

MARIE TAGLIONI.

LYDIA THOMPSON.



GRISL TAGLIONI. GRAHN CERRITO
PAS DE QUATRE, DANCED AT HER
MAJESTY'S, 1845

again. "For the visual representation of a series of a determined moment, therefore static, there are two things—photography and painting. For the visual representation of a series of movements, a phenomenon in course of evolution, therefore dynamic, there are also two things—the cinematograph and the dance." As a true painting should never resemble a photograph, the dance should never confound itself with the integral reconstitution of movements such as is found in the cinematograph.

Miss Duncan is said to be both Hellenic and romantic in her dancing. She is described as triumphant and hasty with nudily veiled only by a robe of gauze. Her feet are absolutely bare, just as the Grecian mime danced silently a tragic episode, so Miss Duncan launches a picture by Botticelli, or a nocturne, waltz, polonaise, prelude by Chopin. She interprets the picture or the music through the medium of the dance. When she dances a composition by Chopin, she italicizes, says Mr. d'Udine, "with such justice of appreciation, with such happiness of expression of her whole body from tip of toe to finger end, and with such perfect felicity of attitude, the least musical detail, the slightest accent, the most fleeting modulation, that I admit her right to treat this romantic music in the Hellenic spirit. I shall never hear again Chopin's polonaise in A-flat major without seeing in imagination the Maenad with dishevelled hair, half clad in purple, whom we saw the other day, rushing, bow in hand, drunkenness in her heart, in a stage wood, the lyric and savage priestess of the beautiful Dionysos."

Here we are far from the conventional pirouette, the skirt dance, the crochetic dance imported from the dance halls of Paris, or any startling instance of what has been described as the intrepidity of labored indecorum. And how far would a band of such dancers be from the long stiff Kiralfy now swaying slowly one gigantically lumpy kick, now to the left, now to the right.

Nor does Mr. d'Udine object to Miss Duncan's application of plastic and Hellenic sentiment to the Polish romanticism of Chopin's music. "I have believed too firmly and for too many years in the almost absolute subjectivity of our artistic emotions, that any work whatever may suggest to some one sentiments of any nature whatsoever. It is enough that the interpreter of a musical inspiration legitimizes his intelligence of the work which he comments or plays, by the beauty which he disengages from it, for me to bow to his interpretation."

He praises her harmonious and supple movements "which contrast by their breadth and ardent largeness with the initial affectation of our modern choreography." Yet he dislikes the touch of pre-Raphaelitism in her art. "The sickly prettiness of a Botticelli is a precious thing for poor, thin or blessed lamozels; but why should a beautiful creature like Miss Duncan add these Burne-Jonesque graces to her robust rhythm and plastic charms." He speaks of her art as "remarkable, new, powerfully expressive," and he calls upon her to lay aside certain petty distortions which she sometimes affects when in repose, and to content herself with the large and fearless development of her personal style.

Of course there are some who mock Miss Duncan and her art. There is Saharet, "whirlwind high kicker of the world," and it not surprising that she kicks at Isadora. She was at the Theatre Marigny when Miss Duncan was at the Sarah Bernhardt, and she said to a Parisian reporter: "I shall do all I can to please again the Parisians." (Saharet, whose maiden name was Clarisse Campbell, appeared at the Folies-Bergeres in 1898.) "I shall not go so far as to dance with naked feet, or with my body scarcely veiled with transparent gauze, but I hope to be applauded for originality, grace of attitudes, and also for the suppleness and lightness of step." Saharet, who came from Melbourne and made her debut at San Francisco, pleased Uncle Sargey mightily when she was first in Paris. Now, Mrs. Rose, as she is known in private life, delights by her agility. Her turn lasts seven minutes, and she kicks frequently and loosely a foot above her head. With such a development of high art, why should she rail at Isadora? In heavenly minds can such resentment dwell?

Claude Debussy, with his "Pelleas et Melisande," points to a new form of opera. Sarah Bernhardt said a year or so ago that the ideal play should be wedded to music which should constantly italicize, suggest, complete. Alexander Glazounoff, in Russia, insists that the ballet should be the ambition of the composer; that the ballet must be in the future the loftiest and fullest expression in music, above and beyond symphony, symphonic poem, opera or any kind of chamber piece.

What is the most moving moment in Puccini's "Tosca"? Not the torture

scene invented by Sardou, "the Calligula of the drama," with the orchestral groans and shrieks, the hideous courtesy of Scarpia and the agony of the woman. Not the horror of the execution, when the recurring measures grow wilder, more and more ominous, and are at last inexorable. The one thrilling, unforgettable scene is the pantomime of Tosca after she has murdered her amorous foe, when she searches the body, when she lights and places the candles, and then shudders as she leaves the baron to the day-break which he will not see, while the orchestra chants his motive, which is no longer arrogant, no longer cruel, but now is as music over a sealed tomb. The vanity of words and phrases, spoken or sung! As though by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another. The saying of Maeterlinck may yet be applied to stage as well as daily life: "The lips or the tongue may represent the soul, even as a cipher or a number may represent a picture by Memling; but from the moment that we have something to say to each other, we are compelled to hold our peace."

A FAILING OF MUSICIANS.

A correspondent writes apropos of the article, "Evil Name of the Musicians," published in The Herald of last Sunday: "What you say of famous and spoiled singers and players is no doubt true, although you will admit, of course, that there are exceptions. But are your remarks true of the whole race? I have observed at my club that when musicians form a circle they talk exclusively about music. I do not find lawyers or physicians, or even artists always talk-

ing shop. Have you any explanation?"

There are reasons for this gregarious and solitary vanity. The celebrated fiddlers and pianists have studied an instrument from their youth up. They have been obliged or have preferred to live narrow, self-centred lives. Their one thought has been of triumphant personal display. Their associates, masters and fellow-students, thought alike of one thing, the fiddle or the piano. These pupils spent years at grindstone work, and the nose was close to the stone. How great singers have tolled and denied themselves! When all these men and women are public characters they live on public favor. Applause, recalls, the sight of admiring, palpitating women, the praise of the critical and the amateur—these things are as bread and meat. What wonder if these musicians soon prescribe to themselves preposterously? So many lion-hunters are at their heels—and there are hunters who do not see that a lion's mane may be mane—these singers and players may be excused for believing that all members of the outside world are interested chiefly in methods and impersonations and interpretations and the routine of a musician's life. Occasionally there is a Van Dyck, who, educated by the Jesuits, trained for the bar, and busied as a Parisian journalist, is a man of shrewd general observation, a man of pretty, if biting, wit, or a Terzina, who talks with thoughtful enthusiasm about art, not her own art, and shrinks from personal disclosures; or a Rosenthal, who, however proud he may be of his technic, prefers metaphysics and literature as subjects for conversation.

But young men and young women who are still at the beginning of an active musical life are often more contented, more egoistic in speech than are the justly famous. A music festival where they gather to sing or to hear affords an excellent opportunity for the earnest student of sociology, whether they talk in dialogue or indulge in sonorous, interminable solo. The soprano and the alto unroll the list of their engagements, show the newspaper notices of recitals or oratorios in which they took part, repeat the honeyed compliments of conductors, committeemen, orchestral players, leading citizens and citizenesses. The tenor and the bass listen impatiently, sometimes break in, always retaliate in kind. Or a young pianist will tell you that, after hard work, he has at last mastered the secret of the pedals, or that he now has no fear of any octave passage, and this is his answer to your simple and conventional inquiry as to his health. "How are you?" They all, nearly all, insist on talking shop, whether they be in the street, at home, at a funeral, skating, at the club, wherever they breathe and have the gift of speech; and each prefers to talk about the particular shop, which brings individual gain and fame.

The younger and less famous are led to take themselves too seriously by the narrowness of their mental application, by the constant struggle to themselves as more or less spectacular beings. If they were not obsessed with the thought of a career, no career would be possible, and it is hard for them to understand that outsiders are more interested in other problems of life. Why not take their conversation in a philosophic spirit or listen to it as that of children. You hearken unto a man talking about his yacht, or to the hardened golf player describing his afternoon in hideously minute detail. Why should you not be charitable toward these musical egotists? You are not compelled by law to hear them sing or play.

von Donnan's "Variations" (top 4), published by Dobner, Vienna, is highly praised. There are 13 variations, which are modelled on the work in this form by Beethoven and Brahms.

We learn from an advertisement in a German music journal that a harp player of the Cologne orchestra is paid at the highest \$750 a year; a bass trombone player begins with \$336 and a double bass with the like sum.

Carl Reinecke has made transcriptions of ballads and songs by Carl Loewe. The text is added to the 12 pieces in two volumes. It is hard work to listen to "Archibald Douglas" as sung by an earnest baritone. What must it be to hear it played by a formidable pianist?

The London Times, commenting on the statement that concerts as a rule do not pay in that city on account of the average mediocrity of the performers and the performances, and also on account of the exasperating conventionality of the programmes, suggests that there should be a strict system of licenses: "Were the police or the L. C. C. to forbid unlicensed concert-givers, as they forbid unlicensed cab drivers, the meritorious and the deserving would come to their own."

A new "grand" and "romantic" opera in two acts, "Genevieve," book by Howard C. Cleaver, "music specially composed by Prof. E. S. De Rovigo, Grand Prize and Gold Medalist of the Imperial Conservatoire of Paris," was produced at the Fulham Grand Theatre, Aug. 3. No such man ever took a prize at the Paris Conservatory, for his name does not appear in the long list of laureates. Cesar Thomson, the celebrated violinist and teacher, who resigned his position at the Brussels Conservatory on account of the award of prizes to certain violin pupils, went to South America on a concert tour. He began at Montevideo. "The price fixed (and paid) for single seats was \$15."

Sir A. C. Mackenzie said at the distribution of prizes to the students of the Royal Academy of Music, London: "Travel brings great all-round advantages, but there certainly is no need to go abroad merely for the sake of seeking a first-class musical education. Even the opportunities of hearing the best executants and the most advanced music of all nations are probably greater in London than anywhere else, for do not the prophets come to our mountains in larger numbers than ever?" He also said: "Our artistic course has run so evenly and satisfactorily during the year that I am not in a position to startle you with any Strausslike effects, but can only offer another set of variations on the old 'canto fermo' of the academy, which has the happy knack of providing an inexhaustible series of modern harmonies." Walter Macfarren, who had been connected with the academy for 61 years, retired.

Ernest Closson, describing Sousa's six concerts in Brussels, wrote to the Signale de Lelispic: "The band seems to me as a maximum of instrumental technique that is employed in the service of a minimum of interpretative art. These 60 or 70 men play pieces which bristle with difficulties with incomparable accuracy and with a one-man precision of ensemble. There are soloists of the first rank—first of all, Mr. Pryor, the trombonist, who has a fabulous technique. On the other hand, I believe that even our worst town band could try in vain to murder so effectively a melodic phrase, to play it absolutely without expression. . . . Did the public applaud? Immediately a cake walk was struck up. Sousa stands in a correct, elegant position in his dark uniform; he employs a discreet but surprising mimicry; he motions with his hands as though he were whipping his horses, or were skimming soup, or he catches flies with his left hand; and he does all this with the gravity of an English clown." Mr. Closson also wrote: "There was advance puffery in the Barnum manner, and the public went in crowds, curious to hear this legion of honor, of which America is so proud, and which is considered over there to be the embodiment of the national art."

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We publish today curious cuts of singing women, who once had their years of triumph. For them Rossini wove ornamented melodies. One of them, Violante Camporese, sang at the private concerts of Napoleon Bonaparte, and in London was patronized by "persons of the first quality." The anecdotalists speak of their facial and bodily beauty. These women had their loves and their quarrels, their castles and their bitternesses, as do the singing women of the Metropolitan, Covent Garden, the Scala. In these portraits they look as impossible as the grandmothers and the maiden aunts in village photographs of the album period, the period of hair jewelry, the period that may be included in the great black-walnut age.

And so the old photographs of Caroline Richings, Clara Louise Kellogg, Lella Hinkley and the foreign women of the early sixties make us wonder at the thought of their triumphs. Street and house costumes, coiffures grow old, so very old, and O, so quickly, as "epoch making" operas, or any strikingly original musical expression, through the very intensity of their modernity. The woman that braves censure and is painted or photographed as close to a state of

nature as is possible in these days of societies for the protection of private and public morale, and for the promotion of general discomfort, is prudent and wise, not merely or necessarily a shameless thing, a wanton baggage; for the fashion of physical beauty, however it may change in points of detail, is in the essentials constant and a joy forever.

These singing women, whose voices have long been choked by dust, studied and struggled, and knew the nervousness of a first appearance, and suffered from the jealousies and the intrigues that always enter into the practice of the art. They, too, knew the inherent delicacy and the limitations of the organ that made them famous. They, too, had their rules and observances, their regimen, their hygienic superstitions.

And when did singers not take precautions that seemed hypochondriacal to their neighbors, even though they would sometimes rush to the farther boundary of dissipation? The old books name remedies for hoarseness and prescriptions for clearing or strengthening the voice. Pliny mentions plant after plant that is the singer's friend; and one plant not only "grandly serves the voice"—it also "makes a man amiable toward ladies, and also provokes to sleep." No doubt Orpheus, the first to recite, the moving singer who was torn in pieces by the pitying women in the audience—a warning to Mr. Paderewski, the eminent Polish hypnotist—no doubt Orpheus used gargles and douches prepared by a learned leech.

We have spoken before this of the incomparable artistry of Nero, whose memory suffers today from the reproaches of the early Christians, for they held him to be the Antichrist. We have referred to his institution of a claque, to his precautions lest the audience might escape during his performance. Let us now remember the pains he took in the cultivation of his art. His teacher was Terminus, a singer who played his own accompaniment on the harp. "Citharocodrus," who flourished at that time with the highest reputation, and was highly esteemed as a teacher of the first families of Rome, from whichever direction you might have approached the city. Suetonius, prince of chattering gossips, tells the story, and as we have not at hand the brave Englishing of Philemon Holland, we must be content with the perfunctory translation of Alexander Thomson, M. D. "Nor did Nero omit any of those expedients which artists in music adopt for the preservation and improvement of their voices. He would lie upon his back with a sheet of lead upon his breast, clear his stomach and bowels by vomits and clysters, and forbear the eating of fruits or food prejudicial to the voice." All this was the more necessary, for his voice was a thin, piping tenor, a voice contradictory to a Roman Emperor.

"He would forbear the eating of fruits or food prejudicial to the voice." What rules concerning diet have not been laid down for singers! And what have not anxious singers prescribed to themselves!

Josephine Mainvielle-Foder drank freely of milk, and when, during the siege of Hamburg by the French, there was no cow in town, a sortie was made to capture a cow, to keep the animal from hungry mouths it was hoisted from stage machinery into a loft in the attic, where it was cared for tenderly.

Cinti-Damoreau, for whom Auber wrote so much sparkling music, mixed her drinks during a performance—coffee fortified with rum, malaga, and in the last act, pale ale. She was an abstemious person, and so was Dorus-Gras, who lived chiefly on mutton and beans. This reminds us that, according to Isidorus of Seville, the pagans called the singers of the early church "fabarii," or bean eaters. This may account for the interest of so many Bostonians in

Victorine Noeb, better known as Rosine Stulz, a character dear to scandal-mongers of the opera—she had several husbands—among them a baron and a count—was passionately fond of macaroni. It agreed with her, so far as longevity is concerned, for she died the 30th of last July, in her 89th year.

Neukomm and d'Esteire asserted some years ago in the Menestres that Patti, as a young girl, was given over to champagne, and that she once boxed the ears of the Bull because he would not play Ganymede—a story of doubtful authenticity for the extreme care with which Patti has lived is already a tradition. See also a wildly grotesque story told by Schuermann in his "Recollections of Stars" about Patti at Madrid.

Sembranch adds warm water to champagne. But let us confine our gossip to a comparatively remote period, although the diet and manners, and the routine life of musicians are of more interest to many "lovers of music" than vocal art, interpretation by violin or piano, symphony, or opera itself. Tamagno, washing his socks aroused more attention in New York than Tamagno as the smotherer of Desdemona, and there are still persons who awake at night to wonder whether Paderewski wears a wig.

For centuries rules for singers have been laid down by writers of musical treatises. In the extraordinarily rare book by Cerone, the book that dawned as if by stealth at the dawning of the 17th century, are chapters concerning glaring sins of singers—and the chief are intemperance and ingratitude. Cerone advised sopranos and altos, male and female, to put water into their throats, "for pure wine dries the voice and robs it of acuity." Tenors and basses, if they were young, and if it was the spring of the year, were told to soften their wine a little. "For unmixed wine heats the stomach and makes the mouth dry and devoid of sonority." The old singers were allowed full liberty to do as they pleased. It may here be said that a bass singer

has always been supposed to be immune from evil effects of dissipation. Annibal Gantez was epigrammatic in 1643. "Women, apples and nuts injure the voice." Many of the ancients believed that singers should eat lightly. "Almonds, filberts, walnuts, dry the throat." Singers often fasted before performance, and at other times they ate chiefly of vegetables. Yet some of the most distinguished teachers said nothing concerning diet, as Tosti, who thus generalized: "Let the singer shun low and disreputable company, but above all such as abandon themselves to scandalous liberties."

The moderns have set opinions. Look, for example, at that monumental work, "Le Chant," by Lemaire and Lavoix, the hook of judgments pronounced by the court of last resort. As regards food, anything may be eaten that is digested easily. Never drink strong liquors; wine taken in small quantities, grog, and some mild liquors may serve as an excellent tonic; tobacco should be rigorously proscribed if the singer wishes to preserve all the qualities of his voice; snuff irritates the mucous membrane; tobacco smoke attacks the coats of the back of the mouth and affects the pharynx to the injury of the voice.

This question of tobacco is one fiercely discussed. Mario was an incessant smoker, and Charles Santley defies statement and personal example the noble army of professors. Victor Rokitsky of Vienna, in "Ueber Saenger und Singen," not only cries out against the habit of smoking, he insists on the singer keeping away from a smoke-charged room, or "if the singer has not enough will power to resist his passionate craving for tobacco, let him give up the desire only in the open air." Rokitsky as a singer was condemned by Santley, and, indeed, the former is so noisy in his denunciation of the plant, "which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold and philosopher's stones," that one is inclined to suspect him of a secret pipe before breakfast. But listen to Sir Morell Mackenzie: "Let the singer who wishes to keep in the 'perfect way' refrain from inhaling the smoke, and let him take it as an axiom that the man in whom tobacco increases the flow of saliva to any marked degree is not intended by nature to smoke. Let him be strictly moderate in indulgence. The precise limits each man must settle for himself—and he will get all the good effect of the soothing plant without the bane which lurks in it when used to excess." Politic Sir Morell! No wonder that he was knighted!

George Augustus Sala about 11 years ago pried into the habits of singers, and published the results of his observations in his entertaining weekly. He leaned heavily on the shoulder of Mr. Bishenden, whom he described vaguely as "a singer of 19 years' experience." Bishenden, the irresistible baritone, "with such a magnificent voice," but who was Bishenden? He was a man of advice: "Don't take nips of spirits, for they destroy the voice and coating of the throat," and he recommended port, claret or a light Italian wine, to be taken now and then with meals.

Now Dr. Segond, a French physician, who wrote a book on the hygiene of singers, approved the wines of southern France, objected to any beverage charged heavily with alcohol, insisted on the value of meat as more nutritious than vegetables, and recommended dark meat in preference to white.

Stephen de La Madeleine—whose various works should be Englished, for they are full of sound advice and shrewd comment, and they show an intimate knowledge of the voice and its proper use, of phrasing, of characterization, etc.—this accomplished singer and teacher quoted the remark of Bronce, that the voice is the hygrometer of sobriety. De La Madeleine alcohol is the sworn foe of the singer, who should guard strenuously against indulgence in a habit that induces neglect of work and ruin of health. Yet Rokitsky is confident that beer or wine in a small quantity is safer for a singer to take before going on the stage than "nerve-shattering coffee or tea."

One of the latest treatises on the hygiene of singers is "Der Gesangs-arzt," by Dr. George Avellis, a specialist at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. It is based on observations taken in Germany, and is planned with reference to the conditions that control German singers—a hardy race. While any discussion of vocal methods would be foreign to the purpose of this article, it may be worth while to quote certain opinions of Avellis that do not bear directly on personal hygiene.

This Frankfurt doctor speaks of the intense desire of so many Germans to study singing. They come from the cab driver's box and the bench of the mis, from the forests and the shops, from the troops of restaurant waiters and from aristocratic circles. Now should a singing teacher be required to have anatomical, physiological, medical knowledge and skill in the use of the laryngoscope, as some insist? By no means. A well-educated throat specialist must study in preparation for at least five years, and then devote years to study in active practice before he can lay down the law with true authority and how is a singing teacher to find time and money for such a supplementary education? Furthermore, an intimate knowledge of the throat does not make a superior teacher of singing. It is said: Garcia, a vocal teacher, invented the laryngoscope. This invention was of great importance to physicians and their patients, but it was of trifling importance to vocal art. Indeed, before the year of the invention, long before a specialist should be consulted before the pupil begins to take lessons, so that if there be any physical reason for failure or even mediocrity in singing, the pupil may be spared the time and the money wasted, the nervousness, the humiliation and also the possible serious injury to health. Wherever there are music schools, wherever there are singing teachers, there should be not merely throat specialists, but physicians for singers.

We pass over Dr. Avellis' general remarks concerning the misuses of a voice. Yet we quote some of his sayings by the way.

A beginner should not practise over an hour a day. The pupil should sing 5, later 10 minutes, then rest for 10 or 15 minutes, then sing again for 5 or 10 minutes, and so on, and during the pauses the pupil should not talk. Nothing strains the voice so severely as alternate singing and talking. The opera singers of Frankfurt tell Dr. Avellis that the parts in which there is much spoken dialogue are more taxing than those in which there is nothing but singing. Speaking, especially in great rooms, should be learned and practised, and the majority of singers are in this respect far inferior to well trained play actors—"we no longer have orators." Talking is particularly harmful after a trying vocal performance.

Dr. Avellis wars against the use of the corset, although he admits the warfare is vain. What profits it if the Venus of Milo be placed by the side of a corseted dame of fashion for the 100th time, or if the representation of the internal organs of an "anatomical Venus" be compared with that of the displaced and cramped organs of a ballroom beauty. Of course the corseted will not admit that she is corseted. The ordinary corset diminishes the lung power of the singer—here Dr. Avellis goes into figures and emerges to recommend a corset constructed by Mrs. Dr. Gaches-Sarraute of Paris, so that we instinctively turn to the back of the book for a fuller advertisement, and are surprised at its absence. It may here be said that as German singing women are of the bulbous order, they lace tighter than their sisters of France or the United States. Remember the Isolde and the Bruenhildes who have been obliged to see, women to whom the Germania of the brewer is a heavyweight and sings at so many pounds. Mr. James Huneker, in a lively letter from Berlin to the Sun of New York, says that when Mr. Conrad engaged Kraus, the tenor, for New York, he told him that "a few feet off his girth would vastly increase his chances of success in America—after all, we can never become accustomed to casklike architecture in our tenor singers. Kraus promised faithfully to train down several hundred pounds, and he evidently began after his London engagement."

"The singer," says Dr. Avellis, "has nothing but his voice. It is his calling and his future, his art and his purchase. Everything else is idle knowledge or an accessory; artistic intelligence, ear, music, face, beauty, technique, rhetoric, action, etc. And if the singer should declaim with the tongue of an angel, and should not have the voice for singing, all other talents would be as an empty hollow sound." He should, therefore, be miserly with each tone. He should not sing at teas or receptions; he should avoid parties and exacting friendships; he should live with his voice and for it.

The doctor forgets that there is a species of singer, male and female, created and educated expressly for tea and parlor use, although examples of this species may occasionally find their way to the concert stage.

"No one can be a singer and at the same time a society lion."

"It is better to be considered disagreeable and disobliging than to abuse one's voice in a room of wretched acoustic properties, but charged with perfumes or tobacco smoke. Let amateur thus amuse themselves. Nor should the singer, especially if he is a pupil, take part in choral societies and other mass exhibitions of the vocal art."

Nor should the singer engage earnestly in sports. The bicycle should, above all, be shunned. Riding a horse is injurious, but to walk daily is beneficial, as are gymnastics in moderation and some weeks each year should be spent in the woods or by the sea.

The Germans are most amusing when they are profoundly serious, and their are pages in Dr. Avellis' book that may well provoke honest laughter; but let us see what he recommends to the singer.

The singer's room should not be too far from the conservatory or the opera house or the teacher's room, for on many days a bad weather may induce sickness. A singer should have two rooms, and never sleep in the bed chamber, for if he has only one room he should leave it for an hour and not practice until it is thoroughly aired or heated. There should be no dust-collecting curtains, hangings, carpets. The bedroom should never be heated. He should practise, read, study in the morning, but only after he has taken simple gymnastic exercises prescribed by a "doctor of singing." If any one eats in the house where he rooms and is prevented by the weather from outdoor exercise he should not sleep, but should avail himself in chamber gymnastics. At the theatre he should see to it that his dressing room is free from draught. Iron stoves are an abomination. Moderately damp air is excellent for the voice. A singer should not room on the ground floor, or near a stream or pond. Winter's cold is beneficial rather than injurious. There should be either cooling nor smoking in a singer's room.

Singers, as other men and women should take daily baths. What did the German readers say to this prescription of Dr. Avellis? Did they not call him a radical, a revolutionary? Ah, but he adds, for their consolation, that bath should be taken quickly. The body may first be rubbed with alcohol, rough cloth, or eau de cologne. Use a large sponge as possible. The feet should stand on a wooden rest, not the water. If there is not a quick recovery from the shock, practise at once gymnastics. "The bath with the preliminary soaping should not last over

THE HYGIENE OF SINGERS VIEWED IN VARYING LIGHTS.



MARIETTA MARCOLINI.



TERESA BERTINOTTI.



VIOLANTE CAMPORESI.



ROSA MORANDI.

quarter of an hour." It is true that such can be done in 15 minutes. The water should not be very warm in winter, and in summer it should be used as it comes from the pipe. Massage is expensive and not necessary if the singer is healthy. Young women should loosen their collars when they exercise, and the collar should always be as free as possible. Stand-up collars, whether of men, celluloid, paper or enamelled steel such as were popular in New England shortly after the civil war are injurious to both men and women. Fur should be spured. No self-respecting soprano or alto will wear a sealskin neck, especially if she be poor. The teeth should be brushed at night as well as in the morning. In gargling "the superfluous gurgles"—we suppose he refers to the noise that sounds like the escape of water in the bathtub—should be avoided; they injure the quality of the voice. Salt water should be sniffed into the nose only at the recommendation of a doctor of singing. Never wear a chest protector, not even in the coldest weather. "A chest protector is a chest destroyer," whether it be of flannel, newspaper or buckskin. Perfumes hurt the voice.

The singer should eat moderately—because fatness is always to be avoided. So long as the throat is in good condition, the diet may be catholic, but the moment the throat suffers in any way, however slight, the "doctor or singers" should be consulted. Delays are dangerous. These articles of food are positively forbidden: All kinds of nuts, smoked flesh and fish, sausages, highly spiced things, and especially highly peppered; gulyaz, meats cooked with paprika, anchovy paste, herrings, kishan salad, mustard, horseradish, and sauces prepared with these ingredients, pickles, mixed pickles, and all fruits prepared with vinegar. All salads are dangerous, especially in summer but, if they must be eaten, use lemon juice instead of vinegar.

Alcohol in all its pleasantly disguised forms, or in the state dear to Maine villagers, is dangerous to the voice. The more concentrated it is, the more poisonous. Brandy, Chartreuse, Benedictine, Tokay, Malaga, wines of Greece, English ale are the worst of all. Light wines of the country, red or white, mixed with water in the proportion of half and half, are less injurious. That "Pilsener beer is less harmful than Bavarian dark beers is a popular delusion encouraged by the brewers of Pilsen. "As in Germany, the social relations between men are of such a nature that a young man can hardly live without alcoholic drinks, he should at least limit himself as much as possible in the indulgence, and he should keep away from large gatherings and society meetings and students' reunions. The hot alcoholic drinks, as grog, toddy, punch, as well as the long list of new American discoveries in this particular direction, irritate even a hardened throat to an extraordinary degree. "Natural waters" are to be preferred to the manufactured waters. "That they are more healthful than ordinary water is a superstition." Smoking is always bad for the throat, and it is the more injurious the more confirmed the habit. "Cigarettes are by far the worst, especially if the smoke is sucked in and swallowed, after the Russian and oriental custom."

"The hygiene of the singer's nerves deserves a special chapter. Nervousness is to the singer, and above all to the singing woman, as the uniform to the soldier." Therefore, says the learned doctor, the singer should learn to be master of nerves. He says nothing about the "nerve" of the singer—have we used in its tropical sense. Yet there are singers today who suffer from nerve rather than from nerves, and remind one of the refrain of the old song heard in the sixties:

"Oh, hasn't she got the nerve, the nerve,
Oh, hasn't she got the nerve."

It will be observed that both ancients and moderns are determined singers should not eat nuts, and they are inclined to look askew-eyed at fruits. Yet we are told today that nuts and fruits are the natural food of man; that we should be healthier, stronger and more sensitive to spiritual impressions if we gayly left the bed to climb trees and

gather our meals in the branches. We are informed by daring adventurers that dishes composed of nuts, nuts in pancakes, nuts in the shape of cutlets, nuts in all manner of disguises, are among the chief dishes in vegetarian restaurants. If all this be so, what is the singer to do? The Brahmins are a wonderfully impressive race. Think of the two brothers that called on Pierre Loti, two Brahmins of the temple of Odeypour: "Their nobility of race, without cross or mesalliance, went back 2000 or 3000 years; sons and grandsons of dreamers, who since the beginning have held themselves apart from and above our vile humanity; who never have given themselves to intemperance, trade or war; who have never killed, not even the humblest beast; who have never eaten anything that lived. They are of a different and a purer clay; they are almost dematerialized before death, and they possess less clogged and dull senses, capable of perceiving things beyond this transitory life." Such are the vegetarians of vegetarians. But do you know of any famous Brahmin singer, or of any famous vegetarian singer? There is music in the temples of Brahma; gongs that roaring in the holy of holies cause the traveller to shudder without the sacred place; there are trumpets used in the mysterious rites; and Emerson in his master poem speaks of the hymn the Brahmin sings. But are these Brahmins strong in tone production, inimitable in free bravura, masters of bel canto?

We are now told that potatoes are the staff of life, and only yesterday we were told that they were soggy things, as they were considered in the time of Queen Anne, fit only for hogs and convicts. This doctor recommends mutton, another holds up both hands at the thought. Whole wheat bread has its wild-eyed advocates, and there are some who say eat nothing but white bread. Tomatoes are still under discussion. We are advised to take for breakfast only herbs and water; while thousands thrive apparently on beef steak, eggs, coffee, toast or buckwheat cakes and sausages with maple syrup, all on one plate, and their win law cases, or water stock, or do other mighty deeds as though they had contented themselves with some form of chicken food advertised with the utmost ingenuity of hysterical imagination. And there are some who look forward eagerly to the day when the only food in the shape of little pills of enormous potency will be sold by smiling drug clerks with hair pleasingly combed. If there is so much dispute about the diet of men and women, to whom a throat is merely an organ without special distinction, what wonder if singers are perplexed as they read the warring opinions of the learned and the pseudo-learned? Each singer, as each

man or woman of more prosaic life, must consult his or her own peculiarities of constitution. We all know that it is better to eat moderately than to stuff; that there should be sufficient sleep; that to some alcohol and tobacco, to others lobster or brussels sprouts, are rank poison; that baths are necessary; that exercise to a moderate degree is necessary. We all know these commonplaces, and occasionally we do, as well, approve the things that make for health. The singer as well as the preacher, the poet, the clerk, the cobler should remember the couplet of the eccentric physician in Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash"—eccentric in saving common sense:

Jinrus, Jinrus,
Take care o' your carkus.

NOTES.

A new violin sonata by Michael Gozewicz (op. 12) is favorably criticised. It is said that the Handel and Haydn will repeat Dubois' "Paradise Lost" this coming season.

Widor is still at work on his opera, "Nerto." It was begun at least a half-dozen years ago.

Breitkopf & Haertel have published Julius Klengel's fourth cello concerto in B minor op. 37.

"Sofie Clerval," a new opera by Domenico Montico, will be produced next month at Udine.

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari has been chosen director of the Benedetto Marcello music school at Venice.

Saint-Saens has composed a new stage work, "Helene et Paris," which will be produced this winter at Monte Carlo.

Mrs. Julie Wyman, singer and teacher, will spend the next musical year in Boston in the exercise of her profession.

There were five American pupils out of 440 at the Hoch Conservatory, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, the last school year.

Reynaldo Hahn will give next winter at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, some performances of "Don Juan," without cuts.

Edward MacDowell, who has been spending the summer in Switzerland, will sail from London, Sept. 13, for New York.

Waldemar von Bausnern of Dresden has been called to the Cologne Conservatory as teacher of composition and instrumentation.

A poem by Saint-Saens, "Pour le centenaire d'Hector Berlioz," was recited by Mrs. Mazarin at the Grenoble Berlioz festival, Aug. 17.

Silvio Lazzari, the composer, will be orchestral conductor under Luglini at the Gaite, Paris, which will be given up to opera this coming season.

The late Dan Godfrey left an estate of \$41,000. Part of this was left to him by his father, but the larger portion came from his earnings as a musician.

Bungert's opera, "Odysseus' Tod," and Blech's opera, "Alpenkoenig und Menschenfeind," will be produced for the first time next season at the Dresden Opera House.

The price of season tickets for the Worcester (Mass.) festival, to be held Sept. 30, Oct. 2, inclusive, will be \$5. The season tickets will be sold by auction on Wednesday, Sept. 16.

Beniamino Cesi, piano teacher of the Naples Conservatory, has written a history of the piano, which will soon be published. It will contain a large number of piano pieces of different epochs and schools.

The latest infant phenomena are two violinists, Michael Elman, pupil of Auer of the St. Petersburg Conservatory, who appeared at Odessa, and Vessey, pupil of Hubay, who made his debut at Budapest.

There will be a Hugo Wolf festival at Graz next year. There will be an evening of Wolf's songs, a performance of his opera, "Der Corregidor," and a performance of choruses and the fragments of "Manuel Venegas."

Xavier Leroux will write the music for an opera, "Theodora," based on Sardou's play. When the play was produced in 1884 at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, Massenet wrote the incidental music. Sardou will make the libretto.

"Frou-Frou" has been made into an opera. The libretto is by Mario Gobbe, the music by a lawyer, Vincenzo Morcello. And Arturo Colautti has written a libretto based on "Les Miserables," to which Pasquale La Rotella will set music.

Dr. Karl Storck's book, "Der Tanz" (Selhagen & Klasing, Leipzig), is said to show a lack of experience on the part of the author, who has not seen any great dancer, does not even mention Emil Waldtenfel as a composer of dances, and pays Saheret, Otero, Loie Fuller and the like too marked attention.

The following new works will be performed at the Queen's Hall (London) promenade concerts next season: "The Lament of Tasso," symphonic poem by York Bowen; symphony, by Cyril Scott; "Pastoral Suite," by Garnet Wolseley Cox; "The Bretwalde," introduction to an operatic poem, by Ernest Blake; "Into the Everlasting," by Rutland Boughton; "Sulte Venetienne," by W. H. Reed; "Pompilla," symphonic poem, Edgar L. Balinton; "Concerto Allegro," for piano and orchestra, Nicholas Gatty, and a new concerto for violin and orchestra, by Cecil Forsyth.

Albert Carre has just made an announcement that will come as a shock to several Conservatoire pupils. He has

decided not to engage any of the candidates who obtained first and second prizes at the recent examination, which has caused the young ladies and gentlemen to protest. Yesterday, in the corridors of the school it cannot be said that the pupils were behaving particularly well, and the young ladies who a few days ago were reciting verses in the most exquisite French were making use of small argot words generally heard with frequency aux Halles. There is not a doubt that the examinations have again been a failure, and the Parisians are beginning to doubt if a Conservatoire training is really so good as it was in past years. One thing is quite sure, and that is, that the Conservatoire pupils of 20 years ago and the Conservatoire pupils of today are totally different. Reichenberg was escorted to her class, and never allowed out of the sight of the chaperon. At present the majority of pupils have their entire liberty, and perhaps this has something to do with the comparative lack of talent.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The point which we scarcely like about the whole matter (the Moody-Manners Company) is a special appeal to English audiences, as though the fact of singing English words to (say) Gounod's "Faust" made the opera any the less

French. There is nothing particularly patriotic in the translations of foreign works, and those who go to listen to such performances are usually of a class which knows as much as any class does about the actual and absolute poetry of the verse of "Carmen," or "Romeo," or "Il Trovatore." It was inevitable that such a criticism should be made. Grand opera in English, as a catch-phrase, does not appeal to us in the most infinitesimal degree. Lest Mr. Manners should at once plunge into seas of controversy with us on the question which we have raised, we may at once suggest the answer which he would be likely to give, and the reply that it would be necessary to make to that answer. He would say that his company is largely recruited from English singers; he would say that English translations are more easily "understood of the people," however bad they may be, than are the original foreign libretti; and he would conclude by modestly saying that despite all criticism, he thinks that in the long-run the public will come to see that "his efforts have at all events gone some way toward raising the average standard of musical appreciation of the provinces, and even of the metropolis." We quote the final words, not because Mr. Manners ever said them, but because it gives an air of realism to that which he undoubtedly would say.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Mr. Vernon Blackburn says of Liza Lehmann's new song cycle, "Songs of Love and Spring"—poems translated from Geibel by A. P. Graves—sung by Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford at their house in Hampstead for the first time, July 27: "The songs are extremely charming in every respect. They show Mme. Lehmann in some of her sweetest and daintiest musical moods. She is a musician who is frankly incapable of commonplace thought; every phrase is marked by refinement, by a sort of firm gentleness, and by a delicate richness of expression. The song, entitled 'The Young Love Comes Knocking' is a perfect example of her most personal manner; it has a true spring feeling and a softly humorous quickness of accomplishment that belong to a very secluded and refined province of musical art, a province where seriousness never leads to solemnity, and where the humor, though tender and touching, is never rollicking. There is a soft but flame-like ardor in 'Dawning Love,' the accompaniment of which is quite an inspiration both in its original simplicity and in its vital feeling. There is a 'rare quality in 'Disturb It Not,' which is enhanced by the constant change of tempo that never gives any sense of jerkiness to the melody, but which seems to increase the passion of the music, quickly and tenderly, until the final notes conclude in a pianissimo phrase which may really be described as 'Love's essential whisper.' A most gently gay song is that called 'A Dream of Violets'; the accompaniment, which is extremely delicate and rippling, is in truth flower-like in its effects, as though a little shower

petals had been shaken down upon the musical page. It is more than likely that the concluding duet of the cycle, 'Love Enthroned,' will become the most popular and the most widely sung of the series; delightful as it is, full of a sort of simple charm that never lapses into blankness, it nevertheless, to our thinking, though an admirable conclusion to the cycle, has not quite that touch of personality, or one may prefer to call it originality, which is to be noted in some of its predecessors."

Sept 4 1903

MAN'S EQUALITY BARREN TRUISM OR A DELUSION.

Declaration of Independence
so Termed by an Oxonian.

Seventh Volume of Lord Acton's
Cambridge Modern History Series
Devoted to Sketch of the British
Colonies in North America and
Growth of United States.

"The Cambridge Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton and edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero and Stanley Leathes (The MacMillan Company, New York and London), is appearing in two separate parts. The first volume was devoted to the Renaissance, and is now followed by the seventh, which deals with the United States. The second will deal with the reformation, and the eighth, with the French revolution. And thus one volume of part I. and one volume of part II. will appear every year.

This seventh volume narrates the history of Canada and its colonies from their discovery down to the time at which Canada passed under the British crown; that of the other English colonies in North America from their origin to the Declaration of Independence, and the history of these colonies after they had become the United States, from 1776 down to the present day. The editors say in the preface: "The departure from the general plan of this work, in thus presenting a continuous narrative of the history of a single nation during some 300 years, is more apparent than real. The principle of arrangement laid down by Lord Acton was that the history of each people should be taken up at the point at which it was drawn into the main stream of human progress, as represented by the European nations. In the case of the North American colonies this change may be said to have taken place in the latter half of the 18th century, especially during the seven years' war and the war of independence. Consequently, the earlier history of North America would naturally be considered about the close of the reign of Louis XV. and immediately before the French revolution."

For upward of a century from the peace of Versailles, the United States stood as an example of a successful federated republic, but although as such it influenced political thought in Europe, it did not otherwise affect European affairs, nor was it much affected by them. "It is only during the last generation that an extraordinary industrial and commercial development has brought the United States into immediate contact and rivalry with European nations; and it is still more recently that, through the acquisition of transmarine dependencies and the recognition of far-reaching interests abroad, its people have practically abandoned the policy of isolation, and have definitely, because inevitably, taken their place among the great powers of the world."

The present editors found that owing to the lapse of time since arrangements had been made between Lord Acton and his chosen authors, to the deaths of some of the authors and the withdrawal of others, much of the labor of editorship had to be performed over again. Of the 13 authors that contributed to this volume, only five were appointed by Lord Acton; only five or six chapters were seen by him, and none of them knew his revision. Of the 13 contributors four are English; the rest are American. John A. Doyle of Oxford is the author of the chapters on the first century of English colonization, on the English colonies, on the quarrel with Great Britain, and on the war for independence. Miss Mary Bateson, lecturer in history at Newham College, wrote the chapter on the French in America; A. G. Bradley of Trinity, Cambridge, that on the conquest of Canada; H. W. Wilson of Trinity, Oxford, chapters on the war of 1812 and naval operations of the civil war.

The American authors are Melville M. Bigelow ("The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution"), J. B. McMaster ("The Struggle for Commercial Independence, the Growth of the Nation, Commerce, Expansion and Slavery"), Woodrow Wilson ("State Rights"), the late John G. Nicolay (three chapters on the civil war and a supplemental chapter on the North during the war), J. C. Schwab ("The South During the War"), T. C. Smith ("Political Reconstruction"), John E. Moore ("The United States as a World Power"), H. C. Emery ("The Economic Development of the United States"), Barrett Wendell ("The American Intellect").

Mr Doyle puts aside the characterization of Virginia as a "Cavalier Colony." He alleges that the colonists mostly

came from what may be called the upper middle class—that is, the smaller landed gentry, with a leaven of the well-to-do trading classes. "It is the fashion to speak of 'Cavalier,' Virginia and 'republican' New England; to regard the one as representing the aristocratic, the other the plebeian element in English life. That is but a faint approximation to the truth. More correct would it be to say that both mainly represented the English middle class, the class of yeoman and the trader, neither being drawn exclusively from one or the other; but that natural conditions developed in Virginia a landed aristocracy, but in New England a type of community which might either be called a wide and modified oligarchy, or a restricted and severely conditioned democracy." In Virginia power found its way into the hands of the land owners. In New England political rights were subject to religious qualifications; but by the close of the 17th century there was no class permanently excluded from power save Indians and negroes. Mr. Doyle mentions the founding of William and Mary, but says nothing about Harvard or Yale, although he mentions the fact that between 1741 and 1754 colleges were founded in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. He is inclined to minimize the grounds of the colonial discontent, which finally led to the demand for political independence.

There were few colonists, says Mr. Doyle, who considered before 1776 the question of separation from the mother country. There was a small party in Boston that was determined to pare down British control to a nullity. "At their head was Samuel Adams, a man of humble social position, but of good education and great ability, personally disinterested, but combining public spirit with unscrupulousness in his choice of methods in a fashion which recalls an Italian politician of the age of Machiavelli. Among his supporters was his namesake and distant kinsman, John Adams, a young lawyer gifted with great powers of thought and expression, egotistical yet capable of subordinating his egotism to the public good. There were also less worthy and less valuable members of the party, such as James Warren, irresponsible young men with a passion for rhetoric and for abstract theories, and incapable of approaching political disputes with any approach to a judicial attitude. Finally, there were men, such as Washington, who did not trouble themselves about political theories till such theories were forced upon them by some practical emergency, self-respecting Englishmen whose passion for liberty was largely based on the sense of personal dignity, and capable enough to be readily irritated by official blundering or corruption—men, in short, not unlike those country gentlemen who cast in their lot with Pym and Hampden in the struggle against Charles I., not lightly carried away by gusts of partisanship, but unflinchingly staunch to a cause once embraced."

Mr. Doyle finds the best justification for the action of the colonists in the character and antecedents of the King himself. No English error in the war was more harmful than the hiring of Hessian troops. The Declaration of Independence is an assertion of an abstract political theory may be easily condemned. "It sets out with a general proposition so vague as to be practically useless. The doctrine of equality of men, unless it be qualified and conditioned by full reference to special circumstances, is either a barren truism or a delusion. . . . We must judge the opening sentence with reference to what follows and to the actual facts present in the minds of those who drafted it. . . . Of the 13 heads of indictment, each beginning 'he has,' there is hardly one which does not demand some modification or admit of some palliative. That part of the Declaration must be looked on as a criminal indictment drawn by an advocate with just that lack of scruple which advocacy is generally held to justify. . . . In the Declaration of Independence that democratic system which had gradually, through force of circumstances, established itself in the colonies was blended with that element of sentiment, rhetorically expressed, which was needed if democracy was to be the quickening principle of a great popular movement."

The causes of American success were in part military and in part political. Accidental conditions and conditions inherent in the problem favored the American cause. British discipline and equipment were unsuited to the task, and Burgoyne's heavily encumbered expedition was typical. European tactics were of no avail. The Americans fought with a number of movable bases; the British with only one base—the ocean. "The presence of a French naval force in the West Indies was a factor of vast importance. It distracted British operations by sea and compelled Great Britain

to devote to the protection of the islands those resources which might have been used to maintain communications with the force in America." The greater part of Europe was combined against Great Britain in active or passive hostility; but Mr. Doyle admits that: "Apart from all military difficulties, one may doubt whether, even if the British arms had been successful, there were not political hindrances to effective and permanent control of the colonies more inseparable still. For a while, at least, government would have had to take the form of armed occupation, and it is not likely that armed occupation would ever have passed into a peaceful civil administration loyally accepted by the colonists."

Mr. H. W. Wilson, in his chapter on the war of 1812, insists that Great Britain was anxious to avoid the conflict. An English writer said lately, reviewing this volume, that the war arose "out of conflicting views of the right of search on the high seas—one of the smallest matters on which two great nations have ever fought. The war was mismanaged, England was defeated, and the bitterness that had been left by the war of independence was revived and intensified, in regard to no nation has British policy been so consistently foolish."

Mr. Wilson thinks that it is hardly possible the war might have been averted, but the diplomacy was not able on either side, and the British ministers were swept into it in spite of their wish to avoid it. "But for the disasters of the Russian campaign, followed by the crushing defeat at Leipzig, the war of 1812 might have rung the knell of freedom in Europe for a generation. The winter of the year 1812-13 was the crisis of the gigantic conflict; and the feeling that at such a moment they were being assailed by their own kindred undoubtedly accounts for the peculiar bitterness which the British displayed toward the Americans in this war." This and the burning by the Americans of the Parliament House in York, now known as Toronto, are the only excuses for the British vandalism at Washington. Mr. Wilson's apology for British defeats at sea is the old story: "The (American) frigates were of the largest size, with batteries superior to those on board British ships of their own class, and with much stronger hulls." British captains had reported to the admiralty that the American frigates did not differ in any essential from a British frigate, yet the British navy protested after one or two engagements that the American frigates were "ships of the line in disguise." He acknowledges that the war was conducted by the British with no great capacity: "The one lesson of importance taught by the conflict was the power of a weak navy to inflict enormous damage upon a commercial state."

In his article on the naval operations of the Civil War, Mr. Wilson discusses the gigantic task of the blockade, an agency of the utmost military importance, apart from its economic influence on the South. Thus the want of good boats, which could not be made in the South, affected the marching power of the southern troops, and this led to a large amount of straggling. The main lesson of this war from a naval point of view is the importance of preparation and organization. There was not a naval war, for the South had no navy. There was a want of skilled direction and unity of control in the naval operations on the part of the North. A fleet was created by the federal government only after great delay and enormous and unnecessary waste of money. "For their want of forethought the northern people had to pay a terrible price, both in blood and money, and, if they had to deal with an adversary better equipped with engineering resources, or if that adversary had been able to obtain the help of a European navy, the confederacy would probably have survived the conflict." He dwells upon the depredations committed by commerce destroyers on northern shipping, and this sentence is peculiarly significant coming from an Englishman: "For her remissness in permitting the sailing or coal-ing of the commerce destroyers, Great Britain subsequently paid the sum of £1,100,000 to the United States; and though this amount much more than covered the direct losses, it gave no compensation for the enormous indirect loss which the warfare against commerce had inflicted."

We have paid special attention to the chapters, written by Englishmen, an adequate review of this important history would fill several columns. Among the most valuable chapters is the one by Prof. Emery of Yale University on the economic development of the United States. Mr. Barrett Wendell is almost always amusing, and in his chapter on the American intellect he again wonders why any one should think highly of Poe and Whitman, and he again views all American literature outside of Cambridge and Concord with a patronizing air that is not far removed from superciliousness. It is not easy to determine from Prof. Moore's chapter on "The United States as a World Power" whether the author is an Imperialist or an anti-Imperialist in his view of the acquisition of the Philippines.

Some of the conclusions of Mr. Nicolay will excite discussion among veterans of the civil war. He speaks of McClellan's "chronic habit of overestimating the enemy," of "the utter collapse of McClellan's courage and hopes." The general's mood, when he wrote the note of June 27, 1862, is described as an "absurd panic." Mr. Nicolay accuses him of "glaring misstatements of fact." He belittles the success at Antietam. Meade was "a cautious rather than brilliant commander." So, too, the description of Gen. Hooker may lead to controversy.

The chapter on "Political Reconstruction" (1835-1885) is by Mr. Theodore Clarke Smith, assistant professor of American history in Ohio State University. He says of the result of the impeachment of President Johnson: "The decision is universally regarded as the present day as fortunate for the country and the stability of the constitution"; and of the Tilden-Hayes controversy: "The whole affair was permeated with blind partisanship and tainted by rumors of corruption, and stands as a discreditable episode for nearly every one engaged in it, with the exception of Hayes himself."

Prof. Smith says the characteristics of the carpet-bag regime were: "Misgovernment of every degree, from simple inefficiency and extravagance to appalling corruption and tyranny; offices were multiplied and salaries doubled and trebled; government printing was lavishly granted for building up a party press in every county; bonds were issued in aid of railroads which were never built, or in behalf of other schemes resting on thin air. Embezzlement by corrupt whites and blacks was widespread, and in South Carolina, where public morals reached their lowest depth of degradation, the members of the Legislature and the executive officials helped themselves freely from the public treasury. Bribery in legislation was common, and the administration of justice was frequently a scandal. Courts were partisan and Governors facile. It was hard to convict a Republican offender, and, if convicted, he was almost certain to be pardoned. Taxation mounted enormously, for, since it fell, of course, not

on the poorest class, it fell on the property was a colossal drain on the government. It cost capital nothing to squander money, and was furnished by their political leaders. To crown all, the personal character of every man, negro and white Republican, was notoriously immoral.

The volume is provided with a bibliography for each chapter, and a general bibliography, a chronological table of leading events and an index.

Sept 6, 1903

Some Declare That the
Present Period Is a
Barren One.

Methods of Comparison
That Are Absurd.

Comment on the Work of
Living Writers.

Faure, Strauss, Massenet,
Mascagni and Others.

Creators and Imitators—
Two Noted Singers.



OME persons hold it to be the chief duty of a critic to discover a genius. The critic should always have his eye at the telescope; he should sweep the sky and the horizon, and not forget to examine the men who jostle him in the street. The critic should recognize genius, as though genius bore the mark of Siva or the brand of Cain. He should make it his special care to discover and then foster and encourage native genius. So some say, and at times the critic is uneasy over the implied or direct rebuke and girds up his loins for the chase.

Schumann is held up as an example. "Look at Schumann; see how generous he was in praise of his worthy contemporaries." Yes, Schumann often wrote admirably about Chopin and Berlioz and he prophesied the future of Brahms and by the extravagance of his prophecy did the same Johannes much harm. But Schumann was always saying: "Hat off, gentlemen; here's a genius," and he took off his hat so often that the rim was frayed and bent. Where is the legion of his geniuses? Their names are preserved only in Schumann's critical articles and in the explanatory notes of Schumann's editors, though some may have a few lines awarded them in the larger dictionaries of biography. If after a long search you find some of the compositions of these geniuses you stare at Schumann's praise. When S. Thomas Browne wrote, "But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," he anticipated in the superlative phrase the symbolists and the decadents of France and their belated English imitators; yet the statement itself may well be disputed.

Composers, however, are seldom, ever, admirable judges of their contemporaries' works. The faculty of creation is very different from that of criticism. If composers had the gift of self-criticism, the list of their published works would not be so long. It is unnecessary to speak of Schumann's absurdly, wickedly prejudiced attitude toward Meyerbeer; of Mendelssohn's malicious grigishness as actively displayed toward Berlioz; of Weber's ingratitude toward Beethoven. Instance after instance might be given. Did not Sallustian pooh-pooh the idea of a statue in honor of Cesar Franck? And it is rumored that Gabriel Faure can read and nothing in the music of Claude Debussy. The composer is most generous in criticism toward his imitators toward the indubitably inferior.

We have in a preceding article spoken of certain privileges and duties of a critic, and of his constitutional limitations and acquired prejudices. We believe that he should be more keenly interested in the present and the future than in the past; that he should revile the guilty of comparing a work of a period with that of another period, the detriment of either work. To find fault with Cesar Franck because he did not compose in the precise form of Debussy to Mendelssohn, to object to Debussy because he employs "strange harmonies" is as absurd as to disparage

ARE THERE NO GREAT COMPOSERS IN THE MODERN WORLD OF MUSIC?

orchestration of Mozart because it is "thin," and to forget the imprugement in orchestral instruments themselves and to ignore the development of the orchestral art. The critic must have a keen sense of perspective. He must be familiar with the spirit and the intentions of the past in order to appreciate fully the present, and to anticipate in some slight degree the future.

Is the immediate present, as some insist, a barren period? Are there no great composers now living? Or are there great composers now active who are not recognized as such by their contemporaries? Some say: "Tschalkowsky and Brahms were the last of the great composers of orchestral pieces and chamber music; or if you rank Cesar Franck with them he, too, is dead. Verdi was the last of the great operatic line. Who is there today?" Others admit that these composers are dead, and add: "Richard Strauss, Saint-Saens, Vincent d'Indy, Gabriel Faure, Claude Debussy, Grieg are alive." Some add the names of Elgar, the Englishman, and McDowell, the American, and they all say that the next generation will wonder that we all were so blind as not to appreciate these composers at their value.

There is certainly a large and steady output, and what is its quality?

Let us look at the opera, for although it is inherently a meretricious form of usulent art, it is the most popular; it appeals to the eye as well as the ear, and the outward dramatic action and the personality of the singer count for much.

In Italy, its birthplace, opera after opera is produced each season. The masses of nine-tenths of them are forgotten by the public before the end of the season. Few see the footlights more

than two or three times. The four composers who are most conspicuous are Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini and Giordano. They are the children of Verdi and Ponchielli, and they have studied Gounod, Massenet and Wagner. It is the fashion to sneer at Mascagni. Only the other day we read in the Evening Post (N. Y.):

"The Mascagni farce has reached its climax. Having failed in his appeal against the government's decision depriving him of the post of director of the Rossi Conservatory at Pesaro, he now, with diabolical cruelty, threatens to leave his ungrateful country forever and settle in Paris, following the example of other illustrious Italians. Nay, with a refinement of malice almost unparalleled in the history of mankind, he declares that when he dies he will be buried in the Pere-Lachaise, thus depriving his country the honor of having even his illustrious bones." Grant that Mascagni is a spoiled child, that he behaves himself absurdly, the fact remains that "Cavalleria Rusticana" is something more than an accidental lucky stroke; by its compact intensity, by its freshness and virility it at once won an attention which it still holds to a remarkable degree—for operas are short-lived—and more than this, it had an unmistakable influence, not only by provoking imitation, but by showing composers inclined to be long-winded the advantages of conciseness, and revealing the dramatic possibilities in an episode of humble life. "Epoch-making" is a large word, and it is not necessary to apply it to "Cavalleria Rusticana," yet the future historian of opera will reckon seriously with Mascagni's famous work, and may be tempted to discuss symbolism in opera as illustrated by the curious experiment in "Iris."

Giordano is known to us only by his "Andrea Chenier," but his "Fedora"

has passed the boundaries of Italy. His "Mala Vinta" would be impossible in this country on account of the subject. We learned from "Andrea Chenier" that Giordano is an ultra-modern, an orchestral colonist, a musical scene painter. He is a master of stage effects. The scene of the Tribunal is an extraordinary instance of sustained and varied dramatic power. But his melody is seldom poignant, and it has no unmistakable hall mark of individuality.

Puccini is the most of a musician of the four. He is not a melodist of invariably pronounced originality, still he is written expressive and haunting measures in "La Boheme." His strength is in mastery of orchestration and in dramatic, or rather stage effect. Mr. Tuncman speaks of his latest produced work as the "unspeakable 'Tosca'"; but the subject once given, it is hard to see how it could have been treated more boldly and on the whole more successfully in music. The day of the long line of suave operatic melody is over; the singer of bel canto is also passing. This is another period, and opera is now orchestral and dramatic without consideration of pages that may be sold by publishers as "gems" or favorite numbers." It would be hard to name an opera maker in Europe now living who is Puccini's equal in operatic art as it is now generally understood; harpenter dwells on Montmartre and Debussy is at present a musician of the future.

Leoncavallo in "Pagliacci" as Mascagni in "Cavalleria Rusticana" was fortunate in his libretto. The grim irony in each instance was half the title. He, too, is to the world at large the man of the opera; the successors in "Pagliacci," with the possible exception of his "Boheme," have met with little favor. And it must be confessed that "Pagliacci" itself has grown old-fashioned. There still remain some phrases—the prologue, Canto's lament, and the music of the show within the show. Spinelli, Sinaregna, Franchetti, Tascia are not names to conjure with. What

ever Puccini or Giordano may yet accomplish, it is safe to say that Verdi has left no heir. He was the last of the great opera writers, and in some respects the greatest of the 19th century.

In France Saint-Saens still composes, but he was never an opera writer of the first rank. Massenet is operatically indefatigable, and "Manon," an exquisite fancy of musical Dresden china, is still his chief work. The young French composers, as well as the old, still look toward the stage for glory. Gabriel Faure has been a striking exception. Yet purely orchestral and chamber music is much more cultivated in Paris than it was 25 years ago.

Opera after opera is produced. Aino Akete and Mary Garden—whose latest portraits we publish today—are busy creating parts that are seen and heard and then thought of no more; whether Akete appear in "Helle" and "La Cloche du Rhin" or Miss Garden in "La Marseillaise," and "La Fille de Taharim." Of all the operas given within the last half-dozen years, Charpentier's "Louise" and Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" have been successful without France. D'Indy's "Fervaal" and "L'Etranger" are praised by his immediate colleagues and disciples, but to the crowd these works will be as exotics. Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande" is a frank departure from all conventional forms of opera, and the Wagnerian music-drama is now conventional. Surely no opera constructed in Paris of late years may be confidently said to have the vitality of "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Carmen," "The Huguenots" or even "Mignon." There is no question here of intrinsic musical worth.

Operas are produced in Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries, Russia—but in each instance, whatever else the reputation of the work may be, it is chiefly local.



MARY GARDEN.

And this is true whether the opera be by Richard Strauss, or Goldmark, or Enna, or Breton, or Rimsky-Korsakoff. Occasionally a serious opera is written by an English doctor of music or professor. An opera by Enna or Rimsky-Korsakoff may be performed here and there in Germany, but the history of the transplanted work is like unto that of Solomon Grundy.

When we look over the list of composers now living we find among the older the names of Saint-Saens, Massenet, Grieg, Dvorak, Goldmark, Sgambati, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Balakireff, who is more celebrated perhaps as an influence than as a writer for orchestra or piano. No one will dispute the consummate art of Saint-Saens, whose style is logical, clear, elegant, brilliant; but this versatile composer is seldom emotional, and we are tempted to add, never passionate. He has had his say. It looks as though Massenet's future is in his past, though he still attempts to pipe erotic lays, and a short time ago he amused himself by writing a piano concerto for his friend, Diemer. Goldmark may still have a sumptuous charm of expression, but his sensuous oriental individuality was revealed in the "Sakuntala" overture and in certain pages of "The Queen of Sheba"; his latest works show that he is a man of the past. Sgambati has always been the admirer of Liszt; he gave up his Italian birthright to think musically beyond the Alps. Rimsky-Korsakoff has been called the Degas of music. He is an orchestral virtuoso who varies by his colors an original musical thought, and his music, brilliant, dazzling as it often is, irresistible on account of rush or pliancy of rhythm, is seldom deeply emotional. Dvorak is a curious problem. He had as cradle gits melody, rhythm and color. A refreshing spontaneity vitalized his earlier compositions. There was also a simplicity, which at first was doubtless naive, but of late years this simplicity is an intolerable mannerism.

What will be the fate of Grieg? Will he be known in the future as the great composer of a small nation? Will he be classed as a maker of "national" music or will he be ranked among the first? He has his indefatigable partisan who trumpet his praise in and out of season. There are men of authority who look on him coolly. A few months ago Grieg gave a concert with Colonne's orchestra at Paris, and Mr. Jean Marnold wrote at length concerning Grieg's music in the monthly "Revue de la Musique de France."

Grieg has many admirers. Some of his works sell nearly as well as the "Valse" of Chopin; he is in Paris the most rival of M. de Hahn and Massenet in parlors where there is a piano, and in disputes with M. de Hahn and Massenet in favor of female piano teachers. He has at last come to the belief that he is a great man in his own field and of importance has assumed in his own eyes, much more considerable dimensions, because he pretends to compose "national" music. Mr. Marnold disagrees. He insists that folk songs are still "regional," that a composer who imitates constantly the moods, rhythms, outlines of old folk-songs is not therefore a "national" composer. Why should he not be accused of lack of originality? Why is not this pseudo-nationalism a species of plagiarism? "The individuality of Grieg is composite and factitious; it is essentially that of an imitator."

"He seems born to imitate as others are pale but impudent chippings from Schumann and Chopin put within the reach of inept fingers and moderate intelligence. He imitates in his manner and indistinctly old monodies of Gothic or Flemish origin and the modern airs of mixed relationship collected here and there in strange, far-off provinces. And then Grieg has good and unforgetting pupils of the Leipzig Conservatory, sows and reaps with the thread of Mendelssohnian polyphony the patch work of his Scandinavianism. Now in the midst of all this there is not much room for artistic individuality." Mr. Marnold again attacks the folk-song as the basis of a modern composition. "The impression (made by such compositions) is strange but superficial; and we easily mistake for a harmonious creation, for a homogeneous organism, something that is often only a salad—a Russian salad." The folk-song was first of all a spontaneous inspiration, "the sincere expression of an individual's state of soul, exercising a natural gift often much more cultivated than is supposed." Music was then monodic, and the adaptation of such monody to harmony a la Mendelssohn or another is a musical contradiction. Every imitation implies the negation of spontaneity or the absence of individuality. "If 'national' composers possessed an individuality, they would have no need of copying all those of which their ancestors have left various expressions down the centuries."

But does Mr. Marnold do Grieg justice? Mr. Marnold, we fear, remembers Grieg's letter to Colonne concerning the Dreyfus affair, for he refers to it in his article more than once. We agree with him heartily in his attitude toward the folk song as the foundation of modern and complex music. It is also true that a strictly "national" composer runs a great chance of never being a composer for the world. Beethoven used Russian themes in certain quartet movements; no Russian ever recognized these themes after his purpose, but the movements constructed on them please the audiences of any country. Tschalkowsky was reproached by the ultra-radical Russians for his cosmopolitanism, but was he not far above them all? We do not agree with Mr. Marnold when he denies the individuality of Grieg. There is no mistaking the music of this composer; whether you like it or not, whether you find it spontaneous or too deliberately "national," you say "Grieg" when you hear it, nor do you think immediately of some one else; you also say "Grieg" when you hear now and then the music of other—and later—composers.

Although Gabriel Faure is no longer a young man—he was born in 1845—he may well be reckoned with the younger and radical composers. In Germany there is Richard Strauss; in France there are Faure, D'Indy, Debussy. There are others in these and other countries of Europe. For instance, much is said about Elgar, but Elgar persists in putting his strength into oratorio, which is now an obsolete form of art. His wine may have strength and flavor, but he pours it into old bottles. There is a band of young Englishmen, who, according to Mr. Ernest Newman, one of the foremost critics of today, have bravely turned their backs on English traditions and academic honors and seek emotional expression by the aid of ultra-modern harmonic and rhythmical devices. Neither their orchestral works nor their songs are known to us. These extreme romanticists are described by the staid and orthodox followers of Mendelssohn, the choir boys who become professors and doctors of music and look forward to knighthood, as decadents, dangerous, mad persons. These same vagabonds may yet redeem England from the reproach of being a nation without composers. There are fertile composers in Russia, Sweden, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria. They write operas, symphonies, symphonic poems, sonatas and other chamber music, songs.

Technic has now reached such a point—and orchestral technic in particular—that many of these works are admirably made. But whether they be cast in classic form or are widely romantic, they may be dismissed as "chapel master's music," for this phrase may justly be applied to the imitators of Wagner as well as to the sticklers for orthodoxy. Paul Marsop well said that there is "new chapel master's music."

And often when there is wide pread technical perfection in an art, there is no great and abiding achievement. In Germany the one name is that of

Richard Strauss. In France there are d'Indy, Faure, Debussy. Surely Grieg is an individuality of uncommon lyric and romantic charm, nor is our own country wholly barbarous so long as Loeffler and MacDowell dwell among us, the former an American by adoption, the latter, a Celt by nature, an American by birth. And here are composers whose works refute the charge that there are now no composers of high rank busied in their art. We have said that Saint-Saens, Goldmark, Dvorak, all more or less honored names, are of the past. And there are French as well as German composers who are, as a matter of fact, dead, but they do not know it.

The chief works of Richard Strauss, a tumultuous person, are in striking contrast with those of d'Indy, Debussy, Faure, Loeffler, MacDowell, Grieg. His conceptions are gigantic, his execution is audacious. Others have indulged themselves in the transfiguration of a poem or a picture into music, but Strauss has not hesitated to portray metaphysics and the life of man. He is spiritual, yet he is human. He is

be characterized as fastidious. His individuality is as pronounced as that of Strauss or Gabriel Faure—men antipodal in certain respects. MacDowell is first of all imaginative, with the imagination of the Celt. He, too, like Faure, d'Indy and Loeffler, in his best works, large or small, shuns the commonplace, but instinctively, not with apparent and disturbing effort.

Then there is Debussy, who is still a stumbling block to many: "to the Greeks, foolishness." It is not necessary to go so far, perhaps, as Mr. Marnold, who says calmly and as without the slightest suspicion of contradiction: "One will distinguish later—one could do so today—music before and after Claude Debussy." It has been said of Richard Strauss that his music, while it may not be music, is, nevertheless, a new art. This saying might be applied more reasonably to Debussy. He, of all musicians, in vocal music has succeeded in the association of text and instrumental sound. Study his songs, especially the "Ariettes" and the "Chansons de Bilitis"; his cantata

in this country for several years. Since her return from Australia last spring she has sung only in opera at Covent Garden. Mme. Meiba has decided that she will not make another tour of Australia, despite the fact that her last tour netted her \$210,000 in five months. She says the journey is too long, and the enthusiastic reception rather overcame her. Her father's health was seriously impaired by the excitement brought on by his daughter's visit, and he suffered two strokes of paralysis while she was on her tour. Many inducements were offered her to remain in Australia, and her father presented her with a fine piece of property, an estate that is one of the show places in that part of the world. She has recently refurnished and decorated her London home in Great Cumberland place. Her American concert tour under the direction of C. A. Ellis of Boston, begins Oct. 12 at Montreal, and will include all the principal Canadian and American cities as far West as Omaha and South to New Orleans.

NOTES.

Cesare Rossi has written music for Illica's comedy, "The Year 3000."

Amsterdam will have two Netherland and one Italian opera companies.

Bruneau has written a lyric work to be performed in the arena at Arenes in 1901.

Felix Jahyer of Paris has written an anecdotal biography of Rosine Laborde.

Hamburg will have a new theatre for operetta. It will be called the Central, and will be opened March 1, 1904.

Charles Lecocq is writing incidental music for "Rose Mousa," a piece by Andre Alexander and Peter Carin.

The Flemish Opera House at Antwerp will be finished in 1905. The foundations will be laid toward the end of this year.

Lucienne Brevet will take the part of the heroine in Vincent d'Indy's opera, "L'Etranger," which is now in rehearsal at the Opera, Paris.

A curious operatic season opened lately at the Alfieri Theatre, Turin. The chief singers, orchestra and chorus united in a co-operative scheme.

"The Cruise of the Calabar," a musical comedy in three acts, by Percy and Arthur Milton, was produced at the Royal Court Theatre, Warrington, Eng., Aug. 3.

Georges Marty, a prix de Rome, has been named as the composer of an opera to be produced two years from now at the Opera, Paris. The libretto is by Aderer.

"Cupid in a Convent," a new romantic opera, book by E. M. Seymour, music by Mario Di Capri, was produced for the first time at the Royal, Croydon, Eng., Aug. 17.

Widor is about to publish a concerto for piano and orchestra, "Tapage Nocturne," which will be first played in public by Philipp.

Mili Balakireff's "Fifth Waltz and Tyrolienne" for piano are recommended by conservative foreign critics as exceedingly brilliant piano pieces.

Andrea Zorzi, an intimate friend of Verdi is dead. He was over 90 years old, and he had witnessed the first performances of Verdi's operas. He was in the habit of carving these dates on his cane.

The New York Evening Post praises highly "Three Little Maids," produced at Daly's Sept. 1. "Mr. Rubens' manner of writing, whether dialogue or music, could not, for its purpose, well be improved upon."

"Madame Sans-Gene," a comic opera book by Henry Hamilton, music by Ivan Caryll, will follow "The Medal and the Maid" in England. Holbrook Blinn will be the Napoleon. The story will be much like that of the play.

Alexander Georges is finishing the score of "Mirka" and Camille Erlanger that of "La Glu." Jean Richepin wrote the libretto of the former and Henri Cain based the libretto of the latter on Jean Richepin's novel.

Anna Hickisch, who made her debut last year in English opera at Covent Garden as Michele, and afterward appeared as Nedda and Venus, has been engaged by George Edwardes to play the leading part in "A Country Girl." She is an American.

The Apollo quartet will this season be strengthened by the presence of Mr. E. E. Holden, formerly tenor soloist of the Weber quartet. Mr. Walter E. Paine will also return to the quartet as first tenor. Mr. Kendall, baritone, and Mr. Buntin, basso, will still continue with the quartet.

Sir Alexander MacKenzie withdrew his cantata intended originally for the Birmingham festival, for he was afraid he would not have time to finish it. The poem is Whittier's "The Witch's Daughter," and the cantata is planned for soprano and baritone, mixed chorus and orchestra.

The new uniform of English naval bandmen consists of a large cap of the German pattern, a dark blue tunic with red piping and a lyre on the collar, and blue trousers with thin infantry piping between the seams. The bandmen are now considered marines. The new Naval School of Music at Portsmouth will be moved to Chatham in about a year.

Enrico Bevilgnani, operatic conductor, died at Naples Aug. 29, in his 62d year. Born at Naples, he wrote some operas, but he was known chiefly as a conductor. His first important engagement in a foreign country was at Her Majesty's, London, with Col. Mapleson, in 1864. He was well known in this country, where he led for the Mapleson, the Metropolitan and the Sombich companies. Popular with singers and orchestras, he was inclined to take stage life easily, and he was at times apparently indifferent and sluggish, but when aroused he brought about admirable results.

Review of the Story Told

in Anna Chapin Ray's

New Novel.

Georgette Leblanc, Leading
Play-Actress.

Statue Erected in Honor of
Robert Franz.

Annual Musical Festival
at Worcester.

Boston Symphony Orchestra
Season—Notes.



T last there is a novel in which the hero is an opera singer, a baritone, and at the same time a highly respectable person. This is a rare combination in fiction, for the

hero is usually a tenor and dissolute.

The hero of Anna Chapin Ray's "The Dominant Strain," published by Little, Brown & Co. of this city, is described in the first chapter as "a gentleman first of all, then an artist." He made a hit at Mrs. Stanley's recital in New York, where young ladies vied with each other in describing him as "divine" and "perfectly elegant." All this is disquieting to the reader that has studied the habits of singing lions in parlors, but confidence in the hero's art is restored when the reader learns that the baritone did not "indulge in speckled neckties and an imperial." Furthermore, the baritone bore inspection at "The Critic," whereas "a cad always shows himself at a strange club." It is also true that a cad is sometimes seen at a familiar club.

This baritone, Cotton Mather Thayer, was a New Englander. "His Puritanism was hereditary and strong; it tempered the artistic side of his nature, but it could not destroy it." He had temperament, "but his temperament was the battlefield where two warring temperaments were at constant strife." His father, commander of the Presidentia, married the daughter of a court musician at St. Petersburg. Father and mother died, and Cotton Mather found he had a voice, "an outlet for the pent-up passion within him," although the voice was inclined to break "into all manner of distressing falsetto fragments." Without this voice, Cotton Mather might have become "an ascetic or a criminal." So in Bohemia the father says: "I have a son. Shall I make out of him a thief or a fiddler?"

And Cotton Mather was suddenly rich, for a grandfather died and left him the only heir to the property laid up by eight generations of Thayers. He studied singers at Berlin, then in Italy, and then he went back to Berlin and toiled and moped until the old master "universally acknowledged to be the dean of his art"—and this in Berlin—said one morning "My son, it is time for you to go; I can teach you nothing more. Not much more of life is left in me; but before it is ended I shall hear your name spoken, both often and with praise."

Mr. Thayer went to New York, where as Bobby Dane, the funny man in the novel, remarked, "inside of six weeks he will have every singer in New York slandering him: there's nothing more lovable than the way musicians stand by one another when it's a case of fighting a successful rival."

The baritone was "in no wise the typical musician." "Tall, well dressed, well groomed, he looked far more like a prosperous, alert man of affairs than an artist or a dreamer." His eyes were clear and steady; a certain look in their depths accounted for "the insistent, troubled note in his singing." "Troubled note"? Did Mr. Thayer sing with the tremolo that turns passion into palsy? Or was there one tone that still needed tinkering? There were firm lines about his shaven lips, and, as we have already been told, he eschewed speckled neckties. But what cravats did he affect? Did he wear a white wisp with a frock coat? Perish the thought! Yet he had been educated vocally in Berlin.

Beatrice Dane was betrothed to young Mr. Lorimer, who was a warm friend of the baritone. She met Thayer, and when

she was asked if he were a great singer she answered:

"Greater. He is almost perfectly satisfactory."

"Not quite?"

"Not yet; he will be, some day, if he can only have an unhappy love affair."



AINO ACKTE.

overwhelmingly simple, like some phenomenon of nature, as at the beginning of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," which reminds one of the first chapter of Genesis, or he is incredibly complex, yet is this complexity highly effective. His melodic thought in the orchestral works is often common, but when a great thought is to be expressed in music he finds the fitting melodic expression, and in his songs, which are to be ranked with those by Gabriel Faure and Debussy—there is no higher praise than this—he finds unerringly the melodic line which is supported by the fascinating and expressive harmonies. He is not the tragic intensity, the personally morbid note of Tchaikowsky; he has not the pathetic humanity and the ineffable mysticism that distinguish the compositions of Cesar Franck, but he has his own way of speaking his own thoughts, and both thought and expression are large and lofty.

The genius of Gabriel Faure is revealed in his chamber music and in his songs. We have at last come to recognize the fact that a symphony does not necessarily make a man a composer, just as the poet of highest imagination or exquisite fancy may shun the epic form. Poets taught us long ago that the merit of a poem is not to be judged by its length. There are symphonies, there are sonatas that cut a sorry figure when placed against a prelude or an etude by Chopin. There are songs by Faure that belong to the very best of music. d'Indy is a composer of singular purity and nobility—a worthy disciple of Cesar Franck. The seriousness which to some is austerity is not chill and forbidding. Loeffler's workmanship is fascinating, and it is in the service of imaginative expression. He has gained in breadth, and can no longer

based on excerpts from Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel"; his "Pelleas et Melisande." And how new and beautiful his orchestral "Afternoon of a Faun." He has evolved his own system of harmony, but with that we have here nothing to do. It matters little what tools the workman uses, if with them he fashions things of novel and indescribable beauty.

FRANZ KNEISEL COMPLIMENTED.

A highly complimentary letter has come to Mr. Franz Kneisel, of the Kneisel string quartet, from G. Sgambati, in recognition of the performance by the Kneisel quartet in London of the quartet for strings by this eminent composer. In this letter Sig. Sgambati says: "To you and your colleagues, I have felt grateful ever since you played my quartet in London. Henschel speaks to me with enthusiasm of your magnificent performance of it. Since then the renown of the work has spread, and it is now played at the popular concerts, by the Bohemian quartet, the Leipzig quartet, by Hugo Hermann and Becker and others. But the climax was reached, I believe, in the perfect execution by yourself and colleagues. This quartet, published in 1882, has remained in obscurity, and for the greater part of its present popularity I am indebted to your fine interpretation and success. I intend to write a new one expressly for you, and I have set apart a time for this work so that I may put into it all my best efforts and my whole heart."

MELBA'S PLANS.

Prominent among the great musical attractions during the coming season is Mme. Nellie Melba, who has not been

Salting the earth view of life in industrial life is more than a study of machines and factories. The evolution of industrial society signifies a continuous change—a perpetual flux of economic relations and institutions which do not always proceed with the same rapidity. There has been a constant tendency to divide the work of one man among several, and new occupations have been springing up. "Here are a few of those that do not appear in the Boston directory for 1789: Stenographer, leeman, life insurance agent, photographer, letter carrier, advertisement writer, expert accountant, bicycle repairer, funeral director, commercial traveler, elevator tender, window dresser, lithographer, stereotyper," and there are also many occupations suggested by the words steam and electricity. New words in our vocabulary and changed meanings of old ones illustrate this.

The idea of the evolution of industrial society was advanced more than 50 years ago by the German Historical School of Economists, of whom the most prominent were Hildebrand, Roscher, Knies, but List even before that time had advanced the idea, and he taught that a man might be rationally a free-trader at one period of development, a protectionist at a later period, and again at a subsequent period, like that now attained by the United States, a free trader. In 1848 Karl Marx and his friend Engels presented the theory of scientific socialism. The basis of that theory is the proposition that in every historical epoch the social, political and intellectual life is determined by prevailing economic conditions, and that in the future the economic conditions will be such as to necessitate inevitably a socialistic organization of society. In 1896 Herbert Spencer published the third volume of his "Principles of Sociology," in which he traces the development of industrial institutions in particular. His uncompromising hostility to Socialism had been made familiar by his earlier writings.

Prof. Ely considers at length the economic stages: The influence of the economic factor in human progress; the hunting and fishing stage, the pastoral, the agricultural, the handicraft, the industrial. It was during the handicraft period that America was colonized. The methods of the handicraft system, where every man worked for himself with his own tools, or for others who were not above him in the social scale, began to give way to the factory system in England in the last quarter of the 18th and in America in the first quarter of the 19th century. The evils of the change in this country were not so great as in England, partly on account of the great supply of free land to which the dissatisfied could turn, partly because a great economic system had been established, and so the change was with evolution, rather than revolution. The sign of competition characterized the first phase of the industrial era; the concentration of production in large establishments, the trust movement, the second; the integration of allied industries—witness, the case of the United States Steel Corporation—the third.

Social classes in modern times have chiefly an economic and not a political basis, "and if we take any definition of what we will as a guide, we must acknowledge that we have classes in the United States." The separation of the working classes from the industrial workers proper is one of cleavage; the separation of the employers from the employed is another. "It is foolish for an ordinary workman to look forward to great wealth or to the ownership of an independent business," which could not have been reasonably said in Washington's administration; workers according to their occupation develop class sympathies; when differences in wealth reach a certain point, they operate as a social barrier; the monopolist is a privileged person, and monopolists form a privileged class. "As truly as the nobility of old England or Germany," monopolists favor strong customers, the effects of classes are good "because they tend to develop different gifts and capacities, and to produce a rich and diversified civilization. They are evil because their natural tendency is, as they become sharply differentiated, to separate man from his fellows; and this is a bad thing." There are forces at work, however, which tend to bring men of different classes together.

Among the general lines of development, some stand out with special prominence; the growth and modification of the idea of property; the evolution of forethought, "but, socially, Americans, on account of the newness of our economic life, show a lack of forethought with reference to the use of our resources when we are contrasted with older civilizations." The knowledge that co-operation is the great law of social life growth—"we pass over our unconscious social co-operation to conscious social co-operation," and that which is especially characteristic of the most modern phase of social evolution is the effort to secure harmony and unity of action among great industrial establishments, in order to achieve thereby the largest results with the least output of energy. The avoidance of waste of economic energy is, in other words, the great underlying principle of the present phase of industrial evolution.

A chapter of statistical evidence of the individual progress in the United States with references to the more important works which are accessible about great difficulty closes part I. of Ely. In view of the remarkable growth in the excess of exports over imports, remarks: "It doubtless is true at, to some extent, we are becoming creditor nation, or at any rate, ceasing to be a debtor nation." There is marked decline in child labor in the iron-manufacture, except in the southern states, and the decline in the birth rate is a trustworthy indication of better conditions of living.

The special problems of industrial evolution considered are competition, rivalry,

trusts and the importance of co-operation and trusts, municipal ownership of natural monopolies, concentration of diffusion of wealth, the subsistence of property, the evolution of public expenditures, labor as viewed in the United States, industrial competition, report, industrial peace, industrial liberty, the widening and deepening range of ethical obligation, social and ethical interpretations and the possibilities of social reform. Each chapter has bibliographical notes.

Prof. Ely first discusses the struggle for life in nature, and agrees with Alfred R. Wallace that, ethically considered, it affords "the maximum of life and of the enjoyment of life with the minimum of suffering and pain." Now among primitive men competition seems at first to take on crueler forms than among animals. Since the beginning of this century elevation of the plane of competition has kept pace with the rapidity of social evolution. "Association and co-operation, the healing touch, benevolence, love, are all compatible with competition," which is the chief selective process in modern economic society, and increasingly comes to mean worthy struggle. "Competition in the large economic sense may be formally defined as the struggle of conflicting economic interests on the basis of the existing legal and social order for the sake of economic advance on one sort or another." Yet there remains "the human rubbish heap of the competitive system," a sad fact, not that of competition, but of the existence of feeble persons. In his consideration of race improvement, Prof. Ely is optimistic. He does not believe that the apprehensions of Alfred Marshall and Darwin are warranted by the facts. "Unfortunately, however, strange as it may seem, there never has been any serious investigation either by sociologists or biologists of the relative strength and vigor of man in the various stages of his evolution from savagery to the highest forms of civilization. There has been a great deal of talk on this subject, but no strictly scientific work."

The quotation from a leading British case known as the Case of Monopolies (1602) contains an exposition of monopolistic evils, and Prof. Ely adds the opportunities for indulgence and extravagance afforded by the concentration of wealth. He analyzes the Steel Trust. "We have then to do with a union of men of very exceptional but probably not unique ability, who give economic direction to a considerable percentage of the productive forces—including labor and capital—of the entire United States. * * * At bottom, protection is sought in the appeal to good will—to the benevolence of our industrial Cæsar, our economic Alexander and Cæsar. What are the lessons of history? Does past experience teach us that we may place our hope for economic well-being wholly or in part in the benevolence of any class or men, even the most estimable? Or turning to the deductive argument, does our observation of human nature, even at the best, lead us to think this is a safe procedure? When we question ourselves, do we think we could stand such a test? Noteworthy and impressive in this connection is the following utterance of the late Benjamin Harrison: 'The man whose protection from wrong rests wholly upon the benevolence of another man or of a congress is a slave—a man without rights.'"

"Our presentation of remedies must depend on the kind of society in which we believe." There should be the general education to prepare every boy and girl for life. The problem of natural monopolies must be studied. To put a concrete example: "Shall we have private gas works with a state gas commission to exercise control over them, as in Massachusetts, or shall we have municipal gasworks and allow social control to proceed naturally and spontaneously from municipal ownership and management?" Those who have dealings with monopolistic enterprises must be fairly and impartially treated. The transmission of property from generation to generation must be regulated, in part by taxation, in part by laws "which aim otherwise to secure a wide diffusion of wealth." The patent law should be reformed so as to render patents of less significance as a foundation of monopolies, and the law of private corporations should be reformed.

Prof. Ely finds the trend during the last 15 years in favor of public ownership "marked and surprising." The difficulties of such ownership lie on the surface. He himself is not in favor of municipal ownership at any and all times, and everywhere and under all circumstances. There are strong arguments for the national ownership of the telephone and telegraph service. The question of the national ownership of railways presents new considerations of great importance. "Private railways can be controlled if government is strong and pure enough for this control. Wages and conditions of service, as well as rates, can be adjusted under government ownership if government is strong and pure enough to devise right standards and to resist popular clamor."

A considerable degree of concentration of wealth exists at present in the United States. "A rather small part of the population receives a rather large part of the nation's income. Of course we do not want an equal distribution. It is desirable to give men a special reward for special efforts, and that means inequality of income. The captains of industry must be paid for their industrial leadership, but it is not improbable that society is now paying them a price somewhat higher than necessary."

A line of reform of the laws of inheritance is proposed, which will tend to the development of the family as an institution far better than the existing laws in this country.

Industrial disputes, with resulting industrial warfare, are no longer private matters. "The prevention of strikes means simply this: We must open our eyes to the clear implications of our growing economic solidarity." State boards of arbitration are essential, but they should have power so that they

would never be contemptible. If we let labor conditions be allowed to continue unchecked, there will be danger of an undue extension of public ownership. "There is undoubtedly a certain toleration of lawlessness on the part of strikes, as Prof. Clark has well said, and the reason for this is that 'here is a general feeling that the rights of labor are not adequately protected.' * * * On the other hand, there is a surprising toleration of the astonishing extension of the use of injunctions. * * * We must adjust ourselves to collective bargaining between organized labor on the one hand, and organized capital on the other. Not suppression of organization, but regulation of organization, must be our watchword."

"The existence of classes gives complexity to the present problem of liberty. Industrial liberty is a conception that has a relative, not an absolute value; it is not something which can be decreed offhand, by any legislative body, but it is a social product, to be achieved by individuals working socially together; it does not come all at once, but slowly, as the result of a long continued progress."

We have only outlined here and there lending thoughts in certain chapters. Prof. Ely's volume is one that should be read and pondered by all who are alive to the gigantic problems of society as it exists today. His style is calm, judicious, unusually clear, and he is constantly interesting, even to the careless reader.

Curious Experiments in Heidelberg with Hidden Orchestra and Singers; Perfumes at Musical Performances.



MUSIC festival which will be held at Heidelberg Oct. 24-26 as a dedication of the new City Hall will be an unusual event, for the two concert halls in the building will be used in curious experiments. Dr. Philipp Wolfram, composer, a professor at Heidelberg University and the chief conductor of the festival, has drawn up the specifications and declared the purpose of the experiments. He himself believes in "invisible music." The concert of the first festival day will be with sunken orchestra and unseen solo singers and chorus. On the second day, and for the sake of comparison, the singers and players will be in the sight of the public, but the stage will be divided into four different floors, and thus there will be a variety of dynamic force. On the third day an oratorio will be performed; the chorus will be on the raised stage, but the orchestra will be seated on a level with the main floor of the hall, and it will be separated from the audience by a "non-transparent sound wall." A chamber concert will also be given, in which the players will be seen in the performance of certain pieces and unseen in the performance of others. The purpose of all these performances is described by an enthusiastic German-American who cannot escape from his native language, as "purely ideal and theoretically quite art imbued."

The thought of a sunken and invisible orchestra in opera is often and erroneously attributed to Wagner. Nor is it true that Wagner insisted on this disposition of the orchestra in order that the audience might hear better. He once characterized his form of opera as "musical deeds made visible." He wished the orchestra out of the way so that the audience might the more clearly see the stage and the inaction of his stage characters. His purpose is revealed unmistakably in his little pamphlet, "Ueber die Benennung Musik-Drama" and in the second essay "Bayreuth." Furthermore, Wagner's theory of an invisible orchestra was to be applied only to the opera house.

Long before Wagner, certain composers, as Gretry, had dreamed of a hidden orchestra in operatic performances.

A famous architect, Karl Friedrich Schinkel, drew plans with explanatory remarks in 1817 for a theatre of the Gendarmenmarkt, Berlin. These plans are now in the Schinkel Museum at Charlottenburg. The architect wrote: "The sinking of the orchestra is of the greatest assistance to the musical effect. The instruments are hidden and more intimately in the inclosed space, and they are heard as in a complete harmony." (This is taught us by observations in the great Italian cathedrals, where in church services the orchestra is boxed on a platform with an opening only on one side to concentrate the instrumental voices, which, without this disposition, would sound weak in so large a space and would be incoherent.) The song will be more masterful on the stage, while at present it is very often wholly

covered and hidden by the overtones of the neighboring orchestra. Furthermore, there will not be the distraction of musicians at work this side of the footlights, but there will be a most advantageous space to separate audience and stage."

Was Wagner acquainted with these ideas of Schinkel? They were his own, and they were put into practical shape

by the great Frankfurt composer, who in 1867, and now to be seen in the New National Museum in Berlin. But it was not until the opening of the Bayreuth Theatre that these theories were to a practical test. Other theatres have since adopted the plan of a sunken orchestra, but there is still dispute concerning the advantages and the disadvantages. The orchestra is written on acoustics. Th. Unger of Hannover, who do not hesitate to characterize such an orchestral disposition as "artificial and dissipated; that many phony effects, especially when they are of short duration, are wholly lost; that the instruments are without character; the tonal quality and are never bright and full; that the prevailing color is gray; that the orchestral tone is dull and muffled. They compare, for instance, a performance of the overture of "Die Meistersinger" in the Odéon at Munich with that of the overture in the Prince Regent's Theatre in the same city. If exposed, there is brilliance, there is power; in the theatre where there is a hidden orchestra of nearly double the number of players industriously sweating, the music is constrained and lifeless.

Strange experiments have before this been made in concert halls. Von Bülow occasionally darkened the room, and it is reported that he once had intense funeral march in Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. This reminds one of performances some years ago in a little Parisian theatre, when each scene of an arrangement of "The Song of Songs," which is Solomon's, was set with appropriate color, and accompanied with the suitable music and perfume, a following of the suggestion of Charles Baudelaire concerning the correspondence of color, music, perfume. If Mr. Unger protests against Paul Marso's theory that a concealed orchestra is essential to artistic enjoyment, he admits that such a disposition might heighten the effect of a requiem or solemn cantata; but he believes that a festival work would lose immeasurably, and that solo singers and players need the stimulating sight of an audience. If the performer is concealed, there can be no direct transmission of the musical fluid which moves the hearer profoundly or awakens enthusiasm.

Eleven years ago Heinrich Pudor discussed the question of concert halls in a Dresden journal, and then advanced theories which provoked laughter. Pudor, musician, virtuoso, at one time director of the Dresden Conservatory of Music, is a singular person, who as a pamphleteer threatened for a year or two to outstrip in fertility the traditional rabbit, or Mr. Harry B. Smith, the librettist. And in his pamphlets he discussed all things knowable besides certain other things. He fought for "ideal German art," against materialism, and he went so far as to characterize "Cavalleria Rusticana" as an important document toward the preservation of the sanctity of marriage.

In his essay, "The Concert Hall of the Present and the Future," which is now found in the collection entitled "Wiedergeburt in der Musik," he took for his text a sentence from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister": "He was accustomed to hear music only with shut eyes, that he might concentrate his whole being on the sole and pure enjoyment of the ear." He argued in substance as follows:

Since music is heard, not seen, the hall, as soon as the performance begins, should be as dark as possible. The eye should be put to sleep, the ear quickened. Today the hearer, when he enters, finds the hall half-dark, so that he gains his seat with difficulty. As the audience grows larger, more light is given, and when the concert begins the hall is brightly illuminated. All this should be reversed.

An orchestra should be seated lower than the audience; a chorus, or solo singers, much higher. A pianist or a violinist should be concealed by a dark curtain or by a screen.

If the players or singers must have a certain amount of light for the accomplishment of their task, the audience should be seated with the back toward the stage and in Egyptian darkness.

Thus and only thus will music be considered by the hearer as a "tone-art," and not as a spectacle.

Thus will virtuoso-display and the worship of personality perish. The ropedancing, the acrobaticism of virtuosoism will disappear with the lighted concert hall. And the performance without notes, which is erroneously judged as an exhibition of indisputable talent, will soon be a thing of the past. The true artist, who cannot be in the mood to play a sonata by Beethoven or himself when he sees from the stage a brilliant, kid-gloved audience, will be immediately in the mood when he feels himself at home in the hall of the future."

The hearer will not be disturbed by any distracting sight, by the sad or grotesque face of a fellow hearer, by the dress or appearance of a performer. Music is wholly a matter of impression. The hearer must be sensitive, and his sensitiveness must be aided, he must

feel himself alone, there must be help to self-concentration.

One is not always in the mood to hear music. At high noon or in the press of business, how can one be sensitive to musical impressions? "A man should be the most receptive at early morn, as soon as he is awake; and, indeed, I know a composer who as soon as he opens his eyes goes straight from his bed to the piano." This reminds us that Montaigne's father awakened him in his youthful years by the sound of a lute, that he might begin the day with agreeable, gentle thoughts. Today we are awakened by the milkman, the messenger, the trolley car or the "people" all the people, they that dwell up in the flat above us in the huge Janiturburg-warren. Pudor admits that few have leisure to hear music early in the morning. The evening is a more suitable time, especially the hour of two

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Lorenzo Perosi is writing his new oratorio, "Il Giulio Ursale." He says that it will be produced probably in Russia or in Germany.

It is said that Gustave Charpentier's new opera will be produced at Vienna, and not in Paris. This is a curious and almost incredible story.

A new operetta, "Der Schenkenvogel," by Victor Hollander of Berlin, was produced successfully in St. Petersburg by a travelling Viennese operetta company.

Alfred Bruneau, composer, who lately resigned his position as musical critic of the Figaro (Paris), began his duties as conductor at the Opera Comique, Sept. 3.

Saint-Saens, Massenet, Hahn, Gabriel Faure, Dubois, Colonne, Gaillard are the musicians on the committee to raise a monument to the memory of Augustus Holmes.

Carre of the Opera Comique, Paris, objects to stars. "Stars come to me with a voice worn to shreds by an American tour, their demands are exorbitant, and they will accept no criticism from any one."

It is said that Melba will be the fair Helen in Saint-Saens' new opera "Helene et Paris," to be produced this season at Monte Carlo. Saint-Saens has written the libretto as well as the music.

Dora Bright has finished an opera in three acts, "Quong Lung's Shadow," which will probably be produced at the Royal Opera House, Dresden. The libretto is a story of Chinese life in San Francisco.

Messrs. Lauterbach and Kuhn of Leipzig are about to publish several works of the late Hugo Wolf: a symphonic poem, "Penthesilla," a choral work, "Christnacht," a string quartet, and a movement from a suite, "Italian Serenade."

There is controversy in England concerning the title of "Dolly Varden," which will be produced at the Avenue Theatre on Oct. 1. A Mrs. Blackwood claims it as her copyright, for a play of the same name was written by her some 30 years ago.

Nasi, the secretary of public instruction of the kingdom of Italy, has established a fund at Rome to aid poor and promising young musicians. Two will receive \$500 each for two years, and they will be chosen by competition.

An "Ansgore Society" has been established at Vienna for the purpose of broadening acquaintanceship with the works of this pianist-composer. Mozart and Schubert may well turn in their graves at the thought of such devotion to art in a city that neglected them.

Mr. Santley has not sailed for South Africa solely for a holiday. He will give a series of concerts during a tour which is to last two months. He paid a visit to South Africa and sang in Pretoria and Johannesburg before the days of the Jameson raid.

Lieut. Charles Godfrey is about to retire from the band mastership of the Royal Horse Guards. He was appointed to the post in 1868. Born in 1833, he was the son of Fred Godfrey, conductor of the Coldstream Guards Band, and brother of Dan, who died lately.

Otto Fiebich's "Robert und Bertram," a comic opera in three acts, will be produced at Dantzig. The ~~leading~~ figures are modernized. Robert is now a dissipated composer and conductor, and Bertram is an operatic tenor who is addicted to an Italian aria by which he is finally betrayed.

"Calypso," a symphonic poem, for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, and songs by Pierre Carolus Duran, a son of the famous portrait painter, and a pupil of Widor, were performed later at Dieppe. His music would gain if it were more according to the epoch. He is a dreamer and sometimes a poet."

Claude Terrasse, whose opera-bouffe, "Le Sire de Vergy," was described at length in The Herald some weeks ago, is now at work on a sort of "Vie Parisienne" of today. The first act will pass in the Paris Conservatory of Music, the day of competitions, and well known teachers, composers, and members of the Institute will be introduced, burlesqued.

"Der liebe Schatz," an operetta in three acts, by Heinrich Reinhardt, was produced recently at the New Royal Opera House, Berlin. The "Schatz" is a girl, Hansi, who has been adopted by a rich baroness. Hansi's father deserted his family and went to America when she was a baby, but he turns up to decide which one of two furious suitors will be his son-in-law. The music is said to be weak.

Victor Herbert has been chosen by the Philharmonic Society of New York to conduct one of its eight concerts next winter. The Washington Times says: "Mr. Herbert is the only American on the list, his claims having been deemed by the society to be greater than those of Theodore Thomas, Walter Damrosch of New York, William Gericke of Boston, or Frank Vanderstucken of Cincinnati, a decision, by the way, that may be questioned." Yes, the question may well be put.

A number of German doctors have formed an anti-piano ~~league~~ ~~league~~ ~~league~~

president of the league declares that nearly all children who have studied the piano before the age of 16 suffer from nervous disorders, that the woman who regularly practises is nearly always the victim of hysteria, and that even men who are of stouter nerve fibre are often incoherent, irritable, and odd from having played the piano too early in life or too often later on. The doctors say nothing of the effect of piano-teaching.

Richard Strauss' song, "Das Thal" was heard in England for the first time at a Queen's Hall promenade concert on Aug. 27. "Lancelot" of the Referee wrote: (It) is one of those lyrical effusions which may be described as an orchestral piece with a vocal obbligato.

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The 43th season of concerts of the Chicago orchestra, "under the present temporary organization and financial guarantees," will begin Oct. 23, 24. The programme will be Wagner's Huldigungsmarsch and prelude to "Lohengrin"; Beethoven's symphony, No. 7; an extract from Bruneau's "Messidor"; Berlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival," and variations by Artsboucheff, Witold, Ljadoff, Rimsky, Korsakoff, Sokoloff, and Glazounoff on a Russian theme. Among the novelties of the first five concerts are the introduction to the second act of D'Indy's "L'Étranger," Bruneau's symphonic poem, "The Sleeping Beauty," Volbach's symphonic poem, "Master," for orchestra and organ.

Richard Strauss will conduct some of his compositions at one of the concerts. Among the solo violinists will be Maud Powell and Jacques Thibaud.

Mr. E. A. Baughan of the Daily News (London) read in an American journal that the European vogue of Mr. Charles Willeby, a song writer, is "immense"; that Mr. Willeby's "rise to front rank has been rapid and sure." This moved Mr. Baughan to write: "As if that were not enough praise, we are told that he is still rising; probably Charles Willeby is therefore so rising above the song writers in the first rank—the mere Schusters, Schumanns, Brahms, Franzes and Richard Strauss—of the world, I am sorry I have hitherto seen in this great genus only an imitator or a copy-maker, not at all original or epoch-making in any sense. I hope Mr. Charles Willeby himself has had nothing to do with this fulsome advertisement. Whatever American artists may do, British composers and executants should be above having their talent puffed in that ridiculous advertising circular."

York Bowen's symphonic poem, "The Lament of Tasso," founded on Byron's poems, was performed for the first time at a Queen's Hall promenade concert on Sept. 1. "It is a work," said Mr. Blackburn, "which is full of the modern spirit of music; it contains a well understood meaning that have their relations with Elgar, with Strauss and with Wagner. Wagner, I have never known what benefit he conferred on certain composers when he wrote his 'Tristan.' Yet 'Tristan' seems to remain, in form, no less than in substance, the elder tree, acorns from which have come to seed as a younger plant." Tennyson once also hinted at the same thought. Edwin York Bowen, who won with this piece the Charles Lucas prize at the Royal Academy, is only 19 years old, but he has written a symphony, two sonatas for piano, a sonata for violin and piano, an overture, and he has taken four scholarships.

Harry Farjeon's concerto in D for piano and orchestra was performed for the first time in London at a Queen's Hall promenade concert on Sept. 3. Mr. Cuthbert Whitmore was the pianist. Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote: "The work itself may be said to belong to that class which is entirely praiseworthy, but which is also entirely unnecessary. It has the quality of a musician without the distinction of a thinker. Abundance of industry marks its course; and in listening to the work one feels at every moment convinced that here is talent of no mean order. But the net result clearly demonstrates a lack of beauty. When will young musicians learn that beauty is the final goal of their art? To experiment in technique is excellent practice; but this is only a means to an end. Mr. Harry Farjeon's concerto shows him still in the experimental stage. The fact that the composer himself supplied 'details' to the writer of the analytical programme makes us more convinced that he is a trifle too serious at present about matters that are quite trifling. Still, he has the knack of the orchestra in his blood, and that goes for much. But he should beware of his excellent gift. Too often a composer with the hacking of an orchestral instinct is content with commonplace thought. A magnificent performance of Strauss' magnificent 'Till Eulenspiegel' was the feature of the evening. Mr. Farjeon might with advantage study here how Strauss discovers the beauty of ugliness through most legitimately discovered means."

Sept 27, 1903
Why Should Boston Not
Have a Salaried
Organization?

Famous Foreign Claqueurs
and Their Perquisites.

Success of Marie de l'Isle on
the Operatic Stage.

Coming Tour of Pianist Alfred Reisenauer.

The Worcester Festival Programme—Notes.



It was discussed last Sunday the proposed experiments in the new concert hall at Heidelberg, the various opinions concerning the darkening of concert rooms during a performance, the advantage of a hidden orchestra, concealed solo singers or violinists or pianists, and the extreme and curious propositions of one Heinrich Pudor. "Extreme!" And yet did not Liszt yearn for a performance of his "Dante" symphony in a darkened hall, while pictures of scenes in the "Divine Comedy" were thrown upon a wall?

Grant the demand of the Freiherr von Seydlitz that everything which disturbs the eyes and the ears of the hearer should be removed; there still remain questions to be discussed. Should applause be allowed in the ideal concert hall? The Freiherr von Seydlitz would have no hand-clapping, no stamping with boots, cane, umbrella; but he smiles approvingly on cries of joy, because these are at least human sounds; and calls before the curtain should be permitted—yes, encouraged—for then the singer or the player receives in a worthy manner the homage of the public, and "this side of the curtain, neither swallow-tail coat, nor ball costume, neither bouquet nor wreath can disturb."

Applause is either spontaneous or perfunctory. When it is perfunctory it proceeds from a claque, and this claque may be made up of hired applauders, fierce partisans of a cause or a "tendency," or personal and otherwise disinterested friends.

The claque in the form of a band of men hired to applaud and under the direction and control of a leader is an old institution. We must again refer to that incomparable artist, Nero. It was he who, in order that his song and action might be appreciated thoroughly by the great public, chose young men of the equestrian order and above 5000 robust young fellows from the common people. They were remarkable. Suetonius tells us, for their fine heads of hair; they were extremely well dressed; they wore rings on their left hands, and they were taught various kinds of applause, "bombi," "imbrices," "testae"—applause that was something like the humming of bees, or like the rattling of hail on the roof, or like the clashing together of porcelain vessels. They learned these kinds of applause and practised them in Nero's favor, whenever he performed. The leaders of these bands were paid each a salary of 40,000 sesterces. And some say that Burrhus and Seneca, placed at the two ends of the stage, were the chiefs of clagues, that they gave forth the famous cry, "Plaudite, Cives!"

The name "Romans" was given to claqueurs, who have since been known as "Knights of the Chandelier," and the poets of Rome did not hesitate to end their plays with the tag, "Plaudite, Cives!" borrowed from the claque.

It is not necessary to go back to Rabalais, to quote Voltaire, or even to discuss the question whether the claque was introduced into Paris by the poet Dorat, or whether it was established when the rivalry between the play actresses Duchesnois and Georges was piping hot. Some say that the claque at the Comedie Francaise was first composed of the admirers of one or the other of these actresses. It was soon afterwards made up of deadbeats, who in return for their admission fee were expected to applaud everything energetically; but in 1807 a certain person, who was hired, sat on every first night in the centre of the pit in order to applaud, and he was named M. Claque. "His hands," says Prudhomme, "were like a washerwoman's beating bats."

The history of the claque has been written, and we do not propose to rewrite it in a condensed form. There are amusing memoirs of chiefs of clagues, as the recollections of Jules Lan, which were published by Calmann Levy at Paris in 1833, and to which we refer the lover of entertaining gossip.

A well organized and paid claque led by such a man as Schoentag in Vienna, whose jubilee was celebrated four or five years ago, or by Planchet, who died at Paris in 1901, may make for artistic righteousness.

Look at the career of Planchet, for instance. He succeeded the famous Porcher; he was the king of the dealers in theatre tickets, and the ruler of the claque. The regulation of artificial applause demands a keen intelligence. Planchet himself used to say that if a manager or play actor had "intelligent hands," he might rest assured of a brilliant destiny. Now Planchet would have been called by some illiterate, for he did not write his name easily. He began by keeping a fourth-rate little wine shop which was frequented by

humble actors, who found in it a U's accepted without too dramatic remembrance. He rose gradually until he became the head of the claque, especially for Samuël, Hochard, Rejane, Coquelin. When he sat in the theatre to watch a rehearsal, the manager and the comedians consulted him rather than the playwright. He had no illusions even about Academicians. He would whisper to an author, "For your own sake, don't say you wrote all of this," or "I shall have to send up 50 of the claque if the piece is going to run 10 nights." When he found a success he had it read over to him till he knew it by heart; then he chose the passages which deserved to be applauded, nor would he listen for a moment to the opinion of the author. He was seldom mistaken in his judgment of the chances of the piece, and a manager was happy when Planchet congratulated him. This chief of the claque was commercially shrewd. His traffic in tickets was a complicated affair. He had to do with the playwright's tickets, which represent a part of the playwright's profits, for it became the practice for the author to sell the seats allowed him daily by the management, which were originally intended for distribution among friends. A manager would be short of the capital needed to mount a piece, and if Planchet approved his scheme he would lend him the money, and accept seats in payment. These seats were charged to him at a low rate, and if the play was successful, Planchet's profits were great. Yet he was exceedingly popular, for he was a friend to the young playwright. As a reward of virtue, Planchet had nearly a million francs when he died, and he used to declare that there was not an actor in Paris who did not owe him at least twenty.

A year after the death of Planchet, Jules Claretie, the manager of the Comedie Francaise, dismissed his claque, and the chief, who had been receiving about \$60 a month, sued him for \$6000 compensation.

But there are—it is more courteous to say there were—chiefs of clagues at the Opera—Messrs. Sol and Vilette—and at other Parisian theatres, and the salary ranged from \$50 to \$100 a month.

At the opera the members of the claque number about 30. "They assemble every evening about 10 minutes to 7 o'clock at the cafe de la Rotonde, at the corner of the boulevard Haussmann and the rue Lafayette, where, crowding round M. Sol or M. Vilette, they answer to their names. The sight is not worth seeing. To watch these men, many of them doctors, advocates and pupils of the conservatory, with not sufficient money to spend on theatres, reminds one—in spite of their redinotons and tall silk hats—of the roll call of one's schoolboys. Each answers 'Present' to his name and receives a metal ticket, upon which is the number of his seat."

Nobody who was acquainted with theatre life in London was astonished in 1899 by Mr. Lowenfeld's revelations concerning a claque. In the seventies the chief at Covent Garden was a Frenchman named Cauvain. He used to have a fee for the season, fixed at a minimum of £10, besides a number of tickets, and various perquisites. There was in London, by the way, a famous singer who employed two clagues—one to applaud him, the other to dispose satisfactorily of his rivals.

It was said a few years ago that there were evidences of a claque in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, especially on nights when a certain famous Italian sang; that applause was suspiciously stormy; that there were shouts of "Bravo!" "Brava!" and "Bravi!" and that the clappers and shouters did not have the outward appearance of persons who sit as by divine right in \$5 seats. It is true that when certain tenors sang in Boston at Mechanics' building tickets were distributed freely among our Italian brethren who were correspondingly and boisterously grateful on the nights of performance.

When it was announced in Paris that the claque at the Opera was no longer to be a matter of commercial speculation, but that it would be controlled directly by the management, some did not hesitate to say that the cause of good music would be thereby greatly helped. They argued that inasmuch as the persons who pay the full prices charged for admission are not expected to distinguish between music that is excellent or merely meretricious or stupid, between singing that is artistic or impudently pretentious, the audience should be quietly directed in applause by intelligent persons. Of course, the greatest care should be taken by the management in the selection of such confidential agents and arbiters of taste.

Might it not be urged with a show of reason that a salaried claque would be of incalculable advantage to the cause of good music even in the concert halls of Boston? The claqueurs—call them not by this harsh term, say rather the swayers of critical opinion—should be men of recognized authority in the community. They should not be fewer in number than six, and they should not be more than 12. They should be appointed by the mayor who should reserve the right of removing any one of them or all of them from office on account of negligence of duty, as sleeping during a symphony by Brahms, absence from the hall during the performance of a suspected piece. Each member should receive a respectable salary during the season.

This band of swayers of critical opinion should be composed of professional musicians and experienced concertgoers in equal numbers. They should have seats allotted to them on the floor and in the gallery. The seats on the floor should be slightly raised. The dress of the swayers should distinguish them; red shooting jacket or a velvet coat, or something else significant above the waist. They should sit where silence according to a code may be exchanged during the performance of a piece, and the rule of the majority should control

CLAUQUES IN CONCERT HALLS, AND SWAYERS OF CRITICAL OPINION

In all matters of performance. When a composition is performed for the first time, there may be a diversity of opinion. Thus sitters on the floor, led by a red-jacketed fugleman, will applaud wildly, while those seated in the gallery near a disapproving arbiter will keep depressing silence, or will burst out in violent opposition.

And see how it is today. A large audience is made up of persons, like the father of Dorothea, "of miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote." The majority, through long acquaintanceship with programmes, has become accustomed to the sight of certain names—Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and so on down to Schumann. Any music by such composers must necessarily be safe; therefore, there is no danger in hearty applause. No one clapping hands

or beaming on a neighbor will be suspected of revolutionary theories or a coarse taste. If a composition by a Bostonian is played, it must be good, and if by some inexplicable oversight on the part of the composer this music is jejune and boring, nevertheless the applause is hearty, for the composer is a man of the parish; he is an industrious person; and he has a certain social position. But if there is a new composition by Scriabin or by Lalo, or by the poor hearers to do? The names are not in the music dictionary; no one has lectured on the composers at a Friday morning or Tuesday afternoon or Williams and Walker club. How is one to know whether the music is good or bad? If there were only some fugleman of authority to give the signal. One hearer looks at another during the performance. The music itself is gloriously and emotionally beautiful. After the final chord, there is faint applause in the top gallery. A musician there has the courage of intelligence and sympathy. There is feeble applause here and there throughout the hall. The majority of the hearers liked the music, but nine out of ten of them were afraid to manifest their pleasure, lest they should be in a pitiable minority.

A claque is not necessarily a band of mercenaries. There are claqueurs who are unconscious claqueurs, the family and friends of a performer, the partisans of a cause. Let us take a grotesque example. We sat one night at the Boston Theatre near a man and his wife who were unmistakably bored by a performance of "Siegfried." They were strangers. The woman was sumptuously dressed, and not merely to the waist, with a rain skirt or any other old thing, as is the manner of the true Bostonian, who knows that only the bodice and collar are here observed. The man applauded wildly when Mr. Walter Damrosch walked toward the conductor's stand. He yawned and snoozed during the first act, but when the curtain fell he again applauded madly. He turned to his wife and said: "That's Damrosch."

"Who's Damrosch?" asked the wife. "Why, he's the conductor."

"Is he a good conductor?" "He ought to be. He's a son-in-law of James G. Blaine. Let's have him out on the stage."

There was a claqueur and a fine specimen of one, as well as of a stalwart Republican.

You go to the exhibition of an operatic school. Just before the performance a man greets another. "What are you doing here?" "Oh, I came just to hear Nettle; that's all I came for." Nettle's father, uncle, brother, or admirer is a claqueur. He brought his hands with him to see Nettle through. While the other aspirant sing he sits as one resigned to acts of foolishness on the stage and on the part of the audience. But when it is Nettle's turn! How changed is the man. How he throbs and exults! How he mops his forehead in sweating ecstasy!

And of which one of us may not this fable be narrated?

When Mr. Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter" was produced in Boston for the first time on any stage, a claque was present eager that the composer should know the exaltation of success. Is claque a harsh word? The members of this claque were in conventional and approved evening dress; men and women, well known in this city, proved themselves to be warm-hearted friends of Mr. Damrosch. They liked him; they were prepared to like his music; they wished to insist that the audience at large should like the opera. The sight was a pleasure to a benevolent looker-on. Nor had Mr. Damrosch any cause to be ashamed of such a claque.

So when the opera of young Bolivar Jones is produced, or the symphonic poem of Elihu B. Joslyn is brought to a hearing, friends of Bolivar and Elihu are prepared to see that these gifted persons have public encouragement. And in like manner each local singer, each local violinist or pianist has a claque, which is prepared to praise without pretence of discrimination all that is done on the stage, and is ready to accuse the dissenting professional critics of being sufferers from cancer of stomach or prejudiced and too ardent admirers of some rival singer or musician.

At a concert given by a choral society, the chorus applauds tumultuously the conductor and the solo singers when they appear on the stage. The conductor has not yet shown his knowledge of the composer's intentions or any sympathy or skill in direction. The singers have not produced a tone. The chorus



MARIE DE L'ISLE AS CARMEN.

serves, then, as a claque to arouse in advance a prejudice in favor of the performance and the performers. The solo singers bow deferentially to this claque. Meanwhile the audience sits, quietly amused. Perhaps a solo singer does not please the audience, and there is only faint applause. The audience is at once rebuked by the tumultuous choral claque for this want of appreciation, and the solo singer again bows heartily thanks to the claque, the friendly chorus.

If applause and other signs of pleasure he allowed in concert halls should there be place for hissing and other signs of disapproval? In foreign cities hissing even in symphony concerts is not unknown.

When Grieg was hissed not long ago at a Colonne concert, in Paris, the hissing was intolerable, for it was not an expression of artistic disapproval. Some in the audience remembered that Grieg had on a former occasion refused to conduct his works in Paris on account of the persecution of Dreyfus.

When, on the other hand, a pianist at a Colonne concert was hissed, not on account of her performance, but because certain persons objected to the introduction of any piano-concerto in a symphony concert, there was at least a plausible artistic reason for disapproval; just as there was when Willy Burmeister, the violinist, was hissed in the same theatre because he played an old-fashioned concerto by Spohr; the disagreeable manifestation was directed against the work and not against the violinist, for when Burmeister played another piece—by Bach, if we are not mistaken—he was applauded to the skies.

We heard hisses of the judicious mingled with the applause of the idle gapers when the young and untamed Eugen d'Albert, exulting arrogantly in brute strength and phrase-destroying speed, exhibited reckless technique at a Philharmonic concert in Berlin in the early thirties.

We remember scenes of strife and confusion at Colonne's concerts at the Chatelet in Paris. Once in a performance of "The Damnation of Faust," the ter or delighted the fashionable subscribers and disgusted the musicians in the top gallery. After the trying song to

Nature, the tenor was hissed furiously by the gallery. The subscribers resented the insult to their judgment and applauded frenetically. The pandemonium that ensued turned the pandemonium of Berlioz with its text of jargon into an anti-climax. The roar in the house was so great that the huge orchestra played fortissimo as in dumb show.

Again at the same theatre we were present when the well known prelude to Saint-Saens' "Deluge" was performed. There was polite applause for a moment. Then some misdirected subscriber endeavored to force an encore. At once in the gallery arose a din that struck terror to the stoutest admirer of Saint-Saens. Students of all nations, male and female, roared in protest, and one long-haired man of the Midi stood up and howled: "What! that thing again? Jamais de la vie!" The prelude was not repeated.

After all, there is a glory in the frank expression of opinions. Anything is better than smug, well-bred indifference. The man from the Midi at Colonne's would have gone to the stake for his opinion. He was willing to endure Saint-Saens' "machine" once—but a repetition? To him such undue appreciation would have been an insult to Gluck, Beethoven, Wagner, whose names were also on the programme. And he was foremost among the crowd that insisted on a repetition of the Allegretto of Beethoven's 7th symphony.

Suppose that the subscribers to the Symphony concerts could express with an extreme of honesty an opinion concerning a composition, or its performance. Suppose the applause which follows a symphonic poem by Richard Strauss, should be mingled with the hisses of those who find the music deliberately and ineffectively ugly; might not such a scene make on the whole for true musical righteousness? Singers and violinists and pianists appeal at Symphony concerts and they are all "heartily applauded and recalled several times," so that the passionate press agent writes in a perverted circular: "She received a perfect ovation"—ignorant of the fact that an ovation is a lesser triumph. The applause falls heavily on the just and the unjust. Of what value is the applause to Ysaye

when he is told that some anti-Nature violinist was also "recalled several times"? Or should Busoni or Bauer feel highly complimented when some young person who plays nearly all the notes of a concerto with the brave and constant aid of the dryer pedal was "brought out again and again"? There is nothing more fatal to art than complacent indifference, the belief that everything in a concert hall must be for the best. Such a belief is merely mental stagnation.

MARIE DE L'ISLE.

Jeanne Beugnon, known in public as Marie de l'Isle, is a grandniece of the Marie whose career at the Opera, Paris, was paled by the glory of Duprez; yet Marie had a remarkable voice. He was famous for his children: Gail Marie, who created the parts of Mignon and Carmen; Irma Marie, who visited the United States in the early years of opera bouffe, and Paola Marie, who also visited this country.

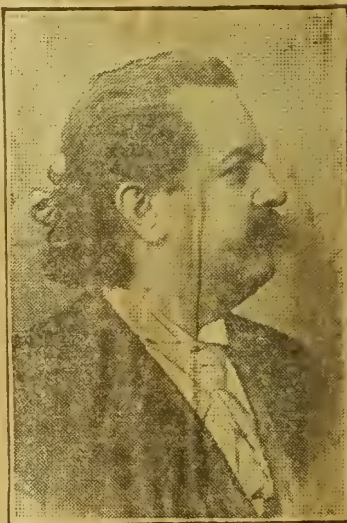
Marie de l'Isle was born at Paris and she was brought up at first without thought of the stage, but the death of her father obliged her to turn her talent to commercial use. She did not stay long at the Conservatory, and she received the greater part of her vocal training in private lessons. While she was studying she sang at first in concerts, then, little by little, she gained stage experience. Her first operatic engagement was at Versailles in "Les Dragons des Villars," and after engagements at Chartres and Orleans, she appeared in Paris at the Eldorado in 1890 in an old piece, "Le Royaume des Femmes," for which Gaston Serpette wrote music. Carvalho was pleased with her, and engaged her for the Opera Comique, and she appeared there for the first time Dec. 2, 1893, as Malika, the companion of Van Zandt Lakme. She took small parts; then she was seen and heard and applauded as Rose Friquet, Carmen, Mignon, while in excursions to provincial cities she appeared as Marguerite, Mireille, Angele ("Domino Noir").

She grew steadily in artistic stature. She created the parts of Teria in Hahn's "Ile du Reve," Dorothee in Massenet's "Cendrillon," the mother in Charpentier's "Louise," Mme. Dietrich in "La Marseillaise," the Queen in Hahn's "La Carmelite," and this year she added to her repertory the antipodal parts of Santuzza in Mascagni's opera and Charlotte in Massenet's "Werther." Her Charlotte is described as an exquisite, graceful figure, a woman of restrained passion, one acquainted with sorrow.

Henri de Curzon, a discriminative judge, wrote of her Carmen: "The part is one of those that do her the greatest honor. She produces an incredible effect, chiefly perhaps because she does not seek effects. She is simple, genuine, and she lives in Carmen's flesh; here is her secret and the secret of her effects, unexpected at times, which seem to flash forth from her frank action and distinct diction. When she listens to Don Jose telling of the flower he kept in prison, the scene becomes a little, intimate drama."

ALFRED REISENAUER.

Alfred Reisenauer, the pianist, who will give concerts in the United States for the first time this season, was born at Koenigsberg, Nov. 1, 1863. He studied



ALFRED REISENAUER.

with Koehler, the maker of the once famous exercises, and afterward with Liszt. He made his appearance as a virtuoso and with marked success in 1881, but he left the concert stage to study law at Leipzig. In 1886 he resumed his musical career, and since then has won renown throughout Europe. He was a member of the brilliant group of Liszt's later pupils. Among his compositions are the "Wanderlieder" for voice.

THE MAINE FESTIVALS.

The seventh annual Maine festival will begin at Bangor Sept. 23 and continue in that city for three days. The festival at Portland will be held Oct. 1, 2, 3. Mr. William R. Chapman will conduct the chorus of 1000 voices, and the Maine Symphony orchestra. The solo singers will be Mrs. Blauvelt, Mrs. Shotwell-Piper, Mrs. Louise Homer, Miss Corinne Welsh, Messrs. E. P. Johnson, Bispham and Hemus. Mr. Felix Fox of Boston will be the solo pianist. Gounod's "Faust," with Mrs. Blauvelt, Miss Welsh and Messrs Johnson, Hemus and Archambault, will be sung at Bangor the evening of Sept. 23 and at Portland the evening of Oct. 2. Verdi's "Requiem"

will be sung at the concert of Sept. 30 and at Portland the afternoon of Oct. 3. Mrs. H. M. will sing at Bangor on the evening of Sept. 30 and at Portland the evening of Oct. 3. Mr. Fox will play Grieg's concerto and Philipp's transcription of "Strauss' Wine, Women and Song." The programmes of the miscellaneous concerts are of even a higher order than at previous festivals.

NOTES.

They have been experimenting at the Monnaie, Brussels, with the orchestra lowered and under the stage.

Jan Block's "La Fiancee de la Mer" will be performed at Frankfurt for the first time with German text.

Massenet's "Griseldis" has been produced at Buenos Ayres. When shall we hear it in Boston?

"Lillian," a new opera by G. de Ambrogio and Raffaele Boite is announced for performance at Casale Monferrato.

The house in which Beethoven died, the so-called "Schwarzspannerhaus," is about to be pulled down to make room for a new building.

The programme of the Boston concert orchestra at Horticultural Hall this afternoon will be of a popular nature. Mr. Curry will conduct.

Richard Strauss will conduct the concerts of the Pittsburgh orchestra on March 11, 12. His wife will be the solo singer at these concerts.

Saint Saens and his librettist, Jane Dieulafoy, will change their "Parysads," produced originally in the amphitheatre at Beziers, so that it may be played in an ordinary theatre.

A committee has been formed at Walzenkirchen, Upper Austria, to put a commemorative tablet on the house in which the composer Wilhelm Kienzl was born in 1875. But is not this rushing things?

Brahm's "Liebestreu" has been arranged for the harp by M. Lemaitre. This seems like a desperate effort to popularize the works of Master Johannes. His fourth symphony may yet be arranged for carolina and piano.

Mrs. Alice Chase Smith of Boston gave a pleasing and highly successful song recital at Child's Opera House, Hillsboro, N. H., last Wednesday evening. The programme included songs by Lottl, Schira, Grieg, Bohm, Saint-Saens and others.

Patrons of former Kneisel quartet seasons are reminded that they can secure the same seats they have occupied in former years by applying to Mr. John Sauerquell at Symphony Hall on or before the week beginning Oct. 11. The price of seats for the six concerts announced will be \$5 and \$7.50, according to location.

Henry W. Savage's English grand opera company will open an engagement of four weeks at the Tremont Theatre on Oct. 19. No less than seven singers new to the American operatic stage have made their debut under Mr. Savage's direction since last Monday, and, without exception, they have been greeted with a fine show of enthusiasm. The list includes Pierre Riviere, tenor; Remi Marsano, baritone; Rita Newman, mezzo-soprano; Jean Lane Brooks, soprano; Mabel Nelma, an Australian mezzo-soprano; Jeanne Lane Brooks, soprano, and Harrison W. Bennett, basso.

Mr. Bimboni, director of the school of opera in the New England Conservatory, has recently returned from his vacation trip to Italy. While abroad he was much gratified to learn of the success of one of his pupils in the conservatory, Mr. Osborne, the young basso, who went abroad in the hope of securing an operatic engagement, and succeeded beyond his expectations. He was given a solo part without undergoing the drudgery of chorus work, and other unexpected stroke of good fortune. While in Italy Mr. Bimboni received a decoration from the King, the third he has received from foreign rulers.

Sept 29, 1903
**ERMINIE AGAIN,
TUNEFUL AS EVER**

**Francis Wilson and His
Company Reopen the
Columbia Theatre with
the Popular Operetta.**

The Columbia Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Mr. Charles P. Salisbury resident manager, was reopened last night with a performance of Paulton and Jakowski's comic opera, "Erminie," by Francis Wilson and his company. Mr. John McOhie was the musical director. The cast was as follows:

Cadeaux, his original character, Francis Wilson
Ravenes, William Broderick
Chevalier de Brabazon, Sig. Peraglin
Narcissus de Pomerey, Joseph Ray
Simon, William Laverty
Vicente de Brissac, J. C. Jackson
Erminie, Marguerita Sylva
Capt. Delauney, Jessie Bartlett Davis
Javotte, Midge Lessing
Princess de Grampouere, her original
character, Jennie Weatherly
Corise, Laura Butler

"Erminie" is now nearly 18 years old, a long life for an operetta, and its popularity is still undiminished. Is there not even a plan to produce it next winter with a French cast and an

And the same is true of the operetta, which adventures have been sold in many ways and in various languages in melodrama, farce, ballet and opera.

A performance of "Erminie" in the year 1903 easily invites reminiscence. There is the thought of Paulton Hall, Marion Mandel, Lillian Russell, Isabella Lurhart, Amanda Fabris, Adelle Reed, Fanny Rice, Marie Jansen, John Glaser, of Danhol, Mark Smith, J. H. Ryley—the list is a long one, and it includes Mr. Seabrooke, whose Ravens was singularly inadequate, and Mr. Temple, a Chevalier of true French distinction. An operetta often disappears with the advancement of the passing of some fair woman or comedian, who puts life into dry bones; but "Erminie" still pleases, while some of the men and women who once gave delight and were known as stars have joined the majority—Mark Smith died only a few days ago—or no longer bear names which are as lodestones in the box office.

It was an idle task to inquire into the popularity of this operetta. The action lags when the two adventurers are not on the stage; the dialogue, as originally written, is tame and often tiresome; the improbabilities are not witty or grotesquely extravagant, as though they were every day occurrences in some oriental land, where the unexpected or widely absurd is as a matter of course or a logical deduction from some preposterous premise. The fact remains that "Erminie" is nearly 18 years old, and that the attractive and handsomely renovated theatre was crowded last night with an amused and heartily applauding audience.

"Erminie," as well as "The Huguenots," may have a "grand star cast," and the cast last night was one of unusual strength. It would be impertinent to speak in detail at this late day of the Cadeaux of Francis Wilson, an impersonation that has been familiar to Boston playgoers for 17 years. This impersonation is something more than mere clowning, for Mr. Wilson's Cadeaux is a lovable character even in his huffiness and cowardice. It would not be a difficult task to describe the impersonation as an apotheosis of cowardice. Cadeaux's grovelling fear makes a direct appeal to the spectator, who is perhaps unconscious of the reasons and the reasonableness of his sympathy.

Or Cadeaux might be treated by some lover of paradox as an eminently pathetic character. As Maginn invented the paradox of Falstaff and proved him to be the most melancholy of mankind; far more depressed and lonely-hearted than Jacques, with all his sighs and cynicism. We have learned to appreciate fully the art of Mr. Wilson's performance by seeing the efforts of other comedians, who have relied solely on vulgar buffoonery. Mr. Wilson has played the part many times, and yet his performance is buoyant and spontaneous, as though it were the improvisation of a man of overflowing spirits. Called and recalled after the end of the second act, he made a speech of thanks in one sentence, in which he alluded ironically to the natural nervousness of appearing in a new piece.

Mr. Broderick's Ravens is not new in Boston, for he appeared here in this part as early as 1894. The character may be made complex: there is the melodramatic touch, there may be the suggestion of sinister tragedy; the sound may easily exert a fascination by his rake-helly jauntyness over women, as though he were a Don Juan of the decayed and perverted gentleman who, although he is the sworn foe of society, nevertheless at times dazzles by the elegance which was as a birth-right. To realize fully the cynical splendor of Ravens, the comedian should be a singing Lemaitre. This Mr. Broderick is not, yet he is admirable in certain ways, and his performance is intelligent and consistent.

There are times in "Erminie," and this cannot be truly said of many operettas that have died of late years with the season in which they were born. A tune has been defined as a melody that is over-ripe. Now, the tunes in "Erminie" may answer to this definition, yet they at once were lodged in the ears of the public and they still hold their place. Miss Sylva may not have sufficiently accented her first song with dainty malice—the air would have gained had it been taken at a little slower pace—but she sang the "Lullaby" effectively, and she was dignified and yet womanly throughout. Mrs. Davis was welcomed heartily as the Captain, and she was obliged to sing her interpolated air again and again.

Miss Madge Lessing was a delight in the second act. In whatever she undertakes, she charges the atmosphere with the fragrance of her personality. Whether she sings or dances, she fascinates by sheer personal charm, by a daintiness and a piquancy that are as a thing apart. And then there was Miss Jennie Weatherly as the fantastical princess who had historical precedents for her whimsical taste in the choice of a lover. The tenor gave pleasure to the audience. Mr. Peraglin, as the Chevalier was, as ever, gorgeous in his costumes. The minor parts were acceptably taken.

The chorus has been well trained, and the orchestra is fuller than is usually the case in operetta productions in this city. There were other interpolations besides the one to which we have referred, as the song of Javotte with the chorus of "Gainsborough Girls," the duet in which Miss Lessing and Mr. Wilson sang and danced the adventures of Joseph, James and John. The operetta is handsomely mounted, and the groupings and the management of lights in the ball room are especially effective.

All in all, a notable production, one that will, without doubt, pack the Columbia Theatre, which now, attractive and comfortable, is a suitable home for operetta, musical comedy, or that species of drama known to the French and Germans as "intimate."

Oct-1, 1903 "ELIJAH" GIVEN AT WORCESTER

Opening of 46th Annual
Music Festival Under
Auspicious Conditions in
Mechanics Hall.

THE ORATORIO EVER POPULAR.

Last Evening's Performance Marked by Many
Blemishes, Vocal and Intellectual.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.)

WORCESTER, Sept. 30, 1903. The 46th annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association began this evening at Mechanics Hall with a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The board of government is thus constituted: Col. Samuel E. Winslow, president; Paul B. Morgan, vice-president; G. Arthur Smith, secretary; George R. Bliss, treasurer; Luther M. Lovell, librarian, and these directors: Charles M. Bent, Arthur J. Bassett, J. Vernon Butler, Charles I. Rice, Edward L. Sumner, Philip W. Moen, Rufus B. Fowler, Harry R. Sinclair. On account of the sickness of Col. Winslow Mr. Morgan is performing the duties of the president.

The musical directors are Messrs. Wallace Goodrich and Franz Kneisel. The chorus numbers 400 voices. The orchestra is made up of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and Mr. Otto Roth is the concert master. Mr. Albert W. Snow is the organist, and Mr. Arthur J. Bassett the accompanist.

The festival of last year was peculiarly unsuccessful. Various reasons were given for the financial loss. Some said that the programmes were too "classical," and "classical" was thus used elastically as a synonym for "unintelligible" or "boreome." As a matter of fact, the programmes were eminently catholic of a high order of merit, of much interest to genuine lovers of music.

Some said there was no blazing star of the first magnitude. Some complained of the prices charged for rehearsals and concerts. Others declared that there was no general interest in the festival, and that it would be wise to discontinue these concerts, that have given Worcester a certain distinction in England as well as in the United States.

The present board of government pondered the problem and in the Festival Bulletin, published Sept. 1, appealed to civic pride.

It is no secret that last year the management was disappointed at the lack of public support and at the lack of interest whether the festival continued or not. Many people, however, were determined that this cherished and valued Worcester Institution should continue, and, after consultation of the management with public-spirited citizens, plans materialized to give one more chance to the public to say whether it wishes an annual week of music. In planning this festival the management kept in mind, from beginning to end, that the public should be suited. The number of concerts has been cut from seven to five, because people said seven consecutive concerts wearied them to excess. The price of season tickets has been reduced from \$7 to \$5, because people thought \$7 was too much to pay for music that would have cost fully twice as much in any other city. The price of rehearsal tickets has been reduced, because there was an urgent popular demand from people who could not afford to attend concerts that they might have some share in the good things offered. Popular taste, so far as it could be discerned, has had its share in the formation of the programme, and singers who are well liked have been secured to present works that are deservedly popular. * * * It remains for Worcester to say whether it wishes a music festival. This is a crucial year. If support is cordially and generously offered, the Worcester music festival will continue to lead all American festivals; if support is half-heartedly offered, the Worcester festival will soon be but a name. Which shall it be?

This cry was Macedonian, and there were sympathetic responses in other cities. Thus Mr. Richard Aldrich of the New York Times wrote an interesting sketch of the Festival; he described the development from the "musical convention," so dear to New Englanders of 40 or 50 years ago. He characterizes the present period in the history of this organization as "critical." In the compliments of Mr. Aldrich, there was a tender and obituary note. Absit omen!

The response of the citizens of Worcester, as published in The Boston Herald of Sept. 16, was not on the whole encouraging. There were 486 season tickets sold at auction at premiums ranging from \$10 a seat down to 50 cents. This sale was perhaps better than that

of last year, but it was not a success. The price was reduced to 10 cents, and the sale was not a success.

Today the board of government is more hopeful. The rehearsal of Monday and Tuesday were fully attended. It occurred to Mr. Rice that it would be a good thing to allow school children to attend, at a nominal price, the rehearsals of "Elijah" and "Erminie." As a result, on Monday night the hall was crowded, many were turned away, and, according to a local newspaper, the receipts on this night alone were over \$400. It is hoped by the more sanguine that the children will contract the concert habit, and that these little ones will yet lead hither to indifferent or refractory parents, unless, of course, and older brothers and sisters into the paths of oratorio.

It may not be necessary for the board of government this season to lean heavily on the shoulders of the 60 odd guitar

antors. "Elijah" was the oratorio performed tonight. Mr. Goodrich conducted, and the solo singers were Mrs. Shanon Cummings, Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, Messrs. Van Hook and Witherspoon. Mrs. Child made her first appearance at these festivals.

The performance was the ninth in the history of the association. There can be no dispute concerning the wisdom of the choice, for "Elijah," so far as the approbation of the great public is concerned, is in oratorio as "The Bohemian Girl" is in opera. All festival committees when I doubt lead "Elijah." In England it is still considered by the crowd as Mendelssohn's masterpiece, but as a choral work it is inferior to "St. Paul" or "The Walpurgis Night," and the peculiar talent of the composer is best displayed in the overture "Engel's Cave," for Mendelssohn was first of all a landscape painter.

It would be an easy task to write an essay on the pernicious influence of "Elijah" on the music and the musicians of England, since this work, made in Germany, was produced at a Birmingham festival. The oratorio was hailed as emotional, dramatic, inspired. Mendelssohn himself thought the "Widow Episode" "rather audacious," and thus anticipated the fine remark of Mr. Oliver Herford: "A little widow is a dangerous thing."

There were sentimental reasons why the English accepted at once Mendelssohn and nearly all his works. The man himself was loved and admired for his eminent respectability, which was self-complacent, if not smug. He fitted easily into the bourgeois court of Queen Victoria and the prince consort. He sketched, he played amiably the piano and the organ for his royal hostess, and it is possible that he joined her in some feat of worsted work. In a way, he was a romantic figure; as a boy he was famous and successful, the gentle sentiment of his music, which is nearly always without a surprise of any kind—and surprises in a musical composition are disconcerting to the average audience; his premature death soon after the production of "Elijah"—all this invested his last important work with a sentimental interest.

The popularity of "Elijah" is still undiminished. There are some in this country, as there are many in England, who are never weary of praising the "dramatic" quality of the oratorio, and in May, 1901, "Elijah" was produced in dramatic form at the Hypocrite Theatre, New Haven, Ct., under the stage direction of Mr. Frank Lea Short. For once in the United States, the prophet, sleeping beneath a juniper tree, wore a not suitable costume than full and approved concert dress.

Yet why argue concerning the dramatic quality or the general artistry of "Elijah"? The work has lasted for nearly 60 years, as Mr. Vernon Blackborn wrote last month at the Hereford musical festival, "pathetically through official meals, a good deal by its own excellence, and a little by the admirable opportunities provided for the solo singers."

Since the soloists in oratorio as in opera are the objects of curiosity and the subjects of hot discussion, let us consider for a moment the solo singers of tonight.

Mr. Witherspoon is remembered in Boston as a manly baritone, with sonorous voice and considerable intelligence. His singing of the music allotted to Elijah was therefore a keen disappointment, as was his characterization of the part. Mr. Ludwig represented the prophet as a raging fanatic, and his conception was consistent and striking throughout, although his voice showed signs of wear. Mr. Frangois Davies began by giving an admirable portrayal of the character, but it soon became encased in mannerisms, and at last this man from the Welsh hills committed the sad mistake of believing himself to be the one true and only prophet.

A singer may reasonably assume that there should be often majesty in Elijah's utterances, and another will not err seriously if he assumes the distinguishing characteristic to be fire both in speech and action.

But Mr. Witherspoon's Elijah wore boots and spurs, and he carried a sword and he was an honor to the heavy dragons. When this Elijah was off active duty he was nevertheless fierce and thunderous in speech.

Mr. Witherspoon's portrayal at times reminded us of Mazourk in "Girof-Girofa," especially when that disappointed suitor assured the frightened parents of his betrothed that he was calm. Mr. Witherspoon should ponder his vocal ways as well as theories of interpretation. His vocal offences tonight were many and grievous.

The widow of Mrs. Cummings was coquettish in her grief, and her emotion was not musical. Her performance of "Hear Ye Israel" was neither classically nor romantically dignified, and her mannerisms, both physical and vocal, often led one to forget natural excellent qualities of voice. Her singing was frequently disfigured by affect

doubt at present but that the festival will continue to be an institution in which the citizens of Worcester may justly take pride. It looks as though the deficit will be a small one, and it is possible that all expenses will be covered by the receipts.

Comment on Music First Performed at London Promenades.

Berlin's Monument in Honor of Wagner.

Several Operas Recently Brought Out Abroad.

Coming Events in Music Halls of Boston.

Personal Mention and Fresh Publications.



HERE were monster music festivals in Germany as far back as the early part of the 17th century. One of the most striking of them deserves not merely antiquarian attention,

for certain characteristic features of this festival may be observed today at Worcester, Cincinnati, Birmingham (Eng.) or any town addicted to such dissipation.

In 1515 a festival was organized at Dresden, in obedience to the command of the Elector of Saxony. The all important composition, which was, indeed, a novelty, was the crowning episode in the life of Judith, that bloody and deceitful widow. The text was by Mattheus Pfaumencker, and the music was by Hilaire Grundmaus, a court singer. The orchestra was a large one, and it included several extraordinary instruments. A double bass, over 40 feet in height, was drawn from Cracow on a cart by eight mules. The ingenious virtuoso, Raposki, mounted a ladder made especially for the purpose, and he swung with an athletic arm a huge bow. Another double bass was formed out of a windmill. Cables were stretched between the sails and four men sawed lustily these cables with strong and notched pieces of wood. There was a colossal organ, on which Fr. Serapion raged with hands and feet, and cannon served as drums.

Nor was a marked display of personality lacking. The prima donna, Bigozzi of Milan, sang so much, so loudly and so well that she died on the third day after the performance. G. Scoppio of Cremona, one of the most skilful and intrepid violinists of that period, held his fiddle behind his back and played the most difficult pieces of his repertory, to the astonishment and the delight of the court and the common people. The student Rumpier, a distinguished bass, sang to the accompaniment of a windmill. (Is it not possible that Richard Strauss, who introduced a wind machine in his "Don Quixote," had knowledge of this Dresden festival when he planned the orchestration of his tone poem?) A double fugue described the battle between the Assyrians and the Israelites. The performance was so spirited that visiting singers who represented the Assyrians actually quarrelled with the Dresden singers, who were the Jews, and there was a fight, in which clods of earth were thrown. This made the Elector of Saxony laugh so heartily that the performance was stopped lest he should die by reason of too prolonged hilarity.

There was an educational and monastic festival at Nuremberg in 1643 or 1644. The purpose was to show "the origin, the progress, the use and the abuse of noble music." The festival was organized by one Dihler. He wished to make his townsfolk acquainted with Hebrew and Greek music, music that was contemporaneous, music that no one had previously invented, angelic and diabolic music, music, in a word, of the past, present and future of all worlds, kinds,

centuries. He associated with him in this purpose an organist, who composed sonatas after the manner of Greeks and Hebrews, as well as music that was sung and played by the angelic hosts and the celestial spheres.

This festival was most successful and Dihler's contemporaries thought the event worthy of inscription on tables of cedar.

The programme included Biblical music on the text from Genesis, "It is not good for man to be alone," sung by a soprano and a contralto. There was a concerto of oboes and violins, such as Jubal invented after the fall of man; and there were other pieces, vocal and instrumental, to illustrate Jewish daily life. The military march with which Alexander the Great excited his soldiers to mighty deeds was performed by a tenor and a bass, who kept on howling, "Slay them with the sword," and by two orchestras, one made up of military instruments and the other of "musical" instruments. Contemporaneous music was represented by a motet of Lassus, and pieces by Gabrielli and Staden. A new clavichord that prolonged sounds, invented by Jean Heyden in 1610, was introduced. The final number of the programme showed the abuse of music, and it was played by instruments that at the time had fallen into disrepute or had been abandoned, as the musette, the triangle and other wind and pulsatile instruments.

Now only a short time ago in Albert Hall a monster audience listened to a monster festival concert. The band was described by the London World as an extraordinary sight "with the Queen's Hall orchestra, the massed bands of the Foot Guards, the trumpeters and drummers, and the New Zealand band; while the white dresses, with red, white and blue sashes, of the ladies of the Leeds Choral Union made an effective background." There was a drum "about nine feet high." Mr. Henry Wood, the conductor, was "tremendously Napoleonic."

There was also lately the triennial Handel festival, which attracted an audience of 20,000 a day. The conductor beat for 4000 singers and an orchestra of 500, yet the performances under Dr. Cowen were described as effective, and there were actually grades of dynamic force, while Dr. Cowen's predecessors had "started from the assumption that a steady mezzo-forte, with occasional explosions, was all that could be aimed at in the way of expression, and that there was cause for devout thankfulness if the sopranos on the lowest tier and the basses in the tiers a quarter of a mile above them were not more than half a beat apart."

The introduction of novelties, the display of personality, swollen programmes that surfeit and incite musical indigestion, the fond belief that what Mr. Flink has characterized as Jumboism makes necessarily for musical righteousness—these are the features of many festivals which have been held from 1615 to 1903.

The frequenter of festivals is sometimes tempted to smile at the attention paid by the local newspapers to the personal appearance, the dress, the habits, the views of the solo singers imported to make a musical holiday and to lure the faint-hearted to the concert hall. A soprano is eulogized for a bewitching curl. Her dress "forms a hazy dream of delicate colors that seems hardly to belong in a world of sordid materialism." Another "spoke affectionately of her home." The twin children of another are brought before the gaping public. Or a baritone tells a reporter in a burst of confidence that he uses daily chest weights and dumb-bells and a system of indoor exercise which he perfected himself.

But are there not columns of equally important information in metropolitan

journals during a long opera season? Is it not all largely a matter of degree?

When a grand musical festival was held in York, Eng., in 1823, the York Courant published full accounts of the proceedings, and the editor of the Courant compiled them for preservation in book form. The famous Catalani and leading English singers of the period were among the soloists. The festival was in certain respects a memorable one. Let us see how the reporter was impressed. A few excerpts will serve. "A dazzling array of beauty and fashion began to throw the splendid edifice. The deep hue of the crimson seats rapidly exchanged the uniformity of its appearance for the varied lightness and elegance of female attire, and wherever the eye reposed it fell upon some new attraction—some novel combination of the grand and interesting."

"The loud note of the organ at this moment gave the signal for tuning, and this necessary prelude to harmony, which is generally considered an ungrateful operation, has seldom been performed more completely divested of its disagreeable qualities."

"During the performance of 'O Liberty' Mr. Lindley, Jr., was seized with fits of an alarming nature, and Mr. L. (the 'cellist') was in attendance on his son. . . . The illness of Mr. Lindley, Jr., was occasioned as follows: Mr. Lindley, Sr.'s finger was so much hurt by continued playing that he declared himself unable to accompany Mr. Vaughan in the song of 'O Liberty.' Mr. Grotorex then desired Mr. Lindley, Jr., to take his father's place; but though fully equal to the task, the young gentleman's nerves were completely overcome, and he fell into fits of an alarming nature which continued for three hours."

A description of the Haarlem organ is given as a footnote: "Like an elephant, that with his proboscis can either pluck a violet or raise a tree by its roots, the notes of this wonderful instrument can swell from the softest to the sublimest sounds, from the warbling of a distant bird to the awful tone of thunder, until the massy building trembles in all its aisles."

Nor did Dr. Burney himself in his account of the performances at Westminster Abbey and the Pantheon in 1754 disdain to note the excitement outside the Abbey doors the first day: "Such a crowd of ladies and gentlemen were assembled together as became very formidable and terrific to each other, particularly the female part of the expectants; for some of these being in full dress, and every instant more and more incommode and alarmed by the violence of those who pressed forward in order to get near the door, screamed; others fainted; and all were dismayed and apprehensive of fatal consequences, as many of the most violent among the gentlemen threatened to break open the doors; a measure which, if adopted, would probably have cost many of the most feeble and helpless their lives; as they must infallibly have been thrown down and trampled on by the robust and impatient part of the crowd."

One festival may differ from another in musical glory; the essential characteristics remain the same.

SYMPHONY CONCERT PROGRAMME

The programme of the first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Gericke conductor, on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16 and 17, will be as follows: Overture, "Barcarolle," Weber Concerto in B minor for piano, Tschaiakowsky Entr'acte from "Messidor," Bruneau First time in Boston.) Symphony No. 2 in D major, Brahms

Mr. Harold Bauer will be the pianist.

WAGNER'S MONUMENT AT BERLIN.

The plan of a monument raised with pomp and ceremony in honor of Richard Wagner at Berlin was largely, as our Berlin correspondent writes, the work of Councillor Lechner.

"Many of the opponents of Lechner have poked fun at him, and asserted that he was merely a successful manufacturer of perfumery. In justice to Lechner it should be said that he understands much about music, and he was in fact for many years a successful singer before he became a manufacturer. While working as a druggist and chemist in a shop in Vienna he discovered his voice, and after thorough instruction went on to the operatic stage. Under the name of Rafael Carlo, Lechner from 1863 to 1876 as a baritone appeared in Zurich, Cologne, Koenigsberg, Berlin. After he left the stage he set to work in Berlin, and is now at the head of the largest perfumery factory in Germany. His business affairs, however, have not prevented him from taking a great interest in music. He gave 40,000 marks for the establishment of a Wagner museum in Eisenach, and a similar sum for the erection of the Berlin Wagner monument."

THE HEREFORD (ENG.) FESTIVAL.

Several new works were produced at the Hereford festival last month. Mr. Blackburn, who reported the festival of the three choirs for the Pall Mall Gazette, found a "Magnificat" and a "Nunc Dimittis," by Ivor Atkins, a little formal, a little smacking of the routine work of the capellmeister, yet musically and distinctly pleasing, which reminds us of the eulogy pronounced on a certain woman: Bland, passionate and deeply religious. A. H. Brewer's anthem, "O Praise the Lord," was "a little, just a little tedious."

Cowen's new orchestral work, "Indian Rhapsody" (Sept. 9), is "extremely clever; it is ingenious, it is brilliant, it is audacious and it is full of color. Whether or not it is a work of genius is altogether another matter. It shows rather the fantasy of a man of extraordinary brilliant talents than the strictly meditated muse of genius. Not for a moment am I denying to Dr. Cowen in the composition of this work abundance of industry and a most careful working out of all his ideas. But these ideas are confessedly bizarre; they are prankish in their foundation, and they savor of the prank in their working out. But the score is, without any question, dazzling in its realism and in its superb contempt for the conventional. Much of it is based, one understands, upon genuine Indian tunes, and Dr. Cowen has certainly surrounded them with an atmosphere which one would certainly imagine to be equally oriental; although I personally am free to acknowledge that I am not an expert in such a matter."

An adverse verdict was pronounced against Granville Bantock's "The Wilderness," an orchestral interlude from "Christus." The work is not wholly orchestral, for a vocal part is introduced. The subject is both physiological and psychological. The composer has written a long argument, but a few words will give the main thought: "Far-reaching horizons, rolling, shifting sand; bare masses of scarred and jagged rock; all dreary, lifeless, silent with the stillness of death. . . . A thousand warring thoughts seek to detain (Christ), but he flies ever onward into the heart of the deadly conflict." The audacious attempt is Wagnerian at times, "as if by compulsion." The music does not rise by any means to the height of the argument.

Nor did Mr. Blackburn care for Philip Wolfm's "Christmas Mystery" (Sept. 10), made in Germany. "It would be utterly ridiculous to pretend that this is fine work."

"The Atonement," by S. Coleridge-Taylor (Sept. 19), is long and elaborate. The composer conducted. "It is a little difficult to describe with anything approaching to brevity what strike one as being the chief characteristics, the merits and the defects of this work. The libretto is clearly its weakest part. It is meant to be the history of the Passion (with a good many details left out), culminating in the death of the Saviour, and concluding with a kind of triumphal ode. The curious part about the book is the entire seclusion, save vaguely, in

this final ode, of any reference whatsoever to the divinity of Christ. . . . There is scarcely a vestige of that peculiarly exalted quality of inspiration—say, a certain spiritual quality—which in dealing with mystical subjects, may always be found in the compositions of the greatest masters. The prelude is a lengthy and well-woven piece, which introduces the scene in Gethsemane. This portion, written for the chorus is well worked out, and is not undistinguished by poetry; the instrumentation is adequate without being noisy; it leads into the prayer in the garden. To many these words, which paraphrase the prayer—Bach used no such paraphrase in his Last Supper of the St. Matthew Passion, nor Palestrina in his great passions—will inevitably weaken the effect; but that is, of course, a matter not immediately under consideration.

"In a succeeding chorus one strong detects the influence of Wagner. Either 'Meistersinger,' you exclaim loosely, remembering the old schoolman, 'or the devil.' In the betrayal scene, however, you come back to the true and authentic Coleridge-Taylor of 'Hiawatha,' succeeded by a really fine march. Now, as to the music of Christ's Prayer, let all possible difficulties be allowed for; yet one is bound to confess that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is infinitely far behind his predecessor in the matter. Palestrina one may almost say that he has introduced a certain melodramatic element into it. Christ's further Prayer, 'O little flock,' is beautiful, but beautiful (may one say?) rather in the style of 'Onaway, beloved.' The fact is that a man cannot handle such subjects as these without being steeped in their spirit; you do not write 'Hiawatha' today and a 'Passion' tomorrow, and there's an end of it. There is fine religious feeling in the chorus 'But the Disciples,' which carries us into the 'Prayer of the Women and Apostles.' Here comes ominous signs of beginning weakness; the Prayer is long, pretentious and heavy. Follows a section entitled 'Pontius Pilate,' interspersed with Jewish choruses, but culminating in an astounding love scene between Pontius and his wife! It is from this point, alas, that things begin to slip away incredibly. With interlude—such as the intercessions of the three holy women, and the incident of the thieves—a series of massive and monotonous choruses beat down the spirit and draw the sting of all inspiration from the score. It is a pity; but the final effect to the hearer is one of deep disappointment."

LOCAL NOTES.

Mr. Arthur Farwell of Boston will lecture on "Music and Myth of the American Indian" before the Schubert Club, St. Paul, this season.

The season promises to be a brilliant one at Steinert Hall. Mr. Harold Bauer, Mrs. Zeisler, Mr. Randegger will be among the pianists who will give recitals, and Mrs. Jaffa, who enjoys a high reputation, will make her first appearance on Oct. 23. She was born at London, and studied at Brussels and Liege.

The "Omos of Omona," the new comic opera, by Gardner and Odell, which will have its first presentation on any stage at the Bijou Theatre Oct. 26, contains soubrette songs, to be sung by Miss Helena Parrells, "The Robin and the Rose," and "Missy Minna Belle," a high class plantation song. The chief love song, "Heart's Delight," has already been sung from manuscript during the summer, by Mr. T. Deacon, at Bar Harbor. The large chorus is said to be particularly effective in its rendering of the finale of act I, "The Flag Song of the Nation's."

Mrs. Helen Hunt will sing songs by Claude Debussy at her recital in November. Mrs. Hunt has charge of the vocal department at Bradford Academy.

A new dance, "Minnehaha," by Mr. Paul Loring of Boston, has been played by the Waldorf-Astoria orchestra.

During the Boston engagement of Henry W. Savage's English grand opera company, which will begin at the Tremont Theatre two weeks from Monday evening, these operas will be presented: Puccini's "Tosca" and Verdi's "Otello," to be sung in English for the first time in this city; "Il Trovatore," "Aida," "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser," "Carmen," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Bohemian Girl" and "Martha." Mr. Savage has provided each of these works with a new scenic and costume production, and with his old favorites augmented by a number of artists from abroad, an enlarged chorus and full grand opera orchestra under Conductors Emanuel and Elliott Schenck, the coming opera season promises to be the most brilliant ever given here by this famous organization.

Seats for the season of grand opera in English, which Manager Henry W. Savage is to give at the Tremont Theatre, beginning on the 19th inst., will be placed on sale a week from tomorrow morning.

Miss Carrie Bridewell of the Metropolitan Opera House will sing at the Cecilia recital at Keith's Bijou Theatre on Wednesday evening.

Applicants for the opera scholarships at the New England Conservatory will be heard at the Conservatory, on Huntington avenue, from 4 P. M. to 6 P. M. daily until Oct. 15. Applicants should bring an operatic aria, and, if possible, their own accompanist.

The Kneisel quartet will use the new Jordan Hall in the New England Conservatory building at its concerts on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 27, Nov. 17, Dec. 1, Dec. 29, Feb. 9 and Feb. 23. Former patrons can consult a plan of the hall at the new building before ordering seats, or Mr. John Sauerquell at Symphony Hall, to whom all orders should be sent. He will locate the seats desired as near the same relative position as possible. The public sale of seats for these concerts will open at Symphony Hall (the 19th inst.), and former patrons will be given locations desired up to the 15th inst., if requested of Mr. Sauerquell. The club will give 10 concerts in London, begin-

THE RICHARD WAGNER MONUMENT IN BERLIN.



L. LEICHNER,
CHAIRMAN.



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COUNT VON HOCHBERG
HONORARY PRESIDENT.

ing in March next, and its European trip may be extended as far as Rome. Aptommas will give a harp recital in Aelten Hall on Friday afternoon, at 30 o'clock. The programme will be made up chiefly of his own compositions. Mrs. M. Inglis James, who has just returned from Europe, has reopened her studio on Huntington avenue. She will be at the Brunswick Hotel after Oct. 15.

PERSONAL.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Sept. 18 took Mr. William Ludwig to task for singing "Off to Philadelphia" as though it were sentimental ditty.

Arthur Friedhelm has been asked to be head teacher of the piano at the Royal College of Music, Manchester. The director of the Essen Theatre has discovered a lyric tenor in Wachtel, a rimplike watchman.

A monument to Smetana has been dedicated at Horitz, Bohemia.

Niccolo Coccon, a fertile composer and celebrated teacher at the Benedetto Arceles school, Venice, is dead, at the age of 77.

Frida Ricci, a young Italian, has been engaged for the Opera-Comique, Paris, and will make her first appearance there in "La Traviata."

The monument to Gounod in the Parc Monceau, Paris, will be dedicated in October.

A son of the tenor Nicolini, one of Verdi's husbands, was hunting lately for Tours with his two sons. He accidentally killed one of them.

Federigo Polidoro, composer, and a highly esteemed writer about music, died lately at San Giorgio a Cremano. He was born at Naples in 1845.

The tenor Caruso, it is said, received the performance at Covent Garden, next season at the same theatre he will receive \$150. It is also said that at the Metropolitan Opera House he will receive \$1000 a performance. The Musical Courier remarks: "If Caruso can get \$1000 a minute here he should not be amazed; let him have exactly what he gets, but why should Americans always pay the foreigner so much more in England than they do just because of a difference in time?"

Siegfried Wagner has decided to visit the United States sometime during the season of 1904-1905.

There is a possibility of the return of S. Roger-Miclos, the pianist, and Aronson may bring back to her name land Isadora Duncan, the dancer whom we spoke of length not long ago.

The cross of the chevelier of the Legion of Honor has been given to Ernest Dyck, the tenor.

Charles Joly wrote to the Figaro (Paris) from Munich: "The effects of petticoat and green veil of Nordica do not supply the vocal power which is wanting in the death scene of 'Ide.' The German critics on the other hand were loud in praise of Nordica."

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: "The American madonna, Jane Noria, who is the secretary of the American member of commerce in Paris, is to be publicly congratulated on the success she is having at the Grand Opera House, though she has only been singing in it for a short time, she has already entrusted with such roles as Elsa 'Lohengrin' and Juliette in 'Romeo and Juliette,' while she will sing Nedda."

I am not very much mistaken in this first time for many years that an American, connected with the Paris Opera, has jumped into public favor so rapidly. Most of her predecessors have sung one role throughout their engagement." He also writes: "The cination La Lole Fuller has over the French public is extraordinary. Although her dances must have been seen every Parisian theatre-goer, she still manages to draw crowded houses. La e is not looked upon in France in the same manner that she is in other countries. In England, for instance, she is a mere music hall 'turn'; to the French she is 'une grande artiste'; Her se is filled with works by such men as Rodin, Gerome, Rochegrosse, Dagnan-Bouveret, and when poor Constant was almost every week he would argue an entertainment in Lole's honor, in everybody who was anybody in



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF MEININGEN,
CHAIRMAN OF INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE.

the dramatic, musical and artistic world would be present, and Miss Fuller would dance by moonlight on the lawn facing her house, and the guests would recite verses in her honor."

The degree of doctor which the University of Heidelberg has conferred on Richard Strauss is not a musical degree, but that of "doctor philosophix honoris causa."

Nellie Melba, who has not been in America since the season of 1900-1901, sailed yesterday on the Cunard steamship Campania from Liverpool, accompanied by Miss Llewella Davies, a young Welsh pianist, and Miss Ada Sassoli, a harp player, who accompanied Melba on her recent Australian tour, and met with success in England last season. Melba will be joined here by Ellison Van Hoose, tenor; Charles Gilbert, baritone, and Charles Mole, flutist. Forty concerts will be given throughout the United States and Canada, beginning Oct. 13 at Montreal and Toronto.

Gustav Mahler of Vienna is spoken of as the successor of the late Hermann Zumppe at Munich. Strange stories are told of the dead conductor. "It is well known that he was a Spiritualist, and believed that the ghosts of dead composers inspired his conducting of their works. One day Zumppe told another conductor of note how Beethoven's spirit was present during the performance of one of the symphonies, and so pleased was the ghost that, after the end of the first movement, it exclaimed 'At last! Ah, my dear fellow,' and claimed the other conductor, 'surely Beethoven made a mistake. He thought it was the end of the last movement.' Another anecdote deals with Zumppe as composer. The conductor was sitting in a restaurant with a number of friends, when the conversation turned on composing, and especially on the composition of operettas. Such things are valueless as art," said Zumppe. A slender talent is enough for the composing of them. This was by no means the general opinion, and a heated discussion arose; but Zumppe stuck to his guns, and in reply to an obvious retort said that he himself could easily manufacture an operetta. A wager ensued. At the end of four weeks Zumppe triumphantly produced the score of his 'Fari-nelli,' a work which was brought out at Hamburg in 1886, and had a very successful run in Germany."

MUSIC IN LONDON.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn writes of new

works performed at the Promenade concerts as follows: Sept. 4, Chamber Symphony in B flat (op. 8) for piano, two violins, viola, 'cello, double bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, by E. Wolf-Ferrari: "Mr. Wolf-Ferrari means very well; his work is distinguished by occasional thoughts of beauty; but the work is, for the most part, amateurish and unreasonable in its claim. It is, in fact, a troubling work. Always it seems to approach a well-meaning point of view, and always its real intention disappears and becomes lost in a sort of mist of harmony. The harmony is pleasantly reminiscent of the latest Wagner period and is comparatively innocent in these days of Elgar and Strauss. Still, the Chamber Symphony was worth hearing."

Sept. 12: Concerto for viola by Cecil Forsyth: "Mr. Cecil Forsyth has done the extremely exceptional thing; he has written a concerto in G minor for viola and orchestra. Mr. Forsyth's idea is that the viola has been unfairly treated by composers in the past; that, indeed, the violin and 'cello have been, so to speak, the spoiled children of musicians. It was certainly a laudable and novel idea to give the viola what may, again under the same figure, be called Cinderella's chance; and yet we regret to think that, so far as this attempt goes, the result cannot exactly be described as glorious. The opening of the first movement is both clever and musically, and the veiled tones of the viola in a somewhat mysterious series of passages lend to the composition an undoubted beauty and solemnity. Moreover, the orchestration of this portion is both full and ripe; throughout this portion, too, Mr. A. E. Ferris played with exquisite distinction and feeling. It is in the second movement that Mr. Forsyth scarcely realizes the promise of his beginning. There is a certain beauty in his phrasing, but there is also a good deal of commonness in his inspiration. When we say commonness we do not mean the word in an extremely disparaging sense; rather, we mean a sort of everyday and too easily understood method of musical writing. The second movement does not call for many words; but it is well scored, and the viola effects are often novel and beautiful. The tunes, however, seem a little obvious; the same may be said of the music of the third movement, although here, again, there is a sort of ornateness about the musical inspiration which marks the work as being neither deep nor subtle, though no doubt it seemed sufficient to the composer for his particular purpose."

Sept. 15: "Mr. Ernest Blake's 'Introduction to an Operatic Poem, 'The Bretwalda,' was given for the first time. Mr. Blake, who is sufficiently young to be well on this side of 30, has written in an extremely ambitious spirit—always a good sign. But, as so often happens with young ambition, he has in this case somewhat overreached himself. He has dealt with his subject in far too fragmentary a manner; in fact, the episodes follow one another so quickly that it is extremely difficult to connect one with the other. Mr. Blake has evidently been bitten by the modern musical spirit; he often suggests Richard Strauss, without unfortunately suggesting the fullness of that composer's orchestral work. It is here that Mr. Blake fails. He has the power to suggest his musical desires; but, judging from this work, we should say that he has not yet attained the power of expressing those desires. His score, in a

word, is lamentably lacking in what may be called centre ballast. The melody is there, the sustaining bass is there; but with the particular sort of work which he has here taken in hand there should also be a completion and finish, which assuredly is not prominently noticeable."

Beerbohm Tree revived Shakespeare's "King Richard II." at His Majesty's Sept. 10. The incidental music was by Percy Pitt and J. C. Ames.

William Wallace's overture to "Pelias and Melisande" was produced at a promenade concert Sept. 8. The Era critic wrote: "A suite in five movements has been produced rather than a formal overture. Mr. Wallace has represented the chief incidents in the drama in this suite, which will probably be heard again and reveal new beauties. Some of the chords introduce curious harmonies, but the general effect is striking."

Soloists this month are Clara Butt, the 10th; Kubelik, the 17th; Sarasate, of whom W. E. Henley said that a single minim as played by him is as honey dropping from the comb. De Pachmann and Marie Hall gave concerts on the 3d.

OPERA.

A new one-act opera, "Meantana," by Luccano Maciari, was produced Aug. 27, at the Manzoni Theatre, Rome. The story is of a harrowing episode of the battle of Meantana.

A new opera, "Storia d'Amore," by Spiro Samara, will be produced this fall at the Lyrico, Milan.

Enna's new one-act opera, "Die Erbsenprinzessin," book founded by P. A. Rosenberg on a tale by Andersen, has been produced at Copenhagen.

The one-armed composer and pianist, Count Zichy, has finished a new opera, "Nemo." The story told by him is in a prologue and three acts and tells of the sad fate of two lovers whose lives were bound up in that of the hero, Rakoczy.

The public rehearsal of "Tosca," at the Opera-Comique, Paris, was for the benefit of the victims of the underground railway accident.

Capitano Fracassa," a new opera by Enrico de Leva of Naples, is founded on Gautier's romance. The subject has already been treated by Pessard (Paris, 1878) and Dellinger (Hamburg, 1889).

The late Hermann Zumppe had completed an opera, "Sawitri," with a text based on an Indian legend. The work will be produced at Munich.

Composers in Paris receive as royalty only 8 per cent. of the gross receipts at the Opera, while at the Opera Comique, the Bouffes, the Folies-Dramatiques and the Nouveautés they receive 12, and dramatists receive 15 per cent. at the Comedie Francaise.

Criticism from Munich by way of Paris concerning "Siegfried" at the Prince Regent's Theatre: "The dragon which had cost a large sum and made a good appearance at first sight became a lamentable thing at the decisive mo-

ment, and his death almost provoked laughter from the audience, which was made up chiefly of Americans and English."

The municipal council of Naples has leased the San Carlo for five years to the association now in control. The council agrees to make all the necessary repairs in their three years. The council of Genoa has granted the Carlo Felice Opera House a yearly subsidy of \$16,000 for two years, and the Verona Opera House has obtained from the city authorities a subsidy of \$2000.

The "popular" performances at low prices at the Opera Comique, Paris, will be 40 instead of 10 during the coming year. The manager is obliged by the government to give a certain number of such performances, and there is the intention to establish at last a people's theatre where operatic and other musical works will be performed at low prices. The first performance this season was on Sept. 7, and Auber's "Black Domino" was the opera.

Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" will be given in operatic form at Cologne this season, and his "Benvenuto Cellini" will be performed there for the first time. The other novelties for that city will be Hugo Wolf's "Corregidor," Mas-

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Sept 20, 1933

POESY OF ARABIA FULL OF ROMANCE

Clement Huart's "History
of Arabic Literature"
Englised by Lady Mary
Loyd.

RICH IN ANECDOTE OF DESERT LAND.

Golden Age of Caliphate,
Philosophy of Moslem
History, Fragments of
Tribal Satire.

"A History of Arabic Literature" (D. Appleton & Co., New York) was written by Clement Huart, secretary-interpreter for oriental languages to the French government and professor at the Ecole des Langues Orientales, Paris, by the invitation of Mr. Edmund Gosse for the "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" series. Lady Mary Loyd Englised the work from the author's manuscript. The system of literature in the Arabic language in France is different from that employed by English scholars, and it is necessary to transpose Prof. Huart's spelling of proper names. This task was performed by Mr. Reynold A. Nicholson, lecturer in Persian to Cambridge University.

The subject is a hard one to treat in a little room on account of the vast extent of Arabic literature, even though the author be deeply versed and conspicuous for accuracy, and the work is one in which the ordinary reader will find little of interest. The system of spelling, which swarms with dots, lines, accents and diacritical marks, may even enter the faint-hearted curious from adding. But the book is a great storehouse of information.

Arab poetry came from the desert. The adventurous Bedouin, belonging to the Semite group, tribes may have migrated from the lower Babylonian plains; there may have been cross-breeding with African races; whatever the origin of the people, the struggle between the descendants of the King of Sheba and the children of the house of Ismael and the wars of the tribe connected with them, evoked the poetic genius of Arabia. The caravan-marches sought the Arab to sing rhymes. His rosiest metre arose from the necessities of his monotonous life. The poetic subjects were few; the loved one, the remains of a forsaken camp, the struggles of a feud. The Arab had no poetic feeling. He turned no historic or legendary events into mighty poems. His towns were too busy with commerce to give literature a chance for growth.

The most ancient remains of primitive Arab poetry are fragments of tribal satire. The poet, a sort of soothsayer, was called on to improvise these verses, which passed from mouth to mouth among a tribe and were answered by the satires of a hostile tribe. The best of the poems go back only to the 10th century of the Christian era. The best pre-Islamic poems form the collection of the seven "Suspended" or "necklaces of pearls." The poem had a definite form. It began, according to rule, with a reference to the forsaken camping grounds. Then followed a lamentation, a prayer to halt while the poet invoked the memory of the dwellers who had gone in search of their encampments and fresh water. The poet then sang of the tortures of his passion for the loved one and his dissome journeying in the desert. He ascribed and praised his horse, and ordered to gain the money on which the poet depended, he eulogized the prince governor in whose presence he recited.

The lives of these early poets were romantic. Imru'ul-Qais, the wandering king, was punished by exile as a leper; he professed Judaism, went from land to land, was appointed viceroy of Palestine, and was poisoned by a garment of honor, a shirt Nessus, which covered his body with cers, as a punishment for seduction. Antara's name served later in the romance "Antar" as the incarnate type of Arab virtues. He was a mulatto with a white face, a fierce warrior, who, old, while fighting, Tarafa was sent on a mission by the king whom he had flouted in rhyme to a far-off governor, and the letter he bore as his death warrant. He was buried alive. Taabbata Sharron, a mulatto, as a robber and he could run down gazelles. Shanfara was so fleet of foot that a horse at full gallop could not outstrip him.

The prose of those ancient times was written. It was not reckoned of importance and none of it has come down to us.

The average man, questioned about "Arab literature," would mention the "Arabian Nights," the Koran, the works of certain physicians, the Arab numer-

ical system, the story of the prophet's life, the style of the Koran differs according to the periods of the prophet's life, it which the revolution was received. It is written in rhymed prose. The earlier suahs—the word "sura" is Hebrew, and signifies a row of stones in a wall, and thus, by analogy, a line of writing—have very short verses; the longer chapters have a terminal pause of each verse which rhymes anassantly with the other pauses. The present arrangement of the chapters is artificial. The prophet's hearers began by trusting their memories to retain the words of revelation. Later some who could write traced them on palm leaves, tanned hides, dry bones.

When the prophet died, there was fear lest the Koran should be lost, and all the scattered fragments were brought together. Zaid Ibn Thabit, a disciple, was charged by Abu Bekr, the first caliph, to collect all that could be discovered of the text and put it into the volume. The chapters were arranged without regard to historical sequence, but according to their length.

First came the longest; but the short ones are the oldest. This edition was the final one. Mahomet was both poet and preacher. His address was at one time bold and passionate, and at another lengthy prose with constant repetitions, as though the preacher were bound at any cost to drive simple ideas into thick heads. On the whole, Prof. Huart does not praise the work as literature so highly as did Sir Richard F. Burton, who complained bitterly that the Koran was known to the average English reader only through the prosaic version of George Sale, which is stiff with Latinisms.

There are only a few pages given to the "Arabian Nights," "The Thousand Nights and a Night," and the curious reader will still consult the Terminal Essay of Burton. According to Prof. Huart, the famous collection of a Persian book translated into Arabic as early as the 3d century of the Hegira. The plan was possibly taken by the Persians from India. A variety of tales were inserted at divers points into the framework. Some of them are of Indian, Egyptian, Jewish origin. The style of the collection as we have it is popular and local. The stories of Arab origin came from the Teller of Tales who on feast days wanders from one cafe to another.

There is a very full account of the Abbasid, or golden age of the caliphate. Prof. Huart believes that the effect of this literature on Europe of the middle ages was far greater than is commonly supposed. The Persian influence on this Arab literature was immense; it is found in poetry, theology, jurisprudence. Under this caliphate the Arabs ceased for the most part to write. While Arabic was the language of the extensive empire the language was spoken and written by men who were Arabs only by education, and all important posts were held by men who were not Arabs.

Among the poets who are described in detail were masters of erotic, mystic, satirical, and descriptive poetry. Curious information is given about some of them: Tusi Bashshar Ibn Burd, a Persian, born blind, with two pieces of red flesh instead of eyes, marked horribly by the smallpox, would clap his hands, cough and spit right and left when he was about to recite a poem. There were female poets, as Fadl, a quick-witted woman, who led a loose life at Baghdad and was summoned to the Caliph's harem to delight his favorites. Nor was the poetic genius confined to the capital; there is information about the poets of the provinces, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Syria, Sicily and Spain.

The literature is rich in memoirs, biographies, collections of anecdotes, some of them of great value. Arabic history began with the works devoted to the story of Mahomet's wars. Al-Baladuri, the author of a history of the

Moslem conquest, lost his reason by taking too strong a dose of cashew nut, an Indian fruit which was supposed to develop the memory. The memory of some of these historians appears to have needed development, for once Ibn al-Kalbi, looking at himself in the glass one day, took hold of his beard, meaning to clip all the hairs below his hand, but he immediately forgot his intention, and cutting the beard above his hand, made it much too short.

Passing over the pages which relate to the grammarians of Kufa and Basora, the anthologists—among them was Ibn Abil Dunza, who, in a treatise, "Blame of Musical Instruments," avers that dissipation begins with music and ends in drunkenness and debauchery—the commentators on the Koran, writers on jurisprudence, philosophers, mystics, we come to the mathematicians. Geometry was derived from Greek sources, and arithmetic owes much to Indian science. According to Brockmann, it was the adoption of the Indian numerals which permitted the Arabs to make great progress in that science. But this adoption is of recent date, and the Arabs, like the Greeks, made use of the numerical value of the letters in their own alphabet before they passed on to the decimal system of numeration, which originated in India, and has since, under the name of Arabic figures, travelled round the world, but which may possibly have been borrowed from the Indians from the system of the abacuses (the empty compartment representing the zero) probably invented in Alexandria in the earliest centuries of the Christian era.

Astronomy and astrology were twin brothers. The astronomer supported himself by selling astrological formulas. Thus Albumaser, whose astronomical attainments were a marvel to Europe, was famous in the East, through powers of divination and astrological performances whereby he discovered treasures and recovered lost objects. The geography of the Arabs came from the Greeks, but the political and economic needs of the caliphs called for descriptive geographical works of abiding value and the postmasters of the horse poets wrote descriptions of the countries ruled by the Koran to ease the performance of their own official duties. The knowledge of medicine was carried by the Syrians into the East.

Arab medicine. The first of the great treatises was that of Rhazes, who wrote in Arabic and Latin. The position of court physician was not a sinecure, for when Rhazes presented the governor of Khurasan with his work on anatomy, the king ordered him to demonstrate the reality of the facts put forward, and when the physician failed, the ruler, furious, lashed him across the eyes with a whip and blinded him.

The names of Avicenna, philosopher and physician, and Averroes of Cordova are still famous. There were specialists in those days, and there is no doubt but that the Arab physicians were far in advance of their Christian brethren during the middle ages. Ishaq Ibn Sulaiman's treatise on fevers, Isa Ibn Ali's memoirs on the diseases of the eye, Ibn Soltan's 40 tablets of mortality, Ibn Khayyan's treatise on the classification of diseases and on diagnosis were authoritative in the west. Ibn Botlan also wrote a tract to demonstrate that the temperature of the blood of a common fowl is higher than that of any other bird; Ibn Bokstyslu wrote on love as a disease, and among the works of Maimonides is one on the venom of reptiles and how to cure their bites.

After the destruction of Baghdad by the Mongols the glory of Arab literature faded, yet the great historian and philosopher, Ibn Khaldun, lived in the 14th century, and saw the dawn of the 15th. He formulated a whole philosophy of Moslem history as conceived by a statesman and magistrate of the end of the 14th century. The romance of "Antar," once attributed to a grammarian of the eighth and ninth centuries, is now agreed to be of a much later date. Take it all in all, it is much after the same fashion that Alexandre Dumas the elder wrote the "History of France," "The Romance of the Beni-Hilal" and that of Saif, as well as the "Fables of Lugman," also belong to the later literature.

There was a revival of Arab literature during the 18th century in Egypt, Syria, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco, all Arabic-speaking countries. This revival is shown by the publication of newspapers as well as books. The centres of this movement are Beyrout, Damascus and Cairo. Yet Hassan, a poet and free-thinker, who died about 1830, published for some time in England an Arabic newspaper. Nicolas Naqqash, who died at Tarsis in 1855, was a playwright. Book after book on scientific subjects, examples of belles-lettres, translations, appeared in Arabic during the last century. Prof. Huart gives a list of newspapers published in this language.

The author ends his learned work with thoughts concerning the future of Arabic literature, a literature that has lasted for 13 centuries. There is a world of 200,000,000 souls to be reached. Will the language grow clearer, more accessible to the mass of half-taught people? No. "Arabic is still swathed about with classic formations, and consequently employs a quantity of expressions which can only be understood by literary men. No self-respecting writer would publish a political article in anything but rhymed prose, and the empty and futile rhetoric of the alliterations after the manner of Hariri's Lectures," therein displayed, entertain the educated reader. There it ends." Prof. Huart finds one obstacle lying always between the editor and his readers—the uncertainty which attends the readings of a language in which the vowels are very seldom marked, and it will be hard to remedy this drawback. Publishers should consent to mark the vowels in the case of words which may bear a double meaning, in that of the passive tenses of verbs and in that of the substantives of which the sense changes according to the spelling.

He concludes: "Already, indeed, many neologisms have found their way into the language, and it has become possible to render the modern expressions which the needs of modern times have created in Europe. The Arabic tongue, with its skilfully composed grammar, is sufficiently malleable to enable it to express modern thought, and at the same time to supply the whole of the Modern east with the new technical terms in chemistry, medicine and most sciences. The path one would fain to see the writer of the future tread is that of the search for limpidity and simplicity of expression. Once these are attained, a brilliant career may be predicted for Arabic literature, which, like Islam itself, will endure for many an age to come."

There is a bibliography and there is an index of names. It is a pity that there is not an index of subjects, for the table of contents is not explicit.

Mr. W. L. Alden wrote some time ago from London to the New York Times' Saturday Review about William Maginn and his "utter banishment." He went on fearlessly to say: "I have scarcely ever met a man who had read anything that Maginn wrote." But where has Mr. Alden been, and whom has he met? Do not hundreds know the poem which begins "There was a lady lived in Leith," and do not schoolboys still spout Maginn's verses, "I give my soldier boy a blade"? And we are under the impression that the once famous Shakespearean papers with the paradox on Falstaff are not wholly unknown even today. Mr. Alden says: "A selection of Maginn's writings was published some 50 years ago with the title 'The Doherty Papers,' and copies of the book must still exist in the libraries. But it has gone from the knowledge of booksellers, and it would probably be now impossible to buy a copy except at some fictitious price." The American edition of Maginn's works in five volumes, edited by Dr. Mackenzie, is frequently found in auction rooms and second-hand bookshops of this country, and is sometimes sold as low as 25 cents a volume.

Mr. Michael Monahan, in the September number of his Papyrus (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pays his respects to Mr. W. L. Alden, and uses unnecessary violent language. Mr. Alden was years ago the funny man of the New York Times. He was a professional humorist, and now

with a humorist's sense of the ridiculous, he writes a book about a man who was a humorist. Monahan likens Mr. Alden to a humorist that gave him the idea of the book. The humorist likens Mr. Alden to a humorist. Kipling, "The Soldier's Boy" is a humorist in his characterization of a humorist. No, Mr. Monahan, this will never be a humorist's book. It will be a humorist's book to what has been done in the humorist's order of literature, and it is unworthy of you and of your humorist's magazine. We turn with the humorist's pleasure to Mr. Monahan's humorist's article, "A Fool and His Folly," and his discussion of the humorist's humorist's of De Maupassant Mr. James Jeffrey Roche contributes an humorist's article on Juan de Are as treated by Shakespeare and Mark Twain, and that are poems by Andrew Lang and E. V. Rieu. The Papyrus contains a humorist's of Mr. Roche and an humorist's addressed by the editor to our humorist's townsmen. "There shall be no humorist's of literary compliments, betwixt humorist's no shavings of adjective or humorist's of pedantry; no measuring out of humorist's have held the deep and certain humorist's of the heart. Mr. Monahan pays a humorist's, but ingenious, tribute to the humorist's of blue water" the "Floodgates" and "Shacabab," and concludes: "But should I survive you, dear humorist's which in truth I neither hope nor humorist's—then shall I be glad to pay the humorist's of a friend and (may I say it?) a humble brother in Apollo."

After Norrie's "The Pit" we have Margaret Doyle Jackson's "A Daughter of the Pit."

Constable will add two volumes of George Meredith's poems to the pocket edition of that author.

In the forthcoming edition of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," Sir Theodore Martin will, as far as he can, indicate his own and Aytoun's share in the book in his biographical and bibliographical preface.

The second volume of Bell's "Chiswick Library of Noble Authors" contains Ralph Robinson's translation of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," Robert's "Life of More," and other matter relating to the great chancellor who displayed his "sad irony" even on the scaffold.

The Jacobites among us, and possibly some other Americans, will be interested in a volume to be published soon by T. C. & E. C. Jack; "The Blood Royal of Britain: Being a Complete Table of All the Descendants Now Living of Edward IV. and Henry VII., Kings of England, and James II., King of Scotland."

"Memoirs of a Social-Atom," by W. E. Adams (Hutchinson), will throw light on the old Chartist movement and the causes associated with the names of Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh. Dr. Bramwell's monograph, "Hypnotism," (Grant Richards) treats of the definite and distinct medical side, and it is written from a practical point of view.

"Mr. Henry Frowde's brilliant find of 50 unpublished drawings on wood by Cruikshank is all the more interesting because the series constitute a set of illustrations to the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" But we have seen an octavo edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," at least 40 or 50 years old, that contained a picture of Vanity Fair in Cruikshank's most grotesque manner.

The clergymen who have formed themselves into a committee to show that the Christian creeds are in harmony with science, and impervious to critical attack, will shortly start publishing a series of pamphlets through S. C. Brown, Langham & Co. (London). Among those to be issued first will be Walter Pater's "Church in Cecilia's House," F. D. Maurice's "Essay on Inspiration and Letter to Tennyson," and three or four pamphlets by the Rev. T. C. Fry, D. D.

The Messrs. Methuen of London have projected four new series: The Antiquary's Library, edited by Dr. Cox, of which the first volume will be "Engage, Monastic Life," by Abbott Gasquet, author of a volume on monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII; The Connoisseur's Library, which will open with a monograph on Mezzotints by Cyril Davenport; The Little Galleries, reproductions in photogravure of the finest work of great artists; and Little Books on Art.

The Place Malesherbes, Paris, already contains the statue of the elder Dumas from designs by Gustave Doré. Statues of Dumas the younger and of General Dumas will be added to it. That in honor of the younger will be by St. Marceau; that of the general in the attitude of the charge will be by Moncel. The name of the place will be changed to the Place des Trois Dumas.

It is said that Dr. J. C. Oman's book on "The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India," announced by Unwin, will help toward "the apprehension of the east by the west."

The fourth volume of the collected edition of Ruskin's works, edited by E. T. Cook and A. Wedderburn and published by George Allen, contains the second part of the "Modern Painters." The introduction abounds in interesting matter, which deals with Ruskin's journeys and studies while he was engaged on the work. Here is an extract from his diary for 1844: "Jan. 4. A bad day. Went over to Cousen (the engraver); found him infernally dear; put me out. Came back; my father says, 'Must keep to same size as the other volume—further No. 2. My mother asked me if I were not getting diffuse—further No. 3. All confusion about my book. I am in one of those blue fits, in which one would be glad to throw up everything one possesses to get peace and live quietly in Chamouni.' In 1845 Ruskin traveled in Italy. He wrote a few verses, which his father found feeble, and told him so. Ruskin replied: 'I don't see how it is possible for a person who gets up at 4, goes to bed at 10, eats less when he is not, beef when he is hungry, gets rid of all claims of charity by giving money

which he hasn't earned, and of those of compassion by treating all distress more as picturesque than as real—I don't see how it is at all possible for such a person to write good poetry."

Oct-5 1903

A VOLUME OF INTEREST TO THE HORSEWOMAN.

Suggestions and Advice by
Mrs. Alice M. Hayes.

She Is Not an Advocate of Riding
Astride in "An Ordinary Man's
Saddle"—Hints for the Woman
About to Buy a Horse—Informa-
tion on Various Subjects.

"The Horsewoman," by Mrs. Alice M. Hayes, published by Hurst & Blackett, London, and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, has reached a second edition, which is revised, enlarged, and 133 photographic illustrations have been added. The book has a sub-title: "A Practical Guide to Side-Saddle Riding."

Mrs. Hayes is not an advocate of riding astride in "an ordinary man's saddle," although she has studied the art. She is not shaken from her position by the cry raised whenever a "lady"—there are no women, there are not even females in Mrs. Hayes' book, only ladies—whenever "a lady," we repeat, is dragged by skirt or stirrup and killed. She believes that the proportion of fatal accidents to women in the hunting field is extremely small as compared with the number of accidents to men. A well-fitted saddle properly girthed up should not give the horse a sore back. She is positive that a man's saddle affords less security of seat than a side saddle to a woman. A woman's legs are unsuited to cross-saddle riding, "which requires length from hip to knee, flat muscles, and a slight inclination to 'bow legs.'" It is true that oriental women ride astride, but Mrs. Hayes never saw any of them voluntarily go faster than a walk. "It is not difficult to trot and canter in a man's plain hunting saddle, but I think our conformation requires the assistance of knee rolls for jumping."

A woman in a side saddle is seldom thrown by a horse suddenly stopping at a fence. And, as a clincher, Mrs. Hayes says that she practised cross-saddle riding in a school well supplied with mirrors in which she could see her figure. "It was anything but graceful, for the rotundity, which even in some men is very ugly on horseback, was far too much in evidence, and caused an outburst of laughter from the ladies who were watching my performance." These merry ladies must have been perfect ladies.

Now, the side-saddle, according to Mrs. Hayes, is "as artificial a production as a musical instrument, and a full knowledge of its peculiarities often cannot be acquired during a lifetime." A man learns to ride a horse; a woman, a saddle. Mrs. Hayes believes that a woman can be taught best by a woman. "Nothing is more absurd than for a man who cannot ride well in a side saddle to try to unfold to a lady the mysteries of seat." Furthermore, when delicacy is considered, a woman is the more agreeable teacher of correct position.

A chapter on the proper horse for a woman contains various information, as the fact that Mrs. Hayes herself stands 5 feet 3 inches in stocking feet—"a height, by the by, which is accorded to the Venus de Medici"; therefore, if the Venus were mounted she should sit on a horse of 15.1 or 15.2 hands. The true friends and admirers of the horse will be glad to learn that Mrs. Hayes condemns "the senseless and cruel practice of docking riding horses, which has nothing in its favor except its conformance to fashion, and which in this case is disgusting cruelty." There are three pages of this righteous indignation which finds a climax in a quotation from Voltaire.

There are long chapters about side-saddles and bridles. There is minute discussion of the parts of the saddle with explanatory illustrations. Then comes the all-important question of dress. Melton is the best material for riding habits which are intended for hard wear, and a good melton habit lasts for several years. If it is badly cut, it exposes the shortcomings of its maker in a most ungenerous manner; it must be cut by an "artist," and therefore, a good melton habit is expensive. Dark blue is the most serviceable shade. A treble melton should be chosen for the skirt and a lighter one for the coat. No woman should ride in one of the old-fashioned, dangerous kind of skirts. Mrs. Hayes invented a skirt and there are several views of it, one a rear view of the inventor with the skirt open for mounting.

A skirt should just cover the rider's left foot when she is seated in the saddle with her stirrup at its usual length, and a woman should use her own saddle when she has her habit fitted. The sleeves should not hamper the movements of the arms, and before the coat is tried on the wearer should procure a good pair of riding corsets, "which must allow free play to the movements of her hips, and, above all, she must not lace them tightly." A fit woman should, of course, wear a loose-fitting coat, lest other "ladies" laugh and say "look at that!"

Trousers are not worn by English riding women at the present time. The

best material for breeches is an elastic cloth, specially made for the purpose. The breeches should be fitted while the wearer is seated on a wooden horse. "Following the senseless custom adopted by men, many of whom hate it themselves, we have our breeches to button on the shin bone." It would be much better to button them a little to the outside of the leg, or to have the riding boots made shorter. Leather breeches for women are unsanitary.

Important information is given concerning underbodies and underclothing. The tall silk hat has been largely superseded by the bowler. The hair should be dressed low down. "The old arrangement of dressing the hair in a coil of plaits at the nape of the neck has quite gone out, but it was a far neater one for riding than the 'teapot handle' and other curious knobs and buns of the present time. The pulled-out style, in bad imitation of Japanese hairdressing, gives a dirty and untidy appearance, and looks perfectly hideous on horseback, and especially when the place where the back hair ought to be is adorned with a round brooch! * * *

A neat way to arrange the hair for hunting is to coil it firmly round the head and fasten it with plenty of hairpins—those bent in the centre and with ball points are, I think, the most reliable—and to pin over the hair an 'invisible' silken net the same color as the hair, which will keep it tidy."

Riding boots, for safety, should have thin, pilable soles and should be easy over the instep. A loose riding boot may save the wearer's life. Women's top boots should not be so long as those worn by men, and they should be of patent leather. The best gloves for hunting are of antelope skin or of dog skin. On cold or wet days white woollen gloves are the best. Mrs. Hayes recommends a hunting tie or stock, a combination of collar and ties, the collar part starched or soft. White and black ties are always becoming. "It is always well to abjure startling colors."

Man, the poor vain thing, is often clumsy in assisting a woman to mount. Her most serious fault is that of neglecting to stiffen her knee. His crimes are many: Catching hold of her heel, using only one hand to lift the woman, standing too far away from her, trying to raise her before she has put her weight on his hands, standing too far away from the side of the horse.

An old-fashioned way of helping a lady to dismount was to put an arm round her waist and lift her from the saddle. The chapters that follow—and all of them are interesting and valuable—treat of holding the reins, the seat, hands, voice, whip, spur, first lessons, riding across country, hacking, riding without reins, nerve, fences, country and gates, hunting in England and abroad, walking foxhound puppies, kindness to horses, riding difficult horses.

One-handed riding is for military men and polo players, but it is ridiculous for women. The crop should be of a serviceable length, yet it is the silly fashion to have hunting whips that are less than two feet long, whereas they should be three feet for women's use. The whip should always be carried handle downward, on the off side. Women are unmerciful in the abuse of the spur, and some of the best English horsewomen are strongly opposed to the spur as a cruel and unnecessary thing.

Under the general title "First Lessons in Riding," the walk, turning, the halt, trot, canter, gallop, jumping, feining back are discussed. Nerve in riding is recoverable by practice on a "very confidential" horse, but a woman suffering from loss of nerve should first of all attend to her health, which is probably out of order. A woman who intends to hunt should be able to ride a fast gallop without becoming blown; she should always carry small change in her pocket for tips; and she should be chronically good-natured.

"I have heard female voices audibly 'picking holes' in a lady's mount, which is very unkind; for their poorer sister was doubtless riding the best horse she could get, and the hearing of such rude remarks may entirely spoil her day's pleasure." If a horse comes down, the rider should try to get clear as soon as possible and to let go the reins. She should leave her horse's mouth alone, and she should never utter a cry. "When a lady gets a bad fall out hunting, and we see her attended by men only, we should at once go to her assistance, whether we know her or not;

because it is always better for a woman to have one of her own sex to help her and, if necessary, unloosen any garments, which are matters that men know nothing about."

Mrs. Hayes has observed riders in many countries. In hospitable India a visitor need never be at a loss for a mount and there are many expert horsewomen in that country. She thinks the Germans are more devoted to riding than the people of any other continental nation and that fewer Frenchwomen ride in the Bois de Boulogne than in former years, for the automobiles have taken up their attention.

The riding schools of Paris are not to be compared with those of Berlin. The two civilian riding schools in St. Petersburg are miserable, and very few Russian women ride.

The Duchess of Newcastle commented lately on "the untidy, shipshod way the riders are often turned out" in Rotten Row, and termed the state of things "a disgrace to a country which is considered to have the best horses and riders in the world." Mrs. Hayes adds: "This 'floppy' untidiness of riding dress appears to have been introduced by the 'new woman.' Twenty years ago, top hats and perfectly fitting habits were de rigueur, but now neither horses nor riders are so well trained for park hacking as they were in those days. The duchess also points out that it is as cheap to be clean as dirty, and there is no reason why the horses should not be groomed and their bits burnished."

The chapter on "Kindness to Horses" should be reprinted as a little pamphlet and distributed. Mrs. Hayes protests against the cruelty of the twitch and the injury done the animal; the thirst tor-

ture; the habit of jerking the reins, etc. "In this country grooms, as a rule, are given a free hand in the feeding and management of horses, with frequently disastrous results, owing to the consequent system of commissions and tips from horse dealers, corn dealers, saddlers and shoeing smiths."

A woman about to buy a horse should find out whether the former owner, as well as the animal, is amiable. "I think that the native syces of India, like the Russian cabmen, treat their equine charges with far greater sympathy and kindness than our English grooms and cab drivers do. * * * When passing through London on my return from a visit to Russia, we put up at a hotel in Oxford street, where the night was rendered hideous to me by the brutal slashing of cab horses; for one hears nothing of that kind in Russia, and yet we English people pride ourselves on being a horse-loving nation!"

Mrs. Hayes should read the pathetic little sketch, "The Paradise of Animals," by Francis Jammes. An old cab horse died and stood before the door of heaven. A learned man, waiting for St. Peter, said to the horse, "What are you doing here? You have no right to go into heaven. I have, for I was born of a woman." But the door was opened to the horse, who found his mother, and he also found his old and once wretched companions, all manner of draught horses, and those that turned with bandaged eyes the merry-go-rounds, and the horses that were mangled by bulls in the arena before young girls, rosy with delight. And cats were happy there with bits of string; fish feared not the angler; the bird was undisturbed in flight. There was no man in that Paradise."

The final chapter gives the names of the external parts of the horse. There is a full index. The book is one of uncommon interest. There is not a question that is left untouched, and the information comes from an expert who knows how to impart knowledge in an eminently agreeable manner.

In England the vast majority of books are published within three months of the year, and thereby no doubt the publisher injures his business. It is said that the English public read more in the fall than in the summer. While several publishers agree in saying that it is now much more possible to distribute books equally over the year, one says that he did more business in July than in any other month of 1903, and another expresses the belief that the success of a book is due not so much to the calendar date on which it appears as to the careful "travelling" of the book for weeks before the publication is announced.

The reviewers say that it would be better if books were not issued irregularly. The columns at the reviewer's disposal are limited, and "many a book which would gain a lengthy notice in May or June has to be dealt with more or less summarily in November and December. It is not as if the weeks succeeding Christmas were busy for the trade. They are some of the slackest weeks in the year." There is reason for believing that conditions are changing.

There are a few good stories in "The Memories of Sir Llewelyn Turner," edited by J. E. Vincent (Isolator, London). One of the best was told by Curran. An Irish coachman, dismissed for drunkenness, asked his master for a character. "Oh, certainly," answered the master, who wrote this testimonial: "The bearer, Michael Ofrehy, was in my service as coachman for three years, during which time he was frequently sober." There is much about the war of 1812 in these memoirs. An English reviewer mentions the fact that in that year an American privateer, the True Blooded Yankee, carrying 18 guns and 100 men, captured 27 vessels in 37 days in the English and Irish channels, took a Scotch town and held an island on the Irish coast for a week, and the reviewer adds: "The thing is inconceivable nowadays, and there is no doubt that the government of the time deserves all the disparagement Sir Llewelyn, in his zeal for efficiency, showers on them."

Sir Llewelyn was the founder of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club, and his memoirs include yachting reminiscences. Now a hale old man of over 80, he is "an excellent type of the county gentleman to whom England has always owed so much—one who has leisure and knowledge and ability and alightness in plenty to serve his country in more or less obscure and unadvertised offices and ways."

Mrs. Percival Mackrell, the compiler of "Hymns of the Christian Centuries," to be issued by George Allen next month, has made it a point to find a place for representative hymns which have been excluded from most collections, either because they were not suited to congregational use or because they were not easily accessible to the collector. She has been guided by the definition of St. Augustine: "A hymn consists of praise to God, and that with song."

Oct-9, 1903 MANY SURPRISES FROM A-STRANGE ADVENTURE

"Whitewash," from the Pen of
Ethel W. Mumford.

Story of Four Girls Abroad at the
Feast of St. Anne in Auray, with

the Scenes Shifting to New York, Where Complications Arise in Society Circles.

The most striking portion of Ethel Watts Mumford's novel, "Whitewash" (Dana, Estes & Co., Boston), is the prologue, in which there is a description of scenes in Auray on the feast of St. Anne, when the cure-working statue is carried in procession. Four girls—one of them Victoria Claudel of New York—students at Paris, armed with kodaks, are watching the sights. Victoria, it appears, is the most noticeable of the four. "Her small, well-shaped head was set on a full, strong throat. She had very wide shoulders, a tremendous depth of chest, suggestive of great vitality, feet unusually small, and well-formed hands, unexpectedly large. The face that shone out from the shade of a battered campaign hat showed the same irregularity—a short, straight nose, large, oblique gray eyes, and a small, dainty mouth in a strong jaw. The forehead was somewhat high, and from it sprang, variously 'cowlicked' and very unruly, a great mass of red-black hair, part of which crowning glory was at that moment attempting a descent upon her shoulders, and hung in a loop besprinkled with helpless hairpins. She was not beautiful, but far more than pretty. Vitality, power, vigorous impatience, and ingrained humor seemed to surround her as an atmosphere rings its planet."

Victoria and her companions watch the sights. The faithful swarm about the fountain. "The sightless washed their eyes in the healing waters, diseased skins were laved in it, open sores and wounds were soothed and cleansed, the idiotic were baptized, those sick of internal troubles lifted it to their lips and drank." And Victoria remarked: "The miracle is that they won't all die before morning."

Among the pilgrims are the Countess Vernon-Chateau-Lamion and her fair-haired and emaciated daughter. The mother is a haughty person with bushy brows and a high-bred nose; her eyes "two tunnels of Erebus that led inward to depths incalculable." The Countess has brought with her a large sum of money and a quantity of jewels, which she purposes to give to the statue if her child is cured. At the inn Victoria and her friend Sonia, a Russian, are disturbed at night by a man who crawls over the roofs. They flash candle light on him and see a handsome person who had been pointed out as an Englishman. He says that he had been locked out by way of a joke, but after he has disappeared they are suspicious. They arouse the house. There is no answer from the Countess. The door of her room is opened. She had been chloroformed, as had the sick child; the maid had been drugged and gagged, and money and jewels were gone. The little girl dies of the shock.

And now we are in New York, in the reception room of the blonde and handsome Philippa Ford, who leans among divan cushions, "gowned in a creation of cream lace and lavender crepe," while the walls are hung in green of varying shades, "from palest malachite and, reseda to deepest olive and emerald." She and Victoria are old friends and Mr. Morton Conway is an old and common friend to them both. Philippa is deeply interested in Mr. Lucius Valdeck, a Pole "with a mission," who brought letters to her from New Orleans. Yet she allows Mr. Conway to kiss her and she fingers his cravat, "as a child takes possession of a strange new toy." Valdeck gives Philippa a pin, rose diamonds set about a splendid emerald, with two gold dolphins wound through the design. She wears it at a reception and Victoria recognizes it as a jewel worn by the Countess at Auray. She also recognizes Valdeck as the Englishman on the roof, and he remembers her and hints to Philippa unutterable things about Victoria, warns her that as she was scorned by him in Europe she will be about him in New York. He tells Philippa all this as a "gag," and he had invited her. There is the sound of smothered laughter, "the sight of champagne bottles cooling in the silver-plated buckets on the floor." The mirror in the private room is scratched, the carpet has been "dulled by the frequent upsetting of vials," but there is an electric fan, and the well-trained waiter always knocked "discreetly," whereas in some restaurants he breaks plates and glasses in the corridor to announce his coming, and this is disagreeable, for the cost is charged to the entertainer. Mr. Valdeck finally exclaims: "You are so beautiful! May I?" And he folds her in his arms and kisses her, just where Conway kissed her, on her receptive mouth. "A quivering, delightful dimmed Philippa's eyes, but she said severely: 'Mr. Valdeck! And I trusted you in coming here!' The Pole soothes her and incidentally swipes the pin that might betray him."

Of course all this lying and counter-lying makes trouble between Philippa, Victoria and Mr. Conway. Friends take part in the squabble. Mr. Valdeck asks Philippa to take a dispatch box which contains the "trust moneys of the Polish Educational Society" to the steamship Germanic and there to hand it to a woman, a Mme. Tolle, who would be found in a stateroom wearing a tan ulster with a blue velvet collar and holding a bunch of carnations. Philippa finds the woman, who indulges herself in irony and bitterness and remarks: "So you are the creature who has taken his fancy now, are you?"

...but things will be better as well as better. Miss Follie is the French girl of the high society, and she is seen Valdeck's confederate. The dispatch box holds precious jewels. When at New Orleans, Mr. Conway is much excited by the news and smokes himself into "a thoroughly nervous condition." His uncle, Morris Connery, who had seen Philippa going upstairs in Gagnano's restaurant, asks him whether he is Victoria's friend or whether he is trying to clear Miss Ford, "that sniveling little cat"—which is ungentlemanly language even from a millionaire. Mr. Conway goes into the fresh air, meets Victoria in the street. "She felt instinctively the chrysalis breaking in his mind, and the beautiful butterfly of their mutual understanding evolving itself more splendid than the rudimentary, though beloved, little grub of their childish affection. They came to a little restaurant often frequented in former years."

"Let's go in and eat caviare," she suggested, breaking the silence. "Let's," he answered. "Let's go in and eat caviare and drink Wuerzburger, and talk it all over just as we used to."

What became of Valdeck? The countess, who had been following him all over the world, tracked him to a little hotel west of Sixth avenue and well down Twenty-sixth street. When he was asleep she crept into his room, chloroformed him and then turned on the gas. Valdeck had thoughtfully written on the back of an envelope that the story told by him and circulated by Miss Ford about Victoria's private character was false. The last heard of Victoria, she was smoking cigarettes. The countess went to the jail to identify the former maid, shot her and was then locked up as a mad woman.

The author of "Whitewash" gives a description of an "at home" at a New York studio. "It is the cream of what society thinks is Bohemian, an exhibition of genuine Angoras. No man admitted to the inner circle unless his ambrosial locks sweep his collar—the collar generally needs it badly." Mr. Theodore Trent Gore was present, the Masterlinckean symbolist of the new world. Carl was there, a long-haired man in "1830 costume" who "advanced with Delisartean grace." Hartly, the poet of "Songs of Satan," had a Jove-like head. The Baroness Corolla, formerly Mlle. Zulie, the chanteuse excentrique, was there, and so was Mr. Melville, the music critic. "His divorce has just been granted; we all expect he will marry the lady over there in black with the white roses. She's Marlon Delplain, the singer, and quite his affinity. That's his wife over there in sables and blue velvet." There is a description of a dancer who reminds one of Miss Isadora Duncan in her more inspired moments. And it was at this reception that Philippa "exhaled a perfume of violets and elegant femininity."

Mr. Roscoe Lewis Ashley's "American Government" (The Macmillan Company, New York) is a textbook for secondary schools. The author sees as the chief aim in studying our governments the preparation of high school students for the proper exercise of a citizen's duties and privileges, and this preparation, he thinks, should include at least three things: An adequate knowledge of the structures and functions of our system of government, a familiarity with the affairs of today which are connected with the political system may become real to the student, and not merely a lifeless organization; and, last and perhaps most important, some training which will enable pupils to look on both sides of public questions, to weigh arguments and to judge for themselves whether reasons given for a particular policy are satisfactory or unsatisfactory.

After preliminary chapters on the general character of American government and the selection of public officials, there is careful consideration of local and then state government, and then there is a thorough examination of the constitution of the United States in connection with the work of the constitutional convention held at Philadelphia in 1787. The author holds in view the distinction between the constitutional and the extra-constitutional features of the federal government.

The methods of the author may be shown by reference to his treatment of city government. He notes the fact that there are different uses of the word "city." In newer sections of the country places which in the East would be called villages are dignified as cities, and the governments of these small western cities are similar to those of the incorporated villages of older states. When Mr. Ashley discusses cities he has a mind the larger cities whose population is confined within a comparatively small area. There is mention of the London growth of cities. "Because of the many calls which city life makes upon the time of its people, less chance is given the voters to interest themselves in the way the government is conducted. Since they do not become acquainted with their neighbors, as in the country, the candidates, even for the ward offices, are probably unknown to 95 per cent. of the voters. The influence of the people to city affairs, for these causes, is increased by the lack of great public questions in connection with the municipal government. The vast number of details with which city officials are concerned, from their very complexity, make supervision by administration by the voters all but impossible."

The student is told how cities are incorporated, charters granted; he learns about the organization and the powers of the council, municipal administration. Mr. Ashley is inclined to think that concentration of powers in the hands of a mayor is likely to be more effective than the older system. The different

departments are explained. The duties performed by city officers are necessary or business duties. In the necessary work of a city is included the suppression of disorder, the preservation of the public health, sanitary work, the care of the streets, education, the municipal park system. The business functions of a city include municipal ownership of water systems, gas and electric lighting, franchises for the streets are public property, used solely for the good of the people; the citizens receive a net income from the use of the streets by individuals or corporations; the citizens have the benefit of good service at reasonable rates. To these chapters, as to others, there is an extensive bibliography—general references, topics, studies, and practical questions for school use are added.

Mr. Ashley points out that most American cities have gone further in the matter of education than the laws required. Nearly all of them have established free kindergarten and high schools that offer many different courses of study. Some cities provide manual training, and a few have established technical high schools.

The study of the genesis of the present constitution and of the constitutional changes that have been made since 1787 is of special value, and may be recommended to all citizens as well as to schools and students. Mr. Ashley reminds us that the constitution has not been like a law of the Medes and Persians. "Its form is almost identical with that of a hundred years ago, but its spirit has been greatly modified. In 1790 the people were much more attached to their state government than they were to the government of the nation, consequently the national government was not then allowed to do many things that we consider perfectly proper, although nominally Congress had as much power then as it has now." The three most important features of the unwritten constitution are as follows: The whole body of law and custom supplementing the constitution has greatly broadened that instrument and expanded the powers exercised under it. (2) The national government has become an essentially democratic government, with its chief officials elected by the men of the nation, and its principal department directly responsive to the popular will. The history of the change from the government by classes, which existed in 1789, to the government by the people of today, is the history of the extension of the elective franchise from land owners then to men now. This change has, in fact, been accomplished almost solely by alterations in the state laws regarding suffrage, as the constitution allows the states to decide who shall vote, even

for national officials. (3) Secession from the Union is not possible, although the subject is not mentioned in the constitution, and the right to secede was formerly claimed by many of the states located in different parts of the country.

There are maps and diagrams, and illustrations. Some of the views of public buildings are curious exhibitions of the architectural taste dear to officials.

OCT 10 1903

"The Exact Science of Health Based Upon Life's Great Law."

"The Exact Science of Health Based Upon Life's Great Law," vol. I, Principles by Robert Walter, M. D. (Edgar S. Werner Publishing Company, New York) states the great law of life as follows: "Every particle of living matter in the organized body is endowed with an instinct of self-preservation, sustained by a force inherent in the organism, usually called vital force or life, the success of whose work is directly proportioned to the amount of the force, and inversely to the degree of its activity." The author puts this in a column by the side of the law of gravitation. It follows, according to his argument, that "whenever action occurs in the living organism as the result of extraneous influences, the action must be ascribed to the living thing which has the power of action, and not to the dead, whose leading characteristic is inertia." And here is an illustration: "If I calomel can never get out of the druggist's shelf of its own volition, how can it move a man's liver?" There are other corollaries: The power employed, and consequently expended, in any vital or medicinal action is vital power; that is, power from within and not from without; the secondary effect upon the human organism of any act, habit, indulgence or agency is the exact opposite of the primary effect; the response of the vital organism to external stimuli is an instinctive one, based upon a self-preservative instinct which adapts itself to whatever influences it cannot destroy or control.

Dr. Walter insists that recuperative treatment is the only scientific treatment. Disease reduces vital energy, and so saves vital force; medicines increase the vital energies and reduce vital force. Disease saves and cures; medicines destroy and kill. The fatalities in case of sickness are due to the treatment more generally than to the disease. The human house should be cleaned, and the process in the living organism is usually carried on by the germs, which are generally described as disease germs. These germs are not causes but occasions of disease.

The rest-cure is the proper cure for all the ills that afflict humanity, and there should be rest for each organ. The liver, for instance, should not be stimulated or dosed with heart-tonics, but the liver, and therefore the heart, should be given a rest. Fasting fulfils many indications for restoration of health, although extremes should always be avoided.

The author, nearly 60 years ago, met with an accident which resulted in complete paralysis of motion in all the voluntary organs. He grew slowly out of his helplessness in spite of the doctor. As a school teacher he began to suffer with alarming symptoms. One physician told him he had heart disease; another

portended a stroke. He to a variety of medical men, but in vain. He experimented with water cure, vegetarianism, until he at last, after study and experience, evolved his theory of a rest-cure.

His experience with invalids has taught him this important fact: That which makes the man sick is the thing which he wants to relinquish.

At the beginning Dr. Walter trusted and quoted the authorities, and never doubted the doctrines of modern science, so-called, until he undertook to prove by fact and argument its theories. "I soon found out, greatly to my surprise, that the leading scientific doctrines of the last 40 years are utterly opposed to great underlying doctrine of agnostice evolution, the correlation, transformation, or transmutation of forces. Upon further investigation I found that this theory is a pure invention, for the purpose of bolstering up and giving a semblance of reason to one of the most incongruous philosophies that was ever imposed upon a credulous world." Herbert Spencer is an involutionist, not an evolutionist.

One chapter of the "Exact Science of Health" is made up largely of quotations from the works of Dunnington, Chapman, Bichat, Majendie, Bennett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in which medical reasoning, based on observation, is either questioned or ridiculed.

"The greatest evil in the medical practice of our day is the use of stimulants and tonics to sustain and strengthen, and of sedatives and opiates to counteract the effects of the stimulants. Nervous diseases correspondingly thrive. Drugs which appeal to the nervous organism exhaust its forces, and nervous weaknesses, even to insanity, follow." The drugs take away from the organ or organs just what they seem to give. And Dr. Walter quotes with gusto this statement of Sir James Johnson, editor of the Medico-Chirurgical Review: "I declare, as my conscientious conviction, founded upon long experience and observation, that if there were not a single physician, surgeon, midwife, apothecary, druggist or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail."

Dr. Walter has much to say against the "fanaticism" of old bathing, Turkish and Russian baths, and electricity when used for stimulating purposes. He looks askew at vaccination for smallpox, and he declares that "the value of anti-toxin has never been proved as clearly as the value of blood-letting was to our fathers, who saw with their own eyes." He also considers the mind-cure, the faith-cure, suggestive therapeutics, etc. He sums up as follows: "What is most needed in the treatment of disease is, therefore, not processes calculated to kill the disease, for that might kill the patient, but to remove its occasions, supply the conditions for health, and accumulate the power of the patient, which is the power of both his disease and his health."

"The So-Called Prophecy of St. Malachy."

We have received a pamphlet, "The So-Called Prophecy of St. Malachy," by Fr. Herbert Thurston, S. J., published in the Month in 1899 and reprinted in No. XV. of the Catholic Mind. The mottoes, "Crux de Cruce," "Lumen in Coelo," applied respectively to Popes Pius IX. and Leo XIII., with a series of nine other mottoes which begin with "Ignis ardens," which are intended to designate the other Pontiffs from now to the end of the world, form part of the "prophecy" of St. Malachy, an Irish Cistercian monk of the 12th century. Fr. Thurston calls this prophecy "a palpable imposture," "a fraud," "a fabrication," and he gives his reasons.

"Central Europe."

"Central Europe," by Joseph Partsch, professor of geography in the University of Breslau (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is a volume in the series "The Regions of the World," edited by H. J. Mackinder. Prof. Partsch's manuscript was translated into English by Miss Clementina Black, and after it was found too long for publication in an English series, it was shortened, and it received the criticism of the author. The book will be published in German in the original form. This scholarly work is for consultation, for those who wish authoritative information. It will not be found easy reading by those who hasten to acquire with little effort a superficial knowledge. The physical history of each country is given, and there are chapters on climate, peoples, the States, economic geography, communications and the geographical conditions of national defence.

Prof. Partsch dismisses the idea that Europe may one day be half Jacobin and half Cossack as a chimera to which the future will never return. "True it is, undoubtedly, that the social and political dimensions of life grow gradually larger. But it does not follow that the colossal empires of Great Britain and Russia, whose future balance will only be maintained by the development of the United States and by the vast population of eastern Asia, are destined gradually to subjugate or absolutely to absorb the less spacious powers of central Europe. The course of the world's history does but warn the central European states to draw socially closer together, and to subordinate lesser dividing political interests to the greater aims of maintaining to the full their independence, and that wealth of social and intellectual culture which has given to Europe the first place among the continents of the world. The natural gifts of central Europe are not brilliant and superabundant, but they are solid and capable of being developed by earnest endeavor. "Only while peace continues can central Europe hope to lighten, and even, by the expenditure of much exertion, to remove the pressure of an additional drawback belonging to her cen-

tral position, that of exclusion from the ocean. The sea is of Germany, and the sea is of much importance to the greater part of central Europe. "If, in the day, when the world had already been allotted, Germany, too, entered the field of colonial enterprise, and now devotes herself to systematic development of those rather poorly endowed foreign possessions over which her flag flies."

The Netherlands came to be politically separate by the last outcome of the repeated attempts to form a neutral and independent territory between France and Germany. The western border of central Europe is still the most serious point of tension. The salvation of Switzerland depends on its making a firm stand for the inviolability of its territory; but the natural position of Belgium is not so secure. Yet England's policy "would never suffer any of the great continental powers to gain a firm foothold exactly opposite to the Thames and, as Pitt expressed it, to hold a pistol to England's breast." The acquisition of the Island of Heligoland is of ambiguous value in case of an attack on the western frontier of Germany and a threatening of German coasts. Should France conspire with Russia against Germany, it would help to bring about its own ruin and the slavery of its future generations. "Calm and expert judges are inclined not to overestimate the danger of a war with Russia." Prof. Partsch, after giving an almost exhaustive description of the physical geography, resources and character of each land of central Europe, considers the chances of war, and concludes as follows: "May the great monument on the battlefield of Leipsic, where the criminal effort to enslave a whole continent was defeated, not by military skill, but by the elemental power of liberty-loving nations, remain the last memento of the political errors of previous centuries, a warning to all ambitious tyrants in the future, and an admonition to the peoples of central Europe to remain united, to keep peace and to command peace."

Notes on authorities are added to each chapter, and there is a full index.

"Outlines of Psychology."

"Outlines of Psychology; an Elementary Treatise with Some Practical Applications," by Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard University (the Macmillan Company, New York and London), is a volume of the "Teachers' Professional Library." This is not a book on the philosophy of the mind; it does not deal with philosophical problems, nor is it like the volume of Guido Vico, Englished lately by Harold Manuocorda, a history and a criticism of the various speculations and methods of research that distinguish modern psychologists. There is no attempt to deal with the special psychology of the senses or with the special regions where experimental psychology has won triumphs. Prof. Royce writes for a serious reader, who is not trained in experimental methods or in philosophical inquiries. He tells him a few things, as he modestly puts it in the preface, regarding the most fundamental and general processes, laws and conditions of mental life. He gives introductory definitions and explanations, discusses the physical signs of the presence of mind, the nervous conditions of the manifestation of mind, the general features of conscious life. He treats mental phenomena under the three heads of sensitiveness, docility and initiative.

This arrangement and classification he regards as relatively novel. "The entire subordination of the usual distinctions of feeling, intellect and will to these deeper distinctions, which my own division of the phenomena of mind is intended to emphasize—the persistent stress that I lay upon the unity of the intellectual and the voluntary processes, which, in popular treatises, are too often sundered and treated as if one of them could go on without the other—these are also characteristic of the present discussion." Furthermore, in the chapters on "Feelings" and on "Mental Initiative," he has expressed views of his own.

Prof. Royce endeavored to prove in his Gifford lectures that every idea is the partial embodiment of a purpose, and he follows in this volume the same line of thought. Under the head "Sensitiveness," he includes the feelings and the power of the mind to receive and to repeat these impressions in ideas. "Docility" is a term applied to the ability to combine present with past experience. In the chapter on mental initiative he describes that portion of conduct which is due to a stimulus which seems to come from within the mind and not from the outside.

A difficult subject, one that to many seems inherently incomprehensible, is here treated with marked clearness. To say that the book is easy reading would be a compliment that might justly be called a shallow impertinence. It is better to say that Prof. Royce has not clouded knowledge; that he has enabled the layman to become acquainted in a measure with some of the laws that govern mental life.

In Robert South's "The Divine Arctino and Other Plays," (John Long, Savonarola dies with the words: "We light a fire today which shall never be extinguished." But did not a famous English martyr make this same speech at the stake?

A biography of Nero by Mr. Henderson is published by Methuen. Let us hope that there will be a careful study of Nero as singer and play actor. He was one of the world's great artists.

Maj. Evans Gordon, M. P., has journeyed and studied much in his investigations of alien immigration. He has travelled through Poland, Galicia and other lands of pauper immigrants, and he has made careful observation in their adopted homes, the shabby districts of English cities. His book, announced by Heinemann, will be illustrated by photographs taken for the most part by the author.

The Duke of Norfolk, a subscriber to

es Bedo memorial at Monkwearmouth, opes that the "expression 'set up' may be used upon the monument, instead of the 'erected' so painfully common in the present day." To which the Pall Mall Gazette answers: "Well, 'painful' is a matter of appreciation. But 'erected' is of respectable antiquity. 'Moyses,' remarks Archbishop Hamilton, in 1552, 'made and erected a brass in ymage of a serpent.' And our friend Coryat, of the 'Crudities,' makes mention of a 'little Chappell wherein is erected a portrait of the Virgin Mary.' That was some time before the 17th century got into its teens."

The French have coined the word "automobilization": the mobilization of the automobile car in case of war. The French minister of war is proposing to form a corps of qualified chauffeurs with a special uniform to handle the motor cars "essential to a modern army."

W. E. Henley's estate was sworn at £540, of which £179 is net personality. His widow is sole executrix.

A new issue of Dr. Gairdner's edition of the famous Paston Letters, which give the history of an English mediaeval family for more than 50 years, will be published by Chatto & Winsons. It will be in six volumes and the edition will be limited to 600 copies for sale.

Dr. J. Fitzgerald Lee believes that America, not Asia, was the cradle of the human race, and that the stream of human life flowed eastward. He argues from ethnological grounds, and his book will be published by Elliot Stock.

A new book announced by E. Nash: "The Nonconformist Conscience, Considered as a Social Evil and a Mischief-Wronger, by One Who Has Had It," may prove to be a deliberately humorous work or an imitation of Mr. Grosland's "The Unspeakable Scot."

There will be two new volumes next month in the series first known as the Bookman Booklets and now called the Bookman Biographies. Sir Walter Scott will be treated by Messrs. Crockett, Cau and Hodder Williams, and Tennyson by Mr. Chesterton and Dr. Garnett.

The talk about protection in England leads to pamphlets and reissues. Macmillan has published a cheap edition of Cobden's free trade speeches; and T. F. Unwin a cheap edition of Morley's "Life of Cobden."

"Crimean Simpson's Autobiography," published by Unwin, contains reminiscences of Lords Raglan, Cardigan, Clyde and Canning, of Laurence Oliphant and of Mme. Blavatsky. Raglan and Cardigan are now known to many simply as an overcoat and a jacket.

"The Adventures of Philip," preceded by "A Shabby Genteel Story," are published in two volumes in the edition of Thackeray's works published by J. M. Dent Company in London and imported by the Macmillan Company into this country. Mr. Walter Jerrold says in his bibliographical notes: "Although full of characteristic work, 'Philip' has not been regarded by the critics as among Thackeray's most successful stories, yet in the Little Sister it contains a character that might make the reputation of a far less clever work," and then Mr. Jerrold quotes the adverse criticism of Sir C. Gavan Duffy: "The prompter is too constantly making his voice heard above the actors; he plays chorus as a prompter. And the Thackerayan trick, pleasant enough for once and exhibiting the author's supposed motives for praising or disparaging the dramatic personae, is worked to death. The novel is diffuse, overlaid with moralizing and banter."

The enjoyment of this novel or the inability to read it all depends on whether you are fond of the "Thackerayan trick"; whether you think Thackeray's "moralizing and banter" worth while. "Philip" is not a work of art, as "Vanity Fair," "The Yellowplush Papers," "Barry Lyndon," but to some it will always be delightful reading. Dr. Firmin is admirably drawn; he is one of the finest and most impressive rogues in the long gallery of literature, and his reappearance after his adventures as Mr. Brandon in "A Shabby Genteel Story" is as admirably managed as the introduction of Beatrix as an old woman in "The Virginians."

There is something pathetic as well as heroic in Firmin's villainy. It is true there is much repetition in character drawing and moralizing. Penderennis and his wife are tiresome persons—and Laura as a maiden was a good deal of a prig. Charlotte and her mother remind one of the Mackenzies, and Lord Ringwood is merely a name applied to Thackeray's familiar old clubman. But Dr. Firmin, the Little Sister, Mme. Smolens these are persons of flesh and blood, and we confess to a liking foolish perhaps, for Philip, the blunderer, the tactless, who roared out his prejudices and his affections. As for the moralizing of which Sir C. Gavan Duffy complains, we are so old-fashioned as to enjoy it. We feel a special tenderness toward this long-winded story, which is to many mere foolishness, if it contained only this description of Bohemia:

"A pleasant land, not fenced with drab guards, like Tyburnia or Belgravia; not guarded by a huge standing army of footmen; not echoing with noble chariots; not replete with polite chintz dragging rooms and neat tea tables; a land over which hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco, a land of chambers, billiard rooms, supper rooms, oysters; a land of song; a land where sodawater flows freely in the morning; a land of tin dish covers from taverns, and frothing porter; a land of lotoseating (with lots of cayenne pepper) of pulls on the river, of delicious readings of novels, magazines, and saunterings in many studies; a land where men call each other by their Christian names; where most are poor, where almost all

are young, and where, if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits, and the delightful capacity to be idle. I have lost my way to Bohemia now, but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world."

Mr. Broch's illustrations are not without force—that of Ringwood yawning is capital—but we miss the sketches by the author and Frederick Walker.

A book published today, "Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil and What He Taught Her," will explain in Dr. Howe's own words how he reached the shut-in mind of Laura Bridgman—the first case of successful instruction of a child who was blind as well as a deaf mute. For some years his daughter, Mrs. Maud Elliott, and Mrs. Florence Hall have been arranging the records of Dr. Howe and his assistants in a volume of some 400 pages, illustrated by a son-in-law of Dr. Howe, John Elliott, the whole remarkable story being published by Little, Brown & Co.

Oct 11, 1903

Pupils Who Make Haste Slowly Sooner Achieve Real Success.

The Testimony of Manager Charles Manners.

Vocalists Who Ape the Ways of Opera Stars.

Schumann-Heink and Her Eight Children.

New Operas, Local Notes and Personal Paragraphs.



THE best European teachers complain of the impatience of their American pupils. These pupils, they say, are quick to learn, incredibly industrious, but they are unwilling to make haste slowly, they are too eager to pursue a career in public, either for the sake of gratifying ambition or in the hope of gaining money. The pupils might give as an excuse for their impatience that they must learn in a short time all that can be learned, for their means are limited. They saved or borrowed enough money for a year or two years, or, possibly, three years in Europe. The teachers deplore especially the fact that these pupils, fired by ambition, confidently expect to astonish in recitals or dazzle in the opera house immediately after "the last lesson." As though there were ever a last lesson!

The young American pianist learns a concerto or two, and he prepares programmes for two recitals, though he returns frequently with pieces polished for only one. He leaves Vienna or Berlin intent on conquest. He is a pupil of Borjinski or Schachtelwurst—is not that enough? He has been with the eminent master for two years. When he leaves the teacher he is as a rule almost ready to profit by his instruction. The teacher realizes this and says to the young man: "Now if you must go home you should work diligently by yourself." How many young pianists have the ability or the courage or the perseverance to perfect themselves? Think of De Pachmann, who more than once after public triumphs, dissatisfied with himself, withdrew from the concert stage and worked indefatigably for his salvation. Then there is Harold Bauer, who began as a violinist, was known as an infant phenomenon, and as a pianist was practically self-taught. How many have the natural musical gifts to achieve success by incessant self-examination and by incessant experiment. Are there many who know how to examine their own performance severely and wisely?

Seldom, very seldom is the returning pianist prepared for concert work. He may through the influence of friends obtain an engagement with an orchestra; his whooping admirers may crowd the concert hall at his recital; his performance at the best is one of promise. He hears the applause; he listens to the flattering words. He has played the pieces learned in Germany. But managers are not importunate in the demand for a contract; it would take him some months to prepare for another recital, and in the mean time he must support himself. The advertisement appears: "Mr. Leonidas Swett, pupil of Borjinski, will take a few pupils." Mr. Swett teaches. He is recom-

mended by a list of prominent influential in society as a safe instructor for young maids, and he thrives. He grows indifferent. He is no longer impatient; he is no longer ambitious; yet Leonidas Swett might have been a brilliant concert pianist.

The American girl goes to Europe to study for opera. She is industrious at the risk of her health. She crowds into one year or two years the varied instruction which should be distributed during a far longer term. Let us suppose that her teacher is on good terms with the opera house managers. The American has a hearing. Is she willing to begin humbly, as a new and young member of a stock company, to take the part of the confidante of a distressed prima donna, of a maid of honor to the Queen of Navarre, of one of Carmen's companions in fortune telling, dancing and general and seductive trickery? No. She must at once be Marguerite, or Juliet, or Carmen, or Elsa, or even Brünnhilde. She has learned laboriously two or three parts. Her dramatic training has been incidental, and she has the self-consciousness that stiffens so many of her countrywomen in opera or recital. Is she willing to become a member of a provincial opera house in France or Germany? She sighs after the Parisian Opera or Opera Comique, Covent Garden, the Monnaie, yes, Bayreuth, where Cosima will encourage her and instruct her in Wagnerian wisdom. Yet there are some American women who have been so wise as to learn by experience in small opera houses, as Louise Homer, Margaret Reid, Augusta Doria.

How many singers rush into the opera house or the concert hall before they are in any way prepared! This one sings florid arias before she has learned control of breath. This one sings intimate songs, in the performance of which there should be absolute mastery of technic, so that technic may be forgotten in the interpretation of the poet's and composer's meaning; and this singer is still a beginner! A third prefers to sing in French or German, although she cannot yet enunciate distinctly or read effectively in English. The teacher is here not always to blame. There are pupils—and they are many—who are headstrong in their ignorance and self-conceit.

How was it in the old days when Pistocchi, Porpora, Pacchierotti taught and Tosti and Mancini wrote their treatises? It was not so much a matter of good voice; the aim was how to sing; and to be able to sing meant, as Vernon Lee well says, to be able to use one's breath. The tones of the voice were the material, "the paint or clay, in which the mind's conception must be embodied; and that which corresponded to the brush of the painter, laying the color on in various thicknesses and with different grouping of brush marks; and still more to the modelling tool or finger of the sculptor, was the breath. * * * It was by husbanding the breath, and employing it in an hundred different ways, that the singer shaped the component notes into a song; by letting out the breath in various degrees, stopping it, taking it off here, spreading it, smoothing it out there, that he modelled the various phrases, connecting certain notes with one another; dis severing others; giving, as it were, the projections and concavities of the form, making that form, according to the degree of detail, either large and massive or small and delicate; obliterating angularities by a sweep of breath; searching out, fretting or raising into relief, with one incisive breath or a series of separate short breathings, he details on which the ear and the mind were to dwell. And, when he had thus modelled his song as the sculptor models, or as the painter prepares his cartoon in mere light and shade, it was with the breath again, now no longer a modelling tool, but rather a brush, that by varying and combining the various registers, movable differences in vocal quality, and the various timbres of his voice, and by giving different and infinite degrees of loudness and softness, that he put on the high lights, deepened the shadows and varied the coloring of his marvellous pattern."

The pupils worked for years at holding long notes, and they swelled and diminished them; they studied cadenzas and flourishes, which at first were composed of only a few notes, then of many to be performed in the one breath; they

learned the art of breathing secretly, so that "the visible act of breathing became a means of marking the shape of a piece, not a physical necessity of the performer." And all these fundamental, all-important exercises, so hurried today by pupils and by the majority of teachers, were spread over a great number of years; but they did not take up many hours of each day, and so there was ample time for reading at sight, for deciphering figured passages and accompaniment on the harpsichord, for musical theory. And there were teachers who took their pupils to a valley where there was an echo, "for no better exercises could be contrived than singing single notes against this echo, whose repetition of the voice at various intervals discovered like a mirror the smallest lack of proportion."

Six or seven years of study at least and under a true master. Even after a singer like Farinelli was famous he did not disdain to study with or under men considered by the world as inferior, for he recognized them as superior in some minute detail, and he burned to learn the secret. Pacchierotti said to the young Rubini: "The study of our art is too long for our lives; when we are young we have the voice, but we don't know how to sing; later, we begin to know how to sing, but we no longer have the voice."

Yet there are amiable young women who will say to you: "Yes, I am going to Paris to be coached in some parts. You know my teacher says my tone production is pretty near perfect, so I need not bother with that." Yet to teacher as well as pupil this art is as Sanscrit.

Mr. Charles Manners of the Moody

Manners of the Moody family is a good singer, and he has a wide reputation. Educated for the army, he was a civil engineer, then a stock-broker. He won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, Dublin, went to Italy, and came back with 10 operas in Italian and about the same number in English, and about 20 oratorios in his repertoire; but he did not at once astonish the public by an "original" characterization of Mephistopheles or by some dramatic impersonation of Elijah. He went into the chorus of "Claude Duval" at the Olympic, and thereby was obliged to dress and undress 10 times every evening. He served at the Savoy, was engaged by the late Carl Rosa, and was under Augustus Harris at Covent Garden in Italian as well as English opera. The husband of Fanny Moody, he now has his own company, or, rather, companies. He, therefore, does not speak as a mere theorist.

The student, according to Mr. Manners, is deceived unkindly by foolish and too kind friends, relations, teachers. Let us quote Mr. Manners' own words: "For artistic work one must have temperament. This means intense nervousness, great excitability. If you have not got them naturally, the best thing is to try to cultivate them as much as possible by going on the stage, and having your surroundings to help you in the delineation of character and in the delivery of the music which you are singing." He deplores this absence of temperament. "One has often heard a so-called professional artist singing:

I fear no foe in shining armor,
Though his lance be swift and keen;
But I fear and love the glamor
Through thy drooping lashes seen,
all in the same color of voice, whether it is the glamour that he fears or the lance that he does not fear. One also often hears a girl singing:

I love thee, dearest, with all my heart,
And would willingly die for thee,

in the same kind of voice that you would expect if she asked you would you take a little more cheese." Do you ask the reason? Mr. Manners answers: "They have had a year or two of voice production and phrasing in a few songs, and perhaps learned Marguerite in 'Faust,' or Faust in 'Faust,' or Mephistopheles in 'Faust'—this poor opera generally 'gets it pretty strong' from amateurs. And then they come to me and expect me to engage them at once as principals, pay them salaries agreeable to them, and teach them their business; while for three, four or six months they are disappointing my public. Then they would like, eventually—at the end of, say, a year—to come to me, when they have learned all they possibly can from me, and say: 'I am so sorry, Mr. Manners, but the Such-and-Such opera company offers me a pound a week more, and if you cannot raise my salary I am afraid I must try and better myself. I have heard within the last year and a half good enough voices to stock with principals another couple of companies like the one we have at present at Covent Garden; really beautiful voices, far finer than any one hears at the top of the musical profession in England today. But there is one thing—they want experience.'"

The applicant sings to Mr. Manners and then there is this spoken dialogue as reported in the Era (London):

Mr. Manners—What have you done? Have you ever been on the stage?

Aspirant—No, never.

Mr. Manners—What do you want to do in my company?

Aspirant—Oh, I will take anything.

Mr. Manners—Then my dear young lady, until you know your work as a finished artist, and well enough to please my public, you must go into the chorus.

Aspirant—Mr. Manners, I consider that you are most insulting!

Mr. Manners tells these proud young people that he was in the chorus himself; that most of his principals were in the chorus; that men like Tamagno were there also, and that most of the great artists have some time or other been in the same position. His assurances are in vain.

The young woman is probably about 21 years old. If she were far-seeing she would have three years with Mr. Manners, one year in the chorus; a second year, if she has talent, as a principal; a third year, she is still a principal with a higher salary. Now ready to appear in London, her voice is at the height of 24 years of age. Instead of which, to quote from the editorial article in the Era (Sept. 12), "many young artists go abroad, paying for an appearance or two at some small town in Italy; another favorite place appears to be Antwerp. For three years they get some 10, 15 or 20 performances, all of which they either pay for or sing for nothing. When they return they sing to Mr. Manners some of the parts which they have sustained. Of course, they are deficient, and he is obliged to decline to offer them engagements as principals. And then, after all, they want to go into the chorus! Some 15 or 20 foolish individuals have followed the above course in the six years during which Mr. Manners has been 'running' opera. They are now four of five-and-twenty years of age. After three years' training they will be 25 or 29—an age when a woman is a little passee for a London debut."

Immediately after an "opera season" in Boston the singers in choirs show uncommon vocal energy. They are excited by the recollection of mighty deeds of song; they indulge consciously or unconsciously in imitation, and they regret that the clergyman, when he has his allotted say, does not invite the congregation to applause instead of prayer. An intelligent singer may learn much by study of a working model on the stage. There is a period in the development of a writer, painter, composer, singer, when he is under the spell of some master whom he blindly admires. Stevenson tells us how he modelled his style now on Sir Thomas Browne, now on another, and again on still another. Such exercise is not unprofitable when it is only an exercise, but the imitator should never become a borrowed mannerism. The more pronounced an individuality, the more dangerous it is as an example.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK AND HER EIGHT CHILDREN.



GEORGE WASHINGTON SCHUMANN



FERDINAND



MARIA



HANS



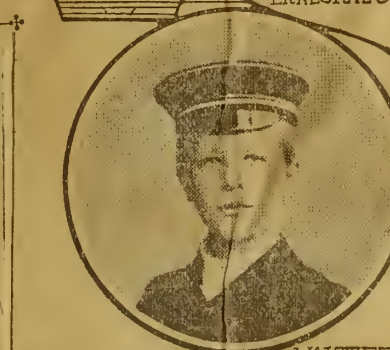
HEINRICH



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.



LOTTE



WALTER.



AUGUST.

Stevenson fashioned his own style after he had experimented with the styles of others.

Many young Carmens keep thinking of Emma Calve and how she made her points. They forget they can imitate only her external characteristics, which are at times extravagant and inartistic. A gesture, a vocal mannerism, the business of a scene—these can be imitated. Now, Calve has played the part of Carmen so often in this country that she is heartily sick of it, and as she thinks that American audiences expect something unusual, her Carmen is today too often dramatically whimsical, inconsistent and purposeless, and vocally injurious to the composer. When Calve is at her best in these later years she is imitating the great lyric tragedian, the Calve of her first American season. Only a woman of unusual dramatic force can be effective, in spite of extravagance, and the little imitations of this extraordinary singer are absurd or tiresome.

Or consider Calve's delivery of the jewel song in "Faust," which was written to display the vocal skill of the creator of the part. It is generally sung as though it were only a concert air. Calve charges it with dramatic expression. In her endeavor to give it meaning, she takes all manner of liberties with the text of the composer. Her delivery is so charming that these errors and sins may be forgiven her. Suppose a young singer without marked personal authority, and not vocally illustrious, should ape Calve's liberties with notation, rhythm, tempo? Here would be merely an instance of bad, unintelligent, ineffective singing.

The imitator hears the applause. This applause is provoked more often by a deliberate appeal to the audience, by some high or low note, by some surprising presentation of a familiar phrase, by some personal trick or mannerism, than by any revelation of pure art. A celebrated baritone is unable to sing sustained passages; he chops them; yet he has a sonorous voice, irresistible authority, and by these means and by his impassioned delivery he excites popular enthusiasm. A young baritone in the audience reasons: "Here is a celebrated singer. He gains his effect in that song by singing the tones detached, by breathing at random or through sheer necessity. This must be the way to interpret the song." This hearer does not recognize the fact that he has not the personal qualities which make the baritone famous in spite of his atrocious crimes against art.

Or a young baritone remembers Frangon-Davies' impersonation—there is no other word for it—of Elijah. This impersonation was striking, it was in

many ways admirable, until Mr. Davies became so impressed by it that he was as the idol-maker who falls down and worships the god of his handiwork. Now what chance has the younger man to succeed by imitation? The highest tribute the hearer will pay is: "Yes, he reminded me of Frangon-Davies," and this tribute is no longer, alas, unalloyed eulogy.

Much is to be learned by students

from the celebrated singing men and women, fiddlers, pianists. (A singer can learn much by listening to such artists as Mr. Kniesel, the violinist; Mr. Longy, the oboist; Mr. Schroeder, the cellist—learn in matters of tone, phrasing, taste.) But there should never be deliberate imitation of personal or individual qualities or mannerisms. Sembrich is still a singer of rare charm in music of a sustained character; but how foolish it would be for a young soprano to copy her little run down the concert stage after the applause, a run that today seems as old-fashioned as the lace handkerchief carried by Albani in the most trying situations to which an operatic heroine can be exposed. And it should be noted that in the performance of many of the illustrious there is always something to be avoided by the reasoning and ambitious listener.

SCHUMANN-HEINK'S JUBILEE.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the celebrated opera singer, will celebrate on the 15th inst. the 25th anniversary of her first appearance on the stage, for at the Dresden Royal Opera House on Oct. 15, 1878, she appeared for the first time as Azucena in Verdi's "Il Trovatore."

The date, Oct. 13, given by Ludwig Franz in his biographic sketch of the singer, must then be erroneous.

Ernestine Roesler was born June 15, 1861, at Lieben, near Prague. Her father was an Austrian army officer. As a child, she was brought up by the Ursuline nuns at Prague, and, according to report, she caused them much anxiety. At the convent she showed musical instinct, and she sang solos, and as one of the chorists. In 1874 Maj. Roesler was ordered to Graz, where Ernestine took singing lessons of Marletta von Leclair, and after three years insisted on trying her fortune on the stage. A contralto was needed at the Dresden Royal Opera House, and she sang for the management. "Ah! mon fils" from "The Prophet," and the Drinking Song from "Lucresia Borgia." An engagement for three years followed, and after her successful debut her family, which had been opposed to her plans, yielded. At Dresden she studied with Aloisia Krebs-Michaels. At the beginning of the fourth season, Ernestine married one Heink and withdrew from the stage.

Circumstances persuaded, or compelled her to return to a public life, and in the fall of 1883 she sang as a member of the Hamburg opera company. Singer and woman, her path was for some time thorny; she knew toil and trouble. An engagement at Kroll's, Berlin, in the early nineties was to her great advantage. In 1893, divorced from her first husband, she married Paul Schumann, then play actor and stage manager at a Hamburg theatre. She soon became known throughout all Germany, and her versatility excited almost as much attention as the velvety beauty of her voice, for her repertory included widely differing parts, and she appeared in Strauss' "Fledermans," as well as in

Wagner's "Ring."

Her first appearance in the United States was at Chicago as Ortrud, Nov. 7, 1898. Her first appearance in Boston was as Ortrud, March 27, 1899.

A writer said of Mrs. Schumann-Heink a few years ago: "She is a curious illustration of the length of time it sometimes takes to achieve fame. It was only three years ago—this was written in 1899—that she first became known in this country, or, for that matter, outside of Germany. For nearly 20 years she sang in Dresden and Hamburg without attracting the notice of music lovers in any other cities" (an assertion that is not strictly true). "One reason for this may be that Mrs. Schumann-Heink's voice has improved steadily. She is not one of those who believe that motherhood injures the voice. That is Patti's theory. But the great German contralto thinks that her voice has grown fuller and richer after every addition to her family."

GRAND OPERA AT TREMONT.

Manager Schoeffel has received word from Mr. Henry W. Savage that he coming four weeks' season of grand opera in English at the Tremont Theatre will open one week from Monday night with Puccini's famous opera of "Tosca," to be followed during the first week by Bizet's "Carmen" and a double bill that includes Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Puccini's absorbing music drama has never been sung in Boston in English, and the selection of this world-famed masterpiece of the latter-day Italian school for the opening night will make that occasion a brilliant event. Mr. Savage's organization is now established on a higher plane than ever before in its eight years' history. Elaborate new scenery has been provided for the entire repertory. A number of new prima donnas, tenors, baritones and basses are to be heard for the first time

in this country, and two operas, "Tosca" and Verdi's "Otello," will be given here for the first time in English. There will be a brief Wagnerian season and a revival of two old English operas. The best works of the Italian, French, German and English schools of opera will be presented, operas by Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni, Donizetti, Bizet, Gounod, Wagner, Balfe and Flotow. The entire repertory for the season includes at least three operas each week, arranged as follows:

First week, Oct. 19—"Tosca" on Monday and Friday nights and at the Wednesday matinee. Bizet's "Carmen" on Tuesday and Thursday nights and at the Saturday matinee, while an

SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS.

The programme of the first concert of the 23d season of the Boston Symphony orchestra at Symphony Hall, last evening, Mr. Gerick conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber
Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor for piano, Tschalkowsky
Entr'acte, Symphonique from "Messidor," Bruneau

(First time.)

Symphony No. 2 in D major.....Brahms

The overture to "Euryanthe," in Europe, as well as in this country, often serves as opening or closing piece at a first symphony concert of a season. Thirty years or more ago, when negro minstrels were fashionable as well as popular entertainers, the opening chorus, or, to speak by the card, the "opening load," was an arrangement of a chorus from "Ernani," and it was entitled "O Hall Us, Ye Free!" Had not this particular chorus been sung, the audience would have been suspicious of the jests, songs, dances and farces that followed. So, too, there was a time when all popular concerts began with the overture to "Zampa" or the overture to "Massanillo" or the overture to "Poet and Peasant." In concerts of a more dignified nature "Euryanthe" is accepted by many as the fitting announcement of the beginning of another season.

There is a reason other than more caprice for this choice. The overture is not without a certain old-fashioned but veritable pomp; it has the spirit of ceremony which the admirers of Weber call "the chivalric spirit." What Mr. Apthorp was fond of naming the characteristic Weberian upward rush—in other words, the flourish peculiar to Weber, his signature, which was his mannerism—contributes no doubt to the general feeling of pleasurable expectation and promotes what Athenaeus held to be one of the chief ends of music—"a gentlemanlike joy."

It would be perhaps an idle task for an ultra-modern to insist that the only music in this overture that appeals to the men and women of the younger generation is that of the short episode which was originally intended to accompany a pantomimic scene on the stage, a scene of old-fashioned romantic melodrama, with tomb, kneeling heroine, gliding ghost, and an eavesdropping, intriguing woman. In these few mysterious measures Weber thought far beyond his period. The ultra-modern might say that the rest of the music is decorative and that the decorations are substantial till they are onerous; that the melodies are like unto a cameo-brooch worn by a faded woman who remembers nights of coquetry and dances long out of fashion; that the few measures of counterpoint show Weber as a plodding amateur. Nevertheless, the conventionally jubilant swing and the impetuous pace make their way in a concert hall even in 1903.

So, too, the choice of a symphony by Brahms was in this instance judicious. The symphony in D is the most genial of the four, the most easily accepted by an audience, for if there are pages of supreme beauty in it, as toward the end of the first movement, so there are pages that are Mendelssohnian in the form and in the rhythm of the easily retained melodic thought. Mendelssohn, a shrewd composer, seldom, if ever, committed the blunder of surprising an audience. As in the theatre, so in the concert hall, an audience does not wish to be left in doubt, and in this symphony, which is in reality a storehouse of truly beautiful things, there is every now and then a passage that is accepted by the hearer as an agreeable commonplace.

The entr'acte from Bruneau's "Messidor" is a prelude to the fourth and last act of that opera, for which Zola wrote the libretto in prose. In the

opera house the curtain rises toward the end of the prelude and the final measures are enmeshed with the music of the scene. The entr'acte is built on five typical themes, for Bruneau invented themes to typify situations or to serve as symbols. An earnest commentator assures us that there are at least 25 of these themes and they must be mastered for the purpose of prompt identification, or the hearer sits in his seat with a foolish face as that of Parsifal standing during the communion scene in the castle of the Holy Grail. The themes in the entr'acte typify Spring, Sowing, Water, Love and Toil.

In the opera house these themes may suggest what has gone before, serve as a summing up of preceding action, or awaken thoughts concerning the outcome of the story. In a concert hall this entr'acte sandwiched between a concerto and a symphony can be considered only as absolute music. The themes are merely melodies without esoteric significance. As absolute music, the entr'acte is a pleasing work. The themes are fresh; they are introduced with apparent spontaneity; they are not too laboriously combined; and the orchestration is ingenious and sonorous. Bruneau is a composer concerning whom there is a marked difference of opinion even in Paris. A man of decided convictions, a critic who wrote bravely and honestly, he inevitably made enemies. Let us hope that we shall have an opportunity of hearing more of his music and of judging for ourselves. He has composed a symphonic poem, "The Sleeping Beauty," which will soon be played at Chicago, and excerpts from his latest opera, "L'Ouragan," have been warmly applauded in Parisian concert halls.

Tschalkowsky's first piano concerto has been played many times in Boston since it was introduced here and to the

world, by von Bülow in 1870. Last night the pianist was Mr. Harold Bauer, and his performance was a memorable one, memorable for rhythm and passion. Tschalkowsky was an oriental in his love of rhythm and color, in his delight in rhythmic iterations, in drum beats or in haunting phrases that repeated do not weary, but take possession of the hearer and fret his nerves till he is mastered by the spell, till he thinks and dreams or would fain act to that compelling rhythm.

It has been said of this great tone-poet of longing, anguish and despair, that he at times is melodically trivial or coarse; pathetically, they stab the heart; but their gaiety is not that of the idle dancer. Let the tune be at first ever so sprightly, sadness creeps in, and the sadness is soon poignant in the expression of the melancholy. Tschalkowsky might well have written the dance tunes for the revellers in Poe's wild tale; music that now halted strangely, that shuddered in its measure, knowing the approach of masked Red Death. In this concerto how suddenly the merriment of the French dance tune in the second movement is chilled! And how the dance fades away as at command.

Now Mr. Bauer not only appreciated the essential spirit of this concerto, which is too often misunderstood or belittled by being turned into a mere show piece, but by an intellectual force charged with artistic passion, he interpreted the music and revealed Tschalkowsky's soul, a soul that, as we now know from the composer's correspondence, was full of strange contradictions; the soul of a man shy, now distrustful and now confident of his genius—one yearning for affection, yet suspicious and inclined toward misanthropy; a man of the loftiest and noblest aspirations, vexed by grievous mental ailments.

The concerto is to be taken as Victor Hugo took Shakespeare—in bulk. It is enough to say of Mr. Bauer's performance that never before did the work seem so colossal in proportions, so tenderly beautiful, so rhythmically entrancing and irresistible, so demoniacally, and yet so nobly, passionate. The long continued and repeated applause was merely the attempt of the audience to show in a measure its profound appreciation of the concerto and Mr. Bauer's artistic worth.

All in all, a concert of unusual interest. Mr. Gerick was warmly greeted, and he conducted with fervent authority. His reading of the first movement of the familiar symphony was perhaps especially admirable in a concert that even at the very beginning of the season was often worthy of the reputation of the orchestra at its zenith. Mr. Arbos, the concert master; Mr. Ferir, the violin player, and other new members were in their respective seats. Mr. Krasselt, the cellist, will be present at the next concert.

ORCHESTRAL WORK.

New pieces by Claude Debussy, Gabriel Faure, D'Ollone, Massenet, Wider, Paderewski will be produced by Colonne at Paris this season. The Lamoureux as well as the Colonne concerts will begin on Oct. 18.

Rutland Boughton's symphonic poem, entitled "Into the Everlasting," was performed for the first time at a promenade concert, London, Sept. 22. The Telegraph said of it: "The composer in question, who is a native of Aylesbury, and 25 years of age, studied at the Royal College of Music, under Dr. Walford Davies and Sir Charles Stanford. His list of works includes a suite, 'The Children of the Incarnate,' four symphonic poems and a cycle of vocal solos to Kipling's 'Songs of the English,' which will be sung at the promenade concerts next month by Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies. The score of the work hrought forward last evening is prefaced by three lines from Walt Whitman's 'Songs of Parting':

Darrest thou now, O Soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?

As might be expected, there is more than a touch of weirdness about the music. At the outset attention is arrested by a solemn and impressive theme, which, having been developed, is followed by an allegro presenting two well contrasted subjects, the one forceful, the other tender and pleading. Toward the close the opening theme is again effectively employed. At a time when so many of the younger men revel in effusiveness and exaggeration, it is pleasant to note that Mr. Boughton keeps his pen well under restraint. His music, though bold and picturesque, is laudably free from pretence and clamor. It shows strength and imagination, and is always interesting. As regards the orchestration, there is much that calls for praise."

Three orchestral Nocturnes by Debussy and Glinka's "La Jota Aragonesa" will be played at the Wetzlar concerts, New York, this season.

The novelties chosen by Fritz Scheel for the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts this season are a symphony by Mahler, D'Albert's overture, "Der Improvisator"; Van Gelder's Symphony No. 2, Moszkowski's overture, "Das Meer-ange"; a manuscript symphonic poem by Caufmann, entitled "Salammbô"; Reznicek's overture, "Lustspiel"; Bruckner's third symphony, and the prelude to the second act of Schilling's "Ingelweide."

A Suite Venetienne by W. H. Reed was played for the first time Sept. 24 at a promenade concert in London. The composer, one of the first violinists of the orchestra, says his intention is to paint "four pictures as they existed in his imagination." The movements are entitled: Approaching Venice, A Serenade, Gondola Song, Carnival.

New pieces by de Breville, Buesser, Erlanger, Le Borne, Levade, Lutz, Witkowski will be performed this season at the Lamoureux concerts, Paris, led by Chevillard.

Four episodes from "Odysseus' Fahr-

se" by Ernst Bloch of Munich, was performed at the first Philharmonie concert, Berlin, Oct. 12.

Zolotareff's "Hymne à Hebraïque," Poulk's Symphony, "Per aspera ad astra"; Rimsky Korsakoff's "Sadkova"; A. Reuss's Symphonie Prologue and Glazounoff's 6th Symphony will be among the pieces performed by the Dresden Court orchestra this season.

IN ENGLAND.

The musical directors of English ordinary schools have formed themselves into a union to promote the teaching of music in the class of schools to which they belong. Bradford, Harrow, Ilton, Bedford, Rugby, Highgate, Winchester and Clifton. Some idea of the standing of music in these schools may be gained from a list of concertos given recently by public school boys. Among the works performed were: Beethoven's "May Queen" (Rugby); Sullivan's "Pinch of Penzance" (Weir); Stanford's "Ravenscroft" (Highgate); selections from "Tannhäuser" (Clifton); Dvorak's "Tutankhamun" (Ilton); Bach and Handel (Bedford); Parry's "Lady Radnor's Suite" (Ilton); movements (Ilton); Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Coleridge Taylor's "Dawn's Wedding Feast" (All Hallows). Schumann's pianoforte quartet (Ilton). And these are only one or two items from the programme in each instance.

Over 100 brass bands entered the contest at the Crystal Palace, Sept. 23. The chief competition was for the 100-guinea championship trophy, and the test piece for it was a selection from "Die Meistersinger," made by J. J. Douglas. The other test piece was a selection from "Hilawatha," a selection from "Don Sebastian," "Gems of Welsh Melody" and a selection from "The Domino Noir." These bands were composed of men who earn their living by other means than music; Welsh miners, Lancashire and Yorkshire mill and Northamptonshire shoemakers, Bedfordshire hatters. The prize was won by the band "Besses of the Barn." Mr. Blackburn wrote of the contest: "We regard it as an admirable thing that encouragement should be given in every quarter of the provinces to that one instinct which seems to create an aristocracy among those who, wherever they may be found, are the world's day of work, truly and honestly, at its right and proper value. It is very often impossible to discuss Empedocles and the reasons for his suicide with a hatter, a man who, although he has never heard of that philosopher, has possibly played his part in a Herlioz score with both energy and significance. It is right, and it is decent, to make the most of any musical talent, wherever it may be found."

Clara Butt sang at her concert in Royal Albert Hall Oct. 10 a new scena "Cleopatra," by Frances Alitson, and with her husband, Kenneth Rumford, a new duet, "The Harbor Lights," by W. H. Squire. Mr. Rumford sang a new song by Elgar, "A Soldier's Home."

A scena and aria from Wagner's early opera, "Die Feen" (composed in 1833 and performed in 1888 at Munich), was sung for the first time in England at a promenade concert, London, Oct. 5, by Louis Arco.

"The song has both historical interest, artistic interest and Wagnerian interest," says the Pall Mall Gazette. "Three Songs of the English," words by Rudyard Kipling, music by Rutland Boughton, were sung for the first time at a promenade concert, London, Oct. 6. Mrs. Blackburn said of them: "Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies was not by any means in his best form, and the songs are not particularly interesting. That one entitled 'Fair Is Our Lot,' which, in the literature, has a certain biblical ring about it, becomes in Mr. Boughton's hands distinctly dull; sung as a Hebrew psalm (let us say) to the 'Modus Pergrinus,' it would induce one to think of it as being couched in almost a religious style."

stretched too loosely along the slender string of the music; still less interesting was the setting of 'The Coastwise Lights,' not because it was deficient in certain interesting musical phrases, but because the spirit of the words was entirely lost. 'By Silence Shall Ye Speak' was the snail phrase; and it happened, in the song, to be the loudest phrase of all. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies received enthusiastic applause for his singing of the set, and he quite accidentally and amusingly reminded us of Mme. Albani's well known and legitimate methods of running on and off the platform in exuberant spirits."

PERSONAL.

Peter A. Schneck, well known as a composer of church music, died at New York Oct. 10. Born in Germany he was for 32 years organist of the West Presbyterian Church, N. Y. He was 53 years old.

Elizabeth Parkinson, an American soprano, pupil of Marchesi, made her first appearance in London at a promenade concert Oct. 1. Minnie Traey sang at a promenade concert Oct. 2.

Leschetizky is a jolly old soul—all reports to the contrary notwithstanding—and he is a clever guide for talented pianists. It is doubtful whether persons of mediocre gifts ever have had from Leschetizky anything more than sarcasm and a few platitudes. Whereupon promptly these unhappy wretches have gone forth into their several parts of the world, and with more or less faithful memories repeated the platitudes and forgot the sarcasms. That was an error of judgment, for the real lessons lay in the sarcasms. If Leschetizky has a "method" much maligned word—it begins there where his disciples leave off.—Musical Courier.

Amelie Perrenet, librettist, poet, and the composer of many romances and songs, sang by Judio, died a fortnight or so ago at Paris at the age of 72.

Charles Mole, flutist, formerly of the Boston Symphony orchestra, is now a member of the New York Symphony orchestra.

Miss Edith Thompson, pianist of Lynn, will assist at the first concert of the Kallenberg quartet in New York Jan. 28.

OPERA IN ENGLISH AND IN FOREIGN TONGUES, AND THE RELATION OF LANGUAGE AND MUSIC



JOSEPH
SHEEHAN
IN "TOSCA".



GERTRUDE KENNYSON,
AS TOSCA.



WINFRED
GOFF,
AS SCARPIA.



PIETRO GHERARDI,
TENOR.



JENNIE NORELLI,
AS JULIET.



JEAN LANE BROOKS,
AS SANTUZZA.



REMI MARSANO,
BARITONE.



PIERRE RIVIERE,
TENOR.

A Season of Grand Opera by Savage Company at the Tremont—Puccini's "Tosca" on the Opening Night—Mr. Alfred Giraudet Comes to Boston to Teach—Brief Sketch of the Noted French Musician—Music of the Week, Local and Personal Notes.

The Philharmonic Society of Vienna publishes a notice to composers, native and foreign, to send manuscripts for performance to Emil Mara, Kolowratring 10; these are rehearsed and the best accepted for the following season.

A violinist, who assumes the name "Bonarius," will give violin recitals in London next month.

H. de Curzon criticised kindly Miss Cortez, who made her first appearance last month at the Opera Comique, Paris, as Carmen. He insisted, however, that she should use castanets in the scene at Lillas Pastia's. "How could she, who has shown so much care in the composition of the part, determine to be as commonplace as those Carmens who dance without anything in their hands this famous scene where castanets are indispensable? To do this contradicts both text and music."

Henrietta Mottl, wife of the Conductor, has left the Karlsruhe Opera House company, after a service of 10 years. From 1889 to 1892 she took soubrette and coloratura parts at the Vienna Court Opera.

Jugen Adorjan, Hungarian violinist and conductor, died at Budapest. About 20 years old, he had been a pupil of Huby and Joachim, a concert master at Lubek, and an opera conductor at Dresden.

Mella said to a London reporter just before she embarked for the United States: "I have already been over the music of 'Helen and Paris' with Saint-Saens, the composer, and cannot find words to express my sense of its

beauty. She also said, apropos of her tour in this country: "There are no music lovers in the world more appreciative than the Americans, and as I have hosts of friends in the States, I am making a personal as well as a serious financial sacrifice in curtailing this concert tour."

Miss Marie Nichols, violinist of Boston, will return home early in December, after she has played in Berlin (with the Philharmonic orchestra), Paris and London (with the Queen's Hall orchestra). In London Miss Nichols will introduce to an English public for the first time Bruch's "Serenade" for violin and orchestra.

William Green of London will be the first tenor at the Cincinnati May festival.

Miss Muriel Foster, singer, will leave England in February for a tour of the United States and Canada.

The Daily Chronicle (London) states that Miss Helen Henschel is betrothed to Mr. Wolfrum Onslow Ford, a son of the late Royal Academician.

Dr. Charles Stogdall severs his connection with Lincoln's Inn Chapel, where he has been organist for 47 years. He was born in 1826, and among his pupils were Barnby and Stainer.

Mascagni is about to visit Sweden and Norway to conduct 40 concerts and to assist at the opening of the new Royal Theatre at Stockholm. He will then go to Germany for a tour of two months.

He said to a reporter: "I am an orchestral conductor, and shall continue to give concerts, because I and my family must live. With publishers who ought to be giving me commissions to write I can come to no understanding."

The Duke of Argyle is writing an opera libretto. It is not his first offence, for he wrote the libretto of Hamish MacCunn's opera, "Diarmid and Grhine."



OME of our music lovers object to opera in English on the ground that it thereby necessarily becomes a foolish entertainment. So long as a heroine sings in Italian, German, French, Swedish, Czech, Hungarian or Roumanian. In a moonlit garden, in her chamber or on her deathbed, she moves and thrills; but the moment she sings in the language of the audience, the inherent absurdity of opera, they say, is apparent. Men and women in real life do not burst into song when excited by emotion; they do not give orders or converse familiarly in recitative, with or without orchestral accompaniment. When the text of the libretto is in a foreign language, the absurdities disappear.

It might be said that, so far as many singers are concerned, English when used by them is to the audience as an unknown tongue. How few American singers there are who enunciate distinctly even in the choir gallery! When

phrase after phrase is mumbled on the stage, and suddenly a phrase is stated in recitative is projected across the footlights with painful distinctness, the effect is often amusing; but it is amusing chiefly on account of some peculiar quality of the speaking voice. This quality may disappear when the singer sings, for there are women whose singing voice is of gold, but whose speaking voice is as brass. Seldom does an American singer learn to speak correctly, intelligently and beautifully before she studies the art of song. When, therefore, she drops from vocal poetry into spoken and jagged prose, the hearer is without illusion. Now, illusion is one of the chief charms of opera, which in itself is a meretricious art.

It is strange that Americans should have this delicacy of ear; that they should be so sensitive, so quick to see absurdity, as though they were eager to welcome it, for they have no right to be jaded from too long and too intimate acquaintance with opera. The people of other nations, as the French, the Italians, the Germans the Russians, insist on operatic performances in their own language. The Czechs, the Hungarians, the Poles have turned the matter into a political and burning question. It is true that Italian companies visit St. Petersburg and are heard occasionally in German and Austrian cities, but they are visitors. The Russian composers set their music to Russian texts, and their operas are performed by Russian singers, however brilliant the performances of the Italian company may be, with high-priced sopranos and tenors, with familiar operas, and with princely and ducal tributes of diamonds and all manner of jewels and precious stones.

Opera, invented by the Italians as deliberately as any machine for agricultural or household use, was for some time distinctively Italian. The operas and the singers from Italy invaded and conquered Europe. Even at Paris the visiting Italians stirred up strife among the philosophers, and French music and French singers were openly despised by French pamphleteers, who were as passionate press agents for the visitors. Established Italian opera died hard in German cities. Frederick the Great said he would rather hear his horse neigh than a German sing, and we should re-

played the flute in a light and royal manner. Von Weber said a word at Dresden is late as the 19th century by his Italian rival. But today German the language of the German opera house, as Italian is that of the Italian, and French of the French.

The early operas in England were in English, and who knows what might have happened after the period of Purcell had not the lordly, domineering Handel shaped the operatic tendencies of England by his operas in Italian and by his introduction of seductive, arrogant, illustrious Italian singing men and women. Of late years the English public has become accustomed to opera in English through the efforts of such companies as the Carl Rosa, the Moody-Manners, and those formed by the late Sir Augustus Harris. We are not alluding now to operas by Englishmen, but to operas by Verdi, Wagner, Gounod, Puccini and other foreign composers sung in English. It is true that there were before the days of Carl Rosa, but these versions were often impudent arrangements. Thus Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" appeared as a singular hotch-potch. A melody was taken from one character and given to another, and a most incongruous text was applied to the music with Olympian indifference. Scenes were changed about or dropped. Times by Bishop or another were interpolated. Nor were the melodies of Mozart respected, but they were tinkered to suit a singer or the arranger's taste. The foreign operas suffered a change. It was sometimes difficult to recognize the original story.

A glance at Col. Clapp's "Record of the Boston Stage" will show that opera in English was relished here in Boston long before the fishmonger of Havana brought his Italian troupe to the Howard Athenaeum, and Tedesco fired the

hlood of the golden youth. The singers must have enunciated distinctly in those early years, for was not "The Beggar's Opera" hissed in New York in 1817 on account of its "immorality of sentiment"? At least that was the story published in the London Times of that year, and so we find Hazlitt warning Edmund Keen (1820), before his announced departure for America: "We also fear that the critical soil of America is slippery ground. Jonathan is inclined to the safe side of things, even in matters of taste and fancy. They are a little formal and commonplace in those parts. They do not take liberties in morals, nor excuse poetical licenses. * * * If he had been educated in the fourth form of St. Paul's school, like some other top tragedians that we know, we should say to him, in classic terms, in medio tutissimam ibis. 'Remember that they hiss "The Beggar's Opera" in America. If they do not spare Capt. Macheath, do you think they will spare you?" To these unpleasant remarks Keen might have answered: "I observe with pain that you use 'like' for 'as.'"

Think of the women and men that have given pleasure to Bostonians in times past by appearing in opera with an English text, nor is it necessary to go back to the earliest days. Caroline Richings with the Segulins, Bishop, Mrs. John Gilbert may now be remembered easily by some—when the repertory included the musical comedies of Donizetti and Auber, when Verdi's "Luisa Miller" was introduced (in 1852); there was Anna Bishop's company, there was the charming Anna Thillon. Mrs. Austin, Miss Paton, afterward Mrs. Food, were before them, and later were Drayton company, with Miss Milor, Annie Kemp, Brookhouse Bowler, unsley Cooke, Parepa Rosa, with the Segulins, Castle, Laurence, Rose Hersee, Campbell. In 1872 Clara Doria, now Mrs. Henry M. Rogers of this city, was singing in this country in "Zampa," with Stanley and Jennie Van Zandt. Then there was Clara Louise Kellogg, with her companies, with Van Zandt, the Segulins, Maas, Carleton, Peakes, Haeilmann, Morgan, and then with Miss McCullough (Brignoli's wife), Miss Beaumont. Was not a live camel in the east of "The Tallsman"? Then there was Emma Abbott, with her prodigious ambition and amazing popularity, who was to opera what certain play actresses are to the theatre, merely a personality, adored by the many and uncritically. "Opera in English in the United States" might well be the subject for an interesting volume of large proportions.

The advocate of opera in English is not necessarily a Chauvinist. As the "Mail Gazette" said the other day of the Moody-Manners company: "The point which we scarcely like about the whole matter is a special appeal to English audiences, as though the fact of singing English words to (say) Gounod's 'Faust' made the opera any the less French. There is nothing particularly patriotic in the translations of foreign works, and those who go to listen to such performances are usually of a class which knows as much as any class does about the actual and absolute poetry of the verse of 'Carmen' or 'Romeo' or 'Il Trovatore.' It was inevitable that such criticism should be made. Grand opera in English, as a catch phrase, does not appeal to us in the most infinitesimal degree."

But is it not reasonable to wish that the English language should be heard on the operatic stage and in the concert hall? It is a language held in repute by any. It is the language that served Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, De Quincey, Shelley, Landor, Keats, Swinburne, Henley, and among it is been thought musical.

Will the libretto suffer thereby? How many opera librettos, and we include those by Richard Wagner, will bear inspection? Among the best is Puccini's "Otello," based on Shakespeare's text, for Verdi's music, and there is an admirable English version of this by the late Francis Hueffer. Others have been buried by the weight of their texts; yet could anything be more preposterous than the nonsense of

the libretto? There is not so much needed to make a libretto good; a man and two women, or a woman and two men there is passion, and the composer whose work will live is passionate. "Amore" and "dolore" endlessly repeated bore the fastidious hearer; but lives, heroic, tragic, pitiable are lived, and their tale may be told with these two words. Are not the vows of lovers "damnable iteration" to the callous lookers-on?

Or when the music is glowing and sensuous, or stirring or full of bodement, do the words matter so much? There are poems by Shelley, Swinburne and Poe that are more musical than music, and defy the inspired as well as the plodding composer. Or, how could music enhance the solemn beauty of such prose-poem, "Shadow," or "Vision of Sudden Death"? Whoever thinks of the words, in whatever language they may be sung, when he hears Beethoven's "In quiet tomb," or the second song that Mozart put into Cherubino's amorous mouth?

There is undoubtedly a need of better translations into English, more perhaps for the sake of the composer and the singer than for the benefit of the audience. Heinrich Dorn once pointed out how Gounod's music to the Jewel Song

in "Faust" suffered in consequence of the stupidity of the German translator, who, by his choice of words and arrangement of accents, changed the spirit and made it as if, stripped it of its coquetry, and made it as if, as though Marguerite wore rubber boots and a respirator. It is not one of the least excellent of Mr. Savage's characteristics as an opera manager that he realizes the worthlessness of certain English versions, and strives to provide his singers with those that are more singable and sensible.

To condemn opera in English because absurdities glare is to condemn opera itself. Nor should even grand opera be taken too seriously. It is not an educational force, it is not primarily of ethnological or sociological importance; it is simply an entertainment, comic, melodramatic, idyllic, romantic, historical, tragic, according to the subject, and luxurious according to the purse of the manager and that of the public. There are scenes in opera that stir the blood, just as there are scenes that provoke laughter or lull to sleep. The emotions are awakened by the music, rather than by librettist's phrase or situation. Would not the music of the mysterious dialogue between Bruennhilde and Siegmund awe the hearer, though he were a barbarian in Wagnerian lore? Of course, the more skillfully planned, firmly knit, consistent the libretto, the more striking the dialogue, the better for this form of musical art; but in the mighty sweep of music words are lost sight of and are as naught, whether they be English words or the jargon borrowed by Berlioz from Swedenborg as the language of the lost in Pandemonium. Opera is inherently absurd. The moment the man or the woman begins to sing, absurdity enters, if there is any pretence at realism. Now, absolute realism on the stage is without authority and without effect; the Muses reject it as they pushed from their hill the impudent Climber sung by Catullus.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., second charity concert by Creator and his band, assisted by Mrs. Barill, soprano.

MONDAY—Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., opening of Henry W. Savage's grand opera season of four weeks, Puccini's "Tosca," first time here in English. Gertrude Rennyson, Tosca; Joseph Sheehan, Mario Cavaradossi; Winfred Goff, Scarpia; H. W. Bennett, Angelotti; F. J. Boyle, the Sacristan. Mr. Emanuel will conduct.

TUESDAY—Tremont, 8 P. M., Savage opera company in "Carmen." Marion Ivell, Jane Lane Brooks, Pierre Riviere, Remi Marsano. Mr. Schenck will conduct.

New England Conservatory, 8 P. M. Dedication of Jordan Hall. Prelude and Fugue in C major for organ, Bach (Mr. Wallace Goodrich); address by Mr. H. L. Higginson; overture, "Melpomene," Chadwick (conducted by the composer); Schumann's piano concerto in A minor (Miss Szumowska); symphony in E flat, "Eniola," Beethoven. The orchestra will be the Boston Symphony, Mr. Gerické leader.

WEDNESDAY—Tremont, 2 P. M., Savage opera company in "Tosca."

Tremont 8 P. M., Savage opera company in "Lucia di Lammermoor." Jennie Norelli, Pietro Gherardi, Winfred Goff, H. W. Bennett, and "Cavalleria Rusticana," Rita Newman, Miss Ivell, Riviere, Marsano. Mr. Emanuel will conduct "Lucia"; Mr. Schenck "Cavalleria Rusticana."

THURSDAY—Tremont, 8 P. M., Savage opera company in "Carmen." Mr. Gherardi as Don Jose.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., second public rehearsal of Symphony orchestra. Beethoven's overture in C op. 15; Mendelssohn's concerto for violin (Mr. Arbon); "Waldwehen," from Wagner's "Siegfried"; Spanish dance for violin (Mr. Arbon); symphony in E flat, No. 4, Glazounoff (new). Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., Savage opera company in "Tosca."

SATURDAY—Tremont Theatre, 2 P. M., Savage opera company in "Carmen."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., second concert of Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., Savage opera company in "Lucia" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mr. Sheehan as Truidu. Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., piano player concert. Mr. Emanuel Fiedler, violinist, will play pieces by Hauser and Raff.

SAVAGE GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

Mr. Henry W. Savage, with his grand opera company in English, will begin a season of four weeks at the Tremont Theatre, tomorrow night, with a performance of Puccini's "Tosca." This opera will then be given for the first time here in English.

The American public has confidence in Mr. Savage, for it knows that he is a man of his word; that, under his man-

agement, he is a thoroughly and appreciably motivated and sung with consideration of the intentions of the composer; that his chorus is large, made up of singers with fresh voices, who have been carefully trained; that he looks toward an excellent ensemble rather than toward some capricious prima donna supported by inferior singers; that, in a word, his constant endeavor is to give a good performance of grand opera in English at a reasonable price and within reasonable hours.

The reorganized company that he now brings to the city includes many of the singers who are already well known and esteemed by music lovers. Miss Gertrude Rennyson, who was taught first in Boston before she went to Paris, will

appear as Tosca, Desdemona, Leonora, Elsa, Elisabeth; Miss Marion Ivell, who spent her girlhood in Boston, then moved to Indianapolis, where she sang in a church choir, and then studied in Paris with Shriglia, will appear as Carmen, Azucena, Amneris, Lola. Joseph Sheehan, the robust tenor, a Boston boy; Winfred Goff, the baritone, who studied here, and Francis J. Boyle, the bass, have already sung here in many parts. Mr. Sheehan will be seen here for the first time as the unfortunate painter in "Tosca," and as the Moor in Verdi's "Otello." He has been warmly praised for these impersonations, and Mr. Goff's Baron Scarpia and Iago have also won tributes of admiration.

The first of the newcomers to be heard is Harrison W. Bennett, a bass of this city, formerly a church choir singer, who studied in Italy and England. He will appear as Angelotti in "Tosca," but he will have a more important part as Bide-the-Bent in "Lucia" on Wednesday night.

Miss Jean Lane Brooks, daughter of the late Gen. Brooks, and sister of Madeline Brooks, a concert singer, will make her first appearance here as Michaela on Tuesday night. She is a pupil of Julian, Paris. Later in the season she will be the Alda and the Arline.

Miss Jennie Norelli, a Swedish coloratura singer, will appear as Lucia on Wednesday evening. She spent several years of her early life in this country; she has sung in opera in Stockholm, her birthplace; in Berlin, and in concerts in Paris. Last season she was on the "waiting list" at Covent Garden. Tired of being kept for an emergency, she accepted Mr. Savage's offer. Among her parts are Leonora, Elsa, Elisabeth, Juliet, Martha.

Miss Rita Newman, a California mezzo-soprano, studied under Marchesi, Marie Roze and Mme. Weinschenk. She has sung in opera at Berlin and Hamburg. She will be heard first as Santuzza, and later as Venus, Ortrud, Azucena and Nancy.

Pierre Riviere, a French tenor, has sung in an extensive repertory at Geneva, The Hague, Liege, and about six years ago he made his debut performances at Paris. He will make his first appearance here as Don Jose. Pietro Gherardi, an Italian tenor, who has been singing for three years with the Carl Rosa and the Moody-Manners opera companies in Great Britain, will first be heard here as Edgar in "Lucia." He will also be heard as Don Jose, Tannhauser and Lohengrin. Remi Marsano, baritone, who was in the Austrian navy before he took to the operatic stage, has sung at Dusseldorf and other German cities. His parts are Escamillo, Alfo, Di Luna, Telramund, Wolfram.

The Chevalier N. B. Emanuel, a conductor of long and wide experience in all countries where opera is performed, returns with Mr. Savage's company. Since the labor of conducting is too great for one man, Mr. Elliott Schenk has been engaged to lead alternate nights. A son of the late Dr. N. H. Schenk of Brooklyn, he studied at New York, Dresden, Berlin. He composed and led some of his compositions in German cities. On his return to the United States, he became associated with Walter Damrosch as director of the New York Symphony orchestra, and he has conducted operatic performances in New York, as well as festivals at Albany, N. Y. His most ambitious work is an opera, "Tess," founded on Hardy's tragic tale.

The orchestra has been enlarged, and new scenery has been provided for the whole repertory. A new electrical device enables Mr. Emanuel to conduct without misgiving the music behind the scenes in "Tosca." The operas will be mounted with all the care and the lavish attention to detail that have made Mr. Savage's productions celebrated.

The performances will begin promptly at 8 P. M. and at 2 P. M. The performance of "Tosca" will end not later than 10:30 P. M. The management has decided, for the benefit of audience, singers and orchestra not to seat late comers until after the close of the first act. The operas, with the names of the participating singers, will be found in the announcements for the week.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mme. Jaffa will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, the 28th, when she will play pieces by Bach, Beethoven ("Moonlight" sonata), Schubert, Kalkbrenner, Greg ("sonata op. 7"), Chopin, Wagner, Liszt.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give his first piano recital in Steinert Hall on the afternoon of Nov. 4.

Mr. Carl Faellen will give his first piano recital on the evening of Oct. 28. The concerts of the Longy Club will be at Potter Hall on the evenings of Nov. 30, Jan. 25, March 7. The club as now organized is made up of Messrs. Longy, Joffe; Maquarre, flute; Vannini, clarinet; Debushy, bassoon; Haekebarth, horn; Gebhard, pianist.

Concerts will be given by the Hoffman quartet (Messrs. Hoffman, Bak, Rissland, Barth) on Nov. 12, Jan. 21, March 3. Mr. Bauer will be the pianist at the first concert.

Jacques Thibaud, whose fame as a violinist is spread through Europe, and in

whose piano playing is also famous, will be in the city at Jordan Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 7. He was born in Bordeaux of a musical family, the brothers are professional, the sister a cello player and the other a pianist of ability. After some study with his father, he entered the Paris Conservatory at the age of 13, and won the first prize for violin playing three years later. His first appearance as soloist at the "Colonne" concert established his standing, and he made his public appearance during his first season as soloist. His tours have been made in Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Roumania, Spain, Portugal, Italy, England. As a player of both classic and romantic schools he has gained the applause of the most critical. He is a handsome young man, tall, slight of figure and free from platform eccentricities. He has a Stradivarius violin that cost him \$5,000.

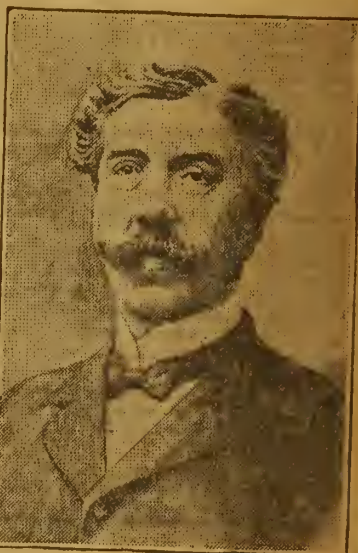
Messrs. Devoll and Isham will give concerts in Steinert Hall on the afternoon of Nov. 1 and the evening of Nov. 17.

Mme. Semblich sailed last Wednesday for the United States. She will give a song recital here in Symphony Hall early in November.

The sale of season tickets for the Kueisel quartet concerts at Potter Hall (Tuesday evenings, Oct. 27, Nov. 17, Dec. 1, 29, Feb. 9, 23) will begin at the hall tomorrow morning. Among the assisting artists will be the pianists Messrs. Bauer, Busoni, Gebhard, Randolph, Whiting. Among the pieces to be played for the first time at these concerts are Bach's concerto for two violins with string orchestra accompaniment, and suite for cello solo in G major op. 6; A. Kopyloff's quartet in G minor for piano, violin and cello; Scambatti's piano quintet, and Leken's piano quartet. The members of the quartet are Messrs. Kueisel, Theodorowicz, Svecenski, Schroeder.

ALFRED GIRAUDET.

The announcement that Mr. Alfred Auguste Giraudet has left the Paris Conservatory to join the faculty of the William L. Whitney International School for Vocalists in Boston is a matter of more than parochial interest, for Mr. Giraudet has long enjoyed an international reputation as a teacher of lyric declamation, and before that he was esteemed as a singer in France and Italy. That a teacher of such prominence determines to make Boston his home is a stimulus to all other teachers, for the higher the pedagogic standard the more do all concerned with instruction benefit. For years wandering virtuosos have visited this country. They have had their influence in culti-



MR. ALFRED GIRAUDET.

vating taste and in sharpening the faculty of discrimination. But the influence of the teacher is more abiding and fruitful.

Alfred Giraudet was born at Etampes, France, March 23, 1845. He was a pupil of the famous Francois del Sarte, and he made his first appearance in opera at Boulogne in 1863 as Mephistopheles. He sang there the leading bass parts of the repertory, and in 1867 he was engaged at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, where he remained until 1870-71. In 1871-72 he sang at Bordeaux for two years. He then fulfilled engagements in Italy, and returned to Paris to appear at the Theatre aux Italiens (1874). In 1875 he joined the company of the Opera Comique, where he sang in "Romeo and Juliet," "The Magic Flute," "Mignon," "The Star of the North" and other operas, and on April 5, 1877, he created the part of Pere Joseph in Gounod's "Cinq-Mars." His voice demanded a larger room, and he left the Opera Comique for the Opera (1880), where he sang in "The Huguenots," "Aida," "The Prophet," "The Jewess," "William Tell," "Hamlet," "L'Africaine" and other operas, and created the part of Ramire II, in Gounod's "Tribute of Zamora" (1881), and that of Dante in Thomas' "Francoise de Rimini" (1882). He left the Opera in 1883 to teach.

In 1889 Mr. Giraudet was appointed professor of lyric declamation at the Paris Conservatory. Among his pupils are these now celebrated singers: Lucienne Breval, Lucy Berthet, Louise Grandjean, Marie Gamme, Aine Arie Messrs. Alfred Vaguet, of the Opera, and Julia Giraudon, Charlotte Wyss, and Leon Beyle of the Opera Comique.

Mr. Giraudet is the author of "Physiologie et Gestes," a method to serve in the expression of emotions (this work received the first medal at the exposition of 1900); of "Gymnastique Voie," a collection of exercises for the development, homogeneity and suppleness of the voice; of articles contributed to various music magazines, and of songs, duets and choruses. His colleagues showed their appreciation of him by choosing him "President de la Société des Artistes de l'Opéra," and he has been honored by other offices and by decorations.

Oct-29, 1903

PUCCINI'S "TOSCA" GIVEN IN ENGLISH

Mr. Savage's Grand Opera Season at the Tremont Has Auspicious Opening, with Large Audience.

PERFORMANCE OF GENERAL MERIT.

The Opera Fitly Termed by Its Composer a Melodrama—Artists' Work Surprisingly Good.

Mr. Henry W. Savage's grand opera company, singing in English, began a season of four weeks at the Tremont Theatre last night with a performance of Puccini's "Tosca." This was the first performance of the work in English in this city. Mr. Emanuel conducted. The cast was as follows:

Flora Tosca.....	Miss Rennyson
Mario Cavaradossi.....	Mr. Sheehan
Ricco Scarpia.....	Mr. Goff
Angelotti.....	Mr. Bennett
The Sacristan.....	Mr. Fulton
Spoleto.....	Mr. Lawrence
Scarlone.....	Mr. Jones
A jailer.....	Miss Farm
A shepherd.....	

When it was known last season that Mr. Savage's company had produced "Tosca" in English, there was at once the thought of overhauling ambition on the part of manager and his singing men and singing women. Even they that are warm friends and admirers of Mr. Savage wondered at the attempt.

And for this reason. There are operas that through the wealth of melody and through the familiar libretto make irresistible way, even when the singers are of moderate ability, when the orchestra is small, and when the mounting and the stage accessories are modest. Thus the singers must indeed be wretched to spoil wholly the garden scene in "Faust." Many of us have enjoyed mediocre performances of "Il Trovatore" on account of the free, spontaneous, haunting melodies and the rush of the action, although the tenor may have been either a shouter, or, on the other hand, what is known in musical slang as a "beeper"; although the soprano may have been a poor, sad, fat thing with a worn voice, blessed only with pathetic courage.

Now, Puccini's "Tosca" is not an opera rich in popular melody. It is what the composer names it, a melodrama. The story is repulsive, both in opera and in theatre, not on account of the scene between Tosca and Scarpia, but because of the employment of physical cruelty as a dramatic means. It was the torture scene that led Jules Lemaître to characterize Sardou, from his love of blood, "the Calligula of the drama"; and, although Sardou has lately in his "Dante" taken the horrors of hell for dramatic material, and in his new play promises scenes of agony in the chambers of the Inquisition, and at a grand spectacular Auto-da-fe, which will strike terror to the stoutest soul, he has not as yet rivalled the grewsome scene in "Tosca." Puccini's music is for the most part frankly melodramatic. It comments on the story, it italicizes situations; it is almost always ingenious and admirably made, it is often extremely effective; but as a whole it is music for dramatic action and not merely for singers.

It was reasonable then to infer that a company in which the members were play actors and play actresses of comparatively little experience, men and women whose training had been chiefly vocal, would be ineffective in this melodrama. It was also reasonable to infer that only singers of dramatic intensity could make the work endurable or at the least save it from the reproach of being brutal to the verge of the burlesque. For after all these characters of Sardou are puppets constructed for the bloody, sad amusement. Compare for a moment the scene between Scarpia and Tosca and the similar scene in

"Measure for Measure," and you see at once the difference between a shrewd stage carpenter and a creator of universal types.

The performance last evening was, therefore, to honest doubters, a most agreeable disappointment. Not only the melodrama of Puccini, but Mr. Savage's company stood the test uncommonly well, and even those who remembered the performances with Ternina and Scotti were nevertheless impressed by the music and filled with respect for the company. The opera was handsomely mounted; but Mr. Savage has taught us to expect this of all his productions. The little that the chorus had to do was admirably done, and the orchestra, led with spirit and considerable authority by Mr. Emanuel, gave one who heard the opera for the first time an excellent idea of the music, although there was at times a pardonable lack of finesse in the detail. The orchestral spirit of the work was in the performance, and the spirit in operas of this class is often more important than the letter of the law.

The task of each principal in "Tosca" is a trying one; it taxes vocally and dramatically. The soprano has to contend dramatically with the recollection of Bernhardt as well as that of Ternina. Her part demands versatility in action. She is expected to be coquettish, jealous, and then she is a prey to stormier emotions; she must portray anguish, despair. The woman of self-sacrificing love sees herself the victim of cynical lust. Then follow the sudden murderous resolution and performance and the thought of the unshriven soul, hot with foul passion, hurried into another world. Again tumultuous scenes of rapture and heart-breaking woe.

To say that Miss Rennyson, who is by nature a lyric and not a dramatic soprano, was not wholly ineffective in it is itself a compliment. She has gained considerably in ease and repose; she is not so self-conscious as she was last season; nor are certain mannerisms that are due largely to inexperience now so much in evidence. Her face is not naturally mobile; and her facial play is still limited. There were no dramatic moments in her performance last night that were sweepingly spontaneous; there was no burst of intensity; but as a whole the part was more carefully composed and pitched in a higher key than was expected by those who have known her.

And when the difficulties of her task are thoughtfully considered, it is only just to say that as a playactress she has made marked improvement. She did not as Tosca appear to such advantage vocally as she did in other parts last season; but here again it must be remembered that the music given to Tosca is trying; it demands a robust, highly dramatic voice of staying power; it demands a thoroughly well-trained singer.

Mr. Sheehan's Cavaradossi was an excellent impersonation, by all odds the most creditable to him of any which he has hitherto taken. His action was freer, he bore himself better in every way, and he sang with taste in lyric passages and with genuine power in those more dramatic. His work was, on the whole, the most conspicuous feature of the performance.

Mr. Goff's Scarpia was much more than a merely acceptable impersonation. His Scarpia is composed more in accordance with the French than the Italian traditions; indeed, he might at times have been taken for the benevolent priest in a French drama of pleasing domesticity. He was not the incarnation of lust; he was the man described by the librettists as a Beatty-Kingson Englishes the Italian. "A bigoted satyr and hypocrite, secretly steeped in vice and most demonstratively pious"; and there was always the suggestion of the confessor. A quiet, but a strong performance, and one not without subtlety. And with his firm, rich voice he sang as a musician and often with fine effect.

The sacristan was for once dry, without unctuous or sly humor, inconspicuous, and the Angelotti had evidently with him more voice than stage experience. Mr. Fulton, as Spoleto, led easily in the minor parts.

There was a very large, thoroughly interested and applause audience, and thus the season opened successfully and gave pleasant anticipation for the performances that will follow.

"Tosca" will be performed on Friday night and at the Wednesday matinee. The opera this evening will be Bizet's "Carmen," with Miss Ivell as Carmen, Miss Brooks as Micaela, Mr. Riviere as Don Jose and Mr. Marsano as Escamillo. Miss Brooks and Messrs. Riviere and

Marsano will then make their first appearance in Boston. Mr. Schenk will conduct.

The Runaways & Columbia Theatre with Fay Templeton

Colonial Theatre "The Office Boy" Frank Daniels.

Oct-29, 1903

BIZET'S HEROINE BY MISS IVELL

Puts Bowery Attributes in Character of Carmen, the Tough Girl of Old Seville.

OPERA OPENS AT TREMONT THEATRE.

Performer in Title Role Has Improved as Singer Since Her Last Boston Appearance.

Bizet's "Carmen" was performed last evening in English by Mr. Savage's Grand Opera Company at the Tremont Theatre. Mr. Schenk conducted. The cast was as follows:

Don Jose.....	Mr. Riviere
Escamillo.....	Mr. Marsano
The Doncaire.....	Mr. Lawrence
The Remendado.....	Mr. Jungman
Morales.....	Mr. Fulton
Zuniga.....	Mr. Bennett
Carmen.....	Miss Ivell
Micaela.....	Miss Brooks
Mercedes.....	Miss James
Frasquita.....	Miss Farm

The haggard deserter may shriek his passion for Carmen in front of the arena before he does the bloody deed; Escamillo, lord over bulls and master of foolish women, may strut and swagger at Lillas Pastia's; Micaela may sing ever so neatly her amiable strains; the one dominating figure is the gypsy baggage, and any review of a performance of "Carmen" is first of all an inquiry into the impersonation of the heroine.

For the deserter, the bull-fighter, the sweet Micaela are necessarily simple and conventional characters; but Carmen may be simple or complex, according to the intelligence and the character of the singing play actress.

When Miss Marion Ivell appeared here for the first time as Carmen a year ago this month, her impersonation was experimental, crude, yet interesting, for she then gave proof of natural dramatic force, and there were moments of poignant intensity. Her performance was singularly uneven; she was at times graceful and alluring even when she was audacious; at other times she was facially grotesque or originally self-conscious. Her tones were at times dry or metallic, and again they were as a magic spell that took possession of the hearer even against his will. Her vocal offences were many and grievous. All in all, a singular performance that moved, irritated and impressed. Such was the Carmen of Miss Ivell a year ago.

Now, there are many Carmens. Some of them delight in dainty and incongruous coquetry; some of them are sinister in demoniacal spirit, creatures malevolently contrived for the destruction of man; some are superbly sensuous; and others are of common clay, or needlessly vulgar, poor, cheap trulls.

The woman that created the part, Mme. Galli-Marie, was a small woman of provoking boldness, we are told, of feline grace, supple in voice and action, passionate, and in certain scenes, as in that of the cards, terrible in tragic intensity. And they that saw her say she raised the character sketched by Bizet's librettists to the high level of Prosper Merimee's unforgettable gypsy.

What was Miss Ivell's conception of Carmen last night?

Her impersonation is no longer experimental, and the points she makes are no longer accidental. She is strongest in the more sombre episodes, as in the card scene, where her repose, as well as her action, counts. Throughout the first act and in the greater part of the second her impersonation suffers from a radical misconception and from exaggeration. It is true that Carmen, according to her biographer, had restless hips. She swayed in her walk, and she thus had the womanly gait that is so often extolled in the "Times" and "Nights and a Night"; but her amorous gait was never merely a cake walk. Carmen was something more than a leering, wriggling, wet-lipped beauty of the gutter.

The Carmen of the story-teller and the librettists did not respond to every man's beck and call. She was proud of her amours, but she was also proud in her desperate caprices. The citizens in the chorus, sung last night by the soldiers, woo her with a certain anxious respect, and they assail her as in a forlorn hope. She was a grand coquette, such a one as might have figured in Brantome's gallery of noble and gallant dames. Flora, Clodia and the fair Imperia would have welcomed her as worthy of their friendship. She was of no kin to Messalina, nor did she deserve the famous remark made by Dr. Johnson after Boswell had defended the somewhat extraordinary conduct of his female friend.

But Miss Ivell preferred to represent Carmen, not merely as a tough girl of Seville, but as a tough girl of the Bowery. So, again, when she would be irresistibly seductive, she was simply grotesque. As a singer she has made marked improvement. She no longer slurs and scoops constantly in attack; she pays more respect to rhythm; her voice is now under control. The voice itself is an organ that may well express emotion. The tones are full of color, of beautiful quality, and there is no perceptible break in the liberal company.

Miss Brooks, Mr. Riviere and Mr. Marsano appeared here for the first time. Miss Brooks has an agreeable, sympathetic voice, which is well placed. She sang her music in the first act with taste and expression. In the aria in the

third act her rhythm was a little stiff, and, possibly from nervousness, a little little authority; yet the naturalness of the voice won her an encore. As an actress she is evidently, and her action was limited, and her report became stagnation. Yet this inactivity was, perhaps, preferable to a display of labored gesture. What she needs chiefly for some time is experience. She has the voice to find immediate favor, and her simplicity is not unwelcome.

Mr. Riviere sang in French-English, and was no doubt handicapped thereby in song. His intonation was for the most part good; his voice is of pleasant quality, and he showed in song an action not only the discipline of routine but a warm, emotional nature.

Mr. Marsano, an Austrian, sang as many German haritones sing, in the opera houses of small cities; with a robust voice, without a fine sense of intonation, without due consideration of nuances, without any display of careful training, yet with a reassuring confidence and unflinching good nature.

The minor parts were well taken, as the exquisite quintet and the other concerted music in which Frasquita and Mercedes take part were sung with uncommon accuracy and ease. Mr. Jungman as The Remendado had true humor, and, wonderful to say, he and his comrade abstained from horse play. The chorus was effective, except that the female chorus of cigarette smokers was undeviatingly loud, and there was not the slightest attention paid to the wish of the composer. The work of the orchestra was at times rough and occasionally ragged. There was a large audience, which was liberal in applause. There were encores and curtain calls.

"Carmen" will be performed on Thursday night with Mr. Gherardi as Don Jose, and at the Saturday matinee.

The opera this afternoon will be "Tosca" with Miss Rennyson, and Messrs. Sheehan and Goff. The opera this evening will be "Lucia" with Mr. Norelli as Lucy, Mr. Gherardi as Edgardo, Mr. Goff as Henry, and Mr. Bennett as Bide-the-Bent; and "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Miss Newman, Miss Ivell, Mr. Riviere and Mr. Marsano, Mr. Norelli, Miss Newman and Mr. Gherardi will make their first appearance here.

Oct-22, 1903

MME. NORELLI'S BOSTON DEBUT

At the Tremont, Last Evening, She Sang the Title Role in "Lucia" with Good Effect.

"CAVALLERIA" ALSO WAS PRESENTED.

Miss Newman and Mr. Gherardi Made Their First Boston Appearances—Large Audiences.

Mr. Savage's Grand Opera company singing in English performed Puccini's "Tosca" yesterday afternoon at the Tremont Theatre. Last night there was a double bill: Three acts of "Lucia" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mr. Emanuel conducted "Lucia." The cast was as follows:

Edgar de Ravenswood.....	Mr. Gherardi
Sir Henry Ashton.....	Mr. Goff
Sir Arthur Bucklan.....	Mr. Fulton
Bide-the-Bent.....	Mr. Bennett
Norman.....	Mr. Patton
Lucy Ashton.....	Mme. Norelli
Alice.....	Miss Herbert

Operas, like books, have their fate. "Lucia di Lammermoor" was composed for a tenor, the great Duprez, and for years it was a tenor's opera. The talk was of his bearing and declamation in the scene of denunciation, of his singing in the last act. Look over the files of newspapers and magazines published in New York during the spring of 1847. The criticism is concerning Benedetti in "Lucia," and there is comparatively little concerning the woman that took the part of the heroine. We learn from the United States Magazine and Democratic Review of the scenes at the Italian opera in Chambers street.

"Linda" was well received and "Lucia" rapturously applauded. Rows of upright and indefatigable young men lined Palmo's walls, which bristled with double-barreled opera-glasses, as the bastions of Vera Cruz with cannon. Nightly they laughed at Benedetti's "Bel alma innamorata." Bouquets were hurled by fair ladies at the fascinating tenor, who did not know how to take them—au moral, we mean, for he generally stuck them in his belt beside the fatal dagger, and the master of Ravenswood died like a Roman roue, covered with flowers. Ravenswood consulted Palmo's lawyer to know what course to adopt; in Italy, it seems, there is but one. The learned gentleman explained that a projected bouquet was only a bravissimo in action,

Only three acts of "Lucia" were performed last night, yet Donizetti wrote some of his bravest music and golden melodies for the now despised last act, and his treatment of the orchestra in the same act was once considered daring, almost revolutionary.

The woman that created the part of Lucia, Fanny Persiani, was not a beauty. She appeared on the stage as a "pale, plain and anxious"; she was careless in matters of dress; but she had "splendidly profuse" hair. Her voice was rather acid and piercing, and she was a rare mistress of the art of song. Chorley said of her: "Her voice was developed to its utmost capacities, every fibre of her frame seemed to have a part in her singing." And at times she rose to an animation that amounted to that display of conscious over which is resistless. She was supreme in dramatic colorature. For colorature passages may not only admit, they may even be—the true expression of emotion, witness Marguerite's prison song in Boito's "Mephistopheles." The last scene in "Lucia" was not intended to serve only for the display of vocal agility.

An extremely condensed version of "Lucia" was given last night. The second act opened with the bridal scene, and so poor Lucia was hurried from the arms of her Edgar to the signing of the contract. Edgar appeared as "a rash intruder," the sextet was repeated, and then Lucia went mad.

Mme. Norelli, as the heroine, appeared on the first time in Boston. She has a naturally flexible voice, one that has no marked characteristics, but a voice of agreeable quality. She has a certain agility which was shown to best advantage in the "Mad scene." As an actress, she moved in narrowly conventional grooves, both in her sane and insane moments. Her facial play was inexpressive, but inasmuch as Lucia in her opera as now given is a singer, it is not necessary to dwell on Mme. Norelli's histrionic abilities. It may be said that she showed certain results of patient study; that her vocal performance was studied rather than an exhibition of natural or artful spontaneity.

Mr. Gherardi proved himself to be a

man of experience. His voice is smooth and flowing in cantabile passages, and effective in robust declamation. He acted with Italian fervor and in accordance with the traditions.

Mr. Goff was thoroughly excellent in his abbreviated part. Donizetti's straightforward music displayed his voice to advantage, and he sang and acted with authority. Mr. Bennett was a sonorous organ, which he uses with fervor rather than with skill. He is inclined toward mouthing, and he shows the need of painstaking instruction in the art of acting. The chorus sang well, and the sextet was performed effectively.

The cast of "Cavalleria Rusticana," which was conducted with an exuberance of gesture by Mr. Schenk, was as follows:

Intuzza.....	Miss Newman
Lucia.....	Miss Ivell
Edgar.....	Miss MacGahan
Alfredo.....	Mr. Riviere
Don Fabrizio.....	Mr. Marsano

The very modernity of Mascagni's opera may lead to its early death, for even now some of the music seems as formally old-fashioned as that by Donizetti. The drama itself still works its spell, and Duse proved to us that music does not necessarily add to the intensity of situation and action. Miss Newman, we understand, took the part of Sanzuzza for the first time. She has had experience and she bore herself easily in the taxing part. It was a creditable performance for a first attempt, although it did not carry conviction. She snatches the excitement of the occasion to scream her passion. The voice itself, pleasant in gentle phrases, does not bear forcing for the tones are not all and they easily assume an edge.

Mr. Riviere acted the part of the village masher capitally; there was a tinge in his brutality; his impersonation was intelligently composed, and the natural spirit of the man gave it reality. Mr. Marsano as Alfio sang audly and artlessly, and bore a striking resemblance to Mr. Georg Henkel in one of his more inspired moments. Miss Ivell was a becomingly usual Lola.

There was a very large and applauseful audience.

The opera this evening will be "Carmen," with Miss Ivell, Miss Brooks, Messrs. Gherardi and Marsano. "Tosca" will be the cast of last Monday night, and will be repeated on Friday evening. "Carmen" will be sung on Saturday afternoon for the last time. Saturday evening there will be a double bill, "Lucia" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mr. Sheehan as Turiddu.

Oct 23, 1903

ARBO'S DEBUT AS A SOLOIST

New Symphony Concert-Master to Make His First Appearance in America in This Role Today.

PROF. J. K. PAINE ON MUSIC'S FUTURE.

Harvard Man Spoke at the Dedication of Wagner Monument, Predicting a World-Wide Art.

Mr. E. Fernandez Arbos, the new concert-master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will make his first appearance as a soloist in this country this afternoon at the second public rehearsal and tomorrow evening at the second concert. He will play Mendelssohn's familiar concerto and a piece of his own composition. Few wandering virtuosos have played the concerto at Symphony concerts, but it has been played by Messrs. De Seve, Nowell, Loeffler, Kneisel and Miss Leonora Jackson.

Mr. Arbos' own composition, entitled "Tango," is one of a set of three pieces for violin and orchestra, composed this year at London. "Tango" is dedicated to Sarasate, and it will be played this afternoon for the first time. The title is the name of a dance, still popular in Spain in the street and in hall and theatre. Mr. Arbos is inclined to think that both name and dance are of West Indian origin, and the tango is still danced in Cuba.

The orchestral pieces on the Symphony programme of this week are an overture in C major, op. 115, by Beethoven; the "Waldwehen" from "Siegfried," and Glazounoff's symphony No. 4 in E flat major. The overture is seldom heard either in this country or in Europe. It was written, as some say, for the "Name day" celebration of the Emperor Joseph II., but others scout the idea and insist that it had its origin in sketches for the finale of the ninth symphony. The body of the overture is developed from a theme that is almost insignificant. Glazounoff's symphony was composed in 1893. It is in three movements, without a separate slow movement, but the first movement and the finale are introduced by an andante. The music is not ferociously Russian in its character. The symphony is played here for the first time. It will include an early work by Vincent d'Indy, a symphonic poem, entitled "The Enchanted Forest." It is at least 25 years old, but some of our novelists come late. Mme. Gaski will sing an air from Massenet's "Cid," and an air from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore." The other orchestral numbers will be the overture to "Gakuntala" and Schumann's Symphony No. 4 in D minor. The orchestra will leave the following Sunday for its first trip to Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York.

The first of the Kneisel concerts in Potter Hall will be on next Tuesday evening. The programme will include Schubert's posthumous quartet, the one with the variations on the "Death and the Maiden" theme; a piano trio by Smetana (Mr. Gebhard, pianist); and a new quartet by Kopyloff. Alexander Kopyloff is counted a member of the younger Russian school, although he is in his 50th year. He has written a symphony in C minor and a scherzo for orchestra, two string quartets, fugues and other pieces for piano, choruses and songs. The quartet is said to be exceedingly interesting on account of its beauty and strength. It is by no means revolutionary, and there is no straining after grand effects. The Kneisel quartet has just made an engagement to play in Paris on March 15 of next year.

Mr. Arbos is busy preparing the programmes for the concerts of his quartet in Jordan Hall. The programme of the first concert will be Beethoven's quartet in F minor and Tschalkowsky's piano trio, with Mr. Harold Bauer as pianist. Mr. Arbos will play excerpts from Bach's suite in E major for violin alone. The programmes will be composed of both ancient and modern works, and Cesar Franck, Faure, d'Indy and the Russians will be represented, as well as Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann.

Prof. John K. Paine of Harvard University spoke at the banquet on the night of the dedication of the Wagner monument at Berlin. He closed as follows: "We realize that most of the forms of modern music have been developed to the highest point by the great masters of Germany from Bach to Wagner. Through their supremacy the strict national limits of musical style have been greatly modified. It is no longer a question of purely German, Italian, French, Slavonic or Anglo-Saxon music, but cosmopolitan music. No doubt certain national characteristics will continue to exist, but I believe, in the future, composers will be distinguished more by their individuality of style than by nationality or what is called local color. It is with this strong conviction that I enthusiastically propose the toast 'The Future of International Music.'"

Mr. Harold Bauer's first recital in Steinert Hall will be on the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 4, when he will

Oct-24-1903 Biography.

"Memoirs of George Elers."

The "Memoirs of George Elers, Captain in the 12th Regiment of Foot (1771-1842)," edited from the original manuscript by Lord Monson and George L. Gower, and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, give a plain and realistic picture of army life at the end of the 18th and at the beginning of the 19th century, and of life in society as it was known to the captain. Elers dated the manuscript in 1837 with this note: "These recollections of my life, family and connections are written for the information of my nephew, Edward Huntington Devalay Elers, commonly called Naper, a captain in the 4th regiment, by his uncle." The author died at St. Neots, in Jersey, in 1842. His sole means of subsistence was then a trifling annuity from his cousin, Mrs. Pennant. At his death he left a small sum of ready money, a few watches and a little jewelry.

The memoirs are at times disconnected, and there is more or less repetition, but the author had a blunt manner of relating his experiences that is not without a certain charm. The most important incidents in the various scenes is the Duke of Wellington. Elers, on his way to India, met him at the Cape in 1796, when he was known as Col. the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, just turned 21 years of age. The Dutch were hospitable, but the meals swam in oil, and such a variety of dishes, not one fit to eat; the Cape wine was execrable. There was dancing in the evening. "Some of the Dutch girls were very pretty, and some wealthy. One of them fell in love with one of our subalterns, and offered herself and I know not how many thousands of dollars to the young gentleman. But they were not accepted. The slave girls are, in general, fine girls and some very fair, being the offspring of Dutchmen by native women. They (the proprietors) rather encourage than otherwise the intercourse between the owners and their slaves, as a matter of traffic. When Dutch women get married they are pretty, rosy girls of some shape; but no sooner do they get married and have a family than they grow enormously fat and out of all grace and proportion."

Wellesley then was all life and spirits. Elers was struck by his long, pale face, remarkably large aquiline nose, clear blue eye, "and the blackest beard I ever saw." He was exceedingly clean, and he shaved twice a day. His features reminded Elers of those of John Campbell Kemble. He spoke quickly with a slight lisp. The lobe of the ear was joined to the cheek, as was the case with Lord Byron. Elers mentions instances of Wellesley's gratitude toward those who had befriended him when he was in debt, and adds: "It gives me pleasure to record this anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, who has not a very tender or feeling heart." The future hero was susceptible. He fell in love with Henrietta Smith at the Cape, when Mrs. Sturt arrived at Madras without a sixpence, he sent her on order for 400. She had been, before her marriage, a light-o-love in London and celebrated among men of fashion; and Elers tells us that Wellesley was particularly attentive toward "I am sorry to say, married women," and when he pursued the wife of Capt. Macintyre in India, his conduct "gave offence to, not her husband, but to the aide-de-camp, who considered it highly immoral and indecorous." Elers gives his own views on this moral question: "For my own part, I abhor the seduction of innocent girls, and think it wrong to intrigue with married women; but if I witness anything going on between two people, and the husband does not see or choose to take notice of it, I think none but a father or a brother has a right to interfere. You are sure to get into a scrape and make enemies of all parties."

Wellesley at Serinzapatam kept a simple, substantial table. His favorite dish was a roast saddle of mutton and salad, and he ate heartily. "He was very abstemious with wine," he drank four or five glasses of dinner, and about a pint of claret after. Even intemperate, he joked with his favorites, and he liked to talk "about the few (at that time) situations he had been placed in before the enemy, the arrangements he had made and their fortunate results, all of which were applauded by his staff, who had shared in the glory and peril. He was particularly severe upon any neglect of the commissariat department, and openly declared that, if he had commanded an army, he should not hesitate to hang a commissary for any dereliction of duty." His dress consisted of a long coat, the uniform of the 33d regiment, a cocked hat, white pantaloons, Hessian boots and spurs, and a large sabre with a handle of solid silver. His hair was cropped close, although to wear powder was the regulation; but he thought powder, by preventing perspiration, was prejudicial to health. In 1801 his highest ambition was to be a major-general.

Elers came of a baronial family in Saxony. His immediate ancestors moved to Holland and two of them, chemists, taught Wedgwood, the potter, in England their secret of making clay. Born at London, Elers remembered the Gordon riots. He went to various schools, was threatened with consumption and ordered to walk about two miles to a farmhouse to drink warm milk from a cow. As he grew older he was fond of music and the theatre, and he fell in love with a cousin who did not return his affection. About 1811 he wished to marry a "lovely and amiable young lady," but her mother objected to his profession and the smallness of his pay. He offered to settle half of his little fortune on the daughter, but the match was declared off. "A more amiable girl could not possibly exist than

the young lady," but her mother, in those days, and she behaved in a most unorthodox manner, with the most devoted attachment to him, and was ready to make the greatest sacrifice. I firmly believe such is the goodness of Providence, that everything in the end is for the best. I found out afterwards that there was decided insanity in her family. One of her sisters destroyed herself and two of her children are at this instant confined in a private madhouse. The young lady herself married a clergyman, and, I have heard, died raving mad during one of her confinements. All this misery I escaped."

When Elers entered the army as an ensign, it was the fashion to be dressed at the theatre in shoes and stockings and a cocked hat. He lost no time in mounting the cockade and a rosette for his hair. His outfit cost him about £50. He had six regimental jackets, 12 dozen shirts—only the colonel had such a kit, and the colonel did him the honor to ask him the name of his tailor. After he joined his regiment he drank wine with all the officers, but he did not get tipsy.

There was much drinking, gambling and duelling in India. Capt. Winstone, a jovial soul of an old Gloucestershire family, after tarrying at the wine one evening, allowed a land breeze to blow on him during his sleep. He awoke sick, and never recovered. "He was opened, and his liver was entirely decayed." Duel after duel is described. The duels for the meeting were generally trivial. When Col. Aston was fatally shot, he said to an officer, "Well, Palla, I have got a confounded lick in the guts, but I hope I shall get over it." Elers tells of the duels without comment. It was a hard and brutal period, and "honor" was as abused a word as it is today in the German army.

At Vellum an Indian widow of 17 years was burned alive by the side of the corpse of her husband. Elers stood so near her during the different parts of the ceremony that he could have saved her life by merely touching her, for she would then have been defiled, and would not have been allowed to sacrifice herself. If he had touched her, he would probably have been torn to pieces. "I certainly should have been brought to a court-martial for disobedience of orders, for the English in those days were strictly forbidden to meddle with the customs and prejudices of the natives."

There are dismal accounts of disease and death in the camp. Yet there were consolations in prize money. Gen. Baird at Seringapatam received £12,000, but he expected at the very least £100,000. "The wealth captured was enormous, and consisted of all sorts of property from every court in Europe. There was splendid china from the King of France, cloaks, watches, shawls of immense value, trinkets, jewelry from all nations, pearls, rubies, diamonds and emeralds, and every other precious stone made up into ornaments—even solid wedges and bars of pure gold. A soldier offered me one for a bottle of brandy. Many of our soldiers acquired by plunder what would have made them independent for life if properly managed. I heard that one of them soon after the storm staggered under as many pagodas as he could carry—to the amount, it was said, of £10,000."

Snake bites were treated by the application of a small gray stone. Elers saw a native thus cured and he purchased the stone. The native told him that if he would put it into milk it would make the milk bubble as though it were boiling. "I drew my sword to kill it (a cobra de capello), but they would not allow me. They said that the man bitten would die if I killed the snake."

The captain was fond of a hookah and found the perfume delicious, "very different from the horrid, vulgar smell of a pipe of common tobacco." He did not care for cigars, even when they were good, and he thought more than one-half were spurious. In a grand gambling match with the commander of an East Indian man, which lasted three or four days, at first he lost continually, and "like all foolish young players" increased his bets as he lost.

There is a good story of Col. Aston and the Duke of Clarence, who, it was said, never spoke the truth by any chance or accident. The duke met the colonel in St. James street and said: "Well, Aston, which way are you going?" "First tell me," said Aston, "which way are you going?" "Oh, I am going down St. James street." "Are you?" said Aston; "in that case, I am going up. Good morning to you." The account of Aston's many quarrels in England throws light on the manners and customs of the period.

We have spoken of the duels recorded. A Capt. Bull withdrew from a detachment mess and gave as a reason that he was expecting every day his baggage from England, and therefore wished to live more economically in order to meet necessary forthcoming expenses. His brother members of the mess felt themselves affronted, and they shook dice to see who should call Bull out. Bull was challenged and killed.

There were charges of cruelty brought against English officers, as well as against Gen. Picton, for torturing a young woman on the island of Trinidad. Elers says the girl, a slave, was tried for theft. The Spanish laws were in force, and as the girl was found guilty, she was sentenced to stand on a sharp peg for a certain time. Elers adds: "It was a very common punishment for the dragoons when I first entered the service, and it was called picking."

When Elers returned to England at the age of 23, his hair had begun to turn gray, his skin was a color between an orange and a lemon, and his forehead was wrinkled. He met all sorts of celebrated, eccentric or vicious persons. He kept company with the unpopular Col. Thornton, who, 40 years old, would sit up drinking night after night, sleep in his chair instead of his bed, and then hunt all day on horseback. Then there was the miserable Lord Charley, who reaped the vile deeds of Mervin. Lord Charley, a hero in the "state trials." There are pen portraits of our army officers and seadogs, and there is a mass of curious gossip about hunting, gambling, teatimes, unhappy marriages. And now and then a portrait of some sweet woman appears, as the lady before Comus and his crew.

THE MUSICIAN AND HIS WIFE, AND THE MANY DISCORDS IN THEIR HOME LIFE.

Oct 25, 1903



MAURICE KAUFMANN
VIOLINIST



LUCIE VAUTHRIN OF THE
OPERA-COMIQUE, PARIS



MARIE GEISINGER

The Savage Opera Company Draws Crowded Houses at the Tremont Theatre—"Faust," "Tannhaeuser" and the "Bohemian Girl" Next to Be Heard—Tonight's Creators Concert—Three Musicians of Note—Music of the Week—Local and Personal.



R. RUPERT HUGHES tells at length and with infinite gusto the sad or joyous tales of musicians and their wives, sweet-hearts, light-o'-loves, from the time of Mare Houter-

mann, whose wife, Joanna Gavadia, died the same year her husband died—and she was only 26 years old—to that of Tschalkowsky, with his passion for Desiree Artot, the singing woman, and with his amazing marriage, his taking the girl Antonina as wife, but only for a few months. Mr. Hughes' two volumes are interesting reading, and we shall speak of them again; but the author is here first of all an anecdotalist; he does not inquire into the possible causes of such marked disunion in the homes of so many musicians—composers, virtuosos, teachers, and even church organists or choir conductors. He contents himself with general reflections in conclusion:

"If any man argue to the effect that music has a moral influence on life, I will hurl at his head some of the most brilliant rascals in domestic chronicle; and equally, if any man will deny that music has a moral effect, I will barricade his path with some of the most beautiful lives that have ever bloomed upon earth. It is, after all, a matter of time, tide and temperament. * * * Musicians, then, are only ordinary clay, who happened to make music, instead of other things of more or less beauty or value. They are everyday puppets of circumstance and of inner and outer environment, who might have been happier and might have been unhappier with the women they wed or did not wed, had those women died younger, or lived longer—or with other women, or with none at all."

Such are the conclusions of Mr. Hughes, and they are gracefully superficial.

The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and wondered why his chariot was so long in coming and why the wheels of his chariot tarried. Her wise ladies sought to reassure her. "Have they not divided the prey, to every man a damsel or two?"

"To every man a damsel or two." This might serve as motto for an inquiry into musicians and their domestic relations. Let us now, in a spirit of love, as well as of sociological investigation, inquire.

A happy marriage may be defined as the triumph of tact on the part of the husband and on the part of the wife. There should be mutual tact, and tact includes forbearance.

Constant familiarity, which is mistaken for undying love, the familiarity that must come from close association in a flat of moderate size or in a small house, is a subtle and dangerous foe to domestic happiness. Before the wedding ceremony each lover is on guard, and there is always the thought of a presentation of only eminently agreeable and fascinating qualities. After the too familiar wedding march has been played, after the game is won, husband and wife throw off restraint, appear at ease and show themselves to each other as they really are—there is then tumultuous privacy.

Hence, certain philosophers advise men and women to live in separate apartments, if they wish to preserve for their natural life affection and esteem. The man, they argue, should always be actuated by the spirit of pursuit. The woman should have the opportunity of refusal. Why should she be bored at any hour by the chatter, by the egotism, by the selfishness of a man simply because he is her husband? In an ideal marriage, after the ceremony the wife should go to her apartment or house, which is her home, her castle. The husband should certainly have the right of calling whenever he should see fit, but he should run the risk of any caller; his wife should have the liberty of sending word that she is not at home. Either one may invite the other to dine or sup, to go to social or public enter-

tainments, to drive in the suburbs. The husband would find a fascination in calling at an hour that might provoke the gossip of the servants or neighbors. And what a pleasure there would be in welcoming a wife in a bachelor's apartment! Custom could never stifle affection in such a household. Wife and husband would each look forward to meetings. The romance would be exquisite and for life.

Other philosophers, earnest students of sociology, are inclined to favor the theory of Marshal Saxe, which was possibly based on the fact that a human being is radically changed during the course of every seven years. His theory was this: Husband and wife should go before a magistrate at the end of seven years of wedded life; each should say whether the union should continue; if either one had any cause, real or fancied, to complain, the union should be at an end, and any children born in the wedlock should be brought up at the expense of the state; if husband and wife should agree to continue life together, the union should then be broken only by the death of one of them. There should be only one opportunity, after a trial of seven years, for further marital adventure, for a "triumph of hope over experience."

Now these remarks are all of general application. They may well be heeded by lawyers, plumbers, lumbermen, clergy-men, burglars, stone masons, printers—by all engaged in any walk of life.

But with what greater force may they be applied to musicians and their wives.

The composer or virtuoso is necessarily high-strung, nervous and often irritable. Incessant vocal practice or practice on an instrument, the excitement of appearing in public with the alternate hopes and fears, the strain and the fury of composition as well as of performance—what wonder that the man or the woman is often, under such circumstances, an unwholesome companion for life, even when fidelity is the word graven on the heart. Was it not Mr. Andrew Lang who insisted that a literary man should be as little at home as possible, if he really loves his wife and wishes to keep her affection and respect?

The wife of a musician may be musical or unmusical. Let us suppose she is a professional musician; she sings or plays or teaches. If she performs in public she, too, is nervous—that is, if she is able to charm or thrill an audience. She has little time for the regulation of household affairs; she must practice, there are engagements that keep her from home. Is she eminently successful? Then she may easily be vainglorious. Her talk is of herself, what she has done, is doing, will do. If she is personally attractive, the husband's jealousy is easily aroused. If her life is a series of triumphs and her husband is only a mediocre composer or performer, she may learn to think lightly of his abilities; and on the other hand he may feel the artistic jealousy that, alas, is not uncommon among stage folk. Are there not comedians or tragedians who

seek divorce because the name of the sharer of joys and sorrows is displayed in more prominent type on a billboard? The composer may say: "Why do you not sing that song I wrote for you? It's the best thing I have done." And she will answer petulantly, still vexed by the thought of failing breath in a long phrase at a concert the night before: "What! That stuff? Are you crazy? Don't you value my reputation?" Or the wife does not sing well, yet she persists in singing. The husband knows her vocal faults; he marvels at her blindness and self-conceit; he reads adverse criticisms at first with indignation and pain, then with fiendish approbation, and he soon finds delight in the company of another who can do justice to his passionate strains. Is the wife a pianist, and does she play in chamber-music with her husband? "You ruined that sonata; the audience could not hear my violin."

Thus may life be as Jules Laforgue exclaimed, "too daily," a life of dissension, unpleasant criticism, jars, angry or biting words; a pitiable exhibition of destroying self-conceit and uncontrolled nervousness. There is always a man outside to applaud the wife; there is always some other singer or pianist who is the only true interpreter of the husband's immortal compositions.

The wife is not musical. She says, with a pretty pout: "I like music, but I don't know anything about it." Her husband, during the first months, adores her for her ignorance. He would not have her like so many professionals: A hustler, eaten up with vanity, eager for admiration, neglectful of simple household duties. Is he a composer? She interrupts him just as he is beginning to elaborate a superb and typical theme for his symphonic poem, "The Siren's Song," to be produced by Mr. De Koven's orchestra at Washington, D. C.; "Darling, what would you like with the hashed mutton at luncheon? Potatoes and macaroni, or some of that nice macaroni?" She begins to fret at his self-absorption; if he is a pianist or a violinist, she wearies of his practice—it makes her nervous; she does not understand his enthusiasm or that of his queer friends when they sit up late talking about music or wondering why so many without talent succeed; she is lonely; she is horribly bored. The poor

wretch is for a long time faithful to the egoist in every thought; she eases for his home; she nurses his children, and she is fortunate if she has a child to busy her mind; but she does not keep incense burning on the altar of his vanity. He begins to consider himself as misunderstood, unappreciated. His thoughts fly skyward; he's do not escape the confines of kitchen or sitting room. If he had only married a suitable mate, one that could sympathize with his radical views on form, harmonic progressions and instrumentation; one that really knew how well he played! It never enters his head that he is a foolish, vain, selfish, heartless, intolerable fellow; that he ought to thank the Lord on humble knees for such pure devotion. He leaves her—sometimes to support herself; why should the artist be bound down by humdrum, conventional ties? There is another woman who believes in him—until she, too, finds him out; or there is another woman who feels love that she may enter into what she vaguely dreams of as "an artistic life."

Thus it will be seen that a familiar German proverb is not merely epigrammatic: "One artist is too much for a wife, and one wife is not enough for an artist."

At there were a few who looked on the Geistinger with discriminative admiration, as Max Waldstein, who declared her at a masked ball: "She, the one, the loveliest woman of Greece, stood alone in cold majesty in her stinger, but her person always reminds me of the old English comedy of Sheridan (sic), 'Still Waters Run Deep.' In this passage is in Waldstein's biographic 'Reminiscences of Joseph Meyer,' and his 'Pepl' was for a time the rival of Meyer's.

Marie G. Istger made a short visit to this country five years ago, and was still amazingly versatile and vigorous. As a admirer wrote: "Her comprehensive genius adapted itself as readily to the sparkling gaiety of French opera bouffe as to the majestic passion of classic tragedy. Moreover, time treated her so gently that she could still suggest, if she did not feel, the glow of youth after she had passed the scriptural limit of three-score years and ten."

Maurice Kaufmann, an American violinist, who has been in Europe for 10 years, will make his debut at New York, Nov. 18, when he will be assisted by the New York Symphony orchestra. He spent five years in study under Hugo Hermann at Frankfurt, and then he took lessons of Cesar Thomson at Brussels, where he made his debut at an Ysaye concert. He has played with leading orchestras at Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig. It is said that he was offered the position held so long and honorably by Mr. C. M. Loeffler in the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Miss Vauthrin is one of the younger members of the Opera Comique, Paris, who is admired for her beauty, and is beginning to gain prominence as a singer.

PERSONAL.

Frederic Lamond the pianist is again complaining publicly that he is unpopular, although he has the habit of playing four or five sonatas by Beethoven at one sitting.

Miss Ada Crossley, the Australian contralto, now in her native land, "broke down" while rendering "Home, Sweet Home," and left the platform in the middle of a verse. Patti will not break down when she sings it here. She has sung it so often.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn said the other day: "Brahms seems to have an extraordinary effect upon his admirers. If you question his supreme right to one of the highest places in music, you seem thereby to make a personal attack upon all his various disciples."

Josef Hofmann considers Scriabine to be one of the greatest Russian composers now living. If not the most interesting, and he will play many of his piano pieces this season. He gave his first recital in London this season on the 15th.

Mark Hambourg, the pianist, sailed from Australia on Oct. 1 for England.

Leo Schultz formerly of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will play a new suite for 'cello by B. O. Klein at a Philharmonic concert in New York.

Henry Schoenfeld, a prominent teacher, pianist, conductor, composer at Chicago, has moved to New York. So has John Lund, formerly of Buffalo.

Isabella Rosati Caserini and her female orchestra of 20 harpists and two pianists will give their first concert in New York Nov. 16.

Mr. E. A. Baughan wrote in the Daily News (London). "I spent the whole of Saturday afternoon in analyzing the hold which Kubelik has on his audience. To put this down to mere fashionable caprice will not do. It is patent that he does move and fascinate. To musicians the fact is inexplicable, because as a violinist and as an artist, Kubelik has no commanding qualities. Even the power of executing difficult technical feats is not his alone. Then his tone, though beautifully sweet and pure, is neither big in volume nor emotional in timbre, and as an artist he shows many limitations of intellect and temperament. For these reasons violinists and musicians become impatient when a player of so many limitations can draw an immense audience, and yet much greater artists and greater players are very poorly supported in London. I think I have come to the bottom of Kubelik's success. It hinges on just one of those points which specialists are apt to overlook. The public is very intuitive in its judgments. It is quick to respond to any voice which arouses sentiment. On the whole, the public has no fixed ideas as to how certain music should be played. You may introduce portamento until the musician is mad with indignation; you may make all the music you play full of a feminine sentiment, but the public will not be worried by any sense of inappropriateness. Only no sham sentiment will pass; what you play you must feel; it must be a sincere expression of yourself. And that is the secret of Kubelik's hold on his audience. He never pretends to more than he feels, and he has a magnetic individuality. All this the audience unconsciously grasps, and without a question gives itself up to the violinist. Of course, an audience more conversant with the great violinists and with the great violin literature has more fixed standards of taste in violin playing."

The late Rosine Stoltz, who created the part of Leonora in "La Favorite," was a believer in Spiritualism, and she used to listen to Donizetti talking to her "from up above." As she was born on the day of the Duc de Berri's death, the widowed duchess was her friend through life; she educated her and sent her to her school. She was married four times. Her first husband was a lawyer; her second was a haron or a count; her third a duke, and her fourth a prince—she was then over 60 years old. She died her letters in 1879. "Rosa, Duchesse et Princesse de Lesignano, Princesse de Bassano, de Godoy et de la Roche, Baron, et Comtesse de Ketschendorf, de Marquise d'Altavilla (Rose Stoltz)." Leon Pilet the manager of the Opera, Paris, in the late thirties and in the forties was in love with her, and she ruled him and the opera house with a rod of iron, so that in 1847 the government decided to dismiss both manager and singer. She was hissed by members of the audience at a performance of "L'opéra-Brace" Dec. 30, 1846, and some indicated her greatly when she was on

the stage. This scandal led to the decision of the government. Yet some years after she sang for a time at the Opera in her leading parts. A phrase Royer described her as "passionate, violent, dramatic beyond description. She was unequal, but had a savage power. She had succeeded in training a merely passable contralto voice of small range to such an extent that she managed to produce with it the most marvellous effects. She lived her parts as no one else did before or ever will. She was wild, fascinating, had a dare-devil and headstrong character. She was born to be an empress, and would have made a splendid Catherine of Russia in real life."

The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote on Oct. 7: "The friends of Maestro Puccini have been much gratified to hear the latest reports of his health from Paris. He is in the French capital for the first representation there of his 'Tosca,' and, incidentally, to receive treatment from a French doctor. Early last spring his leg was badly broken in a motor car accident, and until now the bones have failed to knit. The French doctor is of opinion that the much-talked-of operation will not be necessary, asserting that the splinter of bone, which was supposed to prevent the healing of the wound, does not exist. However, it must be confessed that the maestro himself does not appear as hopeful as his physicians. The doctor is now endeavoring to get Dr. so that he will be able to bend his knee and walk slowly. Puccini's friends regard with feelings of anxiety the condition of his leg."

A strong man of last year, now so much reduced in strength, yet bearing his trouble with a patience which makes them the more frantic. His intention to buy a new automobile seems to them the act of a madman, but it would take more than lameness to keep Puccini from the sport which he likes the best. "If I can't shoot any more," he says to those who remonstrate, "at least I shall have the pleasure of flying over the ground."

Conductors in London, as well as in American cities, know the fierce light. One "F" wrote thus, Oct. 6, to the Pall Mall Gazette about Mr. Wood, who will conduct a concert of the Philharmonic Society, New York, this season: "Without meaning to be ill-natured or churlish, I must confess that Mr. Wood, with all his talent, seems to me not to be a conductor at all. Wagner made two classes: conductors and time-beaters. Mr. Wood is an admirable, energetic time-beater. Look at him as he works—muscles, elbows, head, in movement, everything gesticulates; the more noise and exertion required, the more gymnastically he moves. He assumes that his men will not respond save to the crack of the whip, like a muleteer, who at the foot of a hill rushes along beside his cattle, prodding, shouting and whipping them up till they reach the top. Mr. Wood has a special up-and-down movement of his elbows. Of his baton he makes a scourge. Does he know that conducting is all emotion? It is the influence of soul over soul, not a man flourishing a stick. Any one that has watched Mottl, Richter, Lamoureux will have seen that all is done now by the eye—now by a meaning glance, now by a burst of excitement, still shown in the face. Abroad, till lately, the conductor always used his fiddle bow to indicate what he wanted, as it were, to catch the eye of the players, but this vulgar gesticulating and 'whacking' of air has no meaning. Mr. Wood quite perspires with his tremendous muscular exertions. The poor 'litteral' English, who must have everything put coarsely before them, believe firmly that their poor Mr. Wood is one of the foremost conductors of Europe. I have recently been listening to some fine bands abroad, and was struck, by contrast, with the coarseness of this Wood orchestra, which has no ideas of delicacy. His drums are perfectly awful, from the violence with which they are played. His trombones are ever encouraged to blast as loud as they can. The horns often 'miss their tip' when their notes are high. Above all, there is a total absence of that lovely blending into one whole of string, wood and brass so that it seems as even as a chord upon the piano. Wood has no notion of this, but allows each to work for his own hand and make the most of his note. This blending Mottl and Lamoureux brought to perfection. There is no refinement, no pianissimo in Mr. Wood's orchestra."

ORCHESTRAL WORKS.

An overture, "St. Hubert's Day," by A. N. Wight, a symphony by Edgar Bainton and a new piano concerto by R. H. Walthew are among the novelties produced by Dan Godfrey at the Winter Gardens, Bourne-Mouth (England), this season.

Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Dukas' "The Apprentice Sorcerer" and Rabaud's "Nocturnal Procession" will be played by the Cincinnati orchestra this season.

The programme of the Chicago orchestra concert given last night under Mr. Thomas' direction included Wagner's "Huldigungsmarsch," Beethoven's seventh symphony, extracts from Brucna's "Mossidor," variations on a Russian theme by Artiboucheff, Wihot, Liadoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Sokoloff and Glazounoff, and Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture.

Handel's concerto in F for two wind orchestras and strings was played for the first time in England at a promenade concert, London, Oct. 1.

Rene Lenormand's piano concerto in F op. 52 was played for the first time in England at a promenade concert Oct. 1, with Fanny Davies as pianist. The work, which was played last season at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, is conspicuous "for its breadth of design and avoidance of the usual favors generally bestowed on the solo instrument in concertos." It is described as highly dra-

matic. At the same concert, "Wend a Indian Rhapsody," produced at the Hartford festival recently, was performed in London for the first time.

Granville Bantock's "Russian Scenes," a suite, and the overture to a one-act opera, "Waldesluft," by Josef Nesvera, were the novelties at a promenade concert, London, Oct. 1.

H. J. Stewart's incidental music to Louis Robertson's drama, "Montezuma," was played at the last of Fritz Scheel's symphony concerts in San Francisco.

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

"A Chinese Honeymoon" celebrated its second anniversary at London, Oct. 5, and the critics, says the Pall Mall Gazette, "once more confessed to finding their forebodings had for once miscarried. The play has a plentiful lack, as Hamlet would say, of many of the qualities those fastidious gentry lay down as essentials in musical comedy; but the discipline and overhauling it received in its youth did what a Spartan regimen often does, it hardened the youngster and made it thrive. It is not the first time a modern play has defied augury and proved a huge success."

The plot of Zump's posthumous opera "Sawitri"—libretto by Spork—is as follows: Madras; 400 B. C.; Sawitri, daughter of the King, beautiful and noble, pities Savitar, the son of a dethroned king, then loves and marries him, although she knows it is heaven's decree that he should die at the end of two years of wedlock. At the fatal, appointed time, she, a widow in her weeds, descends to the realm of the dead and rescues by the force of her love her husband from the shades.

The first performance of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will be on Dec. 24. Subsequent performances are announced for Dec. 31, Jan. 7, 14, 21, and "more than 10 may be given." The curtain will rise at 5 P. M. There will be an intermission of an hour and three-quarters after the first act, and the curtain will fall about 11 P. M. The cast will be as follows: Kundry, Ternina; Amfortas, Van Rooy; Titurel, Muehlmann; Gurnemanz, Blass; Klingsor, Goritz; Parsifal, Burgstaller. The boys' chorus will be sung by the choir of Calvary Church. Camille Seydage, Fanchon Thompson, Selma Kionold and Isabelle Bouton will be among the flower girls. The performances will be prepared by Felix Mottl and conducted by Alfred Hertz.

Wolf-Ferrari's musical comedy, "Die Neugierigen Frauen," which he produced at Munich this coming winter, "Vigilia di nozze," a "dramatic picture in three acts, by Enrico Golisciani and Teofilo de Angelis, has been produced at Perugia. The chief singers were Camilla Pasini and the tenor, Martinez-Patti. "The plot is in the old-fashioned romantic vein, and the music is melodically feeble and without originality."

Reynaldo Hahn is writing the music for a little piece, "Zozotte," to be produced at the Opera Comique, Paris. Miss Chasles will be the chief pantomimist.

"Chouchette," an operetta by Claude Terrasse, which ran 150 nights at the Capucines, Paris, will be transferred to the larger stage of the Varieties.

A new fantastical ballet, "Vincland," music by Leopold Wenzel, was produced at the Empire, London, Sept. 26. A party meets to celebrate the betrothed of Alderman Brand's daughter and her sweetheart. Simon, the chief cellerman, is a rejected suitor, and after the party has left the alderman's cellar, Simon drinks to forget. The spirit of Alcohol torments him, whereupon Simon invokes Bacchus, who frees him. The succeeding tableaux represent the Rhine, Oporto, and the Champagne districts with corresponding divertissements. The chief dancers were Miss Genee, Miss Cora, Miss Zanpreti and Miss Papucci. The old tune, "Simon the Cellarer," was introduced by Mr. Wenzel into his score.

"Bruder Straubinger," an operetta by Eyssler of Vienna, was produced at the Central Theatre, Berlin, Sept. 26. The light music won popular applause.

"The Toreador," by Monckton and Carlyle, has been produced in Vienna. Dr. Otto Neitzel's new opera, "Barbarina," will be produced at Wiesbaden. The composer wrote the text.

Helrich Melcer, once teacher at the Vienna Conservatory, has composed an opera, "Maria," which will be produced at Lemberg.

"Moretta," a new opera by Fimlani, was condemned at Leghorn, but a poor performance may have influenced the verdict.

Rosina Storchio will probably create the part of Mme. Butterfly in Puccini's new opera. Caruso will be the tenor.

"Messalliance," a "tanzaaerchen," music by G. von Roessler, has been produced at Cassel.

A critic in the Referee writes concerning the performance of "Dolly Varden" in London: "Miss Mabelle Gilman, who plays Dolly Varden, has all the arts of comic opera at the tips of her fingers, or her toes, and her vivacious performance also would be improved by moderation of her transports. They are all so restless. Every one works so hard that it makes one tired, as the American saying is. It is a violent change from the English manner of taking things easy."

"Alpenkoenig und Menschenfeind," a new opera in three acts, music by Leo Bleck, was produced at the Dresden Opera House Oct. 1. The text by the composer, assisted by R. Batka of Prague, is founded on F. Raimund's romantic-comic fairy tale of the same title as the opera. The music is described as most skilfully constructed, but it does not touch the heart.

Alfred de Musset's "La Mouche" and "Rolla" have been turned respectively into an opera comique. Andre Heli has written music for the former; Georges de Lys for the second.

Philippo Pedrell has published the libretto of his new lyric drama, "La Ce-

lestina, based on the tragedy of the same name by Fernando de Rojas, of which a translation is included in the "Drama" series. Pedrell preserves the characters, the action and even the original words in dialogue. The first act opens with the meeting of Callisto and Melibea, and in the last act the lovers die.

GOUNOD'S "FAUST" AT THE TREMONT

An Excellent Performance by Mr. Savage's Grand Opera Company, Singing in English.

AN UNCOMMONLY GOOD ENSEMBLE.

Artistic Growth of Miss Rennyson—A Large, Deeply Interested and Applauding Audience.

Mr. Savage's grand opera company, singing in English, began last night at the Tremont Theatre the second week of the engagement. The opera was Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Emanuel conducted. The cast was as follows:

Faust.....Mr. Sheehan
Valentine.....Mr. Gott
Wagner.....Mr. McKinnon
Mephistopheles.....Mr. Boyle
Marguerite.....Miss Rennyson
Siebel.....Miss Newman
Martha.....Miss McGahan

When a play or an opera is based on a poem or a novel, neither the audience nor the professional critic is supposed to consider how far the playwright or the librettist departed from the text or the spirit of the original. For the critic the original source does not exist; he is concerned only with the play or the libretto itself.

These are sound principles. Yet it is hard during a performance of "Carmen" to forget the heroine of Prosper Merimee, and when we see the operatic Marguerite, thought turns naturally to the loving maiden with hands roughened by household work, the maiden who wondered whether Faust ever prayed; and thinking of her we are impatient with the librettists for their glove-box beauty, who is inclined to simper and to exclaim: "O Herr Faust, you are too kind!"

We are all accustomed to widely varying impersonations of Marguerite. There are some women who are not content with the conventional figure as painted in pale colors by the two ingenious Frenchmen. These women feel the part in another way, and they are quickened by their instinct and their blood. And so, some years apart, Pauline Lucca and Emma Calve, both of them women of the people and eminently womanly, moved the audience by an emotional impersonation of a simple girl, betrayed and abandoned. In either instance Faust hardly needed the help of Mephistopheles.

There are sopranos who act the part gracefully and decorously, with elaborate and incongruous refinement, in accordance with the French traditions. There are some who sing the music as though it were composed for an oratorio, and in the action of the tragedy Mephistopheles is obliged to exert his utmost, with the full strength of the electric lights, to bring on the catastrophe. Or will Mary Garden's view of the character be imitated by others? Her Marguerite has been described as an unsophisticated, thoughtless creature, amiable, accommodating, with an admiration for all the pleasant things of life.

A year ago Miss Rennyson, then practically without operatic experience, who still remembered anxiously her teachers, obeyed routine injunctions, and as a play-actress was mildly agreeable. Her performance was smooth and unemotional, nor was there relieving crudeness of originality. Her impersonation last night showed a marked advance. While it was not strikingly individual, it was by no means commonplace. Her entrance, which often determines the pitch for the rest of the performance, suffered from the peculiar self-consciousness from which she is not yet free. In this instance it was aggravated, and her first scene with Faust was over elaborated and mannered. There was no true simplicity.

The lady did protest till it lost character. But in the garden scene and in the church scene Miss Rennyson proved that she understood the value of dramatic technique and had acquired it in a certain measure. As an actress she has, paradoxical as the phrase may seem, natural gifts against which she must struggle; for the charm of her natural expression is somewhat rigid, and her face is not mobile—it does not unconsciously or consciously suit immediately the situation or the emotion.

...on a... in a variety of facial... and in meaning of gesture... should remember as an encourage... that it was many years before... was able to rid herself of an... smile. While, therefore, Miss... son's impersonation was neither... ally nor artfully spontaneous, it... maldenly and, again, womanly, and... a thoroughly consistent throughout... sang for the most part very well... in emotional song and in bravura... the voice itself fared better in... than in Puccini's music. There... delightful lyric passages, and... then there was a demand for the dis... of passion the tones were warm... fall and the climaxes were mus... in their intensity; the singer sang... did not merely declaim; she did not... am. All in all, a performance that... gives respectful consideration... the performance as a whole was ex... one that would have been cred... to a much more pretentious com... demanding metropolitan prices of... Mr. Sheehan sang with true... of tone and with free and genu... power. He has gained materially... the last year in histrionic ease... authority. Furthermore, he looked... young Faust, and there was no... of a rheumatic philosopher re... manded only for the purpose of win... Marguerite.

...more than satisfactory throughout, he... indeed, admirable in his song to... Marguerite's dwelling, which he sang... tender lover, not as a speculator in... estate, and not as a tenor justly... about concerning the high note at the... of Goff, as Valentine, sang finely... effectively, and Miss Newman was... more interesting as Siebel than as... tuzza, for she was less restrained in... and her voice was heard to bet... advantage.

...There are several ways of acting the... of Mephistopheles. The part may... made frankly melodramatic; it may... made subtle and sinister; Mephisto... phes may be represented as sardonic... inclined toward clowning, and there... other ways. Mr. Boyle preferred to... portray the fiend as a sedate and mid... aged person, who, through travel... subterranean experience, had... earned to eschew the vanities of the... world, and yet was not thereby soured... cynical—just the person to supervise... conduct of a young man sent by... parents to Europe for a liberal edu... cation.

...Nevertheless, Mr. Boyle once dis... played uncommon agility, for he sang... out the calf of gold at a faster pace... an had ever been taken before his... y. Perhaps Mr. Emanuel, who, on... whole, conducted with much au... rity, was the one truly responsible... such uncommon speed. The minor parts were adequately re... presented; the chorus was worthy of Mr... Savage's just confidence and pride, and... orchestra played with discrimina... tion. The opera was well mounted in... respects. Especially effective was... management of the apparition of... ephistopheles in the church scene... idiom, if ever, has the opera been... pressed here with such attention to mise... scene. The only criticism that might... made would be one concerning the... eruse of electrical effects. There was a large, deeply interested... warmly applauding audience.

...Faust" will be repeated at the... ednesday matinee with Mme. Norelli... d Messrs. Riviere, Marsano and Ben... ett, and on Friday night with Mme... orelli and Messrs. Sheehan, Goff and... yle. The opera this evening will be "Tann... haeuser." Mr. Schenck will conduct... he cast will be as follows: Elisabeth... iss Rennyson; Venus, Miss Newman;... annhaeuser, Mr. Gherardi; Wolfram... r. Marsano; the Landgrave, Mr. Ben... ett.

001-28-1903
TANNHAEUSER
SUNG IN ENGLISH

Unsatisfactory Per...
formance Given by the
Savage Company at the
Tremont Theatre.

ANGERS UNEQUAL
TO TASK ASSIGNED.

Evening Concert for the
Season by the Kneisel
Quartet—Kopyloff's Work
Pleasing Feature.

...Savage's grand opera company...
sing in English, performed Wagner's...
nnhaeuser" last night at the Tre...
t Theatre, Mr. Schenck conducted...
cast was as follows:

...Mr. Gherardi...
...Miss Rennyson...
...Miss Newman...
...Miss Sheehan...
...Miss Goff...
...Miss Boyle...
...Miss Scribner...
...Miss Brooks...
...Miss Ivel...
...Miss MaGahan...

"Tannhaeuser" is not an opera to be...
by every company, and Mr. Sav...
ge's company should look upon it as...
ough it were taboo. The performance last evening was...
positively bad, and in nearly all re...
pects inadequate and uninteresting. It...
is true that the orchestra was enlarged;...
it is true that in the hunting scene...
game and stuffed birds were introduced;...
but "Tannhaeuser" is something more...
than an affair of the stage carpenter...
the scene painter or the property ma...
the opera demands dramatic singers...
trained thoroughly in the Wagnerian...
school; it demands a superb orchestra...
conducted by an experienced and tem...
peramental leader; and there must be...
in atmosphere; otherwise the scenes...
drag and the music is without vitality...
r meaning.

It is not necessary to speak in detail...
of the performance of the singers last...
evening. Mr. Gherardi, a pleasant singer...
with a knowledge of routine in lighter...
works, is not the man to portray...
he knight who had dwelt with Venus...
in the mountain, who remembered re...
spectfully that life even when he was...
singing of love in the presence of the...
saintly Elisabeth, who, then remorseful...
was rejected and spurned by God's...
representative on earth, and would fain...
breathe again the hot air of the Horel...
Mr. Gherardi was merely a tenor singer...
who had been chosen for a part beyond...
his capacity.

Where was the ponderous dignity of...
he Landgrave? Where was the rough...
leference of conventional and approved...
ove that breaks forth from Biterolf?...
Where was the sensuous charm of...
Venus? And Wolfram? How could he...
be true to Elisabeth when he was so...
leasantly false to the pitch? "False in...
one thing, false in all" is a maxim that...
may be applied to art in the opera house...
as well as to evidence in the court room.

Then there was the Elisabeth of Miss...
Rennyson. There was, no doubt, the...
earnest endeavor, but what have good...
intentions to do with an impersonation?...
Maidenly simplicity is the chief charac...
teristic of Elisabeth, not the simplicity...
of the ingenu, but the simplicity of a...
woman of noble line and high position...
the simplicity of a woman whose purity...
discerned even Tannhaeuser. The...
simplicity of a woman who was to be...
won only by fasting and prayer. The...
part taxes the resources of an experi...
enced actress; Miss Rennyson is still...
a singer rather than an actress, and...
last night she labored in song; she...
pinched phrases to gain effect; she...
dragged the first measures of phrases...
to be, forsooth, emotional. Seldom if...
ever did gesture or facial play serve to...
italicize or to confirm the phrase. The...
gestures were inopportune, futile. There...
was no effect gained by dignity or calm...
sweetness of repose. There was no...
eloquence of face or body.

"Tannhaeuser" is an opera that easily...
becomes a bore; and cutting it only...
accentuates the boring qualities. The...
scene in the hill of Venus must be a...
deliberate and irresistible appeal if it...
is to be effective. Even the hardened...
stage men of the Paris Opera were...
amazed at the scenario proposed by...
Wagner for the tableaux and the group...
ing of dancers in this scene, and his...
luxurious wishes were not followed...
What did we see and hear last night?...
The scene was shortened so that the...
one truly amorous and seducing song...
put in Venus' mouth was wholly...
omitted. There were no roscate mists...
through which embracing, languishing...
lovers were disclosed, there were no...
groupings; there was no suggestion of...
the sensual delights which haunted...
Tannhaeuser until he saw the funeral...
procession and the body of the dead...
Elisabeth.

And so we might go through the per...
formance. Nowhere was there authority...
of presentation, either in the scene...
where the landgrave and his followers...
meet their lost comrade, or in the scene...
of the singers' tournament, which...
demands the utmost attention to every...
detail to save it from being a burlesque...
or in the return of the pilgrims, where...
the waiting, sorrowing, praying woman...
searches in vain for the man lost to her...
and at last, as she believes, to heaven...
And even her prayer was cut as with an...
axe.

Liberties may be taken with many...
operas, and in the rush of the passion...
ate music they may be lost sight of or...
forgiven; but an opera by Wagner must...
be given as he intended it or it is...
naught. If it be said in reply that...
such a performance is not to be expect...
ed when the prices of admission are...
reasonable, the answer is easy: It is...
unreasonable, then, to try to perform...
such an opera.

A performance of "Tannhaeuser" worth...
the name must be charged with the...
spirit of the legend. There must be...
the belief of the period. Venus must...
reign in all her sumptuous and pagan...
loveliness, reign unabashed and fear...
less of the new creed. Her power must...
be acknowledged; she must be loathed...
by such women as Elisabeth with un...
utterable loathing; and she must be as...
a lodestone to gallant knights of song...
There must be the pomp, the ceremony...
of the court; there must be the cruel...
intolerance toward the sinner, with the...
blind belief in the saving efficacy of...
the pilgrimage. There must, in a word...
be the full naivete and splendor of the...
legend. A "popular" performance of...
"Tannhaeuser" is impossible. Without...
heroic singers, without dramatic pic...
turesqueness and intensity, without...
courtly grace and chivalric feeling, the...
opera is a cheap and tawdry thing...
which evokes yawning laughter.

The audience, smaller than on pre...
ceding nights, was moderate in ap...
plause. "Tannhaeuser" will be perform...
ed on Thursday night and at the Saturday...
matinee. The opera this afternoon will...
be "Faust" with Mme. Norelli, Miss New...
man, Messrs. Riviere, Marsano and Ben...
nett (his debut as Mephistopheles).

...Mr. Gherardi...
...Miss Rennyson...
...Miss Newman...
...Miss Sheehan...
...Miss Goff...
...Miss Boyle...
...Miss Scribner...
...Miss Brooks...
...Miss Ivel...
...Miss MaGahan...

KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERT.

New Quartet in G Major by Alexander...
Kopyloff Proves of More Than...
Usual Interest.

The first of the Kneisel quartet con...
certs this season was given last night...
at Potter Hall. The programme was as...
follows:

Quartet in F minor (posth.).....Schubert
Piano Trio.....Smetana
Quartet in G major, Op. 15.....Kopyloff
(First time.)

Schubert's quartet and Smetana's trio...
were the familiar pieces and as before...
they gave much pleasure. It is need...
less to say they were played with the...
sympathy, appreciation and consummate...
skill that characterize the perform...
ances of the Kneisel quartet and have...
made them justly famous, not only here...
in Boston, but in many other American...
cities, and even on the Pacific coast...
The pianist on this occasion was Mr...
Gebhard.

The novelty was a quartet in G major...
by Alexander Kopyloff, and it proved to...
me a work of more than ordinary inter...
est. The composer is ranked as a mem...
ber of the younger Russian school, al...
though he was born in 1854 at St. Peters...

burg, where he was educated and where...
he was busied as a teacher of singing in...
the Imperial Chapel. He has composed...
a symphony in C, a scherzo for orches...
tra, two quartets and other pieces for...
strings, piano pieces, choruses and...
songs. The first of the quartets is the...
one played last night, dedicated to Rim...
sky-Korsakoff. It was published in 1890;...
the second, published in 1894, is dedi...
cated to the memory of Tchaikowsky.

This first quartet opens with an im...
pressive introduction in E minor. The...
main body of the first movement is...
fresh and spontaneous; the themes are...
attractive and they are developed in...
masterly fashion. The second move...
ment, a scherzo, is a brilliant and ex...
ceedingly difficult presto in D major...
The third movement, an andante in E...
minor, is for the most part a lament...
ation of poignant intensity. The har...
monies are at times strange, but never...
too laboriously thought out and they...
are very effective.

Nor is the interest diminished by un...
due length, nor is it frittered away by...
over-elaboration. The finale is some...
thing more than a perfunctory close...
and the relieving episodes are of genu...
ine beauty. The workmanship through...
out is that of a man sure of his power...
and not given to experiment. There...
is no dry display of contrapuntal tech...
nic, but each part is carefully nour...
ished, and the melodic thought is con...
stant.

Mr. Kneisel is to be thanked heartily...
for the production of such a refreshing...
quartet, and he and his colleagues are...
to be congratulated with equal warm...
th on the brilliance and power of the...
performance.

001-29-1903
"BOHEMIAN GIRL"
AT THE TREMONT

A Pleasing Performance...
of the Old Favorite Given...
by the Savage Grand...
Opera Company.

MISS BROOKS IN
ROLE OF ARLINE.

Mr. Sheehan, as Thaddeus,
Wins Applause—Encores
Frequent Throughout the
Production.

Mr. Savage's Grand Opera Company...
singing in English gave a performance...
of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" last night...
at the Tremont Theatre. Mr. Emanuel...
conducted. The cast was as follows:

Count Arnheim.....Mr. Goff
Thaddeus.....Mr. Sheehan
Florestia.....Mr. Fulton
Devilshoof.....Mr. Boyle
Captain of the guard.....Mr. Scribner
Arline.....Miss Brooks
Queen of the gypsies.....Miss Ivel
Buda.....Miss MaGahan

We have taken with us a copy of...
the public. The libretto is a...
well-arranged plot. Who is...
worried by the plot? Who is...
were more of it. It is difficult to...
who is the most amusing in soliloqu...
moments, the count with his bowed...
heart or Arline in various situa...
tions, or Thaddeus, the proud and senti...
mental exile from the fair land of...
Poland, which was "ploughed by the...
hoof of the restless invader with might...
Any one of them is much more amu...
sious than Florestine. In soliloquy the...
count is easily the first. He is first...
cousin to the Stranger, otherwise known...
as Mr. Hailer, in depth of woe and in...
pression of sentiment. And who would...
not gladly hear over and over again that...
verse sung by Thaddeus—the verse that...
tells of hollow hearts wearing a mask?...
Bunn was your true cardiac poet, and...
at the same time, how he unconsciously...
surpassed all his followers, as Edward...
Leary, with his books of nonsense...
sayings. Even were there no tunes...
"The Bohemian Girl" would be a de...
light.

And Balfe set the fitting, what Flaub...
ert would have called, the inevitable...
music to this text. There was no other...
way to treat it musically. For once...
poetry and music kissed each other.

Miss Brooks had a better opportunity...
as Arline than as Micaëla. Her voice...
is agreeable and sympathetic; it is...
pleasant, and she sings with ease and...
with evident enjoyment. She is crude...
as an actress, and this is not surpris...
ing, for her experience has been very...
slight; but even in this crudeness there...
is something that is not displeasing; it...
is far less irritating than labored artifi...
ciality or wearying self-consciousness...
Miss Brooks, naturally, shows inexperience...
in many ways; but she has a voice, she...
sings effectively, and she has this in...
her favor: She has that mysterious...
glint, which is not necessarily associ...
ated with strikingly handsome face...
or figure, of enlivening at once the...
face of the audience. She has a great...
deal to learn, but we believe that she...
will show profitable results.

Mr. Sheehan declaimed the song of...
Poland's sad fate and produced his...
certificate of noble birth with app...
compelling spirit. Mr. Boyle was much...
more at ease as Devilshoof than as...
Mephistopheles. Mr. Goff sang Balfe's...
airs with the conscientiousness he would...
display in music by Verdi or Puccini...
Mr. Fulton was a Florestine without...
exaggeration, and Miss Ivel took the...
only view of the Gypsy Queen that is...
authoritative—she was frankly melo...
dramatic. The chorus was excellent;...
the child in the first act behaved...
with uncommon discretion; the solos in...
the entr'actes were liberally applauded...
and Mr. Emanuel conducted as though...
the opera were a new and important...
work. There were encores and there was...
prevailing good feeling.

"The Bohemian Girl" will be per...
formed on Friday night. The opera...
this evening will be "Tannhaeuser,"...
with Miss Rennyson, Miss Newman...
Messrs. Gherardi, Marsano and Benn...
ett as the chief singers.

MR. FAELTEN'S CONCERT.

Mr. Carl Faelten's first recital of the...
season took place in Huntington Cham...
bers Hall last evening before a large...
and delighted audience. Mr. Faelten...
has planned to play, this season, the...
last six sonatas of Beethoven, and his...
performance of the first one of the...
series, Opus 90, last evening, gave...
promise of a rare treat in store for...
the music lovers who attend these recitals...
These pieces were all played in Mr...
Faelten's finished and scholarly style:

Prelude and Fugue, C major.....Bach
Sonata, op. 51, No. 2.....Beethoven
Sonata, op. 90.....Beethoven
Polonaise, op. 53.....Chopin
Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2.....Chopin
Etude, op. 25, No. 2.....Chopin
Valse, op. 34, No. 1.....Chopin
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 4.....Liszt

The next recital will take place Nov...
25.

MME. JAFFA'S CONCERT.

Mme. Jaffa gave a piano recital last...
night in Stehert Hall. It was her first...
appearance in this city. Born at Lon...
don, she went at an early age to Brus...
sels, where she studied the piano, but...
she completed her studies at the Con...
servatory of Liege. As a virtuoso she...
has had much experience in Europe...
Australia and on the Pacific coast. Her...
programme last night was diversified...
and long—too long. It included Beetho...
ven's sonata op. 27, No. 1, pieces by...
Bach, Schubert, Kalkbrenner, six pieces...
by Chopin, Grieg's sonata in E minor...
Liszt's "Venezia e Napoli" and trans...
criptions from "Tannhaeuser" and...
"Lohengrin." Jaffa's readings of Chopin...
are interesting, for she studied the...
works of that composer with Jahn...
who was in turn a pupil of the com...
poser.

001-30-1903
GADSKI TO SING
AT THE SYMPHONY

Aria from "Der Freis...
chuetz" and Two Schu...
bert Songs Her Choice...
for Today.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS D'INDY'S BALLAD.

"The Enchanted Forest" to
Be Heard First Time in
Boston—Felix Mottl Ar-
rives in New York.

The solo singer at the third public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon and at the concert tomorrow night will be Mme. Johanna Gadschi. It will be her second appearance at these concerts. Her first was on Oct. 29, 1898, when she sang in German "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster!" from "Oberon," and Elisabeth's Greeting from "Tannhauser." She will not sing today the arias announced, viz.: One from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," which Melba sang some years ago, and "Pleurez, Més. Yeux," from Massenet's "Cid," which Emma Eames sang here at a Symphony concert in 1893. After Mme. Gadschi's arrival in New York Wednesday she spent some time in weighing the comparative advantages of this aria and that one, and yesterday she finally decided to sing Agathe's familiar recitative and aria from "Der Freischuetz," and two songs by Schubert: "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" and "The Erlking." Mme. Gadschi, born at Auklam in Pomerania, June 15, 1872, studied at Stettin and made her first operatic appearance at Kroll's, Berlin, in May, 1891, as Pamina in the "Magic Flute." In 1894 she became a member of the Bremen opera company. Her first appearance in Boston was as Elsa, April 2, 1895, when she was a member of the Damrosch German opera company. She married in 1892 Mr. Hans Tauscher, who was then an army officer.

The orchestral pieces will be Goldmark's well known "Sakuntala" overture, Vincent d'Indy's "The Enchanted Forest" and Schumann's romantic symphony in D minor, which was a favorite with Mr. Nikisch. D'Indy's "Enchanted Forest," op. 8, will be performed in Boston for the first time, yet it is an early work of this talented and fastidious composer. It was written in 1878 and it was played for the first time at a "Concert Populaire," conducted by Paderloup at Paris March 24 of that year. The music, a legendary ballad for orchestra, is in illustration of Uhlant's ballad, "Harald," which he wrote for a drama, "Tamlan und Jane." The drama, founded on an old Scotch ballad—it is in many collections, as in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—was never completed; the poem was published in 1810. Harald and his knights ride through the forest. The knights are pelted with roses by elves; they are wooed and caressed, then dragged from their horses, and borne away to Fairyland. Harald's armor of steel protects him from the blandishments and wiles of the elves, but, lonely, he wanders and at last drinks of a spring and falls asleep. He is still sleeping, and around him, as he sits, gray-haired and gray-bearded, the elves by moonlight circle slowly about him; but when the storm roars, he stirs uneasily and reaches for his sword.

D'Indy wrote this music when, a pupil of Cesar Franck, he was a warm admirer of the German romantic school. He made pilgrimages to Weimar, Bayreuth, and even to Vienna, where he hoped to see Brahms, and not finding him he tracked him to his lair at Tutzing, where Brahms was anything but amiable. The Ballade has been played in Chicago by Mr. Thomas' orchestra.

The chief events of next week are the first production here in English of Verdi's opera, "Othello," by Mr. Savage's company; the first piano recital of Mr. Harold Bauer; and the first appearance in Boston of Mr. Jacques Thibaud, the eminent, though young, French violinist, whose marked abilities are recognized throughout Europe. Mr. Thibaud will make his first appearance in this country today at New York and at Mr. Wetzler's orchestral concert. At his afternoon recital a week from Saturday at Jordan Hall—there will be no Symphony concert next week—Mr. Thibaud will play with Mr. Andre Benoit Cesar Franck's sonata for violin and piano and solo pieces by Bach, Chopin, Wilhelm, Saint-Saens, Vieuxtemps, Marsick, Guiraud and Wieniawski.

Mr. Bauer will play at his recital next Wednesday afternoon, at Steiner Hall, Brahms' variations on a theme by Handel; Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor; Chopin's polonaise in E flat minor, etude in C sharp minor, nocturne in F sharp minor and Tarantelle; Schubert's impromptu in A flat, and Saint-Saens' etude in the form of a waltz.

The soloist at the Symphony concerts a fortnight from today and tomorrow will be Miss Adele aus der Ohe, who will play a piano concerto by H. II. Hubs of New York. There are few distinguished virtuosos who are willing to play a wholly unfamiliar work, especially when it is by an American. Teresa Carreno has played MacDowell's second concerto in Europe as well as in this country, but the virtuoso as a rule prefers to do with a sure applause winner. And after all, even a virtuoso may in certain respects be human.

Felix Mottl was safely landed in New York on Wednesday. He is to be general musical director and supervisor at the Metropolitan Opera House; but, when a reporter ventured to ask him how he felt about the production of "Parsifal" and whether he considered the music greater than "The Ring" or "Tristan," Mr. Mottl asked Mr. Mottl not to answer, lest, by injudicious remarks, he might injure the feelings of both Cosima Wagner and the manager and, incidentally, hurt the business. Mr. Mottl will prepare the production of "Parsifal" at rehearsal, but he will hand over the stick to Mr. Hertz on the eventful day. This is nice conduct. Let us hope that Mr. Hertz has a retentive memory. Perhaps Cosima may yet be persuaded to come over to sit in a stockholder's box, so that she may confirm her suspicions. She would not be the least important feature of the show. We saw her at Bayreuth in 1882, the first year of "Parsifal." She and her husband and Liszt and the miscellaneous children and grandchildren were all together, and even in such company she seemed a dominating person, with a nose full of determination, a nose to threaten and command.

PERSONAL.

It looks as though Georgette Leblanc had left permanently the opera house for the theatre. She will play with her own company in Germany, Austria, Denmark, in the plays of Maeterlinck, her husband, "Monna Vanna," "Joyzelle," "L'Intruse," and the new play, "Saint Anthony."

Saint-Saens is about to make a concert tour in Germany which will last till well into November.

Sigmund von Hausegger has made his debut as conductor of the Museum concerts, Frankfurt. For a hyper-modern he chose a conservative programme; pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Wagner. He was highly praised, although his enchainment of the scherzo and the andante of Beethoven's fifth symphony was questioned.

Edward Elgar said to a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette: "What is it that makes a musician like me, who has heard concertos and sonatas more times than I can count; what is it that makes me listen to a well-worn old composition, say a concerto, with deepest interest, when played by a man like Joachim? It is because I know that he is familiar with all the concertos in existence; because he knows all the lives of the great composers, their struggles, their triumphs, all the storm and stress, all the poetry of their careers, and that he puts it all into the music, crystallizes all this knowledge in the performance. This and his own experience of life are included. It's all there! This could not be in the playing of an uncultured man, whatever his technique, nor the playing of a youth, however gifted. To hear the clearest youth play a great concerto is like hearing a boy preacher. There is no authority. It is in this superiority of knowledge that the authority of the man comes out. Musicians, I repeat, need better general education, and perhaps, and above all, more out-door life."

The Belgian prize de Rome has been awarded to Albert Dupuis for his music to Lucien Solvay's "Chanson d'Halwyn," a dramatic legend. Dupuis' "Jean Michel" was performed last year at the Monnaie, Brussels.

The bishop of Kensington said at a church congress held about a fortnight ago at Bristol, England, that the gravest peril of church work was materialism, which obtruded itself even in the service, in ornate ceremonial, the curving of beads, and the tyranny of music. "Mr. Bevan remarked that this rubric specifies an anthem shall be sung in places where they sing, but what should be done in places where they should be hesitating to say. He condemned the use of big organs in small churches, a criticism which was shared by Sir Walter Parratt, who also said that undoubtedly the best place for choir and organ, from a musical point of view, is the old west gallery. The striking part of Sir Walter's paper was his sweeping criticism of the modern practice of intoning the service especially where, as in the majority of cases, the clergyman is not equal to it. He had more than once heard a wandering voice up and down the entire romantic scale. Both speakers were in favor of the inclusion of the female voice in church choirs, and speaking generally, their papers will prove to be most edifying to both clergy and choirmasters."

Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, of Boston, will play Nov. 2 at the St. James' Hall, London, with the Queen's Hall orchestra. A pupil of Emil Mollenhauer and Wilhelm Rhode of Boston, she studied with Carl Halir in Berlin and with Josef de Brouy in Paris.

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

Lucien Lambert has been talking in Paris about his new opera, "La Flamenco." The action is at Havana in 1897, "during the last insurrection." He exclaimed joyfully that no place was more picturesque than Havana during the struggle between "the ancient Spanish race, the young Cubans and the rude Yankees so unlike the two other nations." The score contains Spanish songs of a lively and proud nature, Creole airs with rhythms of languor and love, and rude and frank Yankee songs. The Parisian public will hear the very airs sung by an insurgent or by a rough rider. From which we have a right to infer that "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," treated in a metrical manner, will be the Yankee leit-motif. It is, as Mr. Lambert says, a rude and frank tune.

Francois Masse, one of the conductors at the Monnaie, Brussels, is at work on an opera, "Dédamie," based on de Musset's "La Coupe et les Levres."

Paul Gilson's "Princes Zonneshijn," a lyric tale, was produced at Antwerp Oct. 10. The story is the legend of the Sleeping Beauty. The music is described as clear, simple and expressive. The last pages are the descriptive ones, and the orchestration is masterly.

Puccini's "Tosca" was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Oct. 13, with Claire Friche as the heroine, Beyle as Cavaradossi and Dufrane as Scarpia. The music impressed audience and critics as being pre-eminently the work of an experienced man of the theatre. One critic wrote that it was strongest where the dramatic situations were the most intense and of greatest assistance. "The melodies are not very individual, but they have warmth, tenderness and a vibrant quality." The orchestration was praised by many, although some reproached Puccini for abuse of brass and for sustained voice parts by strings in unison. Some confessed they had little taste for slender motives rarely connected, for the continual explosions, for phrases which swell and diminish with the regularity of an accordion. Miss Friche's Tosca was highly praised as a remarkable impersonation in all respects.

"Der faule Hans," ballet pantomime by Oskar Nedbal, was produced at the Vienna Court Opera Oct. 3. Nedbal is the viola player of the celebrated Bohemian quartet. The story of the ballet is of lazy Hans, the thick witted, who slew the dragon and won fame and a princess. The music is highly praised. Irene Slroni was the chief dancer.

The Residenz Theatre, Munich, was opened Oct. 12, 1753, with a performance of Ferrandini's opera, "Catone in Utica." It is probably the oldest opera theatre in Germany. Built in 1751-53, it cost 169,496 gulden.

"La Fille de la Mere Michel," opéra

in three acts, book by Daniel Riche, music by Ernest Gillet, was produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, Paris, Oct. 13. Zizi, Mother Michel's daughter, betrothed to Honore, of whom she is jealous, joins a circus to keep an eye on him. She and Giletta, the proprietor's wife, impersonate the Siamese sisters. Giletta falls in love with Honore, but Miss Clair de Lune, also of the company, is in love with Honore, and carries off the prize. The plot disappears in the nonsense of the second act. "In the final tableau," says the Era correspondent, all the characters meet in a postoffice, where things are set right. "The Baron de Quatrebard, an exotic millionaire, discovers that Zizi is his daughter; Zizi marries Contran, and throws over the flighty Honore. To this accumulation of nonsense M. Gillet has written some pretty melodies, which, however, sound rather familiar. With the exception of M. Lamy, who was really funny in the role of Quatrebard, one of Mlle. Clair de Lune's protectors, the interpretation was not particularly good. Mlle. Alze looks pretty, but she neither can sing nor act; M. le Gallo imitates M. Cooper, the actor; M. Jannin is passable; and the others do not deserve mention."

The receipts at the Paris Opera during September amounted to £226,137, for the 13 performances given, making £17,346 for each representation. "Faust" and "Samson et Dalila" drew the largest audiences.

ORCHESTRAL WORKS.

There is much music in the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which was produced with N. C. Goodwin as Bottom at the opening of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, Oct. 26. Victor Herbert added to the overture, the wedding march and other numbers specially written by Mendelssohn for the play, several of the "Songs Without Words" arranged by Herbert for chorus or for orchestra. He also took themes from one of the string quartets, and from the finale of the first act of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera "Loreley." Mr. De Novellis conducted.

A LOST ART?

"Lancelot" of the Referee (Aug. 16) comments on an article, "The Lost Art of Singing," which was published in the Nineteenth Century. "The first half of the article appeared in the May number of that esteemed monthly, but I forbore to direct the attention of the Referees thereto, because the style so suggested the dissatisfied old gentleman who compares his present impressions with the sensations he experienced in his prime, when 'all the world was young,' and who consequently believes he is telling you introversive facts when he assures you that everything was better before you left your nurse. In this month's issue, however, the writer forsakes the sententious shake of head over the perished glories of the past and becomes aggressive to a degree that calls for protest. He says (page 287): 'Authoritative teaching has ceased to exist. There are no schools in Europe where a man or woman can learn the mysteries of the art of bel canto. None of the masters can pretend to a trained vocal ear. Now, when a man brings such a sweeping and railing accusation as the above on this subject, it is manifest that he is either deliberately desirous of attracting attention at all costs or is writing with the fluency born of partial ignorance of facts and a general tendency to exaggerate. I am inclined to think that the latter failings are the cause of the astonishing statements the article contains. . . . Bad and ignorant teachers of singing undoubtedly exist, and many of them flourish—for a time—and their influence is especially pernicious, because the voice is a peculiarly delicate instrument, and bad habits are easily contracted, often with disastrous consequences; but bad teaching exists in every branch of education, because the ideal teacher requires spe-

cial gifts. He must have the receptive and assimilative brain that grasps facts and recognizes truths, that makes just and rational deductions, and, moreover, is able to present them in a manner most easy for comprehension, on the mind of each pupil. It is this intuition of the student's temperament and mental idiosyncrasies that is peculiarly necessary to the vocal teacher, because the proper 'placing of the voice' depends upon the learner's perfect comprehension of what the master says. In learning all instruments made by man the pupil can see what he is doing, but in singing the instrument generating the tone is invisible, and, more than this, alters its shape and position as the pupil wills or is affected by emotional phases. Hence the importance of the ear of the singer being cultivated to perceive an appreciate pure and musical tones; hence the necessity of the master possessing cultured keenness of ear, for by its subtleness of timbre he knows whether his pupil has the different parts of the vocal apparatus in their right position. That the writer is acquainted with the modern rational method of voice production may be assumed, since he quotes Prof. Louis Mandl, and on page 283 gives an admirable epitome of the structure and peculiarities of the vocal organ. But this is not new; in fact, it is a widely known and accepted fact, sure there is no justification for saying, 'The initial error of the modern hodge-podge which goes by the name of a system of singing, is that the voice is treated not like a reed wind instrument, but like a keyboard.' Personally it has been part of my duties to investigate the various systems and methods of singing put forward during the last 20 years, but never heard of one treating the voice as a keyboard instrument. Here, again, however, I fancy the writer says more than he means, as I suspect he does the very title of his paper, for how can singing be termed a 'lost art' while we have with us Mmes. Patti, Melba, Caly and Eames, and so many young British and American vocalists to whom it is a delight to listen? 'The lost art of singing? Lost fiddlesticks!'



HERE has been considerable discussion concerning the vocal, dramatic and physical characteristics of the singers in Mr. Savage's company, and this not because some of

them grew up in Boston or studied here, but for the reason that stage folk excite the curiosity of citizens and citizenesses, just as thousands rush to see a street procession or the feeding of the carnivora. Hazlitt thought that inasmuch as an actor belongs to the public and his person is not his own property, he ought to keep himself as much incognito as possible. "He is the centre of an illusion that he is bound to support, both as it appears to me, by a certain self-respect which should repel idle curiosity, and by a certain deference to the public, in whom he has inspired certain prejudices which he is covenanted not to break." But the play actor of today is generally the first to protest against this old-fashioned view of his responsibilities.

Yet surely there may be discussion concerning various points of a performance, points that may seem unimportant to the superficial but of weighty moment in opera which appeals to the eye as well as to the ear.

Mr. Sheehan dressed the part of Faust with unusual taste, and there was consequent effect. When Alvarez and Mary Garden were Faust and Marguerite at Covent Garden last season, the tenor wore "a rich dress of dark blue velvet embroidered with gold lace, with a voluminous blue silk cloak to soften too generous curves." This led "Lancelot" of the Referee to remark: "It was a discreet and artistic dress, albeit it suggested that Mephistopheles had somewhat miscalculated the time in which Faust could regain his youth, and that he had not allowed sufficient space for him quite to get there. This, combined with the volume and power of Mr. Alvarez's voice, gave the impression of a Faust who loved with accumulated experience; but the fervor of his singing carried conviction of his earnestness, and made one feel that Marguerite's virtue was sorely beset indeed."

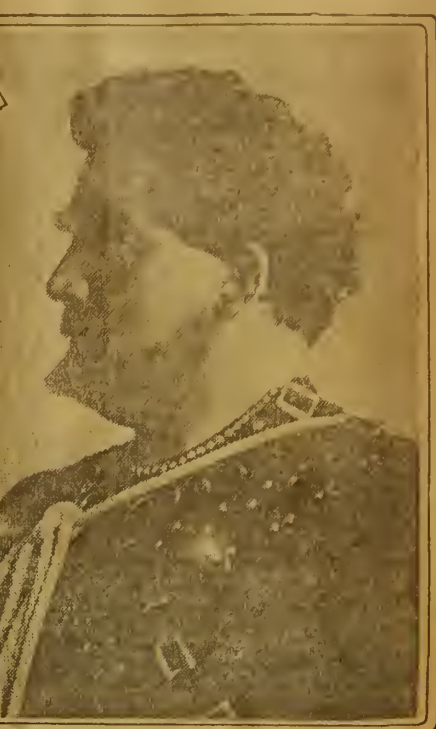
How should Marguerite be robed in the church scene? Miss Garden's costume was described as "rational in conception, but irrational in detail. That Marguerite would favor a black dress was rational, but that she would have it made in the latest fashion of the period, surmount it with a purple bonnet tied with strings under her chin, and let her hair creep through the back and hang down in two abnormally long plaits was incredible. The effect, too, in the obscurity of the scene was unfortunate, for it suggested a respectable old lady in her Sunday gown, and at the close Valentine seemed to be cursing his grandmother."

When Victor Maurel appeared as Mephistopheles at the Paris Opera in 1880 he was criticised adversely for wearing a black doublet instead of a red one. The latter was thought more dramatic and more in keeping with the carnivalesque character of the operatic fiend, who is far removed from the sentimental, epigrammatic, subterranean philistines, epigrammatic, however, of Goethe. Maurel, however, who was a master in the costumes as Amos—whom for of Borneo—Don Giovanni, De Nevers, Lescart, Telramund. Whichever part he impersonated, this great artist sought at the same time accuracy and picturesque effect. See for instance, his remarks concerning the costuming

COSTUMES OF OPERA SINGERS, LONG OPERAS, AND CUT-AND-DRIED APPLAUSE.



WINFRED GOFF AS IAGO.

GERTRUDE RENNYSON.
AS DESDEMONA.

JOSEPH SHEEHAN AS OTHELLO.

the characters in Verdi's "Otello" his study of the mise-en-scene of that era. The pamphlet was published at Rome in 1888.

That "Tannhaeuser" is a long opera is as intolerably long as those of Meyerbeer and Halevy written for the pompos Paris house. How often has one of the last act of "The Huguenots" been heard in this country during the 25 years? As the opera now ends when it is performed here, the audience goes home without the slightest idea of an ending of the lovers and the psalm-singing bore Marcel. But "Tannhaeuser" will not endure cutting so well as other operas by Wagner. Mr. Savage would doubt answer: "Many in the audience must take a train about 11 P. M. gain their homes." Now, if there are three performances of the opera week, why should there not be two: "Tannhaeuser" for the suburbs, and "Tannhaeuser" for Boston? This way every one might be satisfied, and are not proposing this from passion-like for the music; the opera is to the duldest written by Wagner; but then there is so much music that is early or brutal, why should not Venus be allowed to sing her one sensuous air: "Beloved one, come! Soft beams of wonder within yon grot shall ap thee round"? Venus was some-thing more than a screaming scold whose voice like the shrill-edged shriek of a mother divided the shuddering light to borrow Tennyson's expression, did the poor Elisabeth! The impatient burbs will not let her pray at full length.

To return to the matter of costuming, was a pleasure to see that Miss looks as Michaela did not run over the mountains in white kid slippers. Dr. Hagemann of Essen last summer tested against certain features of management even in Germany, and paid due attention to costumes. He like of the Parlor-Siegfried with a very IV. face and masquerade dress—out a dress coat on him and he could be in a French comedy"—of the Bour-Siegfried, with her carefully ached blonde wig—a chemical blonde about the accompanying diamonds—her misty-white, artistically arranged fantastic robe—as though she were to take part in a tableau for a Russian centenary festival. In "Carthage" the "brigadier" wears patent leather boots and a fresh, irreproachably fitting military tunic, because he is the leading tenor, while his superior peer stalks about in any well worn tunic in the opera house wardrobe. Hagemann remarks that it was thus in the poverty-stricken aristocrats in old opera; ruin respected their dress, and when he once taxed a singer with such glaring inconsistency, a man replied that he had rescued the from his better days. And Hagemann complains that in many German opera houses Fricka, who should be at the roaring forties, is not to be distinguished from Freia, goddess of youth and beauty.

No one has sinned more flagrantly in years in impertinent incongruity of eratic splendor than Emma Eames; dress her ridiculously rich dress as tuzza, or the extravagant and much vertised costumes worn by her as glinde and Aida.

When they perform "Parsifal" at the auditorium no one will be admitted to the auditorium after the conductor has

given "the usual signal" to the orchestra until the curtain has fallen on the act which is being interpreted. This is right and proper. The rule should be observed in the case of every opera. How annoying, for instance, is any disturbance that prevents full appreciation of the dialogue in "The Bohemian Girl," that imperishable text equalled only by Wagner in his more exalted moments, as in the last words put into Isolde's mouth. An "unseemly interruption," as Count Arnheim remarks in his most stately manner, injures Balfe and Bunn as well as Wagner.

The Metropolitan Opera House circular instructs us further: "Applause during the performance will, of course, be discouraged even more strongly in the case of 'Parsifal' than at the presentations of other and less solemn Wagnerian music-dramas. It was also the earnest wish of the composer that audiences should refrain from applauding at the conclusion of the first act. No objection to manifestations of approval after the second and third acts. It is said, indeed, that he encouraged such mani-

This announcement of cues reminds us of Artemus Ward's programme provided for Egyptian Hall in London. "Appearance of Artemus Ward, who will be greeted with applause. The stall keeper is particularly requested to attend to this." And have not political speeches, typewritten and with parentheticals of "great applause" and "great enthusiasm" been sent to newspapers or handed in by the orators before the night of delivery? Suppose there should be no applause after an act? Horrid thought!

The use of Artemus Ward's name reminds us that Mr. Rupert Hughes, in his "Love Affairs of Great Musicians," quotes him as describing an actor who "played Hamlet in a western theatre, where, there being no orchestra, he was compelled to furnish his own slow music and to play on a flute as he died." No, it was not a flute. Let us quote the exact description of Billson's sad ending: "Says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old boss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have, I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekiere. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miserble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestray, and wishin' to expire to slow moosic, he died playing on a clarionett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin groans, & such is the world! Alas! alas! how onthankful we air to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money and fail and do bizness!"

The choice of the clarinet to deepen the gloom of the scene was a master stroke. A man playing a flute reminds one of a devourer of corn salted and buttered on the cob making slowly his intrepid way.

Some time ago Mr. Huneker spoke of English "stone-cold temperaments," and added: "Nature never intended the Briton to become an aesthetic animal. He plays the role ill at ease and without a gleam of humor."

This led Mr. Baughan of the Daily News to indulge himself in a fine burst of "Tu quoque": "Mr. Huneker ought to have more insight. Evidently he does not know English men and women ex-

cept from the outside. It is the national pose to look stolid and unemotional, just as to English eyes Frenchmen and Italians are absurdly theatrical in their gestures and causelessly emotional. The Englishman is not aesthetic because he does not, as a rule, care for abstract thought, and, least of all, about art; he is too emotional to be aesthetic. But he does feel and he is fond of music. On the other hand, American men and women I have met have given me the impression that they have no spontaneous emotion. They are nervously excitable, but it is a very cold excitement. They are clever, but it is the cleverness of learning and applying formulae. American women, espe-

cially students of music, will chatter for hours on art. They have read all about it, and apply their second-hand knowledge with the deft nonchalance of a railway porter sticking labels on luggage. An idea is brought forward—it is at once labelled. Americans who really feel music generally have German blood in their veins."

Felix Ludger Joncieres, known as Victorin de Joncieres, composer and music critic, died at Paris, Oct. 27. He was born there on April 12, 1839. He began as a revolutionary and left his teacher, Leborne, at the Conservatory in consequence of a hot discussion over Wagner, who had given his first concert in Paris; for Joncieres said he could not stay with a teacher in whom he had no confidence. Yet his last opera, "Lancelot," produced at the Opera in 1900, was characterized as old-fashioned. Among his first works were an overture and incidental music to "Hamlet" in the French version of Dumas and Paul Meurice. (Mme. Judith of the Comedie-Francaise was playing the part of Hamlet in 1867.) His operas are "Sardana-pale" (1867), in which Nilsson created a part for the first time; "Le Dernier Jour de Pompeii" (1869); "Dimitri" (1876); "La Reine Berthe" (1878); "Le Chevalier Jean" (1885); "Lancelot" (1900). He also wrote a Romantic Symphony (1873), a violin concerto (1870), a symphonic ode, "La Mer," minor orchestral pieces, piano pieces and songs, and "Le Tsin," a Chinese theme for solo voices and orchestra. He was critic of La Liberte from 1871.

Free in the expression of his opinions, Joncieres was vigorously attacked in turn. Arthur Pougin said of him: "From looking over his feuilletons, one is convinced of the fact that Mr. Joncieres dates the existence of French music from the day he himself entered the opera house."

But Gauthier-Villars, the "Ouvreuse," made a still more ferocious attack on Joncieres in 1890, in his description of a concert at the Chatelet. "The frightful Joncieres made himself conspicuous, to the admiration of the crowd, by an extraordinary extravaganza of Prussian blue. (What has become of this jealous patriotism so ready to take fright formerly when one spoke of playing Wagner's music?) He drank milk while they were retelling the audacity of his Romantic Symphony, interminable musical macaroni, which the stoutest stomachs reject with disgust—this poor Victorin, or rather this Ludger. For his name is Ludger Rossignol; but knowing that if his grotesque articles were signed with this chirping name they would provoke laughter, he assumes the pseudonym of Victorin Joncieres. Like Wilder, he was formerly moderately enthusiastic for Wagner; at present, provided there be

no question of performing "Lohengrin," he burns on the altar of Bayreuth in his zeal of adoring neophyte all that he once worshipped, which includes "L'Enfance du Christ," "with its poor wool," as he says. This man, breathless from blowing up Berlioz, committed two acts, which he succeeded in having gallantly seen home by the public of the Opera, which was of a comatose indulgence. "La Reine Berthe," with a libretto which evokes the far distant time when, according to Augustin Thierry, Gaul, a wet and marshy country, was more suited to the frolics of wild ducks than to the regular play of our free institutions—this "Queen Berthe" was not long in spinning out, and the music gives an excellent idea of a harsh epoch when the "loi du plus fort" was O Gauthier-Villars, what a despicable pun!—was too often the best. Joncieres signed "Jennius" to the theatrical information in La Liberte; articles written with that disregard of style which has given him among the knowing ones the surname "Jennius the workman." A diligent husbandman, he finds comfort in pitiless criticisms on opening nights. Yet it is only fair to recognize in him a certain independence, praiseworthy in these days of unstable friendships; he has been seen to rush headlong and boldly against critics unanimous in opinion, and when necessary, to defend against them a work which they agreed in finding detestable—for instance, his own opera, "Chevalier Jean."

We quoted last Sunday an attack on Mr. Henry Wood as a conductor. This attack, written by a correspondent and published in the Pall Mall Gazette, was answered by several, who, as the madman in "Very Hard Cash" said, "worked double tides." They blessed Mr. Wood and cursed the correspondent in the same breath. The latter had said apropos of emotional conducting: "It is the influence of soul over soul, not a man flourishing a stick." "All is done now by the eye." "An amateur" replies: "The day will, perhaps in later stages of intellectual (and emotional) evolutions, arrive when means will be eliminated and ends immediately achieved. In the mean time the 'stick' is equally the indispensable medium for beating time and small boys—and sometimes even impertinent men. What wonderful observance is here elucidated! What admirable idealism! Imagine the thrilling sight of a 'conductor,' comfortably seated upon a commanding throne, idly puffing his Promethee Partaga, steering an orchestra of some hundred performers by the occasional opening and closing of his all-seeing eye. Tschalkowsky cyclopeanized, Schu-

bert in a wink! Mr. —'s admirable squinting in the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven was worthy of all praise."

But we have seen Arthur Sullivan comfortably seated, conducting at a London promenade concert by his uncanny monocle rather than by his stick, and the players refused to be glared into unanimity.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn of the Pall Mall Gazette always writes of Edward Elgar, as Montaigne wrote of Plutarch, with a heightened color and a pen inclined to tiemoie. Witness this paragraph:

"Elgar has meditated all his life. He has never sought after contemporary praise. But he has never fallen into that too common error, the thought that art can ever be separated from technique."



JACQUES THIBAUD, VIOLINIST.

The sounds of the world have made music for him; and as a return he has been privileged to make music out of the sounds of the world. It is just here that he distracts the unwary. They, wrapped in convention—we make no shadow of a personal allusion—do not understand the meaning of the secret doors which are opened now and then by the new artist; they take a glimpse within, and they refuse the sight therein. The Magi, let it not be forgotten, followed in the footsteps of shepherds."

Dr. Elgar is "tall, spare, angular, grave and courteous; he wears a tall silk hat, crushed down on the forehead, and gives the impression of a distinguished colonel home from India for a year's holiday and at present attending a funeral." It is said he has a biting wit, and this instance is given by a London reporter: "Take the case of the young and supercilious critic, who spoke to him of the 'Enigma' variations, which pictured friends of the composer, but of which it was expressly stated that the music should be considered without reference to them. The unfortunate young man in question said: 'I can't criticise your music, because I don't know your friends.' Of course not," was the reply, "they are ladies and gentlemen."

But certain opinions expressed by Dr. Elgar we shall discuss next Sunday, especially his views concerning the intelligence of singers.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M. Mr. Savage's English Grand Opera Company third week. First performance of Verdi's "Othello" in English in this city; Desdemona, Miss Rennyson; Emilia, Miss Ivell; Othello, Mr. Sheehan; Iago, Mr. Goff; Cassio, Mr. Fulton; Rodrigo, Mr. Pattou; Lodovico, Mr. Bennett; Montano, Mr. Lawrence; Herald, Mr. McKinnin. Mr. Emanuel will conduct.

TUESDAY—Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M. Wagner's "Lohengrin." Elsa, Mme. Norelli; Ortrude, Miss Newman; Lohengrin, Mr. Gherardi; Henry the Fowler, Mr. Bennett; Telramund, Mr. Marano; The Herald, Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Schenck will conduct.

WEDNESDAY—Tremont Theatre, 2 P. M. "Othello," with Miss Newman as Emilia. Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. First piano recital by Mr. Harold Bauer. Programme: Brahms' variations on a theme by Handel; Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor, op. 11; Chopin's polonaise in E flat minor, etude in G sharp minor, nocturne in F sharp minor, tarantelle; Schubert's impromptu in A flat; Saint-Saens' etude in the form of a waltz.

Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M. Plotow's "Martha," Lady Harriet, Mme. Norrell; Nancy, Miss Ivell; Lionel, Mr. Gherardi; Plunkett, Mr. Boyle; Lord Tristan, Mr. Jones; the sheriff, Mr. Bennett. Mr. Emanuel will conduct.

THURSDAY—Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M. "Lohengrin," with Mr. Sheehan as Lohengrin and Mr. Boyle as the King.

FRIDAY—Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M. "Othello."

SATURDAY—Tremont Theatre, 2 P. M. "Lohengrin," with Miss Rennyson as Elsa. Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Sixth of the Steinert piano-player concerts. Miss Helene Wetmore, soprano, will sing.

Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. First appearance of Mr. Jacques Thibaud in Boston, with Mr. Andre Benoist, pianist. Caesar Franck's sonata for violin and piano; solo pieces: Prelude and fugue from Bach's first sonata in G major; nocturne, Chopin, Wilhelm; rondo capriccioso, Saint-Saens; serenade, Vieuxtemps; scherzando, Marsick; milodrame, Gurland; polonaise, Wieniawski. Mr. Benoist will play Liszt's polonaise in E flat.

Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., "Martha," with Mr. Sheehan as Lionel.

MR. SAVAGE'S OPERA COMPANY.

The third week of the engagement at the Tremont Theatre of Mr. Henry W. Savage's Grand Opera Company singing in English will begin tomorrow night, with a performance of Verdi's "Othello." This will be the first performance in Boston of this noble work in an English version. The first production in English in this country was by Mr. Savage's company at Brooklyn, Oct. 6.

The opera was first produced at Milan, Feb. 5, 1857, when Verdi was in his 74th year. The first performance in Boston was at the Grand Opera House, April

30, 1883, when the chief characters were represented by Tetrazzini, Scacchi, Campanini and Galassi. The opera was performed at the Mechanics' building March 17, 22, 1890, with Albani, Synnerberg, Tamagno, Del Puente and Perrugini was the Cassio. It was performed at the same building on Feb. 26, 1895, with Emma Eames, Mantelli, Tamagno, Maurel, and on March 9 of the same year, Libia Drog was the Desdemona. The last performance was at the Boston Theatre, March 21, 1902, with Emma Eames, Louise Homer, Alvarez and Scott.

The English version of Boito's libretto was made in 1887 by Francis Hueffer, the Wagnerian and the music critic of the London Times. Hueffer, in his preface—a letter to Boito—wrote: "In the dialogue I have discarded the rhyme altogether and have returned to blank verse, the recognized medium of the English poetic drama. Only in the lyrical pieces and in the ensembles where Shakespeare is altogether out of the question, and where your diction occasionally and faintly suggests the libretto proper, I have used such rhymes as readily suggested themselves. * * * The finest poetry in the world would in opera be valueless if it did not fit the music, if it could not be sung; and if this applies to the works of other composers, how much more so to this 'Othello,' in which Verdi has adhered to dramatic and declamatory truth with a consistency and a beautiful, I might almost say pathetic, self-abnegation, worthy of so great a master. * * * A work which, in my opinion, marks an epoch in the development of Italian opera."

The performance by Mr. Savage's company in Brooklyn was in all respects applauded enthusiastically by audience and press. The scenic effects, the singing and the acting, the performance of the orchestra—all were eulogized. The production of it in English in Boston is indeed an event.

"Othello" will be performed also on Friday evening and at the matinee Wednesday. At the matinee Miss Newman will be the Emilia.

The opera on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and at the Saturday matinee will be "Lohengrin."

"Martha" will be performed on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The casts are announced today in "Music of the Week."

The operas of the last week will be "Aida" (Monday and Friday nights and at the Wednesday matinee); "Il Trovatore" (Tuesday and Thursday nights and at the Saturday matinee), and Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" on Wednesday and Saturday nights.

JACQUES THIBAUD.

Mr. Jacques Thibaud, the celebrated violinist, will make his first appearance in Boston at Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon. The concert will begin at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Thibaud will play, with Mr. Andre Benoist, pianist, Cesar Franck's sonata for violin and piano, and solo pieces; the list of these is in "Music of the Week."

Mr. Thibaud was born at Bordeaux Sept. 27, 1880. His father, a musician, taught his three sons: Joseph, a pianist; Francis, a cellist, and Jacques, who went to the Paris Conservatory, studied there with Marsick, and took a first prize in 1896. Colonne engaged him for his orchestra, and when Remy was appointed teacher at the conservatory, Thibaud was made concert master of the Colonne concerts. He soon excited attention by the charm and brilliance of his tone, as well as by precision and ease of technique. Even before this he had become known by his solo playing at the Cafe Rouge, in the rue de Tournon, frequented by conservatory pupils who were in the habit of playing in ensemble as well as solo pieces. And Thibaud was only in his 12th year when he played at the concerts populaires at Angers, and great things were prophesied.

In 1899 and 1900 he played as a virtuoso at Paris and other French towns, at Brussels, Mannheim and Geneva. In 1901 he played at Berlin, Amsterdam, Lis-

bon. In 1902 he played at Berlin at one of the Philharmonic concerts, led by Mr. Nikisch, and the critics vied with each other in extravagant praise. Since then he has appeared as a triumphant virtuoso in Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Roumania, Spain, Italy.

Foreign press notices are often regarded here with suspicion. In Thibaud's case, however, the praise has the genuine ring, and it comes from the highest authorities. Thus the Vienna Freie Presse placed him unhesitatingly in "the first rank of living violinists; his supple bowing and his wonderful phrasing and beautiful tone touch at once the heart of his audience. He is one of the few artists who make us forget the instrument, and he seems to convey the message of his supreme art to the very soul of his listeners."

LOCAL.

The Boston Ideal Club—banjo, mandolin and guitar—will take part in the grand banjo, mandolin and guitar music festival concert, to be given in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Jan. 29.

The first concert given by Messrs. George Devoll, tenor, and Edwin Isham, baritone, in Steinert Hall, will be on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 10. The programme will include duets by Cherubini, Massenet, Amherst Webber, Chamade, and an old French duet. Mr. Devoll will sing songs by Bassani, Pierne, Kierulff and Rachmaninoff. Mr. Isham will sing songs by Handel, Richard Strauss, Rimsky-Korsakoff, William Wallace, Webber. The second concert, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, will be devoted to works of contemporary American composers, MacDowell, Chadwick, Kelley, Homer, Johns, Mrs. Beach, Miss Lang, Foote, Loomis, Whelpley, Hadley, and others.

The first concert of the Hoffmann quartet will be at Potter Hall, on Thursday evening of next week. The programme will include Beethoven's quartet op. 69, no. 2; a tertzet for two violins and viola, by Dvorak; Brahms' piano quintet in F minor (Mr. Bauer, pianist). Both season and single tickets are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

The programme of the Spering quartet of Chicago, in Chickering Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 17, will include a quartet in C major, by Mozart; one in F major, by Schumann, and Beethoven's quartet in F minor. Orders for seats may be sent to Chickering Hall. The box office sale will open on Nov. 9.

The only appearances of Adelina Patti in New England will be those at Symphony Hall on the evening of Nov. 19, and on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 21. Orders for seats have already been received from cities and towns throughout New England. The assisting company is well organized, and Patti will sing brilliant selections from her repertory, as well as a waltz song by Ardit, and "Home, Sweet Home." The subscription sale will continue at Symphony Hall throughout the week, and the regular box office sale will begin on Monday morning the 9th.

A series of elgic concerts by the Kelties, the band of the Gordon Highlanders, Canada, will be given at Tremont Temple during the week beginning Monday, Nov. 9. The concerts will be given each evening of that week and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and it is designed to have the programmes given largely to the old-time melodies, folksongs of all nations, national airs and standard compositions of the best character. The entire house will be reserved, and the sale of seats will begin at the Tremont Temple box office next Thursday morning.

Mr. Bauer gave a piano recital in Fitchburg last Monday evening, and he will give one in Lowell next Thursday evening. His first recital in Boston will be on Wednesday afternoon in Steinert Hall.

Mr. Frank O'Brien, the blind pianist, who returned lately from study in Berlin, where he also played with success, will give a recital in Steinert Hall Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 11.

The third season of special musical services at St. Mark's Church, Brookline, will begin this afternoon at 4:30. The selections will be from the works of Haydn, Beethoven, Foote, Gounod, Chadwick, Dubois and others. A string quartet will assist the choir.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, has begun work for the 59th season. Rehearsals are held every Sunday evening in Jordan Hall. The society now enjoys the use of a place of meeting which is sufficiently large for the accommodation of an organization numbering nearly 400, with ample room for guests, as each member is permitted to bring a friend to rehearsal. The committee meets nearly every week to hear candidates for admission, and will receive applications.

ELGAR'S "THE APOSTLES."

The first performance of Elgar's "The Apostles" at the Birmingham (Eng.) festival, Oct. 14, was an event of unusual interest. Mr. Vernon Blackburn, the sworn partisan of Dr. Elgar, contributed the following review to the Pall Mall Gazette.

"The central fact of this year's Birmingham festival was accomplished today. Elgar's 'The Apostles' was produced. The critic, too, is compelled to receive within the circumscribed limits of his brain a work which has cost its creator a world of thought; all is to be done within an extremely short space of time. Does anybody at any time ever pity the critic? I think that thoughtful men must have felt pity for him during today's performance. For what have we here? A masterpiece; an invaluable contribution to the art of the world, a score of pure gold throughout—a work so great, so remote from the common things of the earth, that to follow the composer into the distant fastnesses of his mind is at all events on a first hearing, something of a heroic virtue. He tries one, not because he wishes to compel endurance, but because he has carved out his way, and it is nothing to him whether you follow or not. There

is no story of the wonderful art of nothing to him if you take his score and reject it; and there follows the inevitable result that immense indifference invariably conquers those who are eager. Immense indifference, however, implies a sort of personal work which, granted a powerful brain as the origin from which that work springs makes for ultimate triumph, and such power was certainly displayed today.

"For a beginning, Elgar has touched music on its spiritual side in 'The Apostles.' He has, in Shakespeare's overwhelming phrase, rushed into the secret house of death. And the house of death upon which he has entered is the death which has captured the hearts of many generations, the death which did not complete life, but which fell upon all the expectations of the future. I write in this somewhat ecstatic strain because the work deserves it. I feel apologetic on the subject; but the point is this: a man has little to tell of his experiences in the hearing of a certain work. He brings to that hearing a certain technical skill, a long endurance of sound. And such music as rises to Elgar's to this great master's heart is of the finest possible quality; it is of meaning most decisive. The libretto has been chosen by Elgar himself. The thought which prompted that libretto is not (as in Handel's masterpiece) the actual mission of Christ, but the fulfillment of that mission. And Elgar puts his music in trust for the future, just as, in the biblical narrative, Christ who died left his mission in trust with the apostles. That is a noble thought, and nobly is it worked out.

"True ascetic as Elgar is, he has no intention to let his hearers fall asleep convinced of the mere sweetness of music. I have said so much already; out, returning to the details, I find a certain necessity of repetition. From the outset Elgar takes up the point of view that the fact of Christianity is proven by the calling of the apostles. Paley, in his 'Evidences of Christianity,' of course, took the same view; and practically Elgar has embodied Paley's thoughts in his score; but Elgar's sense of color goes beyond any thought of prose. The work begins with an absolute sense of Judaism in music. You hear the sounds of the east, Egypt is there, and those strange mysteries of Isis and Osiris which the Jew stole from the house of bondage. Presently the dawn breaks, in a splendid age, wherein the Shofar is heard from a distance. Then follow pages in which the composer most deliberately refused the catholic spirit of the world. He preaches. He declares through the medium of his art that 'the time has not yet come.' Subtly, almost secretly, he whispers of the things that shall be; subtly, almost secretly, he leads you on to the tragedy through which mankind must go, by the path of mankind's representative. But always he keeps his great art ready for his great thought. The chorus 'The Lord Hath Chosen Them' is an extremely fine number (written in E flat), and prepares one's way for that which is to follow.

"As the tragedy of the redemption deepens, Elgar's work takes upon itself a shingly sombre tone. 'By the Wayside' is the title which he has given to his conception of the beatitudes. The voice of Christ is heard announcing the great thoughts of the compassionate, and, as a sort of accompaniment, you hear the voices of the multitude, as one may say, just beginning to agree with the new preaching. All this part is fine work; but particularly fine is the page which contains the beatitude, 'Blessed are the pure in heart.' Herein the exact spirit of Elgar's musical teaching is revealed. Here, in the gentle uprising of the voice through the minor scale, he touches a sense of supreme spirituality. To continue, the passages dealing with that which cardinal Newman—and it is well to recall that fine name in this, his city of adoption—called 'Christ upon the waters' have a peculiarly noble and intimate sentiment, a sentiment which deepens into gloom as the musician approaches the tragedy of Judas. Here, it may be said, he finds hell in music. Only one phrase fits Elgar's conception of that tragedy, 'Oh, the pity of it, Iago; oh, Iago, the pity of it.' For Elgar seems in his musical setting to know how to unearth the endless remorse of that wretchedest of men. The musician pities the faithless apostle; and that pity, in the heart of a genius like Elgar, means so very much. So I leave Elgar; in him I recognize that at last the English race has produced a genius who may sit at board with the gods of the earth: They know of toil and the end of toil; they know God's law is plain.

So they whistle the Devil to make them sport, who know that sin is vain.

"The performance, save for almost momentary lapses, was exceedingly good. The delicate meanings of every page of the score needed perfection in accomplishment. That was almost an impossibility on the occasion of a first production. The choral tone was wonderfully fine, and throughout a curiously noble uniformity of purpose was clearly evident. Mme. Albani, in the part of the Blessed Virgin and the Angel, sang with great and singular enthusiasm. Miss Muriel Foster was excellent. Mr. John Coates as St. John, and Mr. Kennerley Rumford as St. Peter were in every possible way satisfactory; Mr. Frangon-Davies sang remarkably well in the part of Christ. But Mr. Andrew Black carried away all the honors in his slinging of the most remarkable part, to my thinking, that was ever created in oratorio—that of Judas. Mr. Black's dramatic instinct is unequalled on the concert platform. Dr. Elgar himself conducted, and his reception at the close was most enthusiastic. The fact, little as it matters, has to be chronicled. * * *

"The Apostles" will be produced in New York at a concert to be given by the City History Club in February. Mr. Damrosch will lead a chorus from the Oratorio Society.

THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT.

First Performance of D'Indy's "Enchanted Forest" Here.

An Imaginative Work with Original Harmonic Thought and Excellent Invention—Mme. Gadsdill Sings Aria from "Der Freischuetz."

The programme of the third Symphony concert, given last evening in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Prelude and aria from "Der Freischuetz".....Weber
The Enchanted Forest, op. 8.....D'Indy
The Spinning Wheel.....Schubert
The Erlking.....Schumann
Symphony in D minor, No. 4.....Schumann

D'Indy's orchestral ballad, based on a poem by "Harald," by Uhland, was played for the first time, yet it is one of the composer's earliest works and it is as produced by Faseloup at Paris in 1891. Mr. Thomas acquainted Chicago with it in 1901.

Uhland's poem tells of Harald and his warriors riding through the forest. The forest was his knights, pelt them with arrows, and finally drag them from their horses and bear them away to fairyland. Harald's armor of steel is proof against spells, but the hero, weary and one, rests by a spring and drinks of its water. He falls asleep and there sleeps forever; and in the moonlight a elf comes circle around him; but when a storm howls through the forest and under crashes and lightning glares, the hero stirs a little and reaches for a sword. Loewe set music to this ballad.

The American is inclined to consider a forest with a commercial rather than a poetic eye. Even in the earlier and simpler years, there were no forest scenes in New England save a stray tree or the awful shape of the Black Birch in with his directory. The Redskins and their forest legends and curious lore, but the Yankee child was not intimate with fairies of wood or shadow, hill or stream. Today a forest is so much lumber, and the first thought is the price for cutting and transportation. Plotters have little respect for a beautiful or a wild stretch of woods; they make their chattering way, and ring a half-provoke the wonder and ruin of the observing trees, and leave trails of paper bags and tin cans. Mark the earth with ruin. But to Germans and even Frenchmen the forest is a romantic, and the fairy lore they reared in childhood clings to them even when they are professional materialists. Such D'Indy's orchestral ballad would make necessarily a stronger appeal.

D'Indy wrote it at a time when he was influenced by German composers, Schumann and Brahms, as well as Wagner. He was otherwise handicapped—for he was rich and an aristocrat—and it is so easy for such to write and to win parlor and snobbish applause. Yet even in this early work there is the same avoidance of the commonplace that characterizes his mature compositions, there is the same loftiness of thought. This music is something more than panoramic. There is no too deliberate attempt to trace a forest and its moonlit mystery. There is no attempt to label each note so that the hearer who finds light in identification can safely say: "Now the warriors succumb; now Harald is drinking the magic water; now he falls asleep." A composer who makes every effort to mimic sleep runs the risk of disposing of his audience well as of his hero. D'Indy composed music that is poetic, imaginative; music that confirms and urges the mood suggested by his grammar-paraphrase of the ballad. In this paraphrase there is no reference to Harold hearing as in a dream storm. There is not, perhaps, the grasp noticeable in d'Indy's later works, the repression that is often more effective than expansion; but there is an antic feeling, there is individuality of expression, there are pages of true art. The most effective portion of the ballad is the close, which is highly original, both in harmonic thought, in oral expression, and in, indeed, of artistic invention. It is a pleasure to find that the ballad was finely played and warmly received.

Mme. Gadsdill is well known here as an operatic singer in opera. She has been a great help in time of musical trouble. She has constantly added to her repertoire, and, while she is, if ever, rises to any great imaginative height in the interpretation, is earnest, painstaking and generally satisfactory. Her emotional gamut is light; her face is not mobile; her voice is safely conventional; but she is much better than the majority of German sisters, and she acts with discretion than many of the actresses in German opera houses. Last night she was more effective in Agatha's aria and aria from "Der Freischuetz" than in the songs of Schubert with orchestral accompaniment.

Hermann Klein, in his self-appraisal published lately, is sure as a boy he saw Jenny Lind in this kneeling while she sang the prayer, which she was on a concert stage. Gadsdill is to be praised for not attempting to sing the scene as she did in opera. She avoided this pitfall of dramatic singing. When she made it was by the legitimate use of voice. Nor was it her fault that the scene of the scene was not more effective, for the music is abominably

written for the purpose, and with the exception of Ballo's interpolated creed of Iago, the very essence of the familiar tragedy.

Thus there is not only the thought of Tannhauser and Maurel, who created these operatic parts of Alvarez and Scotti, but there is also the remembrance of a long line of famous tragedians. Furthermore, while there may be a unanimity of opinion concerning the character of the Moor and the manner in which he should be portrayed, there is a wide difference of opinion concerning Iago.

Now, add to all this the taxing nature of the music, taxing principals, chorus and orchestral players, and also add the peculiar horror of the tragedy itself, and it will be seen why this noble music-drama one that may well dispute with Wagner's greatest work pre-eminence among all the music-dramas of the 19th century, is not often given during an operatic season in this country. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," which is first of all a lyric work, does not suffer from like causes. There are always a dozen Romances to even half an Othello, and the operatic Mercutio is indeed a minor part.

All this must be considered in a review of the performance of last night, and in view of all these difficulties it must be said that the performance on the whole was surprisingly good; it was at times more than this; it was often thrilling; and it was of absorbing interest until the last act where only a Tannhauser by his blood-curdling animal force can make the catastrophe overpowering. That Mr. Sheehan held here the attention of the audience is no mean tribute. More famous singers, as Mr. Jean de Reszke, have in this opera failed dismally, and some have reminded one of a negro-minstrel imitation of Salvin.

Mr. Sheehan's vocal performance deserves warm praise. His voice met all demands in heroic, in lyrical, and in what may be fairly called brutal passages. Tannhauser bleated in the exquisite love music of the first act, and in his bleats he despised the true pitch. But Mr. Sheehan sang with lyric tenderness as well as with tragic passion. There were moments of true intensity, moments when the voice was charged with anguish, horror, the very madness of jealousy. Nor was the performance a succession of spasms with dull interstretches.

The impersonation was carefully sustained, and there was often a fine regard for detail. If Mr. Sheehan did not rise fully to the awful tragedy of the last act, he was at least sombre and impressive, and in his farewell to Desdemona there were tones of touching pathos.

Mr. Goff's impersonation of Iago was carefully studied, thoroughly consistent, vocally excellent. Whether it was the true Iago, whether it was not too melodramatic—here is a subject for discussion. We should have preferred more alacrity, a greater swiftness in action, as well as in recitative, for Mr. Goff's Iago was deliberate, too openly plotting; he would have been suspected of knavery at the start.

Hazlett characterized Iago as a gay, light-hearted, monster, a careless, cordial, comfortable villain, one that delighted in cruelty as a child finds pleasure in killing flies or tormenting an animal. Surely, Iago was of an outwardly genial nature; he was nimble in mind and body, and he was not without elegance. He was neither a Mephistopheles nor a Richard III. He would today be welcome at a club and voted there a good fellow. Yet there are opposite views, and there are traditions in favor of Mr. Goff's conception of the part. He was true to this conception, and he played with genuine force.

Miss Rennyson's Desdemona was, on the whole, disfigured by vocal and histrionic mannerisms. We have referred to these mannerisms, and it is not now necessary to speak of them at length. She was often sluggish in the delivery of the phrase, and on the other hand, there were delightful vocal moments, there were certain phrases of golden beauty. She sang the prayer in the last act much better than the Willow song, which was tainted with artificiality. Now, sincerity and simplicity are the chief characteristics of Desdemona, who is not in any way a complex character.

The song she remembers and sings in her hour of vague and dread anticipation should be sung very simply, and the interrupting sentences should be spoken to Emilia as a woman speaks to her intimate friend. The wild farewell to Emilia when Desdemona feels suddenly the approach of death, that poignant phrase of bodement, is something more than a convulsive and gabbled cry. The minor parts were sung respectably. The chorus was, on the whole, very good, and the orchestra, when the nature of the superb score is taken into consideration, was generally effective. Mr. Emanuel conducted with a nice appreciation of the beauty and strength of Verdi's music, and with marked authority. The opera, it is unnecessary to say, was well mounted. There was a large and deeply interested audience, and there was hearty applause which rose to enthusiasm at the end of the second act.

This performance in English of a great masterpiece was a memorable event in the history of opera in this city. Mr. Savage and his company are to be thanked by all music lovers for allowing them such an opportunity to become more intimately acquainted with a sublime work of a rare genius. "Othello" will be performed on Friday night, and at the Wednesday matinee. The opera this evening will be "Lohengrin," with Mme. Norelli, Miss Newman, Messrs. Gherardi, Bennett, Marsano and Lawrence as the chief singers. Mr. Schenck will conduct.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his first piano recital this season yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows:

IN "LOHENGRIN" AT THE TREMONT

A Respectable and Uninspired Performance by Mr. Savage's Company, with Mme. Norelli as Elsa.

Mr. Savage's grand opera company, singing in English, performed Wagner's "Lohengrin" last night at the Tremont Theatre. Mr. Schenck conducted. The cast was as follows:

Lohengrin.....Mr. Gherardi
Henry.....Mr. Bennett
Telramund.....Mr. Marsano
The Herald.....Mr. Lawrence
Ortrude.....Mme. Norelli
Ortrude.....Miss Newman

The performance was generally smooth and rather matter-of-fact. The distress of Elsa was not contagious; the Knight of the Swan arrived as by agreement; and everything happened as in the best of worlds until Elsa's curiosity prevailed over prudence. The atmosphere was not charged with romanticism, and the heards of the male chorus were distinctively Assyrian rather than characteristic of Brabant in the glorious old days of Henry, otherwise known as the Fowler. The stage was not sufficiently darkened at the beginning of the second act, so that Frederick and Ortrude plotted as in northern Norway, under the midnight sun.

The press of political news forbids detailed comment. It is enough to say that Mme. Norelli often sang with vocal understanding and that her impersonation was conventional and pale; Miss Newman did little to relieve the suspicion that Ortrude deserves a prominent place in the picture gallery of operatic bores; Mr. Gherardi was not imaginative or mystically romantic, yet he was quietly effective after the killing of Telramund; Mr. Marsano was the Telramund of the minor German theatre, always earnest, often vociferous; and Mr. Lawrence as the Herald, would have pleased Polonius by his accent and discretion.

The chorus sang with attention to the dynamic indications of the composer, and Mr. Schenck led in a quieter manner than before and with more marked effect. It might be said that the performance as a whole was respectable, but "Lohengrin" is something more than a respectable opera. At the same time more justice was done by the company to "Lohengrin" than to "Tannhauser." But does Mr. Savage find it necessary to perform operas which would fare better in the hands and the throats of his company?

There was an audience of good size, which was reasonably appreciative. "Lohengrin" will be repeated on Thursday night, when Mr. Boyle will be the King, and at the Saturday matinee, when Miss Rennyson will be the Elsa. The opera this evening will be Flotow's "Martha," with Mme. Norelli, Mlle. Ivell, Messrs. Gherardi and Boyle as the chief singers.

"OTHELLO" SUNG HERE IN ENGLISH

An Absorbing Performance of the Noble Work by Mr. Henry W. Savage's Grand Opera Company.

MR. SHEEHAN ABLY
FILLS HIS PART.

Miss Rennyson's Desdemona Marred by Mannerisms—"Lohengrin" to Be Given Tonight.

Mr. Savage's grand opera company, singing in English, began last night at the Tremont Theatre the third week of the engagement with a performance of Verdi's "Othello," the first performance in English in this city. Mr. Emanuel conducted. The cast was as follows:

Othello.....Mr. Sheehan
Iago.....Mr. Goff
Cassio.....Mr. Filton
Rodrigo.....Mr. Puttoun
Lodovico.....Mr. Bennett
Montano.....Mr. Lawrence
Herald.....Mr. McKinnle
Desdemona.....Miss Rennyson
Emilia.....Miss Ivell

The task imposed on the chief singers last night was a peculiarly trying one. Not only does Verdi's music in this wonderful music-drama make severe demands on the singers as singers; but traditions and memories incite the audience, however friendly, to make comparisons between the singing actors and famous play actors of the past. When the characters in Wagner's "Ring," or in Verdi's "Aida" appear, their impersonators have for rivals only their predecessors and colleagues in opera; for the Bruennhilde portrayed by Janaschek was not Wagner's heroine.

Furthermore, these characters, as those in "Il Trovatore," "Faust" and nine out of ten operas are merely stage folk; but Othello and Iago and Cassio are more familiar to us, indeed, they are more intimately known by us than are the dwellers in the flat above, or the daily interchange of wise opinions concerning politics and the weather. Such comparisons are foolish, unjust, yet in this instance they are inevitable, and especially when the libretto is practically a play of Shakespeare "telescoped"

PIANO RECITAL BY HAROLD BAUER

Selections from Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, Saint-Saens and Chopin Given in Steinert Hall.

SAVAGE COMPANY
SINGS "MARTHA."

Smooth and Pleasing Performance of Flotow's Familiar Work at the Tremont Theatre.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his first piano recital this season yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows:

Variations on a theme by Handel, Op. 24

Sonata, F sharp minor, Op. 11.....Schumann
Polonaise, E flat minor.....Chopin
Tarantelle.....Chopin
Nocturne, F sharp minor.....Chopin
Ronde, C sharp minor.....Chopin
Impromptu, A flat.....Schubert
Etude in the form of a waltz.....Saint-Saens

Any one not acquainted personally with Mr. Bauer might, looking at this programme, accuse him of a lack of humor. What Mr. Vernon Blackburn said of Dvorak's "Symphonic Variations" that they reminded him too much of Max Mueller's ingenious translation from the Buddhist gospels, as he found them:

Hammer, hammer, tinkle, tinkle,
The shake, the shiver and the slumber,
The never-ending beginning,
The beginning that never ends,

may well be applied to Johannes Brahms with his variations. No one will dispute the workmanship, but of what value is workmanship, however marvellous, if the musical stuff itself is not eloquent with beauty or emotion or grandeur? Brahms could vary anything and every thing save his pretentious dulness. Brahms at times, no doubt, bade good-morrow to his dulness, but, as the woman, sweet as a musk rose, sang of sorrow in the roundelay to Keats' Endymion, this dulness was constant and kind; the composer would deceive her and so leave her, but, ah! she was so constant and so kind. What wonder, then, that Brahms embraced her and swore that she should be his own Egeria!

It was an error in judgment to put such a forbidding work at the very beginning of a programme. The first piece should be as a brilliant prelude, a flourish to whet anticipation; or it should be at least something to persuade, to reassure, or to lure the hearer on to the subsequent musical beer and skittles. And yet Mr. Bauer followed the variations by a performance of Schumann's sonata, so that one hour had passed before Chopin appeared above the horizon.

Yet these long compositions gave opportunity for the display of Mr. Bauer's dominant characteristics; musical comprehension and grasp, authority that wins and does not repel, the peculiar force that may be called intellectual, and an admirable appreciation of rhythm. It is not too much to say that some of the variations were played superbly. We prefer Mr. Bauer's interpretation of Schumann's music to his interpretation of Chopin's. The sonata he chose yesterday has been reproached for a lack of strong organic development. This reminds us that Claude Debussy was once at a chamber concert in Paris. The players began a work by Beethoven. Debussy soon nudged his neighbor—was he Ysaye?—and said: "Let's go now; the scoundrel is going to develop his theme." This lack, if such a lack there be, was not noticeable in Mr. Bauer's performance, for the sequence of musical ideas and moods seemed natural and inevitable. And in the introduction and in the aria the pianist was truly romantic. For once Eusebius was not put in the background by the more strenuous Florestan.

The pieces by Chopin did not give like pleasure or satisfaction. The polonaise was dry and formal, too square-cut; it was not sinister in suggestion or explosion. The Tarantelle was played with fine rhythmic dash and brilliancy, but it is one of Chopin's more perfunctory pieces, and inferior composers have been more successful in this form. The other pieces by Chopin on the programme are not among the masterpieces of this supreme poet of the piano, nor was the interpretation of such marked distinction as to raise them for the moment to a higher level.

Schubert's "Impromptu" was played with delightful delicacy, and the "Etude" of Saint-Saens with dazzling brilliance.

There was a large and most appreciative audience. Mr. Bauer's second recital will be on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 5.

"MARTHA" AT THE TREMONT.

Flotow's Work Pleasingly Rendered in English by the Savage Grand Opera Company.

Mr. Savage's grand opera company, singing in English, performed Flotow's "Martha" last night at the Tremont Theatre. Mr. Schenk conducted. The cast was as follows:

Lady Harriet.....Mme. Norelli
Nancy.....Miss Ivel
Lord Tristan.....Mr. Jones
Plunkett.....Mr. Boyle
Lionel.....Mr. Gherardi
The sheriff.....Mr. Bennett

There are persons who cock their noses, look skew-eyed and point derisive thumbs at Flotow's familiar opera. We are not of them. There are features of the work itself that always interest whatever the quality of the performance may be. Who does not like to watch the behavior of the spinning wheels? Who does not welcome the duet between Lionel and Plunkett, which is associated in the minds of all good church-goers with the hymn, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah"? Then there is "The Last Rose of Summer." You may not like the air, but there it is and there it

will remain—even after Adelina Patti bids her positively last farewell to earth. Furthermore, the difficulty experienced by Lionel and Plunkett in obtaining accomplished and faithful servants at a reasonable price, is of contemporaneous and even local interest.

It is not surprising, then, that there was a pleased audience at the Tremont, an audience that welcomed the appearance one by one of the old tunes and followed attentively the adventures of

the jaded Lady Harriet and her maid, Mme. Norelli was an easy-going maid of honor, whose appearance at court might have occasioned remark, but she sang "The Last Rose of Summer" as slowly as any world-famous prima donna. Miss Ivel was a tomboyish rather than an arch Nancy, and her antics, as well as her singing, gave pleasure to the audience. Mr. Gherardi and Mr. Boyle were excellent, each in his accustomed way and according to his lights. There were one or two hitches of trifling moment, but, on the whole, the performance was a smooth one. There is pretty music in this opera, which requires, however, a leading soprano of distinction in carriage and elegance of coloratura.

"Martha" will be performed on Saturday night, with Mr. Sheehan as Lionel. The opera this evening will be "Lohengrin," with Mme. Norelli, Miss Newman, Messrs. Gherardi, Marsano, Boyle. "Othello" will be performed on Friday evening, and the opera at the Saturday matinee will be "Lohengrin," with Miss Rennison as Elsa.

NOV 6. 1903 DIVERSE OPINIONS REGARDING PATTI

New York Papers Praise Her Unreservedly or Speak Disdainfully of Her "as a Warning."

"FAREWELLS" NOT HER INVENTION.

Early Years of Thibaud, the New Violin Virtuoso—Concerts in This City Next Week.

The apparition of Adelina Patti in New York provoked antipodal opinions concerning the present condition of her voice and art. The Herald and the Commercial Advertiser were lost in wonder, love and praise. "She is still a fascinating woman. * * * The grace of manners, the beauty of smile and the imperious carriage which is the mark of real greatness, they are all there, and powerfully attractive. * * * She has forgotten more about the art of song than most prima donnas will ever learn."

On the other hand, the Tribune mourned as a Hebrew prophet, and raged as any Roman satirist. "Mme. Patti, singing out of time; Mme. Patti, gasping for breath; Mme. Patti, chopping phrases into quivering bits without thought or compunction; Mme. Patti producing tones in a manner that ought to be held up as a warning example to every novice; Mme. Patti devoid of all but a shadow of that tone of opulent beauty, of that incomparable technical skill, which used to make dalliance with the things which were insurmountable difficulties to others; of that reposefulness of style which used to rest on all she did like a benediction—that was the singer who entertained the curious and grieved the judicious last night" (Nov. 2).

The Times entertained similar yet less rhetorical views. The Evening Post was courteously and kindly disposed. The Sun, cynically amused, declared that "those who know what singing really means will discern the perfection of an art which is almost wholly concealed, and will drink in fountains of information about breathing and tone production. Mme. Patti knows as much about singing today as she ever did, and she always knew all that was to be known."

But why this strife and dissension even in the week of political activity? Ambrose Phillips wrote some verses in honor of Cuzzoni:

"Little siren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell," etc.

which led either Dr. Arhuthnot or Mr. Pope to remark: "Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?"

Adelina Maria Jane Patti was born at Madrid April 8, 1843. She sang here in Boston in 1853, and her first appearance here in opera was on Jan. 3, 1860, as Lucia. Her last appearance here in opera was at Music Hall Nov. 25, 1893, when she created the part of the heroine in Emilio Pizzi's one-act opera "Gabiella," produced then for the first time. Miss Pabbi and Messrs. Lely, Galassi and Novara, supported her. Arditi conducted. Patti's positively last farewell was on Feb. 13, 1894, when she sang "Bel Canto" from Rossini's "Semiramide," "Home, Sweet Home," and in the second act of "Martha." The only allusion in the hall to the tear-stained occasion was made by a brass-volced boy, an unconscious humorist, who cried, "Farewell opera books!"

The "Farewell Concert" is by no means a modern institution invented by

Patti. Years ago a singer of Tuscan birth appeared in England. "The Italian lady, that is lately come over, that is so famous for singing," to quote from an announcement published in 1691. Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, known to the vulgar as "Greber's Peg," was tall, ugly, swarthy, rough, but a good singer and a good woman. Dean Swift, it is true, wrote in his Journal to Stella (1711): "I went to the rehearsal, and there was Margherita, and her sister Stella (1711); but the dean was not born under a musical planet. About 1722 the De l'Epine retired from the stage with £10,000, and married Dr. Pepusch, who was thus enabled "to live in a style of elegance, which, until the time of his marriage, he had been a stranger to." And so they lived happily, although in his more tender moments he called her Hecate on account of her ugliness.

Now it was in the year 1892 that Margherita gave a farewell concert. "She continued to sing more last and positively last times during the month, but never quitted England," says the chronicler, and in fact after her last farewell she sang for about 30 years. Patti is in her 61st year. But the famous Gertrude Mara sang in London when she was 70. Anna Bishop went on a concert tour around the world from her 61st to her 64th year. Charles Santley is still singing, and he was born in 1834. And there are many such instances of vocal longevity.

Of course, there are additions to Patti's. The day after her concert the singer remarked concerning the "great improvement" in America during the last 10 years. "I believe that the people, too, have improved musically in a critical sense." This leads one to infer that she had not read the Tribune that morning.

"When she fell out of her berth on shipboard," said her confidential friend, "and hurt her knee, she had nothing done for it, but simply rubbed it herself." But where was her husband? Was he not before his marriage a professor of applied gymnastics, Swedish movement cure and general massage? Is it possible that the Baron Cedarsstrom has waxed fat and lost his cunning?

A subscription sale of seats for Patti's concerts in Boston at Symphony Hall on Thursday evening, the 19th, and on Saturday afternoon, the 21st, will continue until Wednesday, the 11th. The box office sale will open on Thursday morning, Nov. 12.

Jacques Thibaud, the celebrated young French violinist, will play a Stradivarius at his concert tomorrow afternoon in Jordan Hall. His first appearance here should be a matter of interest to all music lovers, for his reputation throughout Europe is great and well founded, and his success in New York, where he played concertos by Mozart and Saint-Saens, was indisputable. He will play with all the leading orchestras of this country, except with the Boston Symphony orchestra, and in this respect he follows in the footsteps of such men as Kreisler and Gregorowitch, who appeared here first in recital.

Le Courrier Musical (Paris) of Oct. 15 published an entertaining account of a conversation with him at Sevre. It appears that the work of some of the more passionate press agents amused both the violinist and the reporter. There are anecdotes of Thibaud's early years in the French journal. He began to study the piano when he was 4, and at the age of 6 he was the pianist when his father played in public a sonata for violin and piano by Mozart.

The boy heard Cesar Thomson and he then determined to be a violinist. Two years afterward Ysaye gave a concert at Bordeaux and played a piece by Wieniawski. Meeting Thibaud, he said: "Well, young one, what do you think of that?" The boy answered, "It's very fine, but I shall do as much with it." Ysaye laughed and handed over his fiddle to the fresh youngster. Thibaud, not bit daunted, played away, and Ysaye, "stupidified" moved to tears, embraced him and prophesied a glorious future. Last year Thibaud gave 102 concerts in Europe.

Among the concerts of interest next week is Messrs. Devoll and Isham's first song recital, Tuesday afternoon at Steltern Hall, with a programme which will include songs by Handel, Strauss, Bassani, Perner, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Amherst, Weber, Rachmaninoff and others, and some unfamiliar duets. Mr. Frank O'Brien, the blind pianist of Cambridge, who has studied in Berlin, will play on Wednesday evening, at Steltern Hall, pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Tchaikowsky and Liszt. And on Wednesday evening at the first Apollo concert in Jordan Hall, Mrs. Julie Wyman will sing songs by Augusta Holmes, Wekerlin, Chaminate, Whelpley and Harris.

NOV 8. 1903 Last Week of the Savage Company at the Tremont; Apollo Club's First Concert; Piano Recitals; Success of Miss Marie Nichols, Boston Violinist

DWARD ELGAR said lately to a reporter of the



Patti. Many a girl, who reference to the comparative merits of English and German choirs: "Here we have a fixed proportion

of voices. We chose voices primarily, which, of course, seems the natural way. In Germany the sopranos are often largely what we would think out of proportion in point of number. Many of the sopranos are highly educated ladies, and, though their voices may not be strong, there is behind their singing a culture which results in expression and intelligent rendering. The effect of general education makes itself felt in music. Not necessarily a classical, but a good general education. We have need of some advance in this direction, especially among vocalists. There are some who have all the culture desirable, but still too many who depend on their voice and a popular repertory to maintain their place on the concert platform. What a mistake to think that mere voice or mere technique is alone required! Never was a more fatal error. Still we have advanced and we continue to advance. Sometimes I think that composers take too little note of this progress. The modern chorus singer is far superior in point of skill to the singer of a century ago. We are not limited to the machine of Handel's time, nor of Beethoven's time, nor even to that of five and thirty years ago. We may reasonably expect more in point of intelligence and expression, and may exact a little more."

Dr. Maudsley has declared gravely that many of the most striking characteristics of the idiot are found in highly developed musicians. And did not Prof. Park, in his "Dogmas of the Constitution," quote the proverb maker with his "God hath given to some men wisdom and understanding, and to others the art of playing on the fiddle." Yet there are some who insist that a singer of high aim and purpose should be a person of many attainments, of broad and catholic education.

Vitruvius, at the beginning of his treatise on architecture, names the indispensable acquirements of the great architect. The architect should have both practical and scientific knowledge; he should be quick-witted, ingenious, industrious; he should be well read, a draftsman, wise in geometry, and not ignorant of optics, versed in arithmetic, and familiar with history, a careful student of philosophy, acquainted with music; and he should have some information concerning medicine, law, astrology and the movements of the stars.

There are some today who really believe that a singer should resemble the architect sketched by Vitruvius.

How was a pupil taught during the great period of song?

As the opera grew to be more and more a collection of songs sung by persons in costume, the managers paid less attention to sumptuousness of scenery and professions and the surprise of ingenious mechanical devices; for the singer became the magnet, the craze. Since individuality in melody was the one thing sought by opera makers from Petti to Scarlatti, the singer in the 17th and 18th centuries was the chief artist, the man of consummate skill, of "virtue," i. e., of supreme worth in a supremely valued calling.

Women at first, as good Catholics, were not supposed to take part in opera, especially as Popes had forbidden their employment. Therefore, male sopranos and contraltos came into fashion in opera as well as in the church. They were preserved from any change of voice, and so they could be taught when they were young. In Mancini's treatise the pupil is supposed usually to be 12 or 13 years old. Not only made, but months could thus be actually made, but months could be devoted to what is now skimmed over in as many days. This is the way that pupils were taught in the school of Mazzocchi early in the 17th century:

In the morning, one hour to sing difficult passages, one hour to study literature, one hour of instruction before a mirror to avoid disagreeable movements of forehead, eyes, mouth. In the afternoon, a half-hour to theory, a half-hour to counterpointing a given theme, an hour to putting into practice by composition the contrapuntal lesson, an hour to literature. The rest of the day to the harpsichord, accompanying one's self, or composing a psalm or canzonetta; and sometimes the pupil sang single tones to an echo near a hill, for the echo served as a looking glass to show tonal imperfections. The pupil was taken to hear all famous singers, and he was obliged to criticise them to his master; and he heard music of all kinds. If he had a cold, he would play over songs at the harpsichord and discuss embellishments with his teacher.

By year-long work at holding, swelling and diminishing tones, by practicing passages of repercussion, by exercises in cadenzas, trills, flourishes, and, above all, by such mastery of breath that any visible act of breathing marked the shape of a piece, not any physical necessity, singers were formed, singers whose musical knowledge, technique, power of expressing tonal emotion seem today like unto a tale from "The Thousand Nights and a Night," and in comparison with whom as singers the glories of our stage are but poor amateurs, vain and unsubstantial things.

Those were the heroic days of singing as Vernon Lee describes them. When men had longer breaths and voices that never grew old, when strange and terrible things still happened; sapphires rings presented them by the demon processions to welcome them, and violent deaths in brawls or by the wild fancy of the poisoner, or by the assassin's thrust. Yet in the old days quality of voice was not contented. Thus we find P. Francesco Tosi writing in his gold book: "Italy hears no more such exquisite voices as in times past, particularly

THE TRULY INTELLIGENT SINGER.

"AIDA" THE OPERA TOMORROW NIGHT.



EDITH WALKER
CONTRALTO



JULIE WYMAN



MARIE NICHOLS
VIOLINIST.

larly among the women, and to the shame of the guilty. I'll tell the reason: The ignorance of the parents does not let them perceive the badness of the voice of their children, as their necessity makes them believe that to sing and grow rich is one and the same thing, and to learn music it is enough to have a pretty face: 'Can you make anything of her?'

We all heard much some years ago of the "intellectual" singer, made at first in Germany. The intellectual singer was a male or female who had a coarse, strident or guttural voice, or who had roared and screamed the voice away, a singer wholly without art, whose tones either stabbed the ear or did not go beyond the footlights; a singer without appreciation of the beauty of pure intonation. King Solomon, or whoever wrote the book of proverbs, foresaw him: "And as vinegar upon nitre so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart." Yet this singer was supposed to have a wonderful "conception" of the song or operatic part; there was an overwhelming display of "intellectuality."

A singer may be intelligent and yet not be "intellectual."

It will be remembered that when Arthur Pendennis tried to engage that superb creature and play-actress, Miss Fotheringay, in conversation about poetry and about her profession and asked her what she thought of Ophelia's madness and whether she was in love with Hamlet or not, the young woman answered in an Irish accent and with a deep rich melancholy voice: "In love with such a little ojus wretch as that stunted manager of a Bingley?" and when Pen explained it was not of her he spoke, but of Ophelia of the play, she replied: "Oh, indeed, if no offence was meant, none was taken; but as for Bingley, indeed, she did not value him—not that glass of punch." Nor did she know the name of the author of "The Stranger." Yet she was none the less adored by Pendennis and the great public. Would she have been the more pathetic as Ophelia if she had read the serious commentators, or more thrilling to Mrs. Haller if she had known the melancholy fate of Kotzebue?

Let us take the case of an opera singer who is about to impersonate Carmen. She is told that she should impersonate Merimee's story, George Borrow's romances in Spain and books about gypsies by Sir Richard F. Burton and Charles G. Leland. She reads and meditates. Of what real advantage will this be to her? May it not confuse her? May it not lead her to indecision and undue attention to inconsequential detail? Did the man who blacked him- self all over for Othello that he might enter fully into the spirit of the part play with more tragic intensity? Merimee's Carmen is not the Carmen of the balletists, and certain observations of borrow concerning the proud and peculiar chastity of the Spanish gypsy woman are contradicted by more recent writers.

It all depends on the woman.

The great singing women, the women who sweep away the judgment and hold

the heart of the hearer as in the hollow of a hand, are of strong, elemental emotions. They are as a rule of the great common people, and often from the lowest and the poorest class; they have known poverty, distress, disappointment, anguish; they are often not wholly unacquainted with crime and sin. They have worked with their hands; as children they have sung in gutters or boozing-kens. They have had little schooling. They have not known the usages of polite society. In private life they seem to be the fastidious, coarse or stupid; but on the stage they display courtly dignity, exquisite grace, classic repose, poetic imagination, pathetic and overwhelming intensity. Neglected or despised in early life, on the stage they accomplish their dreams, they take superb revenge. The stage is their world in which they queen it and look indifferently at genteel and bedimmed audiences at their feet.

They are different beings the moment the curtain is raised. The slight, almost insignificant, woman who has little to say in the commercial and commonplace routine of life shines as one transfigured and enskied. She who is reckoned coarse and noisy is a high-bred heroine who nothing common does or mean upon the memorable scene. The one apathetic or slovenly in her room is the daintiest Marion or the most virginal Elisabeth. The very voice of such is changed beyond belief; the daily habitual mask is dropped and the soul of the woman remodels the features; the walk, the bearing, the gesture—

these are as given by an ironical gentle to confound the wisdom of the world. These women undergo the wondrous chemistry of the stage.

Great is the force of indirection. A soprano is about to sing Liszt's "Lorelei." She will not gain in comprehension, if you tell her that this singer of the Rhine sat comfortably on a rock 430 feet high above the Rhine, where that river is narrowest (about 220 yards) and deepest (76 feet). But if she is reminded of Brentano's version of the legend, if she is reminded of the fact that the myth is very old, and that it was known in some form or other, from the classic sirens to the Scandinavian elf that wooed Olof in song, to all nations, the reality of the scene may enter into her mind, so that the musical expression will be the more authoritative.

Books of folklore, volumes of highly imaginative poetry may be far more helpful to a naturally impressionable woman than a philosophical treatise on the aesthetics of singing.

There are women without this natural force, without this latent disposition, who may sing with greater power and beauty by the aid of suggestion, rather than by a deliberate application. If a New England woman with an active and impressionable mind is to sing songs by Schumann, familiarity with the *Lieder* of Heine will undoubtedly assist her in acquiring a general disposition which

may then be directed specifically toward the mood of a particular song as set by a composer. And so a German woman, who knows her Heine may sing melodies by Debussy and Gabriel Faure with finer appreciation if she has caught the spirit of Paul Verlaine.

Walt Whitman, describing "The crowded and rudderless wreck of the steamship, and death chasing it up and down the storm," and the saving of "the silent, old-faced infants, and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipped, unshaven men," exclaims "I am the man, I suffered, I was there"; and a little later, "Acronies are one of my changes of garments; I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I, myself, become the wounded person. My hurt turns livid upon me as I lean on a cane and observe."

To use a homely phrase, the singer must be able to put herself in the place of another; she must have a peculiar imagination. Nor does she always need the lessons of actual experience. The purest woman may be the incarnation of flaming passion on the stage, for she is unacquainted with the selfishness, the materialism, the disillusion of what commonly passes in the world as love. There are opera singers whose lives would have delighted such chroniclers as Brantome or Casanova, and whose tones in melting, amorous phrases drip carelessly from the mouth as icicles from a gutter pipe. The one woman, from her illusions, her longings, who sings the more ardently beautiful because they are imaginative, the others have no illusions, and familiarity has shocked imagination and bred indifference. The true prizes of the world, the highest earthly bliss, as well as the ecstatic vision, are to the pure to heart.

A singer can give forth only that which is within. True emotion is not to be educated. The moment it becomes intelligent it is devoid of spontaneity and fragrance. Yet there are women who are unconscious of certain emotions until they are excited by the glare of the footlights and the smell of the theatre; the cool-headed then hold the reins and guide; the more excitable are mastered by the passion and become spasmodic or grotesque. There are few who with cool and governing brain, inspired soul and thrilling body, are mistresses of lyric emotion. They may be said to have intelligence; but the quality is a birthright, enlarged by experience and shaped by introspection and constant self-criticism. The outsider can only look on and wonder; he may hint, he may suggest, he may criticize, but the singer herself cannot explain as for an examination the methods of her persuading and compelling art.

This is a time when every one sings or plays some instrument, for the idea that the musician, like the poet, is born was long ago exploded. Singers come and go in battalions, and the great majority are like unto the idle singer of an empty lay. Few have much art—for they have little aptitude and no patience; still fewer have the power of lyrical expression. Yet they herald singing, and they have their friends and admirers in church, in parlor, and even in concert hall.

The truly intelligent singer is she that recognizes her inability, accepts the limitations,

ation easily, and finds some other waste-pipe for the overflow of her amiable feelings.

LOCAL.

Mr. Giuseppe Randegger will give a piano recital soon at Steinert Hall.

Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 2.

Messrs. Devoll and Isham's second song recital, which will be devoted to works by American composers, will be at Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, the 18th.

Pupils of the Faelten Pianoforte school will give a recital in Huntington Chambers Hall on Wednesday evening. The Misses Lavers, Mardon, Rapoport, Pumphrey and Messrs. Gibbs, Perley and others will take part.

The Spierling quartet (string) of Chicago, which is now in its 11th season, and is held in high respect in the western states, will give its first concert in Boston at Chickering Hall on Monday evening, the 16th. The programme will include Mozart's quartet in C, Schumann's quartet in F major, Beethoven's quartet in F minor. Seats may be bought at Symphony Hall on and after Monday morning.

At the first concert of the Hoffmann quintet on Tuesday night, Mr. Bauer will make his first appearance here this season in chamber music.

Miss Clara Sexton, Miss Adah Campbell Hickey, and Mr. Stephen Townsend of Boston with Mr. John Young, tenor, of New York, will be the solo singers in the performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend" under the direction of Mr. E. G. Hood at Nashua, N. H., Thursday evening, Dec. 10. The orchestra will be the Boston Festival. Mr. Crowley, concert master.

Mr. Gebhard will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 3. Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler will give a piano recital in the same hall on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 1. Mr. Francis Rogers, a song recital on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 2, and Mr. Bauer his second recital on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 5.

The programme of the second Kneisel quartet in Potter Hall on Tuesday evening, the 17th, will include Cesar Franck's quartet in D; Beethoven's sonata in A major for cello and piano; and Brahms' piano quartet in C minor. Mr. Bauer will be the pianist.

Among the works to be performed by the Longy Club this season are: Sere-nade No. 2, Mozart; Octet, Haydn; Rondo, Beethoven; Carnavalesque, Loef-fler; sonata for flute and piano, Reinecke; trio, Herzogenberg; sextet, Lacroix; suite op. 4, ques.; and Gounod's Petit Symphony.

The programme of the first Arbos quartet concert in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, the 23d, will include Beethoven's quartet in F minor; suite in E major, by Bach; for violin alone (Mr. Arbos); Tschakowsky's piano trio in A minor (Mr. Bauer, pianist).

The most practical evidence of the interest taken in the concerts to be given here by Adeline Patti is found in the fact that more than \$5000 has already been received at the Symphony Hall box office by checks sent in payment for advance orders for seats, and each day has shown an increase in the average number of these numbers received. The concerts will be given in Symphony Hall on Thursday evening, the 19th inst., and the following Saturday afternoon, with an entire change of programme for Patti's second concert. These will be her only appearances in New England.

Her company includes a Miss Vera Margolies, pianist; Miss Rosa Zameis, violinist; Miss Kathleen Howard, an American contralto; Mr. Wilfred Vreco, tenor; Mr. Claude A. Cunningham, an English baritone, and Anton Hegner, cellist. Mr. Romualdo Sapio is the musical director.

Mr. Frank O'Brien, the blind pianist, who will give his first piano recital Wednesday evening at Steinert Hall, went to Berlin about three years ago to study with Gedliczka, and he made his first appearance in public at Beckstein Hall March 4, 1903. The critics were unanimous in praise of the purity and the warmth of his interpretation and the fluency of his technique.

Mrs. Helen A. Hunt will give a song recital on the afternoon of Dec. 10, when she will sing for the first time in Boston certain songs by Claude Debussy and also with the assistance of a female chorus and Mr. Gebhard, pianist, Debussy's exquisite setting of a French version of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The Blessed Damsel."

MR. SAVAGE'S OPERA COMPANY.

The fourth and final week of the opera season at the Tremont Theatre has arrived, and promises to be crowned with no less success than fell to the lot of its predecessors. The inclusion of Boston among the cities in which he annually gives a series of representative grand operas in English was a well advised step on the part of Mr. Henry W. Savage, for the music-loving public here has come forward to show in a very substantial manner its appreciation of the manager's enterprise and its approbation of his company. The Tremont has been packed to the doors nightly, and the engagement has been even more successful than that of last year. For the last week three operas are announced. On Monday and Friday nights and Wednesday afternoon "Aida," the work in which Verdi made so notable a development of his earlier style. The ever popular "Il Trovatore" will be sung on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and at the Saturday matinee, and Gounod's setting of the Shakespearean tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet," will be the opera on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. All these works have been provided with new and sumptuous stage settings. The casts will be found in "Music of the Week."

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Horticultural Hall, 3 P. M. and 7 P. M., chrysanthemum show. Concert by the Boston Concert Orchestra, led by Mr. Arthur M. Curry.

MONDAY—Tremont Theatre, fourth and last week of Mr. Savage's grand opera company, singing in English, 8 P. M., Verdi's "Aida"; Radames, Mr. Scheuch; Ramfis, Mr. Boyle; the King, Mr. Bennett; Amosaro, Mr. Goff; Aida, Miss Rendony; Annerls, Miss Ivell. Mr. Emanuel will conduct.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., first recital by Messrs. Devoll and Isham. Music by Schubert, Massenet, Henschel, songs for tenor by Bassani, Plerne, Kjerulf, Rachmaninoff; songs for baritone by Handel, R. Strauss, Rimsky-Korsakoff, William Wallace, Amherst Webber.

Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Leonora, Miss Rendony; Azucena, Miss Ivell; Ramfis, Mr. Scheuch; Count di Luna, Mr. Marsano; Ferrando, Mr. Bennett. Mr. Schenk will conduct.

WEDNESDAY—Tremont Theatre, 2 P. M., "Aida," with Miss Brooks as Aida. Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." Romeo, Mr. Riviere; Friar Laurence, Mr. Boyle; Mercutio, Mr. Goff; the Duke, Mr. McKimble; Capulet, Mr. Marsano; Tybalt, Mr. Fulton; Gregorio, Mr. Jungman; Juliet, Miss Kereilly; Stephano, Miss Newman; Gertrude, Miss MacGahan. Mr. Emanuel will conduct.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M., piano recital by Mr. Frank O'Brien. Prelude and fugue in D minor, Bach; Beethoven's sonata op. 109; Schumann's "Kreisleriana," op. 16; Chopin's Etudes op. 10, No. 3, op. 25 No. 7; Impromptu in F sharp minor, Nocturne in C sharp minor, Polonaise in C minor; Tschakowsky's "Humoresque" op. 10; Chant Polonais, Chopin-Liszt; Liszt's Rhapsodie-Hongroise No. 8.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., first concert of the Apollo Club. Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. Mrs. Julie Wyman will sing songs by Augusta Holmström, Wekerlin, Chaminade, Whelpley, Harris.

THURSDAY—Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., "Il Trovatore," with Mr. Gherardi as Ramfis and Miss Newman as Azucena.

Potter Hall, first concert of the Hoffman quartet: Beethoven's quartet op. 59 No. 2; Terzetto for two violins and viola, Dvorak; Brahms' piano quartet in F minor, Mr. Har-old Bauer, pianist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., fourth public rehearsal of Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor. Ralfs' overture, "Eine Feste Burg"; concerto in B major for piano and orchestra, op. 10, Hiss; symphonic poem, "Vysehrad," Smetana; Beethoven's Symphony No. 2, Miss Anna Ober, pianist.

Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., "Aida," with Miss Brooks as Aida and Mr. Gherardi as Radames.

SATURDAY—Tremont Theatre, 2 P. M., "Il Trovatore," with Miss Newman as Azucena. Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., seventh of the Steinert piano-player concerts. Mr. Carl Pierce, violinist.

Tremont Theatre, 8 P. M., "Romeo and Juliet."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., fourth Symphony concert. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

PERSONAL.

The Daily Chronicle (London) says that Paderewski has lost his savings of £100,000 which he invested in accordance with the advice of a Polish friend, and must now play the piano in public. He will visit Russia, China and Japan.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says of a Mr. W. A. Becker, a pianist: "Were Mr. Becker advertised under some foreign title as an eccentric genius with wonderful hirsute appendage, America would now be in a furore of excitement over his work." But why? Mr. Becker content in a pen-up Cleveland? He should come to Boston, where we have learned not to judge a pianist by his hair.

A monument in the shape of a pyramid has been reised to Rheinberger in the churchyard at Munich. Heinrich Jobst is the sculptor.

Meyrienne Heglon was hissed so violently as Fides in "The Prophet" at the Paris Opera when Alvarez made his reappearance that she has temporarily retired. The tumult was so great that the conductor was obliged to stop the orchestra more than once.

Greef, the bass of the Frankfurt opera, has celebrated his 25th anniversary of service. A German bass begins to be tolerable when he has sung so long—for then he begins to lose his voice.

Camille du Locle died lately at Nice. Born at Orange in 1832, he became secretary of the Paris Opera and manager of the Opera Comique. With Mery, for Verdi; "La Fiancée de Corinthe," for Duprato; "Aida," with Ghislanzoni, for the Cairo production in Italian, and with Nutter, in French, for the Paris performance; "La Force du Destin," with Nutter; "Sigurd," with Blau, for Reyser; "Salambo," for Reyser; "Helle," Nutter, for Duvernoy.

Isabel Joy (Mrs. Harry Cavendish) will soon return to the stage. She will appear at Doly's Theatre, London, in "A Country Girl."

Mr. Baughan of the Daily News, London, was moved to say, after he heard Melba as Gilda: "Why duchesses and other noble ladies should wear tiaras on a Melba night and hardly at all when Terina sings in a Wagner music-drama is beyond explanation. Yet it seems to have a sort of appropriateness. The old opera composers were worldly-wise. They wrote a form of musical entertainment which made scarcely any tax on the attention. I dare say there were hardly 10 people in Covent Garden on Saturday night who really understood the dramatic action of the first act of 'Rigoletto,' but not one ignorant that Melba would sing 'Caro Nome' and Sig. Bonci 'E il sol d'innama.' I sometimes wonder what kind of effect the great singers of the middle of last century made in the part of Gilda. Nowadays it is sung for the sake of florid display, but it is imaginable that a great actress might be very impressive. Mme. Melba used to be content with merely singing, but now she has ambitions as actress. Even if she had the physical aptitude it would be a mistake, for her voice is incapable of acting. It has neither the volume nor the variety of color required. Any serious attempt to make a voice of the type of Mme. Melba's dramatic robs it of its entrancing beauty. And how beautiful it is as a mere voice. The prolonged shake at the end of 'Caro Nome' is as perfect as a string of pearls evenly matched."

busy as music critic of Gil Post. Vincent d'Indy has combed the instrumentation of a symphony on which he has worked for some months. The first performance will be at one of Chevallard's concerts.

The tenor, Giovanni Marchetti, lately at Assisi, died after a long sickness, in the house and in the arms of "a poor woman of the people, who was the only one to care for him at the end." Yet Marchetti, who died at the age of 73, had been applauded in the leading opera houses of Europe, and may be the friend of Rossini, Verdi, Meyerbeer and other famous music makers.

This Miss Rosa Zameis, violinist, who is in Patti's company, is Miss Rosa Samuel of Jamestown, N. Y., though it is said she was born in New York. She studied with Hasselhrinch of New York and with Ysaye. She has played in European cities.

Leo Rains, a bass singer of New York, who has been heard in Boston in opera, and is now of the Dresden opera company, sang in concert at Dresden, Oct. 17, and was told frankly that he was in sore need of singing lessons.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink was accused lately at Breslau of being "unnecessarily arch" in the delivery of certain songs.

We publish today a picture of Edith Walker, a New York singer, who, after study with Orgeni at Dresden, was first contralto of the Vienna court opera company. It is said that a misunderstanding with Gustav Mahler, the conductor, led to her acceptance of an offer from Mr. Conrad. We also publish a picture of Miss Marie Nichols, whose violin playing in Berlin is described by a correspondent, and of Mrs. Julie Wyman, whose rare voice and art will be displayed at the Apollo Club concert on Wednesday.

AT BERLIN.

Our Berlin correspondent wrote (Oct. 22): "The position of musical reviewer in the German capital is not an easy one. Hundreds of hardworking, conscientious American musicians annually come to this most critical of musical centres clamoring for recognition, but unfortunately only a very small part of these are really deserving of favorable notice. It is therefore with genuine pleasure that the writer can truthfully report on the successful appearance here of a Boston violinist, Miss Marie Nichols. The Berlin critics are unanimous in praising her brilliant technique, pure tone and intelligent conception and rendering of the pieces which she played before a large audience at the Beethoven Hall on Monday evening. She was ably assisted by the Philharmonic orchestra. The chief composition on Miss Nichols' programme was Max Bruch's serenade. It was given here last two years ago by the Belgian violinist, Joseph Debroux. Miss Nichols, it is interesting to note, is the first woman who ever played it anywhere. She will also introduce the work in England at her concert Nov. 2, at St. James' Hall, in connection with the Queen's Hall orchestra, under the direction of Henry J. Wood. The serenade was originally dedicated to Sarasate, but it was never played by him and hence the dedication to him disappeared from the title page.

"Miss Nichols is the daughter of Mr. Charles K. Nichols of Boston. She was born at Chicago. At the age of 8 she began the study of the violin at Berlin, under Emil Mollenhauer. Mr. Mollenhauer remained her only instructor until she went to Europe, in the fall of 1902. During her stay in Europe she studied first in Berlin, under Halir, and later in Paris with Debroux.

"A little Hungarian violinist of 10 years, named Franz von Vecsey, has produced a sensation here. His playing of the D moll concert by Wieniawski, two pieces by Bach, the 'Witches' Dance' by Paganini, was most surprising. The large audience went wild with enthusiasm, and Joachim, at the end of the concert, embraced his little countryman. Franz von Vecsey was born March, 1893, in Budapest. His father, a man of means, is himself a violinist of local fame. His mother plays the piano. When but 4 years old, Franz surprised his parents by singing passages of Mendelssohn's violin concerto and accompanying the music with two pieces of wood. When 5 years old, Franz was presented with a small violin, and received instruction on it from his father. The child in these very first beginnings made enormous progress, although the violin was but a toy. At the age of 6 he received his first instruction, but the parents were careful not to overburden him. Only a quarter of an hour a day the lessons lasted, and for the same length of time he played on his violin; yet, his technique increased in astonishing manner. After eight months he was able to play pieces by Paganini. Frank became a pupil of Hubay of the Budapest Academy of Music. Childlike in his manner, Frank is musically ambitious. When, after a concert by Kubelik, he was asked by a lady: 'Do you wish to play that way?' he answered: 'Kiss your hand, only still more beautifully.' When, this spring, preparing to make his examination for the Budapest Academy, he had the misfortune to drop his violin and break it, Frank pleaded with his father to allow him the use of his own, and when the request was granted, Frank played the instrument with full assurance. He used this violin in the academy examination, playing Wieniawski's concerto, and was enthusiastically applauded by both teachers and audience. The parents finally decided to allow the boy to make a concert tour, and he has made his debut here in Berlin. He played one of Bach's compositions for Joachim, and the great violin king wrote in Frank's autograph album: 'God protect you, wonderfully talented child.' I am informed that Frank, in the near future, will go to America."

"A Berlin newspaper publishes an interview with Mrs. Schumann-Heink, in which she gives her reasons for preferring to appear in America. 'My eight children are the cause why I sing in America and not in Berlin; I must earn

money. In America I have 10,000 marks; I cannot do that in Berlin. When Pollini died I was a widow. I leave the Hamburg Schauspielhaus. I offered myself to all large court and city theatres; also the Berlin Royal Opera; but I did not even receive an answer from the last named institution. Finally, I was forced to make a contract with Grau, and when my American contract became known, Germa stages also wanted me. Pierson negotiated with me in behalf of the Berlin court theatres, which previously had ignored my offer; my husband and I were finally engaged for the Royal Opera House at 24,000 marks annually. I accepted the engagement with the condition that I should receive a leave of absence which permitted me to appear in America. This activity in the United States, however, occurred in the same time when performances were given in

the Berlin Royal Opera, and this is the reason why for many years I have not appeared in Berlin. I cannot give up my career in America, for I have laid my foundation in the United States. I am only my artistic position and my income bind me to America, but also my social position, which I the German singer obtained for myself in the most exclusive American circles. Regarding my appearance next year in an American comic opera, Mrs. Schumann-Heink said: 'The composer, Julian Edwards, and the librettist, Stanislaw Stange, recently visited my villa in Koetzschere road, near Dresden, and we did the preparatory work for the new comic opera in which I am to appear in New York and it seems as if in this role I am to incorporate my own individuality, a part of my own life, which was both hard and bitter. When the opera is complete I return to America to fulfil my contract with Mr. Whitney, but this will not be before February or March of next year. My contract guarantees me for 40 weeks in the year, \$2000 per week, also \$2000 of \$1000 of net income over \$10,000 a week, besides costumes, carriages, free transportation, and I have also reserved the right to choose orchestra, soloists and chorus. My tour will extend throughout America. I will sing in English, and as an American artist will bring savings, amounting annually to 300,000 marks, back to Germany. I am now 42 years old. It is clear to me that my artistic magnificence once will come to an end. Am I not, therefore, morally bound to make use of the time that still remains? Must I not think of my future and that of my numerous family? Would I not commit a crime against myself and my relatives if I should act otherwise? I have become sufficiently acquainted with the trouble and want of the stage. My salary with Pollini originally was 4000 marks, and even when I was a famous artist my highest salary was but 7000 marks, and on this amount I had to live and also provide for half-dozen children. On a foreign stage I am honored, while at home great misery prevails. My yearning has always been to occupy a first position at the Berlin Royal Opera. I have no given up this desire, and I shall endeavor, in full harmony with General Intendant von Huelsen, to postpone my Berlin obligations. I shall never break my contract."

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of "Dolly Varden," produced Oct. 1 at the Avenue Theatre, London: "There is one quality which it is necessary to recognize namely, that of brilliance in many moments of a finely constructed score. It is very difficult to describe precisely and to analyze as with an etching pen, the different feeling between the first night production of a Sullivan opera and the production last night of 'Dolly Varden.' On the one hand, recognized in a sort of definite way the fact that Sullivan's scores are works of art. Last night one recognized the same fact with ready facility of attention. Mr. Julian Edwards deserves the compliment.

"Babel," a new melodrama by Olden-burg, music by Adolphi, has been produced at Erfurt. The heroine in Chausson's posthumous opera, "Le Roi Arthur," is named Genevieve, not Guinevere. While the opera is in rehearsal at the Monnaie, Brussels, it occurred to the managers that "Genevieve" is a strong drink known only too well in Belgium. They, therefore, ask Chausson's widow for permission to change the heroine's name to Guinevere.

"Rooslin im Hag," a new opera by Cyril Kistlar, was produced successfully at Elberfeld Oct. 13.

A pantomime, "Cain," music by Bacchini, was produced at the National Theatre, Rome. Cain has figured in opera: Foertsch (1689), Spindler (about 1795), and d'Albert (1900). In Foertsch's opera Cain's sister-wife is named Kallmana. Bulthaupt, the librettist of d'Albert's opera, followed Byron and gave her the name Adah. Does Cain bear a mark in this new pantomime? There is a diversity of opinion concern-

ing the precise nature of this mark. Was a letter taken from Abel's name or from the ineffable name of God stamped on the murderer's forehead? Some say that the brand consisted of three letters which composed the name of the Sabbath, or they were taken from the word which means "penitence," from the sign of the cross. Some say Abel's dog was always at Cain's heel. Others say that Cain was marked with leprosy; that his bloodshot eyes rolled horribly; that he trembled and could only with difficulty convey food or drink to his mouth; that wherever he halted there was quaking of the earth. Truly a wide choice for a librettist. There are many strange stories about Cain. The patriarch Eutychius tells us the Cain had a twin sister Azrun, and Aba, a twin sister Owain. Adam wished Cain to marry Owain and was rough toward Cain because the youth preferred Azrun, who was the more beautiful and was intended for Abel; hence the beginning of the quarrel, and the after the murder Cain married Azrun. Other learned men insist that Abel had

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of them. No librettist has taken
advantage of this complication, which
could have appeared to the composer of
"Die Walkure."
"The Dutchess of Dantzie," a ro-
mantic light opera, founded on "Aime-
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ilton, music by Ivan Caryll, was produced
at the Lyric Theatre, London, on Oct.
7. We quote from the review published
in the Pall Mall Gazette:
"The central figures were, of course,
Napoleon and La Sans-Gene herself. It
always seems to us something of a pity
that Napoleon is so often treated as a
stage figure. The upshot is that if you
and a man with a little making up and
a lock of hair that can be twisted down
the forehead, with a sentiment of silent
meditation occurring at intervals, and
with a habit of joining his hands behind
his back, you begin to persuade yourself
that here is a Napoleon. Let this
people will think of Napoleon's victories
as a military life; they never remember
him as the modern Justitia. Let this
author of the Code 'Napoleon.' Let this
be stated to represent a sort of out-
standing attitude toward a work which
contains many charming moments,
which is mounted with rare taste, and
which is acted and sung admirably
throughout. Here is an entertain-
ment given upon lines of its own, a
sort of union of the Sullivan-Gilbert idea
with the more frivolous Offenbach idea,
nited with scenic effects (as has been
intended) of wonderful beauty, and with
ital and vivacious artists to carry it all
rough. That strikes us as proving a
policy which in the inception is perfectly
intelligible, and which in the carrying
out must sincerely be described as ex-
tremely intelligent. Therewith, it seems
to us that which Matthew Arnold used
to describe as the higher criticism
eases to be influential; and one finds
necessary to discuss this score, this
lot, this libretto on the ground
of public enjoyment. The question put
by those interested in the success of the
work is obviously this: 'Will it please
the public?' And there is only one an-
swer: 'It will.' There is no doubt
about this matter. For the public the
work was made, and the success of that
work is going to be made by the public.
Mr. Ivan Caryll has something
of Sullivan in his musical ideals. He
constructs his scores neatly and prettily.
He has gaiety and that spontaneous
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very effectively." The chief singers
were Evie Greene, Claire Greet, Courtice
ounds (Papillon), Denis O'Sullivan
Sergt. Lefebvre), Holbrook Blinn (Na-
oleon).

PARIS AND ENGLISH MUSIC.
The Paris correspondent of the Pall
all Gazette writes: "I have been mak-
ing some inquiries here among musical
eople as to whether an English mili-
ary band or orchestra would be a suc-
ess in Paris, given the improvement in
e relations between the two countries.
he idea came to me in the course of
arious conversations on the entente.
he opinions I have heard expressed,
however, by those competent to judge
are not favorable to the venture. 'The
nglish have nothing to offer us in a
usical way that would be likely to
ake a sensation here,' remarked one
hose views are entitled to great re-
spect. 'I am nevertheless not of those
ho say that you have nothing musi-
ally worth having. Your choral soci-
es are excellent. There is nothing
better than the oratorios given in Leeds,
radford, Sheffield and Birmingham,
nd even in the Albert Hall in London.
ut, as you know, Paris has no liking
or oratorio, and calls it 'fog music.'
he public is accustomed from time to
me to selections from "Elijah," the
Messiah" and "Judas Macabaeus,"
nd he would be a bold man who would
ve a complete oratorio." It is, indeed,
significant fact that no British con-
ductor has been seen here of late years
cept Mr. Wood of the Queen's Hall,
ho was invited by M. Chevallier of the
amoureux concerts to lead his orches-
ra on one occasion last year at the
ouveau Theatre. It cannot be said,
however, that he 'epated' the Parisians,
ough his knowledge of the craft is
recognized here.
The Parisians are a sceptical and un-
thusiastic race, who refuse to take
ybody's reputation on trust. They re-
nt any attempt to influence their judg-
ent on musical matters. Woe to the
ranger who tries the puff preliminary,
hus, when Taniagno came, and in an
happy moment billed himself as 'the
ustrious Taniagno,' which he no doubt
as, even at that date (some years ago),
e press fastened on to the adjective,
nd told us in sarcastic terms that 'the
ustrious' was seen out driving in the
ols, and that 'the illustrious' had dined
I chops the previous evening. Sousa,
ho spent immense sums in advertising
himself here last season, must
ive regretted that he did not approach
s audiences with more circumspection.
"I can only recall one instance of a
ally successful foreign musical in-
ation. That occurred two years ago,
hen Nikish brought his famous Berlin
lharmonic Society to the Cirque
Hiver, and filled the hall for a week
th enthusiastic audiences. But the
cumstances were exceptional. Nikish
d made a great reputation for himself
America, and the American colony
re rallied to his support. Further-
ore, his own standing with the French
olic was very high. Richter from
Manchester is well received here
ough he is German, and not English),
nd some four or five other conductors.

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oleon).

JACQUES THIBAUD DELIGHTS.

First Appearance of Celebrated
Violinist in Boston.

A Player of Rare Musical Feeling
and Temperament—Gentle Who
Has Chosen the Violin as the
Voice of Memorable and Haunt-
ing Moods and Emotions.

Mr. Jacques Thibaud, violinist, played
for the first time in Boston yesterday
afternoon in Jordan Hall. The pianist
was Mr. Andre Benoist. The pro-
gramme was as follows:
Sonata.....Cesar Franck
Messrs. Thibaud and Benoist.
Prelude } First Sonata, G minor.....Bach
Pugce.....
Mr. Thibaud.
Piano solo, Polonaise, B flat.....Liszt
Mr. Benoist.
Rondo Capriccioso.....Saint-Saens
Serenite.....Vieuxtemps
Scherzando.....Marcel
Polonaise.....Wienlawski
Mr. Thibaud.

That Mr. Thibaud is something more
than an admirable virtuoso in the com-
mon and less complimentary meaning
of the term was shown by his selection
of the introductory composition, Cesar
Franck's sonata for violin and piano is
one of the noblest works in the whole
literature of chamber music, ancient or
modern; but its finest and most char-
acteristic qualities are not those which
excite the wonder and applause of a
miscellaneous audience, an audience
prepared for hero-worship. The sonata
is an example of music described by
the French and the Germans as intima-
te. There are often indirect and
subtle. There are successions of moods,
and there is little opportunity for the
violinist to stand under the limelight
while the composer is lost in the
shadow and wholly forgotten by the
audience. And, singular to relate, the
most popular of the movements is the
finale in which cunning canonical art
appears as the most spontaneous and
ingenuous thought.

This sonata was first played in Boston
about eight years ago by Messrs. Ysaye
and Lachaux. It has been played here
several times since then but never has
it seemed so beautiful and great as it
did yesterday afternoon. Mr. Thibaud
showed thoroughly grounded and ele-
gant fashion and technique—this was taken
for granted, for his reputation crossed
the Atlantic long before he embarked;
he also proved himself to be a musician
of most exquisite taste and genuine and
contagious emotions. His taste was
never finical. Charming in matters of
detail, he did not overelaborate, he did
not give undue importance to that
which was of lesser weight; there was
a constant continuity of musical
thought; and there was always inde-
scribably beautiful tone, beautiful in
variety as well as in quality. The phras-
ing throughout was a delight. And then
there was such an abiding sense of pro-
portion; the thought and the action of
the brain found instant servants in arm
and hand, and it all was vitalized and
made sympathetic and human by the
soul of the player.

The qualities to which we have re-
ferred were displayed in the other
pieces on the programme. How musical,
for instance, was the performance of
the prelude from Bach's sonata! What
comprehension and appreciation, what
a union of delicacy and strength in
these two excerpts! The little composi-
tion by Vieuxtemps served to show
the simple charm of Mr. Thibaud's
cantabile, as the well-worn rondo of
Saint-Saens was a model of rhythm
and elegance. And adjectives of eulogy
and purple phrases might be applied
to the performance as a whole.

We no longer gape open-mouthed at
the acrobatic feats of hardened visitors,
steeped in virtuoso crimes or of young
Hungarians and Bohemians, hirsute and
arrogant, who lean heavily on the shoul-
ders of passionate press agents. There
are many formidable and amazing fig-
dancers; there are comparatively few vi-
olinists who have at the same time great
technical proficiency, fine musical taste,
and the gift of emotional interpretation.
And in music of what value is technic
unless it be employed in the service of
art and as a medium of revealing to
the public the imagination and the soul
of the interpreter? What Anatole
France said of the highest criticism—
the adventures of a fine soul among
masterpieces—may well be applied to
the great violinist, pianist, singer, con-
ductor. In listening to Mr. Thibaud,
whose emotions are musical, not facial,
not bodily—for he has the repose of the
true artist—the hearer forgets to think
about any mere technical exhibition; he
does not inquire too curiously into the
character of the man; for he is ab-
sorbed by the music and by the pres-
entation of it. Only until the concert
is over, 'is the spell broken; then he
realizes that he has been in close com-
munion with a genius who has chosen
the violin as the voice of memorable
and haunting moods and emotions.

Mr. Benoist in the polonaise and in
the accompaniments displayed a fluent
technic. There was a good-sized audi-
ence which, appreciative at the beginning,
was soon enthusiastic. There were many
recalls, and at the end Mr. Thibaud was
obliged to add to the programme.

It is a matter of deep regret as well
as surprise that this illustrious violinist
has not been engaged to play with the
Boston Symphony orchestra, but this is
a year of surprises. It is a pleasure to
state that Mr. Thibaud will give a sec-
ond recital in Jordan Hall on Tuesday
evening, the 24th.

VERDI'S "AIDA" AT THE TREMONT

A Robust Performance,
with the Ensembles and
Finales Performed with
Strength and Spirit.

MISS RENNYSO A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Her Impersonation of the
Slave Neither Dignified
Nor Pathetic—Attitudes
Seldom Graceful.

Mr. Savage's grand opera company
singing in English began the fourth and
last week of its engagement last night
at the Tremont Theatre with a per-
formance of Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Em-
manuel conducted. The cast was as fol-
lows:

Radames.....Mr. Sheehan
Ramfis.....Mr. Boyle
The King.....Mr. Bennett
Amonasro.....Mr. Goff
A messenger.....Mr. Fulton
Aida.....Miss Rennyson
Amneris.....Miss Ivell

"Aida," after a performance of
"Othello," seems to be the lesser work.
There is in the former a freer and more
generous outpouring of beautiful melodic
thought, but "Othello" is more firmly
knit together, more highly imaginative,
more intense, and the music is more
closely wedded to the text. No wonder,
for the libretto of "Othello" is a mas-
terpiece. "Aida" was composed delib-
erately for a holiday occasion, and the
music is inevitably and largely decorat-
ive. This musical decoration is often
impressive, and it is often singularly
picturesque. There is a peculiar musical
atmosphere, in which the characters not
only move, they breathe it. The music
that announces the coming of
the messenger and accompanies his tale;
the sacred music in the temple; the
marvellous first pages of the Nile scene;
the musical characterization of Aida,
Amneris and Amonasro—all this is ex-
otic as well as poetically descriptive.

But the action does not begin until
the Nile scene, and the first two acts
are merely by way of long introduction
and pageant. Two women quarrel over
a man, and, as is usual in such daily
instances, the man is a resigned victim
or a rubbishy fellow. Two men dis-
puting over a woman come quickly to
deeds; but two women taunt each other
in angry chatter or burst into tears.
Barbey d'Aurevilly once expressed the
opinion in a review of a Paris Salon
that any woman who has a violet nose,
shining or red, after having shed the
most honorable and virtuous tears, is not
within the domain of art; it is not
necessary to paint her; but if she in-
terests you, buy her a dozen handker-
chiefs edged with lace with which she
may comfort her little nose.

It is true that Verdi's music vitalizes
in large degree the conventional fig-
ures. Aida has her pathetic strains
and Amneris's her proud and sweeping
phrases. Radames must have a voice,
and here is a case of voice and no other
characteristic. The priests might serve
Brahma, or in the Hebrew temple, or
in a cathedral, or in the strange rites
of some mighty Mumbo-Jumbo. All
priests on the operatic stage look alike
and sound alike to the audience. But
Amonasro is a striking portrait in the
great operatic gallery. He is much more
than a replica of Nelusko. There is
the pathetic as well as the barbarously
heroic touch; he sings, or the orchestra
adds to the characterization, and the
landscape and the life he invokes are
before one as though visible in obedi-
ence to a magician's wand.

The performance was deficient in
strong characterization. Mr. Sheehan
was often robustly effective by the mere
force and brilliance of his voice. Rad-
ames was a simple soldier with an honest
devotion to his country, and there is no
subtlety necessary in the portrayal of
a conflict between love and duty. At
the same time, even a simple soldier,
who happens to be the hero of such an
opera, is expected to pay attention to
certain well known fundamental prin-
ciples of vocal art. Mr. Sheehan was not
so guilty of negligence in this respect as
was Miss Rennyson, whose Aida was in-
effective both vocally and dramatically.
It is a pity that a naturally fine and
expressive voice is handled with so little
skill.

Miss Rennyson sang better last sea-
son, although injurious mannerisms
were then at work. Today these man-
nerisms are confirmed and exceedingly
derivative. Her impersonation was
neither dignified nor pathetic; we say
dignified, for if Aida was a slave, she
was also the proud daughter of a king.
There was no suggestion of this in Miss
Rennyson's bearing, and it may here be
said that both she and Miss Ivell show
the lack of elemental training in the
management of hands and arms, either
in repose or in gesture. Her attitudes
were seldom graceful; they were at
times positively grotesque. A woman

with head constantly on on, id-
crouching in a crouched position
this is not the daughter of
Amonasro.

Miss Ivell's tones were at times of
sumptuous beauty and at times thin
and hollow. Amneris, it seems, was a
king's daughter who rejoiced in lavish
display of her bodily architecture. She
was also of a melodramatically zealous
disposition. A voluptuous person of lit-
tle or no dignity, she would lose tem-
per and scold like any angry woman
of the people. Amneris last night was
Carmenesque; that is, Carmenesque ac-
cording to Miss Ivell's extraordinary
conception of Bizet's gypsy.

Mr. Goff's make-up was eccentric.
Amonasro looked like a fanciful but
rude cut in an early book of travels
among curious and savage people. Sure-
ly there is no need of turning this Ethio-
pian monarch into a Wild Man of
Borneo. How superbly Maurel dressed
the part! (There was much last night
in costumes and make-up to excite dis-
cussion among ethnologists, and espe-
cially Egyptologists.) But Mr. Goff's
voice and action soon made one forget
the mistaken make-up, although his
Amonasro is not to be ranked with his
Scarpia or Iago.

Yet, in spite of certain drawbacks, and
in spite of certain omissions—as the cut-
ting out of the exquisite sacred dance
music in the temple—the performance
gave pleasure. The music itself, whether
it be decorative or dramatically intense,
will hold or thrill an audience for years
to come, and there was much to praise
in the general work of the company.
The chorus was generally admirable in
attack, volume, spirit, and in apprecia-
tion of gradations of tone. The ensem-
ble was excellent; the orchestra was
under control and often truly effective.
Mr. Emanuel conducted with a firm
hand and with great spirit, although in
the Nile scene, as occasionally in other
portions of the opera, exceptions might
be taken to the undue haste in the read-
ing of certain pages. There was a large
and heartily applauding audience.

"Aida" will be sung at the Wednesday
matinee with Miss Brooks as Aida and
on Friday night with Miss Brooks as
Aida and Mr. Gherardi as Radames.

The opera this evening will be "Il
Trovatore," with Miss Rennyson as
Leonora, Miss Ivell as Azucena, Mr.
Sheehan as Manrico, Mr. Marsano as
the Count di Luna and Mr. Bennett as
Ferrando. Mr. Schenck will conduct.

"IL TROVATORE" AT THE TREMONT

Verdi's Famous Work Is
Sung in English by the
Savage Grand Opera Ag-
gregation.

UNRHYTHMICAL PERFORMANCE.

Devoll and Isham Recital
at Steinert Hall—Shea
Plays the Dual Part of
Jekyll and Hyde.

Mr. Savage's Grand Opera Company
singing in English performed Verdi's
"Il Trovatore" last night at the Tre-
mont Theatre. Mr. Schenck conducted.
The cast was as follows:

Leonora.....Miss Rennyson
Iue.....Miss Herbert
Azucena.....Miss Ivell
Manrico.....Mr. Sheehan
Count di Luna.....Mr. Marsano
Ferrando.....Mr. Bennett
Rul.....Mr. Fulton

Verdi's "Il Trovatore" should be per-
formed in the spirit in which it was
conceived, and that spirit is one of ex-
travagant romanticism. It is an opera
crowned with a panache, and the plume
was put there in all seriousness by
librettist and composer. An attempt to
make the opera anything but what it
frankly is, must be disastrous. Leonora
and Manrico should love each other
madly; the Count di Luna should be
visibly consumed by jealousy; Ferrando
—he should always wear a sinister
slouch hat, and not be dressed as for
a masquerade—Ferrando, we say,
should be a superstitious retainer with
a taste for gossip, but by no means an
amiable Gurnemanz with his endless
digressions; Azucena should be an un-
canny creature, a weaver of spells, and
an attendant at Satan's Sabot; then,
and only then, will the opera show
good cause for its long and wide-spread
and enormous popularity.

Furthermore, the opera must be per-
formed with irresistible dash and fury.
The rhythm with Verdi is always
strongly pronounced, whether Azucena
hears, terror-stricken, the Miserere, or
whether Manrico in the tower sings the
immortal tune, the very flower of

Italian simple, pathetic, haunting melody. An unrhythmic performance of "Il Trovatore" removes the spine of the musical and the dramatic body.

The performance last night was singularly unrhythmic. Principals and chorus and orchestra were frequently without any rhythm; not only this, but Miss Rennyson and Miss Ivell constantly dragged the time or took other inexcusable liberties with it. Ritards were not merely ritards; they were deliberate adagios, which checked the flow of musical thought and caused the action to halt. Mr. Schenk by way of contrast—whenever he had an opportunity—took concerted pages at a ruinously fast pace. All in all the performance showed a curious ignorance on the part of conductor and principals of the essential character of the opera.

There is no need of comment in minute detail. Miss Rennyson showed the effects of the severe tasks which have been imposed on her. She is a lyric, not a dramatic, soprano, and yet she has been hard worked as Tosca, Elisabeth, Desdemona, Aida. Mr. Sheehan was not at his best, and for once the song in the palace chamber did not win a recall. Seldom are there such impersonations as that of the Count di Luna by Mr. Marsano. When they are found on the stage they strike even the hardened operagoer dumb. One does not reason about such a phenomenon; one accepts it without a murmur, as the decree of a mysterious Providence. The part of Azucena calls for a woman of imagination and tragic intensity. It is a trying, yet a superb character to portray, and we have seen in this country no truly great impersonation of the part since Adelaide Phillips chilled the blood. Miss Ivell was wholly inadequate, not to say boring, with a few relieving moments, when she was amusing in the spirit of burlesque.

There was a very large audience, and, as always when "Il Trovatore" is performed, there was much applause. The *Miserere* was repeated.

"Il Trovatore" will be performed on Thursday night, when Mr. Gherardi will be the Manrico and Miss Newman the Azucena, and at the Saturday matinee.

The opera this evening will be "Romeo and Juliet," with Mme. Morelli as Juliet, Miss MacGahan as the nurse, Miss Newman as Stephano, Mr. Riviere as Romeo, Mr. Boyle as Friar Laurence, Mr. Marsano as Capulet, Mr. Goff as Mercutio, Mr. Fulton as Tybalt. Mr. Emanuel will conduct.

DEVOLL AND ISHAM RECITAL.

A Display of Excellent Ensemble Given at Steinert Hall—Appreciative Audience Present.

Mr. George Devoll, tenor, and Mr. Edwin Isham, baritone, gave their first song recital this season yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mrs. J. E. Tippet was the accompanist. The programme included these duets: Cherubini's "Solitario Bosco" and "La Mia Fille," Massenet's "Marine," Amherst Webber's "Night in the Desert," Chamade's "Barcarolle," and the old French "Collinette"; songs for tenor: Bassani's "Poesie Dormite," Plerne's "Provence" and "Hymne d'Amour," Kjeruef's "Moonlight" and "Good Morning," Rachmaninoff's "No Prophet I" and "The Answer," and these songs for baritone: Handel's "Deggia Moire," Richard Strauss's "Maren," and "Zunelung," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "L'Horizon," William Wallace's "A Freebooter's Cradle Song" and Amherst Webber's "Voyageur" and "Serenade."

This programme was an unusual one, in the whole, of genuine interest. The duets by Cherubini presented an familiar side of the musical character of the austere composer who invented much church music, forgotten operas, chamber pieces; the master of counterpoint, who Napoleon disliked and whom Beethoven revered. Amherst Webber's "Night in the Desert," is superior in imaginative quality to his songs chosen yesterday, which were at the same time self-conscious and gropingly ineffective. The song of Handel is in the grand style of the most superb personage one meets in the history of music, to borrow from Mr. Rundman. Rimsky-Korsakoff's Oriental melody is set in shades of exquisitely delicate color, while the songs by the much younger Russian, Rachmaninoff, are original without laborious effort. The French songs and duets were welcome, and Mr. Devoll, by his art, made much of the melodies by Kjeruef. In these days, when so many programmes resemble the list of prominent citizens which is kept standing in type in every well-ordered newspaper, and when the old familiar songs are heard with the well-bred apathy that is supposed to characterize middle-age, or with what has been described as comatose indulgence on the part of the audience, such brave departures from conventional and approved ruts are to be applauded.

The duets were sung with fine, yet not too fastidious, taste, with infinite attention to detail; and the spontaneity of delivery was the proof of patient and intelligent preparation. There was the constant display of the mutual tact and forbearance, the appreciation of each other's good points and the generous accommodation that are popularly supposed to be the foundation and the maintenance of ideal marital relationship.

Mr. Devoll sang with uncommon skill, and individualized the songs as a true interpreter. He has acquired the knack of steering clear between the rocks that shipwreck many; he is neither unduly dramatic, nor is he steadily and sweetly and tamely lyrical. His management of breath and his consequent mastery of phrase, his command of tonal color, his presentation of a mood as well as a

climax—these characteristics of his art may well be studied with admiration by more pretentious singers.

Mr. Isham sang with spirit and often with aesthetic intelligence. He at times in his solo work was immoderate in tonal force, and often there was a failure to focus tone. Instead of concentration, there was diffusion. He might do well to examine seriously his tone production, for the faults that now detract from the merit of his performance could be easily remedied.

The audience was not so large as it should have been, but it was warmly appreciative. The second recital, with a programme composed of songs and duets by American composers, will be on Wednesday evening, the 18th.

MME. NORELLI SINGS JULIET

Gounod's Famous Opera Is Presented in English by the Savage Company at the Tremont Theatre.

AN UNROMANTIC PERFORMANCE.

Riviere, as Romeo, Effective in a Minor Way—Large Audience Present—O'Brien Recital.

Mr. Savage's grand opera company, singing in English, performed Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" last night at the Tremont Theatre. Mr. Emanuel conducted. The cast was as follows:

The Duke of Verona.....Mr. Lawrence Capulet.....Mr. Marsano Romeo.....Mr. Fulton Mr. Mercutio.....Mr. Riviere Mr. Stephano.....Miss Newman Friar Laurence.....Mr. Boyle Juliet.....Mme. Morelli Gertrude.....Miss MacGahan

Some deep thinker once remarked that two women should play the part of Juliet, one a girl with what Hazlitt describes as the exquisite voluptuousness of youthful innocence, and one a woman who has sounded the depths of earthly joys and sorrows; and in no other way can the part be fully and adequately impersonated. How seldom is a youthful Juliet seen at the beginning of the opera. As a rule, Capulet's daughter is ripe, if not over ripe. She has attended many balls and heard many feverish vows; she is often plump in body and with a mind richly stored with the lessons of experience. If she be of youthful appearance, she is either rigid from self-consciousness; or charming in the early scenes, she is unable to express the emotions of Juliet in her chamber or in the family vault. Suzanne Adams, when she first appeared in New York, had the face and the figure of youth, and she was not without girlish fragrance, but in the later scenes she was stiff with the reserve that is characteristic of New England and has long found favor with maiden relatives and the select men. On the other hand, there is Melba, whose distinguishing characteristic is not spontaneity; Emma Eames, who is thinking more of tone production than of Romeo, and there is Semblich, an excellent musician and an unequalled singer of Mozart's music.

The Juliet last night sang fluently, and she wore the traditional smile of the soprano devoted to coloratura; but her voice and her action were obstinately commonplace. Mme. Morelli was Juliet just as she was Elsa or Lucia. She is a singer who moves carefully in the grooves of narrowest routine. It would not be fair to say that she, as a woman, is unemotional, for stage appearances are deceitful, but in the various scenes of operatic life she is untroubled and undemonstrative—a restful person.

Mr. Riviere suffers in force of expression from his imperfect control of a foreign language, but he has at least intentions, and he is evidently a man of feeling. Last night he was at times effective in a minor way; for with the best will in the world, the hearer could not entertain illusions concerning the lovers of Verona. The feud between the houses assumed international proportions, for Capulet was impersonated by a German or an Austrian, his daughter by a Swede and Romeo by a Frenchman. It is a pity that they could not have agreed and opened a school of languages under the patronage of the duke and duchess. But then there would have been no opera, which would have been a pity, for there are many pages of ineffable tenderness and amorous beauty in Gounod's work.

There was one of the company whose performance was authoritative; we refer to Mr. Goff, the Mercutio. He made much of the description of Queen Mah, which is a pitfall to the baritone, and whenever he was on the stage he dwarfed, without effort, and without

self-assumption, his associates. The rest is silence. The chorus was excellent in the ensembles.

As a whole the performance was essentially unromantic and unpoetic. There was a large audience and applause was frequent and hearty.

"Romeo and Juliet" will be performed on Saturday night. The opera this evening will be "Il Trovatore" with Miss Rennyson as Leonora, Miss Newman as Azucena, Mr. Gherardi as Manrico, and Mr. Marsano as the Count di Luna.

MR. O'BRIEN'S RECITAL.

Blind Pianist Presents His Initial Programme at Steinert Hall Before Enthusiastic Audience.

Mr. Frank O'Brien, the blind pianist, gave his first recital last evening in Steinert Hall. There was an audience of good size and more than ordinary enthusiasm. The programme was as follows:

Prelude and fugue, D-minor.....Bach Sonate, op. 109.....Beethoven Kreisleriana, op. 16.....Schumann Etude, op. 10, No. 3.....Chopin Etude, op. 25, No. 7.....Chopin Impromptu, F-sharp-major.....Chopin Nocturne, C-sharp-minor.....Chopin Polonaise, op. 10.....Chopin Humoreske, op. 10.....Tschalkowsky Chant Polonais.....Chopin-Liszt Rhapsodie-Hongroise, No. 8.....Liszt

There was manifest an uncommon degree of interest in Mr. O'Brien's performance. His playing, as playing, was good; considering his handicap it seems wonderful. His technical equipment is very good—certain scale passages were noticeably well done. He gets a tone of lovely quality, though usually not very big, except in parts of the Nocturne and the Polonaise. But there were no harsh places, no forced tone.

What impressed one most was the sound musical feeling of the player. From first to last his readings were intelligent and imaginative; though rather of the poetic than of the robust order, they never lacked vitality. There was a good sense of proportion, and variety of tone-color.

MUSIC NOTES.

A large audience was present at the recital by pupils of the Faellen Piano-forte School in Huntington Chambers Hall, last evening. The programme was well selected and admirably performed. The solo players were Evelyn Ruth Lavers, Harry Field Gibbs, Jr., Estelle Mardon, Eva Lee, Carl Squire Perley, Robert Wilson Gibb, Ruth Rapoport and Mary Pumphrey.

The subscription sale for seats for the Patti concerts closed last evening with a total beyond the most sanguine expectations of the management. The regular box office sale begins at Symphony Hall at 9 o'clock this morning. The concerts will be at Symphony Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of next week.

The series of Chamber concerts of the Hoffmann string quartet will begin at Potter Hall this evening. The programme includes Beethoven's quartet op. 69 No. 2; tertetto by Dvorak for two violins and viola, and Brahms' piano quintet in F minor. Mr. Bauer will be the pianist.

SEASON OPENED BY A QUARTET

First Hoffmann Programme Is Headed by Quartet in E Minor from Beethoven, Followed by Dvorak.

WHAT LONDON SAYS OF MARIE NICHOLS.

Boston Violinist Appears in London for the First Time with an Orchestra in St. James' Hall.

The Hoffmann quartet, composed of Messrs. Jacques Hoffmann, Adolf Bak, Karl Rissland and Carl Barth, gave its first concert of this season last night in Potter Hall. Mr. Harold Bauer was the assisting pianist. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2.....Beethoven Tertetto for two violins and viola.....Dvorak Piano quintet in F minor.....Brahms Nearly a hundred years ago the Vienna correspondent of a Leipzig music journal described the three quartets, op. 59, dedicated to Prince Rasoumowsky, as "new, very long and difficult, deeply thought out and of masterly workmanship, but, with the exception of the third, unintelligible to the great public."

There has been much talk concerning the Russian themes used by the composer in these quartets. Some have in-

ferred that they were derived from the songs provided by the prince, whose authority in this matter hardly to be disputed. The melodies were used only in the first quartet and in the first movement of the second. And Cherny something more than a pedagogue, the adagio of the quartet in E minor, named him of the starry heavens and the harmony of the spheres. Yet musicians and critics could not find sufficiently strong to express the amazement and contempt; they laugh and mocked when they looked at played this music. What would it have said about Brahms' quintet?

For, while the workmanship of the quintet is technically remarkable, it is much that is only technically interesting, and the hearer is tempted to dress the shade of the composer in the words of Hamlet to his perturbed father: "Well said, old mole! Canst thou work 't' th' ground so fast?" Some believe that the chief aim in life is to get the existence of death, and it would seem as though Brahms, who had a singularly morbid dread of the great trader and promotion, sought refuge writing music with an acute and subtle mathematical mind. He was so interested in the use of the building material that he forgot the necessity, beauty which alone vitalizes a structure. Yet the andante is fascinating by reason of its constrained and chafing emotion; spirit which suggests, as the fantastic Sar expresses it, a gypsy woman trying to dance in tightly fitting corsets.

Dvorak's tertetto contains some pre-music, and here the plausible simplicity or naivete of the composer, which so often an aggravating mannerism, not too much in evidence.

The concert was, then, an agreeable one, although, like the majority of chamber concerts, it was too long. The Hoffmann quartet is made up of serious and ambitious players who are conscientious in preparation. The results of their labor were apparent in the performance of last night, which in technical proficiency and in the characteristics that mark true ensemble playing was an advance over the public work last season. To say that the players brought out fully all that is in Beethoven's quartet would not be the truth, but the balance of parts was generally excellent and the general spirit was as precativ and intelligent. Mr. Bauer, an admirable ensemble player, was a tower of strength in the quintet. The performance of the tertetto was perhaps too constantly amiable. There was good-sized and warmly appreciative audience. The second concert will be on Jan. 21, when Mr. De Voto will be the pianist.

The programme of the fourth public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon in Symphony Hall includes an overture, "Ein feste Burg Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vysehrad," and Beethoven's symphony No. 2. Raff's overture, which is seldom played—was performed here at Philharmonic concert in 1882—was composed originally as a prelude to Wilhelm Genast's tragedy, "Bernhard von Weimar," and was first played at performance of the tragedy at the Grand Ducal Theatre, Weimar, in 1883. Raff rewrote the overture in 1885, Wiesbaden, and it was performed for the first time in its revised form, Carlsruhe in 1886. The familiar melody set, as it was long beloved by Luther to the 46th Psalm, is freely used, as was by Meyerbeer, Nicolai, Mendelssohn, Wagner and many other. The present form of the melody, however, was shaped by Bach and differs from the original.

Smetana's "Vysehrad" has been ready played twice at these concerts. It is the first poem of his cycle, "My Country." The Vysehrad is a fortified hill in the southern part of Prague. Centuries ago this hill was crowned with the castle of the semi-legendary Libusa, a remarkable woman, who by her marriage to Premysl, a ploughman founded a powerful dynasty. The castle and other buildings were destroyed in the Hussite wars. Smetana fancies Libusa, an ancient bard, looking at the ruins and recounting the glories, the wondrous sights, and the passing of the glory. The work is highly imaginative, a true orchestral rhapsody.

Miss Adele Aus der Ohe will play with the orchestra Henry H. Huss' piano concerto in B major. The work was performed for the first time at a Symphony concert in Boston some years ago when the composer was the pianist. Mr. Huss revised the concerto, which is dedicated to Miss Aus der Ohe, who, by the way, will play at these concerts in Boston for the eighth time. A pupil of Kulla and Liszt, she first visited the United States in the late fall of 1896.

The programme of the concert next week will include Brahms' tragic overture, Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Ideal," and Dvorak's symphony in Mr. Krasselt, the new first cellist, will appear as a soloist for the first time in the United States, and he will play concerto by Saint-Saens.

Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, of Boston, played for the first time in London at St. James' Hall, with orchestra, No. 2. The Daily News spoke of her as mature artist in every way. She plays well and has a keen sense of rhythm and, though making no pretensions, she has a brilliant and sound technique. The tone, it is true, is not very individual, sonorous, or fascinating, and rapid passages it is apt to lose timbre, but Miss Nichols is certainly a violinist of uncommon gifts.

The Pall Mall Gazette was less warm in praise.

"In Vieuxtemps' concerto in D minor for violin and orchestra, she played with considerable spirit, and also with considerable feeling, for the resource of her instrument; but it must be said that her tone is hard, and that very often she gives one the impression of being rather amateurish. The Vieuxtemps concerto was followed by Max Bruch's serenade for violin and or-

ADELINA PATTI SINGS HERE THIS WEEK, WHO SANG HERE FIRST FIFTY YEARS AGO.



PATTI
IN 1855.



PATTI IN 1903.



PATTI
IN 1863.

Roger Cahuzac, Marquis de Caux, master of the horse to Napoleon III. The marquis was only too pleased with Adelina for wishing to follow her stage career. She was the one profitable investment of his life. When the divorce came she did not go to the farm near Baldinsville, for Artemus died the year of her marriage. She sought comfort with Nicolini, her second husband, who was far from being a spendthrift, and whose "nearness" has been the subject of many bitter as well as merry jests. Her third husband is now with her, and, according to report, he is, like Baptista Minola, an affable and courteous gentleman.

This singer has sacrificed many things to her voice, and it is not surprising that she still has tones for concert use. The week will know just what this voice is. Nor should it surprise anyone that so many are eager to see and hear her. Since she was last here a new generation has arisen that knows her only by name. Then there are well-seasoned opera-goers who wish to revive memories or compare their own physical condition with hers. It is something to have seen Adelina Patti, for as a singer pure and simple she was the wonder of the 19th century. During her long reign, the legitimacy of her title was never disputed. Even the critics of New York, whatever they may say of her today, respect her past, for has not Lilli Lehmann, a soprano made in Germany, informed them that Patti was a great singer?

Other queens of song during the 19th century found cool examiners into the validity of title. Take the case of Jenny Lind; we refer to her as a singer, not as a singing-actress, for Patti's dramatic range was exceedingly limited, although she attempted to impersonate Aida. Jenny Lind was an idol. As Chorley wrote in 1847, the applause showered on her was neither encouragement nor appreciation, nor enthusiasm, so much as idolatry. "Woe to those during that season who ventured to say or to write that any other great singer had ever sung in the Haymarket Opera House! To my cost, I know that they were consigned to such ignominy as belongs to the idiotic slanderer. Old, and seemingly solid, friendships were broken, and forever, in that year." Yet Chorley, one of the keenest, most experienced and fairest critics who ever sat in an opera house, had the courage to write about Lind's voice: "The lower half of the register and the upper one were of two distinct qualities. The former was not strong-voiced, if not husky; and apt to be out of tune." Many of her efforts on the stage appeared overvalued. Everything was brought out into an equally high relief. "No one ever wrote such words concerning Patti, the singer."

Nor was Patti ever so helped in her career by outward influences as was Jenny Lind. The preparations for Jenny's arrival in London outstripped Mr. Barnum's efforts when he became her manager in America. Miss Bremer's novel, "The Home," was used by the press agent; the London public was told that Jenny Lind was the darling of the Berlin Opera House, "where her apparition was indeed a godsend among the clumsy and exaggerated women who strode the stage, screaming as they strode"; she was "charitable," a Lady

Bountiful, as though many great singers had not been extravagantly charitable to their own cost; and even her personal chastity was trumpeted in the streets as an unanswerable argument for the supreme glory of her vocal art.

Patti had a most beautiful and a flawless voice; she was a supreme mistress of vocal art; as a singer she was without a rival, either in unadorned melody or in brilliant and daring flights of bravura. What wonder, then, that even now thousands who treasure her memory wish to hear her once more before they die, and that they who never heard her wish at least to see her, a wonder of the world.

We publish today a caricature of Edouard Colonne, which appeared in The Weekly Critical Review (Paris) Oct. 15. This celebrated Frenchman led last week the first concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, as the first of the imported conductors, but this is not Colonne's first visit to the United States. He was here in '68-'69 as violinist and conductor of an opera bouffe company with Tostee and Irma as leading women, and on Feb. 20, 1869, at the Boston Theatre he played a violin solo at the benefit performance given to Irma. Colonne, whose first name is Judas—he changed it to Jules, then to Edouard—he was born at Bordeaux, July 23, 1833. He won at the Paris Conservatory the first prize for harmony (1858), and the first prize for violin playing (1863). He was in the orchestra of Pasdeloup, and also of the Opera, and he was a member of the Lamoureux quartet; but in 1873 he founded the concerts of the Chatelet which have long been world-famous. He was conductor at the Opera 1891-93. It would be a pleasure to welcome him as a visitor in Boston, as he has been welcomed from London to Vienna, from Madrid to St. Petersburg; for here he would find an orchestra with which he could work wonders, especially in the works of Berlioz.

Mr. Savage's opera company ended the engagement of four weeks at the Tremont Theatre last night. The performances of "Tosca" and "Othello" were surprisingly good, and other operas were given, on the whole, in a creditable manner. The company was seen to the least advantage in "Tannhaeuser," "Il Trovatore" and "Roméo

and Juliet." Mr. Gott is now a baritone of true authority and rank, and Mr. Sheehan as Othello. Cavaradossi and Faust showed a remarkable advance as singer and actor. The absence of Miss Norwood is sadly felt, for Miss Rennyson is a lyric soprano, overworked in parts that overtax her vocal and histrionic abilities. Miss Ivell, through an insane passion for personal display and the immediate applause of the crowd, is throwing natural advantages to the winds. Mr. Riviere, who struggles bravely with a language that is still foreign to him, is a well-trained tenor of emotional quality; Mr. Gherardi has had experience, and his voice is agreeable; Miss Brooks, crude as an actress, gives promise; Mme. Norelli is fluently uninteresting.

The operas were well staged as a rule, and the performances, when the prices of admission are considered, were often more than satisfactory. The large audiences show that there is a demand here for opera under such conditions. Mr. Savage is to be thanked for making so many acquainted with "Othello" and familiarizing the people with other operas of a high class; and to be congratulated on his success.

Certain clergymen in New York are advertising Mr. Conried's proposed production of "Parsifal" by protesting against it on the ground that the communion service is introduced, and that to Parsifal and Kundry are attributed certain actions of our saviour and Mary Magdalene. Mr. Conried makes a reply, published almost simultaneously with the protest, and states that "Parsifal" is essentially a Buddhist opera, and that furthermore, symbols of the Christian religion have been used before this on the stage without shock to the devout.

This reminds us that when Schiller's "Mary Stuart" was in rehearsal at Weimar the grand duke was inclined to forbid the production because his intimate and dear friend Caroline Jagelman, the play actress, told him the sacrament was to be introduced in one

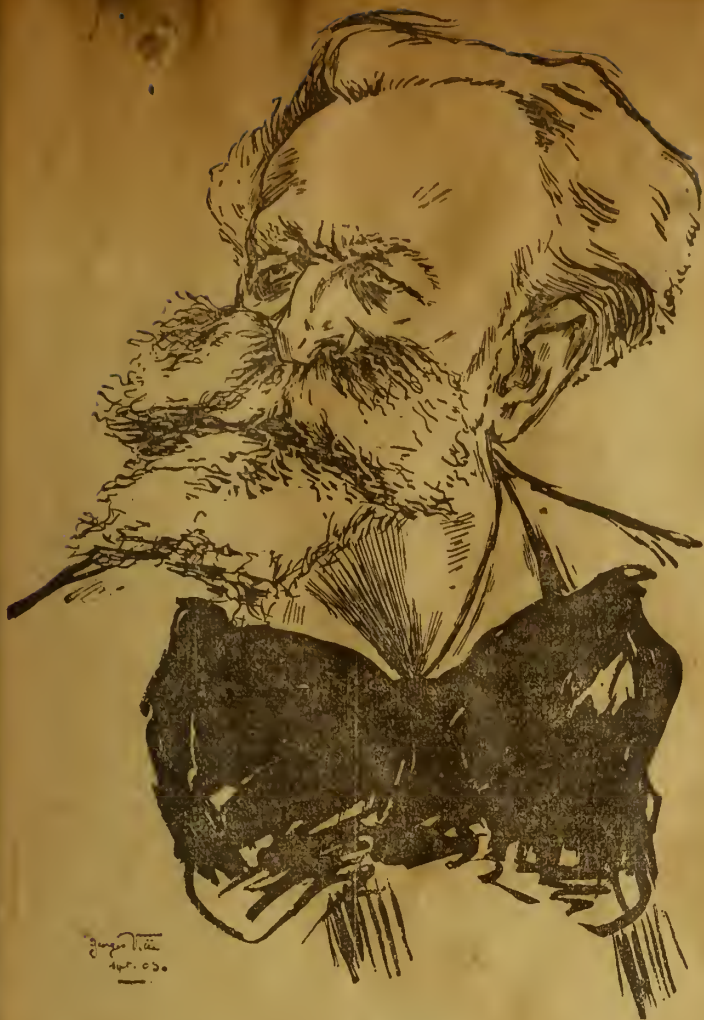
of the scenes. The grand duke was, of course, the sworn defender of the Christian faith, and was in the active exercise of duty even in the playhouse.

So, too, there is talk because a ballet dancer, Mme. Varasi, will bear the Holy Grail in "Parsifal" at Bayreuth

Miss Pauline Cramer carried for many years the sacred vessel, and we were all told by Mr. Armbruster that Wagner made her promise that she would bear it even after his death. When we heard Miss Cramer sing in Boston we appreciated Wagner's shrewdness in confiding to her a dumb part; for Wagner was shrewd even in sacrifices to art. Miss Cramer at Bayreuth had not the exuberance of figure that now excites instant attention.

Mme. Varesi takes sides with the French dancer, Miss Sarcy, who insisted on wearing the conventional short skirt or "tutu" in the revival of Massenet's "Herodade," and left in a pout because the manager said the costume was not in harmony with the period and the character of the piece. The news moved the veteran John Hollingshead to write an entertaining article to the Pall Mall Gazette: "Many experts have given written evidence on the subject, and for the purpose of freedom of movement, apart from any pictorial propriety, this class of opinion seems to favor what has been called the 'lampshade' costume. No more ungraceful costume could be placed on the stage, with or without its artistic surroundings, and if the so-called classical school of dancing cannot exist without such a cross between the acrobat's fleshings and a soufflé of muslin fit for an Oxford street show window, there is no occasion to go back to Lumley's famous pas de quatre at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket to explain the rise and fall of this Milanese form of dancing. From its first introduction into England in the 18th century, it encouraged ridicule, and justified the old society lady's sarcasm that she did not visit the Opera House to see a gigantic pair of compasses stalking across the stage. The lampshade costume was never carried to extremes by the great dancers of the past—at least by Taglioni, Cerito, Eilster and others—when their skirts were never allowed to hang from the waist, and always reached to the middle of the calves, and sometimes to a little above the ankle. The movements of the dancers were never gymnastic. . . . The art of 'high kicking,' a necessary part of a good ballet-girl's training, remained where it ought to have remained. At its best it only gave a burlesque imitation of the action of a pump-handle. It was first seen at the Alhambra in the sixties. . . . Skirt and serpentine dancing came later, though skirt-dancing was known and practised at the King's Theatre in the 18th century. Mlle. Bartolozzi (Mme. Vestus) sometimes performed it. 'Serpentine' dancing, which was feeble as dancing, came from New York to the Alhambra in the early nineties, the performer being Miss Jenny Joyce. Her grace and beauty gave the evolutions a success which they would not have gained on their merits."

When Mr. Mottl disembarked at New York, it was stated that he would conduct the majority of the rehearsals of "Parsifal," but that, on account of his friendship with Cosima Wagner, Mr. Hertz would conduct the performances. This statement, we now learn, was incorrect, though it was published in the



EDOUARD COLONNE.

leading newspapers of New York. Mr. Hertz will conduct the rehearsals as well as the performances.

English translations of German and French songs for concert use have long caused the thoughtful to wonder. One stanza of a song by Massenet, sung by Yvonne Kerval in London on Nov. 2, is as follows:

Oh, thou proud man, who killed the antelope,
Pale cavalier, with eyes soft velvet-black,
Oh, carry me away to love and hope,
Away to heaven, on thy swift steed's back.

LOCAL.

The second Knelsel quartet concert will be given at Potter Hall on Tuesday evening. The programme is one of unusual interest. The quartet has just returned from its first tour this season, and has everywhere been received with distinguished favor.

Mr. Jacques Thibaud, violinist, will give his second recital at Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 24, when he will play Mendelssohn's concerto (with piano accompaniment) and pieces by Beethoven, Bach, Saint-Saens, Guiraud, Wieniawski. Seats are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

Mr. Carl Faellen's second piano recital in Huntington Chambers Hall will be on Wednesday evening, the 25th, when he will play Mozart's sonata in F major, Beethoven's sonata op. 101, Schubert's Impromptu op. 142, No. 4, and pieces by Kirchner, Beach and Raff. Mr. Charles E. Clements, organist, of Cleveland, O., will soon give a concert at Symphony Hall. He came to America about four years ago from Berlin, where he was organist at the Royal Chapel, and he is now to give concerts in the chief cities of this country.

The programme of the first Longy Club concert in Potter Hall, on Monday evening, Nov. 30, will include C. Quef's suite op. 4, a sonata for flute and piano by Reincke and Mozart's serenade, No. 11, in E flat major. Seats will be on sale at Potter Hall on and after tomorrow morning.

Seats for the opening concert of the Arbos quartet (Jordan Hall, Monday evening, Nov. 23) are now on sale at Symphony Hall. The programme will include Beethoven's quartet in F minor, suite in E major for violin by Bach (Mr. Arbos) and Tchaikowsky's piano trio (Mr. Bauer, pianist).

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler will give a piano recital in Steltern Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 1. The programme will include Beethoven's sonata op. 10, No. 2, Moszkowski's suite op. 30 and other interesting pieces.

Mr. Baur will play at his second recital at Steltern Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 5, pieces by Bach, Gabriel Faure, Chabrier, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt and Moszkowski; also Cesar Franck's prelude, fugue and variations for piano and harmonium, with the assistance of Mr. Wallace Goodrich.

Mr. Victor Herbert arranged the music for Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger's production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," which will be at the Hollis Street Theatre this week and next. The famous music by Mendelssohn is, of course, preserved, and Mr. Herbert has made use of other compositions by Mendelssohn for further incidental music. It is said that Mr. Herbert has shown great ingenuity in his choice; he has resorted to the "Songs Without Words" for five

or six of his selections; out of the so-called "Spinning Song" he has made a characteristic concerted piece for solo voices in the chorus of fairies. The "Spring Song" has furnished another, several times recurring, and he has taken a motive from one of the string quartets; other material he has derived from the composer's songs and duets. Important revivals of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" were made in New York in 1858 and 1862 by Laura Keane, and there were three other productions made in that city, including Augustin Daly's effort; likewise in Chicago, in 1883. J. H. McVicker revived "A Midsummer Night's Dream" but in none of these productions was the full score used, only "Ye Spotted Snakes" and the finale. Mr. Herbert has also used certain phrases from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, "Lorely," so that in the present production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" there are 14 vocal numbers instead of the original two, as well as all of the instrumental numbers.

Mr. George Henry Howard will give an organ recital at Berkeley Temple on Thursday evening. He will play pieces by Handel, Howard, Rheinberger, Franck, Gounod, Bendel, Marshall, Grison. Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, will assist.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the Spierling quartet of Chicago (first appearance). Mozart's quartet in C; Schumann's quartet in F; Beethoven's quartet in F minor.

TUESDAY—Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Knelsel quartet; Cesar Franck's quartet in D major; Beethoven's sonata in A major for 'cello and piano (Messrs. Schroeder and Bauer); Brahms' piano quartet (Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist).

WEDNESDAY—Steltern Hall, 8 P. M. Second song recital of Messrs. Devoll, tenor, and Isham, baritone. Duets by Foote, Johns, Arthur Whiting, Mrs. Beach, H. W. Loomis. Songs for tenor by MacDowell, H. K. Hadley, Mrs. Beach, Miss Lang, Atherton. Songs for baritone by Chadwick, Gilbert, Homer, Kelley, Whelpley.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. First concert by Mme. Patti and her company. See leading article.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth public rehearsal of Symphony orchestra. Mr. Gerdeke conductor. Brahms' Tragic overture; Saint-Saens' 'cello concerto (Mr. Krasselt); Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Die Ideale"; Dvorak's symphony No. 3, in F major.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2 P. M. Second and last concert by Mme. Patti and her company.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth concert of the Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

THE CECILIA.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Lang conductor, will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of Berlioz by giving a performance of "The Damnation de Faust" at Symphony Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2. The chorus has been materially enlarged in numbers, and the orchestra of picked musicians will exceed in strength that of any earlier performance of this work in Boston. Mme. Melba will be the Marguerite. Mr. Ellison Van Hoose the Faust. Mr. Gilbert the Menestrophes and Mr. Merrill the Brander. The price of seats has been fixed at \$2, \$3 and \$4, according to location, and the box office

will be open at 3 P. M. on Wednesday. No seats at \$2. Previous to that time, the orchestra assembled at the hall or many other places, to L. H. Mudgett, may be invited to Symphony Hall, and will be filled as they come to hand with seats as near as possible to the location desired.

Seats for the three concerts of the Cecilia during the present season may be had on application at Symphony Hall at \$5 each. The Cecilia Society is adopting a new policy this season in offering single seats for the season to the general public. This includes the performance of the "Damnation of Faust." Seats that remain after the subscriptions are filled, and which are usually open to guests of the chorus, will for this concert be sold at a price equaling the season subscription. At the second concert, Edward Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," named by some the successor of "Parsifal," will be performed in Boston for the first time. These two concerts, with the third, at which it is hoped Richard Strauss will conduct his own work, "Tuller," make a season of unusual interest.

PERSONAL.

D'Albert will visit England late in January to give concerts in London and in the provinces.

The report that Elgar received £1000 for writing his "Apostles" is denied "on the highest authority."

Emil Paur conducted a concert at Queen's Hall, London, Oct. 27. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "We choose to place ourselves among those who at the present moment do not very much admire Herr Paur as an orchestra conductor. His ideal is to make a study in contrasts. He is never satisfied (or last night it seemed to us that he was never satisfied) if he were not proving that one immediate mood of a composer must necessarily lie in antagonism to any succeeding mood. With Tchaikowsky (in his Fantasia after Dante's Francesca da Rimini) Herr Paur was, nevertheless, for this very reason successful. Here Tchaikowsky indulged in contrasts, because it is the habit of the Russian to make his effects through extravagance, a point which can be proved by one's daily reading (say of Tolstoi or Dostolevsky). Here, then, as has been said, Herr Paur was most commendable; he brought out point after point with wonderful emphasis and significance, and he proved what a curious mingling of East and West Russian music at its best really is:

O! East is East, and West is West, and never
The two shall meet.
Till Earth and Sky stand presently before
God's judgment-seat.

So wrote Rudyard Kipling in the old days of his exuberant youth, and this exactly describes Tchaikowsky's position in the art of music; he never permitted his oriental element of character to be confounded with his western ideals. It was here that Herr Paur showed singular talent. He roused himself up to a pitch of amazing energy; and he carried his orchestra away, on wings of genuinely fine enthusiasm.

Achille Rivard, the violinist, is now settled in London as a teacher, but he will give a few concerts this season.

They say in Paris that Calve sang wonderfully well in Massenet's "Herodiade," revived at the Gaite, Oct. 21. She no longer abuses the portamento.

Fanny Moran-Olden, dramatic soprano, is now in a madhouse at Berlin. Born in 1856 at Kloppeburg, the daughter of a Dr. Tappehorn, she studied at Dresden, sang at a Gewandhaus concert, Leipzig, in 1877, and was engaged at the Dresden Opera, where she made her debut as Norma. She afterward was engaged at Frankfurt, Leipzig, Munich, Hamburg, and she was at the Metropolitan, New York, in 1883-84. She also sang in Russia, Holland, Denmark. She married Carl Moran, the tenor.

"Lucy Arbell," whose name is Gerorgette Wallace, a grand-daughter of the philanthropist, made her debut in "Samson and Delilah" at the Paris Opera, Oct. 22. "A handsome woman, tall, blonde, whose voice is of charming quality."

William Chamaet, a French composer of talent, is dead. Born at Bordeaux in 1842, he went to Paris, where he took the Crescent prize in 1875 with his opera "Bathylle" (produced in 1877), the Rossini prize with his "Herode" (performed at the Conservatory in 1885 and produced on the stage at Bordeaux in 1902). His last work was "La Petite Maison" (produced successfully at the Opera Comique, Paris, June 4, 1903).

Eduard Decarli, whose name was Eduard Johann Schmidt, died lately at Rabene. Born in 1846 at Olmuetz, he studied at Vienna, and began his stage career as bass at Frankfurt in 1868. In 1872 he became a member of the Dresden opera company, where he was a favorite both in serious and comic parts.

It is reported that Miss Geraldine Farrar has been engaged for two years at the Opera, Paris, and that at the end of this engagement she will return to the United States.

OPINIONS OF MR. BLACKBURN.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote apropos of a performance of the prelude to "Lohengrin" at the promenade concert in London, Sept. 21: "Wagner's patient idea of creating a crescendo not for its own sake, but for the sake of the absolute music that inspired him, has never been realized by any musician save by him, and by him only in this particular opera. He attempted the same thing in the prelude to 'Tristan,' but, magnificent though that composition is, and deliberate as is its shaping, it nevertheless never at any moment fulfils the first 'fine careless rapture' which is so beautifully noticeable in the earlier work. The prelude to 'Die Meistersinger' was magnificently played. One says magnificently rather than exquisitely, because it is not easy to apply a delicate word to this gorgeous example of 'musical bluff'; one uses such a phrase because from many points of view this overture is simply a tour de force; Wagner's genius alone kindled the scheme with which he set out into

what may be called a pathos, but not a divided one. We have no idea how to provoke a crescendo over so enormous a ground as Wagner's music, and his mannered genius did at times find the direction of almost unifying the overture by sheer cleverness, and the overture to 'Die Meistersinger' is his locus classicus of that tendency."

Mr. Blackburn wrote apropos of Richter conducting "The Meistersinger" at the Birmingham festival, "He gave an academic, a careful, a conventional, a significant interpretation of the work. He never once made you feel that Handel had ever been a modern man. The great, thundering capabilities of the score were brought out with singular emphasis. Richter seemed to lecture his audience; he seemed to tell us that Handel had entered well within the circle of his brain. And, with that, Handel quietly seemed to make his escape. If indeed he had ever been captured. Still, there were moments when Richter thoroughly justified even his own standpoint. Chief among these was the rendering of 'Gloria to God.' This is a most difficult chorus to give effectively. Handel in these pages deserted all thought of popularity and of immediate success; he fulfilled himself—and very much after his own private fashion. He had the habit of bestriding the world; he probably thought little enough of the incident which led him to throw a lady out of a laymarket first-floor window. But in 'Messiah' he carried his independence, his determination, his desire that the world should know him, to the ultimate extreme. I have spoken of his 'Gloria to God'; here he was himself, you have to wait for the famous chorus 'Hallelujah' before you touch that work of his which was written for others, for those outside his most intimate thought. Here is a lecture indeed upon 'Messiah.' But at times one does well to go back to the acknowledged masterpieces of the world, and to examine exactly the foundations upon which their deserved reputation rests."

Mr. Blackburn wrote apropos of Sara-

sate in London (Oct. 17), who, "despite all the academic praise which has been given to other violin players who have deliberately made efforts to attract the academic school, has always remained superior to every influence and has relied entirely upon his own peculiar and definite genius for his enormous and very artistic success in life." Mr. Blackburn thinks that Sarasate "shouldered his way through the world" simply because he isolated himself as a great interpreter of the greatest music. "The late W. E. Henley once wrote a most remarkable article about Sarasate's bowing; he described the mere drawing down of the bow against the strings of the violin as comparable only to a honeycomb dropping honey; and yesterday afternoon Henley's phrase seemed most appropriate in Sarasate's playing of Bach's most famous solo for the violin, that exemplary composition selected from the 'Violin Solo Sonatas' with which every musician is acquainted. Here he was at his very best; he showed how tremendously vital Bach was in these apparently unsentimental works. It seems to us that the great mistake which is made about John Sebastian Bach is that he wrote, just for the sake of art, a series of great classical and well-ordered works. Nothing could be more irrational from any seriously critical point of view. Bach, gifted beyond all other musicians (save possibly Wagner) with a technical sense of his art, undoubtedly desired that every bar of his composing should be publicly delivered to the world. The circumstances of life were against him; and the result was that he left behind him his vast treasury of art just to those who would take the trouble to interpret them at their occasional pleasure. Here at all events was Sarasate giving us Bach, as he once must have dreamed of the possibility of interpretation, when he wrote such works as this.

Mme. Berthe Marx gave, yesterday afternoon (Oct. 28), a pianoforte recital. In a sense that recital may be described as unique; for she played Chopin's 24 preludes and 24 etudes—that (in Edgar Poe's phrase), and nothing more. That so tremendous a feat should at times provoke a sense which can only be described as soporific is easily excusable. For Chopin is the most individual of composers; he never seems to vary his curiously neurotic mood; he continues for ever with a sort of exposition of his nerves, whenever he sets himself to create music for the pianoforte, which of course was his favorite instrument. The odd thing about Chopin is that the pianoforte so particularly attracted his singular musical intelligence; if he wrote for the orchestra, it was the same thing to him as if he were writing for the pianoforte; the only difference in his orchestral work is that he 'stretched out his chords,' and gave the separate notes intended for the pianoforte to different instruments. By this means his special work for the instrument of his choice claims, naturally, a province all its own. All tradition seems to prove that his touch upon the pianoforte was as light as a butterfly seeking its chosen flower. The result is that unless an interpreter can follow him in his flight, that player will come to grief, not so much because he or she lacks accomplishment, but because Chopin's way in art must be treated exactly as Chopin meant it to be treated. Mme. Berthe Marx's memory is altogether extraordinary; she knows her Chopin as a child knows its alphabet. Backward and forward, though it may be said that she does not entirely understand Chopin's spirit. She plays him with a certain heaviness of touch, and with a sense of classicality which are alien to the gossamer spirit which wrote music not so much for the solid and sure player, as for the player who loved to fly upon the wings of art—even as Pachmann has shown us how it may be done; Chopin wrote rather for such a one than for him who considers that all art should be summed up in a series of definite and solid rules. In her lighter moods Mme. Marx was altogether exquisite.

IN ENGLAND.

Clara Butt sang Miss Frances Alliston's scena "Cleopatra" at the Albert

Hall, London, Oct. 10. Mr. Blackburn said of the scene, then heard for the first time: "The work is ambitious, yet is full of melody, and the final section, which deals with the sacrifice of Cleopatra on the altar of Antony's love, is certainly an extremely effective musical passage. Miss Alltisen is so far well

known to English music as one who had a charming accomplishment in song writing. In this new work she seems to have taken a higher position, to have attempted a greater ambition—she has, in fact, tried to realize something of the dramatic forces of music in her newest inspiration."

The Daily News' critic did not take Mr. Blackburn's cheerful view of Elgar's "The Apostles." He missed a central grip. "It was as if the picture Dr. Elgar has painted astonished me by its rich content of detail, by the polychromatic hues of its background, while the design itself, the very reason for this particular kind of picture, was too crowded and ineffective." The Daily Graphic critic declared the work to be a disappointment. "It is ambitious and clever, and in many respects even brilliant, but it lacks the unity of feeling and expression that should characterize a great work of art."

Although there is no remuneration attached to the position of chorister in Mr. Henry T. Wood's select choir, some of the best singers in London, members of the old Bach Choir, the Royal Choral Society, have offered their services, and hundreds have had their voices tried and been rejected. "Mr. Wood intends to do for choral singing what Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has done for old-time instrumental music. The voices, it is interesting to point out, have been chosen on the scientific lines governing orchestras, and every note in every register has been tested with the object of obtaining the most perfect and evenly balanced harmony."

"The Birds" of Aristophanes will be performed with Parry's music at Cambridge toward the end of the month. Music lovers in Bournemouth will have this season symphonies by Alfen, Arensky, Borodine, Boellmann, Bainton, Cesar Franck, Graener, Glazounoff, Scriabine, Tanieff and others. It is possible that the reign of Mendelssohn and his sleek imitators is over in England?

There were several novelties introduced at Clara Butt's concert Oct. 10 in London. Let us quote Mr. Baughan of the Daily News: "A new 'War Song' from the pen of Dr. Edgar failed to impress me except as an exercise in descriptive orchestral touches, of which the composer, we all know, is a master. The poem, by G. Flavall Hayward, is a kind of triumphant lament over a battlefield, and does not call for blatant music of the bloodthirsty type. I cannot say that Dr. Elgar has given us of his best. The whiz of the shot as it flies, the rush of the shell in the skies, the bayonets' clash, ringing bright, and so forth, are cleverly suggested by the music, but the lament itself is thematically weak and sentimental. The song is a clever piece of rather patchy manufacture." Mr. Rumford sang it. "Mr. Herbert Bedford's love-scene, act 2, scene 2, from 'Romeo and Juliet,' was produced at the last Norwich festival, and was performed for the first time in London on Saturday. I must confess to some disappointment, fanciful, picturesque, and, in its way, poetic as the music is. As incidental music to a play it would have its effect, for the composer has created a sensitively dreamy atmosphere through his use of the orchestral instruments, and the actors would in their voices and gestures realize the passion suggested by the poem. Music, unfortunately, fixes that passion to a great extent. The singers can go but very little way beyond its notation. And it is here Mr. Bradford has failed. The vocal music, both in melody and declamation, shows taste and resourcefulness, but it never rises to the ecstasy passion. All the outward decoration of the subject is in Mr. Bradford's music, but the essential human emotion is but weakly interpreted. A fourth novelty was Mr. Charles E. Baughan's 'Eternite,' a setting of a poem by Herrick with which I am unacquainted. The composition is in the modern style, and yet the antique dignity of the poem is expressed by a broad, hymn-like melody. In this case the essentials of the poem have been musically realized, and so the musical setting justifies itself—a rare virtue in songs. A fault of the composition is an undue repetition of the words, which no doubt makes for musical effectiveness, but rather detracts from the restrained simplicity of Herrick's poem."

"Sibyllus" symphony in E minor was produced for the first time in England at Queen's Hall, London, Oct. 13. Arensky's "new" piano concerto was played the next night, with Miss Seguel as pianist.

GAVE STRENUOUS PERFORMANCE

First Concert in Boston of Spiering Quartet of Chicago Was from Classical Programme.

The Spiering quartet of Chicago, Messrs. Theodore Spiering, Otto Roch-

born, William and Herman Diestel, gave its first concert in Boston last evening at Chickering Hall. There was a good-sized and very friendly audience. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in C major.....Mozart
Quartet in F minor.....Beethoven
Quartet in F major.....Schumann

This chamber music club, which has existed for 11 seasons, has worked valiantly in western, southwestern and northwestern states. It has a large repertory; it has spread abroad a knowledge of standard chamber works; it has not hesitated to introduce works of the modern school. Such organizations are always welcome visitors in Boston.

be praised. The parts are well represented and well balanced. The inner voices are not continually repressed, as though they were after all of minor importance, and there is not a constant dialogue between first violin and cello with occasional and timidly chirping comments or asides by second violin and viola. The attack is incisive. A fast allegro to these men is not an impertinent and contradictory slow allegro. The older composers, as well as the more modern, often found delight in a rattling pace. It was reserved for Brahms and his worshippers to put after all allegros the sub-title, "make haste slowly." There was also in the performance a unanimity concerning interpretation, although outsiders might take exceptions to the interpretation itself.

On the other hand, the quality of tone was not always beautiful, and it was occasionally coarse and rasping. There were not fine gradations of tone, nor was there often any display of finesse. The performance as a whole might be characterized as strenuous, and if President Roosevelt had been in the audience last evening he would surely have engaged the quartet for a series of concerts at the White House, and thus found consolation for the refusal of Mme. Melba to favor his household with a song or two. Strenuousness is an excellent quality when the occasion calls for it, but Mozart does not often make the demand. For the music of Mozart is not passionate after the modern fashion. His themes are seldom poignant; his emotion is not vivid. His music is for the most part like a Grecian frieze.

The figures may be in action; the warrior may advance toward the foe, or there may be actual conflict; the chorus may be in the dance; the woman may bewail her dead lover; or Dionysus is borne in triumph; but there is action in repose; the passion is suggested; it does not distort the face of warrior, mourner or Bacchante. In the performance of the Spiering Quartet there was hardly any repose, the repose of authority. There was disturbing restlessness, which was not of Mozart's period and is not latent in this particular quartet; and this restlessness not infrequently jolted rhythm. Not that the music should be played in either an effeminate or a childish manner. It has its own atmosphere, which is classical serenity. The performance was feverish.

Beethoven was a composer of another kidney; but it is not necessary to force tone or to be spasmodic in order to reveal his strength. Walter Bagehot was never weary of insisting on the value of "animated moderation" in literature, and this animated moderation may well be cultivated in the performance of much music, chamber as well as orchestral. There were so many "effects" in the performance last night, and these effects were so alike, that no true effect was possible. The composers appeared masquerading as Czechs, and they wore their masks uneasily.

70V 18. 1903
FRANCK'S QUARTET NOBLY RENDERED

Second Concert by the Kneisel Quartet, with Harold Bauer as Pianist, Given in Potter Hall.

The programme of the second Kneisel quartet concert, with Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist, in Potter Hall last night, was as follows:

Quartet in D major.....Cesar Franck
Sonata in A major for piano and cello, op. 69.....Beethoven
Piano quartet in C minor.....Brahms

The feature of the concert was the performance of Cesar Franck's marvellous quartet. Whenever and wherever this nobly beautiful composition is well played, it must be the feature of the concert, however honorable the names that are also found on the programme. The only chamber work that could dispute the supremacy is the piano quintet by the same composer, or possibly one of the last quartets by Beethoven.

Much has been written of late in Germany about ideal concert halls and ideal programmes, and much ink has been shed in proposals for reformation. Without doubt the modern concert hall is too brilliantly lighted, and the decorations as a rule either distract the hearer or shake his soul with terror, or plunge him into an abyss of gloom. Chamber music would not be heard to advantage either in the salon of a Fall River boat or in the tomb of the Capulets.

If there were ever need of an ideal hall it would be for the performance and the thorough appreciation of Franck's quartet.

The lights should be lowered; there should be a pause of from five to ten minutes between the movements for meditation, and not for chatter, not for perfunctory and unmeaning expressions of rushing delight; not for envious or satirical observation by women of their neighbors' costumes. There should be no applause, either with hands, feet, canes or umbrellas. The concert should be as a solemn religious service. For this music is in the highest and purest sense religious. To use the words of Sir Thomas Browne it arouses a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. No music should precede or follow this quartet.

The introduction here of certain works by Cesar Franck and his disciples is not the least of the many righteous musical deeds of Mr. Kneisel and his associates. Ysabe first made us acquainted with Franck's violin sonata and piano quintet; but Mr. Kneisel has made his audience familiar with works of this school. When he first produced Franck's quartet it was after a preparation of at least three years. An admirable chamber club does not spring up in a night like Jonah's gourd, and the more skilled the players, the more insistent are they on many rehearsals, on long acquaintance with a new work of such a magnitude, that before they are willing to act as interpreters of the composer.

And what a commotion the first performance of this quartet excited in certain quarters! "Who is this Franck?" For the disturbed did not even know that the blameless organist of St. Clotilde was dead. They pictured him as a dangerous fellow, given to absinthe, a frequenter of Parisian halls, where the dancers are hired, a necessarily objectionable person; and even in cosmopolitan New York there was knowing talk after a visit of the Kneisels about Franck as a darling of perfumed boudoirs, an imitator of Liszt! Letters breathing forth threatenings and slaughter were addressed to Mr. Kneisel. One family man, talked of withdrawing his subscription. For a time it looked as though it would be more prudent for Mr. Kneisel to take his exercises after dark. But he persisted in his course; he brought out works by d'Indy, LeKeu, Debussy.

It seems impossible today that there should have been a spirit of opposition against music of such workmanship, beauty, grandeur, imagination and, above all, compassion. We say compassion, for no other composer has such moments of divine tenderness. Franck ponders in music the outs and riddles, the pathos and the tragedy in the life of the highest and the humblest. The melancholy that tinges his music is never hopeless; it never smells of the mould and the yew; it is the melancholy of the strong soul, of the simply devout, who sees, acknowledges, feels, but has faith, for to him the celestial vision has been revealed.

Franck has been reproached for mysticism; but his mysticism pierces the clouds and does not dwell among them. Nor is he pure spirit; he is of flesh and blood; but his passion is white, not red, and it is therefore the more intense; as St. Theresa was more passionate than Cleopatra. Such musical expression is unique.

And the mere workmanship is more and more a marvel. The melodic thought is incessant and individual; the harmonic treatment is singularly original; the contrapuntal devices are masterly; and yet melodic thought and technical skill serve chiefly to weave moods. A pure and lofty soul comforts and consoles and reminds, persuades, convinces the down-hearted and the oppressed that the rattling clod or the urn of ashes is not the end of hope and aspiration.

After such music, a cello sonata by Beethoven, played as it was, delightfully and with surpassing artistry, seemed distinctively of the polite world of the middle class; and cars that had been attuned to heavenly strains were in no condition to listen to music by Johannes Brahms.

It is enough to say of the performance of Franck's quartet that it was a full and sympathetic interpretation. It was a performance such as is heard perhaps once in a lifetime.

The third concert will be on Tuesday, Dec. 1.

70V 19. 1903
AMERICAN MUSIC AT STEINERT HALL

Second Song Recital Given by Messrs. Devoll and Isham—The Pleasure of Hearing English.

TWO SELECTIONS SUNG IN FRENCH.

Programme Uninteresting as a Whole—Melodic

Value Lacking in Seven of the Numbers.

Mr. George Devoll, tenor, and Mr. win Isham, baritone, assisted by J. E. Tippet, accompanist, gave the second song recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The programme included the following: "Song from the Persian," "For 'Dis Moi, Mon Coeur," Johns; "Is Life's End," A. Whiting; "Canada Boat Song," Mrs. Beach; "Love on Sea," and "Bonnie Piper's Tune," H. Loomis. Songs for tenor: "Je Demande l'Oiseau," Mrs. Beach; "Song the Songless," Miss Lang; "Cra Hymn," MacDowell; Serenade, Atherton; "How Do I Love Thee," H. Hadley; "Aspiration," Anon; and the songs for baritone: "When All World Is Young," Atherton; "The Br of Night," Chadwick; "Eldorado," E. Kelley; "Thy Voice Is Heard," Homer; "I Know a Hill," Whelpley; "Little Dutch Garden," Loomis; "Pirate's Song," H. F. Gilbert.

It was a pleasure to hear so many songs in English, whatever may be the character of the music. We are all sadly accustomed to polyglot recitals. Young men and women of England, who enunciate English indistinctly and often with a parochial accent, sing in Italian, French and German without the slightest knowledge of the intimate meaning of the words, with the aplomb of a professor of Melsterehschaft system.

And yet English is a brave language! It served Poe and Swinburne, as well as Bunyan and Swift; it was the medium of Pater's fastidious thought and Flaubert's dazzling irony. As Walt Whitman said in the original preface "Leaves of Grass," "The English language befriends the grand American expression; it is brawny enough a limb and full enough. . . . It is the speech of the proud and melancholy races and of all who aspire. . . . It is the medium that shall welligh express the inexpressible."

But the majority of local and visiting singers disdain it; they prefer astounding French, incredible German, or Italian that is fatal without the traditional gift of beauty.

The texts were in English with the exception of a duet by Mr. Johns, and song by Mrs. Beach. These composers drop into French as easily as Mr. Sils Wegg dropped into poetry. Mr. MacDowell's cradle hymn has, we infer, Latin text; we are not sure, for the modern pronunciation of Latin is as unknown, and we have serious doubts as to whether Julius Caesar or Cicero or Messalina would understand it, even though it was spoken slowly, or roared to a deaf person, or accompanied by explanatory gestures.

The programme as a whole was uninteresting, not because the music was bad, Americans, but because the music was too often poor, even had it been signed by Shovelhoff, Kascaretski, Dubiet Schneiderberg. Mr. Foote's duet had genuine sentiment; and Mr. Johns' duet is a pretty trifle. Mrs. Beach's "Je Demande l'Oiseau" is musical and pleasing; it is preferable to her duet which is on the whole too elaborate for the simple words. Miss Lang's "Song in the Songless" comes near being a song much more than ordinary power. mood is established at the very start; there is pictorial force as well as emotional expression; the opening and the concluding phrases are admirable, highly imaginative, and there is a directness that is found in Christina Rossetti's verses, the one woman that disputes with Sappho the title of poet. But there is a lack of concentration in the middle of the song; the composer rambles aimlessly and the spell is broken.

Mr. Chadwick has written far better songs than "The Brink of Night." Mr. Kelley's "Eldorado" is original and effective; Mr. MacDowell's Cradle Hymn is a tender fancy, but what has a tenor to do with cradle songs even these days of emancipated women? Mr. Loomis' "Little Dutch Garden" is a honest, unaffected tune.

It may be said of the other songs of duets that either their melodic value is slight and inexpressive, or that there is no sureness of expression, no authoritative expression of a sentiment, or that they are characterized by poverty of thought, or technical inability, or by impotent straining after effect. I would appear that in some instances the composer had not fully mastered the sentiment of the text. There is Mr. Hadley with his "How Do I Love Thee." His lover roars his various amatory methods until he is breathless and red in the face—a truly unpleasant object. And what woman wishes this to be made conspicuous, the object of grandstand declaration?

There are some who insist that because a song is written by an American it must therefore be praised, otherwise "American art" will not be encouraged.

They would enwrap the American composer in the cotton-battling of protection. A good song is good, and a poor song is poor, whether the composer was born at Christiania or Chelsea, at Hamburg or at Hockanum Ferry.

The performance of the singers was on the whole, inferior to that at the first recital. Perhaps the music was the cause, for the singers were heard last night to best advantage in the best songs and duets. Not infrequently the hearer was like the horse mentioned in the 39th chapter of Job: "He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. But in Steinert Hall the battle and the thunder and the shouting were near."

PATTI AGAIN SINGS IN BOSTON

The World-Famous Singer
Makes Her Reappearance
in Boston After Absence
of Ten Years.

FINE AUDIENCE IN
SYMPHONY HALL.

The Singer Now but Shadow
of Her Former Self—Mr.
Krasselt Soloist at Sym-
phony Concert.

Adelina Patti and her company gave last night the first of two concerts in Symphony Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

And what shall be said of Patti in the year of our Lord 1903? Fifty years ago she sang here for the first time, and she is now in her first year. Shall we go back to Horace, who wrote, as Mortimer Collins insisted, solely for the purpose of being quoted in the House of Commons, and say with a doleful shake of the head: "Alas, the fleeting years, my Postumus, my Postumus, the fleeting years glide away; and plety will never bring a check to wrinkles, and Old Age's stern advance, and unconquerable Death"? Shall we cry: "Ichabod, the glory is departed," and pay the reverence of old days to her dead fame? Singers of haunting voice and incredible breath, mistresses of emotion or of dazzling bravura, must go with golden girls and chimney sweeps to dust, yet the fame of the truly grand artist never dies. The singer becomes a tradition, but the very name is a spell and incitement for generations to come.

No one can mar the fame of a great singer save the singer herself. Not to speak the truth about the Patti of today would be to assail the reputation of the Patti of a glorious past.

We heard Mme. Patti sing "Voi Che Sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro," the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Home Sweet Home."

It must be said that the working compass of Mme. Patti's voice is now of limited extent, and only the tones of the middle register are under a certain and not always sure control. Although she was careful in her choice of keys, her upper tones were always shrill and often untuneful. The marvellous purity of intonation, the supreme mastery of breath and consequent exquisite phrasing that formerly characterized her art—these once so envied qualities are as though they never were.

Now and then there were faint reminders of the beauty and the splendor of her art; but he that heard Mme. Patti for the first time last night must wonder at her reputation, and sceptically attribute it to the general inclination to praise the past at the expense of the present. For she often gasped for breath and cut her musical sentences short; she was spasmodic where she should have sustained a phrase; she took all manner of liberties so as to accomplish tasks now difficult, and she was guilty of certain vocal offences that would not be pardoned in local and unpretending singers.

The pity of it! If Mme. Patti were poor, and if she came before the public in a dignified and resigned manner to gain her bread by an appeal to curiosity, the spectacle would excite sorrow and compassion. But the sight of Mme. Patti, whose ambitions and desires have been richly satisfied, now kittenish in the face of the public, with all the airs and graces that are intolerable even in presumptuous youth—such a sight must well arouse indignation; for it is the lamentable end of the greatest singing woman of the 19th century. Better the fate of Falcon, the dramatic soprano of rare intensity, who was obliged to leave the stage through sudden loss of voice when she was still young and the idol of Paris, than such a melancholy death-in-life.

The programme also included Widor's Humoresque for violin, cello and piano (Miss Rose Zamels), Mr. Anton Hegner, Miss Vera Margolies; Prologue to "Pagliacci" (Mr. Claude A. Cunningham); Liszt's "Rigoletto" fantasia (Miss Vera Margolies); "Mon coeur s'ouvroit" from "Samson and Delilah" (Miss Kathleen Howard); Guiraud's Caprice for violin (Miss Zamels); "Lend me your aid" from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" (Mr. Wilfred Virgo); Van Goens' Scherzo, Hegner's "Romance" and Schubert's "The Bee" for cello (Mr. Hegner);

"Adieu à l'Espagne" (Miss Howard, Miss Vera Margolies and Cunningham). It is not necessary to speak in detail of the performance of these pieces. With the exception of Mr. Hegner, whose tone is small and dry, whose delivery is uninteresting, the singers and players are not yet technically prepared for appearance in public.

Mme. Patti and her company will give the second and last concert in Symphony Hall Saturday afternoon. The concert will begin at 2:15.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, the new first cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will make his first appearance in America as a soloist this afternoon, when he will play Saint-Saens' concerto for cello No. 1. Mr. Krasselt was born on Jan. 1, 1879, at Baden-Baden. He studied chiefly with Klengel at Leipzig. His first appearance in public was at Baden-Baden when he was only 13 years old. He has been connected with the orchestra of the Rostock Theatre, the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin, and the orchestra of the Vienna Court Opera. He was a member of the Krasselt quartet; the other members were his brother, Alfred, violin; his father, Gustav, viola, and his sister, Jenny, who died four years ago, was the pianist.

The orchestral numbers are the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Dvorak's symphony in D minor No. 2, which was written for the Philharmonic Society of London and first performed at one of its concerts, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Ideal," which introduced here by Theodore Thomas, has been played only once at a Symphony concert. The music is in illustration of Schiller's poem, "Die Ideale," but whereas Schiller names friendship and work as the sole consolations for the disillusion of life as man grows older, Liszt concludes with an "Apotheosis," in which the motive typical of "The Ideal" is glorified and made crashingly jubilant.

The programme of the sixth concert will include Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio," Bruch's fantasia on Scottish airs (played by Mr. Birnbaum, violinist, a new member of the orchestra), and Dohnanyi's symphony in D minor (first time in America).

FIFTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "The
Ideal," Rare in Boston.

Appearance of Mr. Krasselt, the
New First Cellist—Overture from
"Midsummer Night's Dream"—
Mme. Patti's Second Concert in
Symphony Hall.

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last evening, Mr. Gerlicke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Concerto in A minor, No. 1, for cello.....

Symphonic poem No. 12, "The Ideal".....Liszt
Symphony No. 2, in D minor.....Dvorak

Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Ideal," is not familiar to the concert-goers of Boston. Theodore Thomas produced it here in 1870, and it has been played once at a Symphony concert—in 1889. The music is in illustration of Schiller's poem, "The Ideal." The illusions of youth pass away; that which was dreamed of as beautiful and divine seldom appears in reality, and if it does it is a disappointment; fortune, fame, truth and love leave man to find his only consolation in friendship and activity. But Liszt would not accept as a refrain to the poem of human life: "This is the end of every man's desire."

It was necessary to have an apotheosis, so he changed Schiller's ending; he believed that the holding fast of the ideal and the continual realization were the highest aims in existence; and therefore he gained his climax by a jubilant recapitulation of the motives of the earlier and more hopeful sections of his work.

It might be interesting to examine into the reasonableness of such a radical change in a classical poem merely for the purpose of making a Lisztian holiday; but we should not take the "literary" side of music too seriously. Mr. Henley says in his latest volume of essays—alas, it must be the last collection prepared by him—that "the aesthetic movement" has made painting so excessively literary, that either it is literature in a new medium or it is nothing." This saying may be applied to much of the modern music; and Liszt is still modern, far more modern than some of his most painstaking imitators of today, who affect to dub him old-fashioned.

It is necessary for a composer first of all to make music. The first question here is not whether Liszt bettered Schiller for his purpose, it is not whether he succeeded in translating into tones passages, line by line, of the poem, but whether the music itself will stand without the mottoes from the poem. An argument as to whether Schiller or Schopenhauer were the more truly philosophic in the view of the

age of man would be a distant digression.

The title, "The Ideal," is enough to any sensitive and sympathetic listener who is able to make his own programme as it is suggested by the music. The aspirations, the hopes, the illusions, the disenchantment, and then the resolve to be heroic even in the face of cruel disappointment, and of the one supreme doubt, the firm belief in a divine average, in compensation somewhere and sometime in the vast universe to which this proud globe is as the ball rolled pitifully by a beetle—these are surely in the music, nor is there any need of Schiller's lines or Lord Lytton's pompous and swollen translation. For the music of this poem is singularly clear, as well as imaginative, and for well-defined lines, for beauty of musical thought, for logical and poetic transformations of the leading idea, for nobility of expression, "The Ideal" must be ranked with the greatest works of Liszt. In this instance simplicity is not affected naïveté, and strength is not merely bombast.

Although the poem is long, it is firmly knit together, and although there is a wealth of ingenious detail, there is no cessation in the flow of musical thought. There are passages of exquisite beauty; there is a broad sweep of vision; there is loftiness of imagination. A great, a nobly beautiful work that is not mocked by its title! The performance was a remarkable one, which reflected the highest credit on conductor and orchestra. Name all the qualities that characterize the ideal performance of such a masterpiece, and not one was missing in the performance of last night. And how familiar Wagner must have been with this score! How he helped himself freely with both hands for his own use and glory!

Mr. Krasselt made his first appearance as a soloist in this country. He is young, and youth, as Liszt said, is the time for virtuosity. Mr. Krasselt made a most favorable impression. His tone is pure and eminently agreeable, although it is not large and commanding. His mechanism is well developed; he plays with feeling and enthusiasm, as well as with the authority of an excellent musician. The concerto itself, with the exception of dry and formal padding toward the end, is delightful.

The overture and the symphony are well known and do not call for extended comment. The performance was of a high order. Seldom, if ever, has the overture—one of the few truly poetic compositions of Mendelssohn—been played with such beauty of tone and exquisite precision.

MME. PATTI SINGS.

Adelina Patti and her company gave their second and last concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The audience was not so large as the one of Thursday evening, yet it was of good size and it was generous with applause. We heard Mme. Patti sing Elisabeth's Prayer from "Tannhauser"; Gounod's "Ave and Be Still"; an exceedingly silly, and in fact abominable bit of trash entitled "The Last Farewell," which was unworthy of even the purpose of advertisement; "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," from "Theodora."

Mme. Patti was more dignified, and she had better control of her voice than at the first recital. Her singing was less spasmodic, and in her performance of the air from Handel's "Theodora" she gave more than an occasional glimpse of the art through which she was illustrious above all singers of her period; indeed, the performance was a remarkable one in some respects for a woman of her age. Yet there was no good cause given yesterday to modify or soften the opinion expressed already in The Herald concerning the present condition of her voice and her art, for the beauty and brilliance of the voice are now merely traditional, and her art is used not to conceal art, but to sing as best she can without incurring the reproach of an absolute and complete failure. It is to be hoped that this episode will be the only one to darken the glory of her long career. After she has sung "The Last Farewell," a ballad expressly composed for Mme. Patti by Mr. Charles K. Harris, after she has sung this ditty over the land from Boston to San Francisco, from Atlanta to Spokane, let us hope for her own reputation that she will not venture again before the public, save, perhaps, quietly, in her own land and for charity.

The programme included "Quando le Sere," Verdi (Mr. Virgo); airs Russes, Wleniawski (Miss Zamels); "Dass Ist Im Leben," Bruecker (Mr. Cunningham); pieces by Lalo, Hegner and Popp for cello (Mr. Hegner); Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 1 (Miss Margolies); air, from Goring Thomas' "Nadeschda" (Miss Howard); Terzetto from Carafa's "Adelle di Lusignano," and a serenade by W. G. for violin, cello and piano. Miss Howard has an unusually good voice. It is a pity that it has not been properly trained. Little that is pleasant could justly be said about the performance of any one of Mme. Patti's associates. Mr. Romaldo Sapio was an excellent accompanist.

Entertaining Gossip by
Hermann Klein; The
Critic's Duty; Wagner's
Ring Again Explained;
Coming Concerts in This
City; News About Men,
Women and Works.



R. HERMANN KLEIN'S
"Thirty Years of Musical
Life in London"
(1870-1900) is published by
the Century Company
(New York). The title re-
minds one of Chortley's

"Thirty Years' Musical Recollection" (1830-1860), but Mr. Klein, although a professional critic, is here an editorial rather than critical, and his book is not so valuable a contribution to musical literature; yet it will be of assistance to future writers about music, and it will not be found dull by readers of today or tomorrow.

His book might justly be entitled: "Hermann Klein; with Digressions Concerning His Friends and His Admirers." It is to be expected that a man writing out his recollections for the benefit of the world should speak more or less about himself; the effect of such self-revelation on the reader depends wholly on the manner of the revelation. Mr. Klein is a little too conscious of the fact, or he assumes the fact, that he always played the important part, and so he is careful to take the centre of the stage, and the lime-light man has had careful instruction. One of the most amusing instances of this—let us he courteous and call it naïveté—is in his description of going to meet with Sir Augustus Harris the perennial Mme. Patti at a railway station: "We were already in evening dress, and, as Harris was suffering from a cold, I took care not to let him stand upon the draughty platform."

Mr. Klein's earlier years were spent at Norwich, and he recollects as a boy Jenny Lind at some time during the middle sixties kneeling on a concert stage while she sang the "Prayer" from "Der Freischuetz." He met Sir Julius Benedict, "one of the worst conductors who ever held a baton. His head was invariably buried in his score." He rarely gave a cue until it was too late to be of any practical value, and he entirely lacked the magnetic power and the sense of ensemble that should be the primary gifts of a good conductor.

In 1874 Mr. Klein went to London. Manuel Garcia, the marvellous old singing teacher, who, born in 1805, is still living, dwelt in the house of Mr. Klein's parents, and the young man became his pupil. He began his work as the critic of a London journal in 1878. During the opera seasons of 1874-75 Jean de Reszke was singing as a baritone in London. "I distinctly recollect him in two characters—Don Giovanni and De Nevers. It seemed to me that he had a beautiful voice, of almost tenor quality, and both a singer and actor were displayed in the highest promise. He appeared under the name of 'De Reschi.'" There are extremely interesting reminiscences of the Wagner festival at London in 1877, when, according to Mr. Klein—and there is not the slightest reason for doubting his memory—Wagner broke down completely as a conductor, so that Richter took the leadership, except in certain instances. But inasmuch as the public paid to see Wagner as well as to hear his music, it was arranged that when not conducting he should sit on the platform in an armchair facing the audience. "At each of the six concerts comprising the festival scheme after he had conducted the opening piece and acknowledged a magnificent reception, he sat down in his armchair and gazed at the assemblage before him with a sphinxlike expression of countenance that I shall never forget. He must have felt as though he were being exhibited, like some strange, interesting animal, for all the world to stare at."

It must be confessed frankly that there is hardly a page in this volume that does not tempt quotation, however one may differ in an opinion expressed concerning the merits or the faults of a singer, player or composer. Let us turn over the pages and choose at random.

There is naturally much about Patti, whom Mr. Klein first visited at her humble thatched cottage at Cragly-Nos in 1891. According to him Patti is an ideal hostess, and the cottage-castle is supplied with all the modern improvements, from sanitary plumbing to a fearsome musical instrument. "I may say, without exaggeration, that it was by the aid of her splendid orchestra that Mme. Patti first began to comprehend the intricacies of Wagner's more advanced works." This leads us to suspect that Mr. Klein is a true humorist. She said to him in a burst of confidence: "I love the stage, I love to act and portray every shade of human emotion. Only I want freedom—more freedom than opera, with its restricted movements and its wear and tear on the voice, can possibly allow the actress. I care not whether it be comedy or tragedy so long as I feel that I can devote my whole energy, my whole being, to realizing the character I have to delineate. Even words trouble me; they take time to commit to memory, and their utterance fatigues a singer too much. Yet I want to act, to feel myself upon the boards, playing to amuse myself and a few chosen friends on each side of the footlights. What does there remain for me to do? What but to enact scenes and plays in pantomime, to utilize the ancient art of the Italian music, and express every sentiment by means of gesture, action, and facial expression. I must have music, of course, I cannot do entirely without my own art and all its wealth of suggestive force. Give me only a dramatic idea, with music that aids in depicting it, and I will play you any part you choose, from one of Sarah Bernhardt's down to Fatima in 'Bluebeard.'" And so in her private theatre they performed "Tosca" with Patti as the heroine and Mr. Klein as Scarpia. Sir Augustus Harris was deeply moved and he exclaimed at a rehearsal: "My dear Adelina, I am

"THIRTY YEARS OF MUSICAL LIFE IN LONDON," AND OTHER BOOKS ON MUSIC



JANE NORIA OF THE PARIS OPERA



MARIE THIERLY OF THE PARIS OPERA COMIQUE.

just beginning to realize that if you had not been the world's greatest singer you could have been one of its best actresses." "He meant it," swears Mr. Klein, "and it was true"; a proof that Sir Augustus and Mr. Klein were model guests. Indeed, Mr. Klein goes so far as to wish that Sarah Bernhardt and Termini could have seen Patti's impersonation.

Perhaps when Patti bids her positively last farewell to the public, in 1913, she will then give her undivided attention to dramatic art, and by her tragic intensity and bewitching grace ravish the senses and steal away the understanding.

If it had not been for Mr. Klein, the De Reszke brothers would never have appeared in Wagnerian operas. Mr. Klein was and is their close friend and adviser. He knows them mentally and morally and physically; he has summered and wintered with them, and been through them with a dark lantern. They would all talk art together, and by the day and night. "Finally, Edouard would strip to the waist to give us an example of his extraordinary control of the abdominal muscles, whereby in expanding the ribs and completely filling the lungs, he seemed to raise the lower half of his figure until, like one barrel sliding inside another, it had concealed itself in the vast cavity of his chest."

This spectacle reminds one of a sight seen by Artemus Ward: "A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says he'll be dam if he goes to the war. He was settin on a barrel and was indeed a Loathsum object."

Mr. Klein gives an interesting account of his connection as a critic with various journals. He soon learned as critic of the Sunday Times, which post he held over 20 years until he resigned it in 1901, that he was giving satisfaction.

"It is not the public that decides in these cases. The readers of a paper are usually the last persons in the world that a British editor would consult concerning the merits or deficiencies of any writer upon his staff. As long as the critic writes decent English, avoids libel actions, and is not guilty of exposing a lack of technical knowledge of his subject, he has little to fear from his employer. Strong or weak, fearless or indifferent, honest or venal, he will be permitted to go on publishing his 'copy' from one year's end to the other until some such upheaval occurs as that which had landed me in my present position. The artist,

the teacher, the cultivated amateur, the instructed colleague—in a word, those who do not care openly to find fault, even when they dare—are alone capable of judging whether or not the critic has done his work well. And they are precisely the people whose opinion upon the question is rarely, if ever, asked."

We do not agree with Mr. Klein. The able and sympathetic and unprejudiced critic in the eyes of nine-tenths of the singers, players and composers is he who appreciates their work. When he

does not appreciate it, when he finds the slightest fault or when he ventures a modest objection, no matter how warmly he may have praised before, he shares the fate of Gil Blas with the archbishop; he is forever afterward anathema, maranatha, or, to use the more homely speech of the period, his name is Dennis.

The duty of the critic is toward his employer and the reader. As Andre Hallays says in his introduction to a collection of feuilletons by Berlioz: "To whom does the critic address himself when he writes his newspaper article? Does he imagine for a moment that his advice will be heeded by the musician himself? Every artist despises criticism; if he conceals his contempt he is a coward, who, ambitious of success, fears the influence of the newspapers; if, unfortunately, his deference is honest, it is because he himself is ignorant of what he knows and wishes, and he is not an artist. It is the public, the most profane of publics, that should hearken to the critic and strive to make his readers share his aversions and his preferences; and he will succeed in this if he has life and spirit and sound sense and taste, and if he loves the art which he discusses, and knows how to make his passion contagious."

Yes, Mr. Klein as a critic was, indeed,

appreciated. Did not Tosti tell him, and Mr. Klein tell the world at large, that "the musical columns of a certain paper were studied in the royal palaces every Sunday?" Mr. Klein adds: "And from some words graciously uttered to me by Princess Christian many years afterward, I have reason to know that Tosti's statement was not mere flattery." Mr. Klein's mission was a high and holy one—to guide royal feet in the paths of musical righteousness, to rescue the rulers of the land from the bonds of Mendelssohn and the iniquities of English doctors of music.

Mr. Klein thinks that Sir Augustus Harris' genius was of a Napoleonic order; that Minnie Hauk's Carmen was as good dramatically as that of Galli-Marié, who created the part, and that it was vocally better; he chronicles Edward Lloyd's farewell concert, and Lloyd has deceived him, for he is still singing; he spells baritone with a y; he finds Emma Eames' Marguerite charming on account of its "naturalness and its tender, womanly feeling"; he pays tribute to many, from Tietjens to Maurice Grau. All in all, an entertaining book, which may be read with profit, which often amuses, and sometimes without the expectation of the author. There are over 100 portraits of singers and players, and there is a well made

index, a very help in time of trouble.

Some of the readers of The Herald may remember an illustrated lecture and concert given in Steinert Hall on March 21, 1908, by Mrs. Alice Leighton Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump of the London Wagner Society. It was an extraordinary entertainment, with stereoscopic views. Mr. Crump said many things pointed out a device on an altar that stood in the theatre of Dionysios, which was a badge of the Rosicrucians, and was worn by Parsifal; he intimated that the ancient schools of the mysteries were revived and in active operation at Point Loma, Cal., and he was now weary of talking about "the thread soul" of Wagner's dramas. There was music behind a screen. Mrs. Cleather spoke about Wagner with the conviction of a martyr at the stake. She said that history is full of superfluous detail, and told a story about a singularly ill-bred tenor, who, whenever he went to a dinner party in London, sang into his tumbler until the glass was shattered to atoms—just the man for a heroic part in "The Ring." And then there was more music behind a screen.

Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump now appear as the authors of "The Ring of the Nibelung: An Interpretation Embodying Wagner's Own Explanations," which is published in this country by G. Schirmer, New York. It is a little book, but, as the man said about his wife, "Little—but oh, Lord!" There is an introductory chapter in which the authors blandly remark: "The majority of English critics still remain wholly or partially blind to Wagner's poetic genius, some even going to far as to declare that he did not understand himself in that respect"; but the author finds "an intimate blend of speech, tone and gesture . . . revealing the irresistible tendency of a universal genius who had the rare power of seeing in the workings of the heart and mind those great underlying forces from which they spring, and of which our lives have grown to be so superficial and incomplete a revelation." Yes, and Wagner wrote in favor of vegetarianism and against vivisection.

The prologue and each section of the trilogy are described at length and with much talk about the symbolism of Wagner. The heavenly twins, Siegmund and Sieglinde, who lead a shocking life for a few days and come to a bad end, are, it seems, "one being in two aspects," which is confusing, and the excuse would not be accepted in a police court. There is also much about Wotan, who was willing to go one eye on it in his thirst for knowledge. "Fricka may be said to represent Adhesion to form." This is true; for the Fricka of the average German impersonation weighs anywhere from 180 to 250 pounds.

The explanations are sane in comparison with the appendix, in which there are explanatory diagrams. "The white triangle in the Heaven-World has its black reflection, or inversion, in the Under-World. Midway in the Earth-World these two are joined to form the well known Seal of Solomon, representing in this case the Rhinegold." This reminds one of the German Shakespearean scholar, the deep thinker, as described by Richard Grant White—th deeper he dives the muddier his thought. The authors advise the use of the fu



JULIE LINDSAY OF THE PARIS OPERA.

more like a book than a play. It will be far more helpful than a study of the music from a vocal score. The motives have such characteristic lines that they are at once recognizable in any clef, even by those untrained in reading two staves. The right path to score reading without wing anything about music! We also the introduction of this method leading conservatories. The chief motives are published in notation, and of the most disagreeable portraits Wagner serves as a frontispiece.

Founders of Music: Life Sketches Young Readers, by Hannah Smith, also published by G. Schirmer, New York. The author tells in a pleasant manner the lives of Palestrina, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, and there are portraits of slight artistic worth. There much sound information imparted in simple way. We regret to see the selling Haendel preferred to Handel, his fame rests chiefly upon the choruses of his oratorios. And he is also one of the few great melodists of the world. The statement that we are well informed theoretically about the character of music for the Greek tragedy might well be disputed. Haydn is not the first to define clearly the form of the symphony nor was he the first to develop instrumental pieces into the form which we know now as the symphony. There is the customary gush over Mendelssohn's personal character, whereas his letters show him to have been, if not actually envious, a singularly carping and priggish critic of the works of other composers, especially when they were his friends. Chopin was more than "one of the most delightful and original composers for the piano"; he was and remains the most original. It is a pleasure to find the author saying that Wagner's work would never have been finished without the encouragement and assistance of Franz Liszt. As she says, this "absolutely unselfish friendship is one of the most beautiful in the whole history of art."

We spoke last Sunday about the discussion now raging in France and England concerning the costume of a ballet dancer. The *Era* (London) says in an editorial article: "The short practice skirt of the dancer has been adopted as a attire in public. In the illustrations of the old books on dancing—as, for instance, to Carlo Blasi's 'Code of Terpsichore,' published in 1828—we see costumes reaching nearly to the calf of the leg, a short tunic being only worn by the male dancers. Even in the days of Gerito, Fanny Elssler and Tagliioni, the skirts were about half-way from the waist to the ground, and they followed the lines of the body, instead of being 'puffed' out as they now are. It is difficult to find any artistic sanction for the short ballet dress. It gives the impression that some one has cut the weaver's petticoats 'all round about' with a pair of shears. It breaks, as we have said, the lines of the body by placing an inverted hemisphere across it at the hips; and it gives a curious 'cocked-up-behind' aspect, which reminds the critical eye of a domestic fowl."

LOCAL.

A concert will be given by the music department of the city of Boston at the Brighton high school, on Tuesday, at 8 P. M. Mr. A. M. Kranich will lead the orchestra, and the soloists will be Mrs. Christine Galbraith, contralto, and Mr. Arthur Hadley, cellist. The orchestral numbers will be by Adam, Tellam, Gillet, Bizet, Gounod, Offenbach, Mrs. Galbraith will sing an aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos," and Buck's "When the Heart is Young." Mr. Hadley will play the andante from Popper's concerto op. 24.

The first of the Longy Club concerts will be given in Potter Hall, on Monday evening, Nov. 30. The programme will include a suite for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano by Charles Luef; "Undine," sonata for flute and piano by Reinecke, and Mozart's serenade in E flat major, No. 11, for oboes, clarinets, horns and bassoons.

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler will give a piano recital in Steinhil Hall on Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 3 P. M. when she will play Tocata and Fugue in D minor, Bach-Faust; Beethoven's sonata, op. 10, No. 2; Chopin's Berceuse, Etude, op. 25, No. 3; Impromptu, op. 36, Valse, op. 64, No. 1, Andante Spiniato and Polonaise; Moszkowski's suite, op. 60, and Liebeswalzer No. 5 from "Spring," op. 57; Henselt's study, "If I Were a Bird," and Chabrier's Bourree fantasque.

The programme of the third Kneisel quartet concert, at Potter Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 1, will include Haydn's quartet in G major, Brahms' piano trio in E major (Mr. Arthur Whiting, pianist), and Tchaikowsky's quartet in F major.

Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone, will give a song recital in Steinhil Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 2. The programme will include songs by Carissimi, Monteverde, Beethoven, Franz, Schumann, R. Strauss, Sidney Homer, Mrs. Beach.

"The Damnation of Faust" will be performed by the Cecilia Society, Mr. Lang, conductor, at Symphony Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 3 P. M., in commemoration of the centennial of the birth of Berlioz. The chorus will be enlarged for the occasion, and the solo singers will be Melford, Ellison Van Hooser, Charles Gilbert and Mr. Merrill. The box office sale of seats will open at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning at 8:30.

Mr. Heinrich Gebhard will give a piano recital in Steinhil Hall on Thursday, Dec. 3, at 3 P. M., when he will play pieces by Brahms, Beethoven, Chopin, Gabriel Faurc, a transcription of a song by Loeffler, two of his own compositions and a rhapsody by Liszt.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give his second

concert at the same place. The programme will include a piano recital in Steinhil Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3.

Mr. Richard Platt, a young American pianist, will give a recital in Steinhil Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8. Mr. Platt has studied with Barth and Mme. Siepanoff in Berlin, and he made his debut in London as pianist and composer last season.

Mrs. Helen A. Hunt, assisted by Mr. Gebhard and a female chorus, will give a concert at Potter Hall on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 10, at 3 o'clock. She will sing songs by Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, P. L. Hillmeyer, Hahn and Augusta Holmes. The feature of the concert will be the first performance in the United States of Claude Debussy's "La Demoiselle Elue," a setting of certain verses of Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel," for solo voice and female chorus. Songs by Debussy, Romance, Fantoches, La Cloche, Mandoline, will also be sung. Thus the concert will be one of unusual interest.

Tickets are on sale at the music stores. The Adamowski quartet will give a concert at Gordon Hall Tuesday evening, Dec. 22. The programme will include Suck's quartet in B major, op. 11 (first time), two movements from Glazounoff's suite for a quartet, and Schubert's quartet in A minor.

The Boston Singing Club, Mr. Tucker conductor, will give concerts on Wednesday evenings, Dec. 2 and March 2, at Jordan Hall. At the first new works by Nethard and Dvorak, part songs by West, Pitt, Nevin and Dvorak, and Netherland songs by Kremsler will be sung. The Orpheus Club will assist. An orchestra and soloists of prominence will take part in the second concert, when Parry's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" will be produced.

PERSONAL.

The pictures published in this issue of The Herald are of Miss Julie Lillie, who is expected as Mlle. Lindsay to make her first appearance at the Opera, Paris, Nov. 25, as Constance in a revival of Mozart's "The Escape from the Seraglio"; of Miss Jane Noria, an American girl who made her debut last May with success at the Paris Opera as Juliet, and of Mme. Marie Thery of the Opera Comique, Paris. Miss Lillie was born in Paris of American parents, and it is said that the manager sought her out and that she and her friends did not beseege the manager. The picture is from a portrait by Pierre Emile Cornillier.

Mme. Thery was born at Chalon-sur-Saone, May 9, 1870. An excellent pianist, she studied singing at the Lyons Conservatory, where she took first prizes for singing and opera. She made her debut as Juliet at the Grand Theatre of Lyons, Nov. 8, 1893, and she was connected with that theatre for two years, with the exception of occasional appearances at Aix-les-Bains. She sang the leading soprano parts in "Rigoletto," "Hamlet," "Faust," "Mireille," "Daughter of the Regiment," "L'Attaque du Moulin," and "Micaela" in "Carmen."

After a year at Geneva she went to Cairo. She returned to France in 1897 and sang at Bordeaux, Aix-les-Bains, and then at Nice. She made her first appearance at the present Opera Comique, Paris, Oct. 7, 1898, in "Mireille." Since then she has sung at Marseilles and for two seasons at the Monnaie, Brussels. Her repertory includes in addition to the operas above mentioned "Manon," "Werther," "Noces de Jeannette," "Galathee," "Lakme," "Phryne," "Orpheus (Eurydice)," "Star of the North," "Martin et Martine," "Lucia," "Mignon," Puccini's "La Boheme," "Barber of Seville," "Roi d'Ys." She created the part of Muguette in Missa's opera of the same name at the Opera Comique. Paris—the opera based on Ouida's story of "Two Little Wooden Shoes," and the part of "La Flamme" in the Gaité (Oct. 31, 1903), the opera by Lambert which is described elsewhere on this page.

Carl Luze has succeeded Heimesberger as court conductor at Vienna.

Theodore Dubois has finished a new version of his opera, "Xavier," which will be performed at the Opera-Comique this season, a piano trio, small pieces for string orchestra, some songs and a collection of preludes for piano, "Ombres et Lumieres."

Van Dyck was engaged to sing in "Manon" and "Werther" at the Opera-Comique this month.

Edouard Rislser, the pianist, was married Nov. 4 to Miss Emilie Sohalat-Girette.

Claude Debussy's new pieces for piano have been published. The title is "Estampes," and the subtitles are, "Pagodes," "La Soiree dans Grenade," "Jardins sous la pluie."

Kreisler played with great success Brahms' violin concerto at a Philharmonic concert, led by Nikisch, at Berlin, Oct. 26.

Vincent d'Indy is at work on a sonata for piano and violin. He has completed the first movement.

The prize of five guineas, offered by Charles Phillips, a London singer, for the best song in competition, has been awarded to Dr. Ernest Walker. There were 407 entries. The judges were Messrs. Coleridge-Taylor, Plunket Greene and Phillips.

The young Hungarian violinist, Franz von Vecsey, whom our Berlin correspondent described a fortnight ago, will play in London at Liszt's next year.

A monument to Liszt was dedicated in the Royal Park of Stuttgart Oct. 23. A marble bust is supported by a pedestal of granite. Orpheus plays the lyre under a laurel, whose foliage half hides the name "Franz Liszt." The sculptor is A. Fremd. The King of Wurtemberg, Liszt's grand-daughter, Daniela Thode,

was the first to perform as an opera. Liszt's theme was a dramatic one. Liszt died at Christiania on Oct. 27. She antagonized the critics of Berlin so that they agreed to ignore her concert. Born in 1845, she was a pupil of Kierulff and Theodor Kullak. She taught in Kullak's school at Berlin. She was the first to play Grieg's Concerto (Lep-sic, Feb. 22, 1872). She married in 1874, and made her home at Christiania.

Among the new works to be produced at the Leeds festival next year will be a setting in cantata form by Charles Wood of the old morality play, "Everyman," and a symphony by Elgar. Dr. Stanford will probably be the conductor. Mr. Frangon-Davies gave a recital in London Nov. 11 and introduced Jensen's "Gaudemus Igitur," the cycle which Mr. Max Ilcinrich used to sing here with a fine Bachian flavor.

It is said that Emil Laur purposes to make Vienna his home.

Mr. Lionel Turle has been engaged as principal viola of the Queen's Hall orchestra in the place of Mr. A. E. Ferir, who has gone to America to take the same position in the famous Boston Symphony orchestra.—London Daily News.

Santley is in England again after his concert tour in South Africa, and is already singing again in concert. He is in his 70th year.

Mr. Blepham read excerpts from "Midsummer Night's Dream," while the Philadelphia orchestra played Mendelssohn's music at Philadelphia Nov. 14.

Geraldine Farrar, who has been absent from the Berlin Opera House for some time, as some say on account of a throat trouble, reported herself as ready for work Nov. 1.

George Simpson, the well known tenor, died Nov. 10. His body was found lying in front of the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn, and his identity was not known for a day or so. He was a native of Scotland and made his reputation in England before he came to this country. He sang here with the Handel and Haydn as early as 1857 in "The Creation" and "Elijah." Mr. Dwight then described him as a very young singer from New York, with a sweet, pure, easy-flowing voice—"so far vox, et preterea nihil"—and he complained of "a certain level sentimental ballad sweetness, which smacked more of the popular serenaders and minstrels than of the oratorio school." Simpson's last appearance with the Handel and Haydn was in "The Messiah" on Dec. 18, 1893. He had sung with the society in 1862, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1871, 1875. Mrs. J. H. Long, Charles R. Adams, William Mason and

Mr. de Ribas, the oboist, took part in the concert in 1857. Mr. Simpson sang little in public during the last 10 years. He was for a long time the tenor of Grace Church. It is said that he was 65 years old when he died.

Heinrich Salomon, baritone, died Nov. 5 at the age of 78. Born at Leipzig, he was first a violinist. In 1844 he made his debut as a singer, and for many years he was a favorite at Berlin. He was a wooden actor, and they used to tell this story about him: He courted a young woman whose highly respectable family was shocked because Salomon was on the stage and therefore must be a dissolute fellow. Did he not play Don Giovanni? An uncle, worldly wise, thought he would investigate the matter, so he went to see the would-be bridegroom in "Don Giovanni." After the performance, he rushed to the house and made this report: "Have no fear! He is not a dangerous character. On the contrary!"

Emil Sauer, violinist, will be the soloist at the first concert of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.

The Parisians will soon be treated to an amusing theatrical lawsuit. Mlle. Manuel, the well known operette singer, married lately a young barrister. Her husband insisted on her leaving the stage. Unfortunately, a few weeks before the happy event she signed an agreement with the manager of one of the Paris music halls for a series of representations. She cannot disobey her husband, and the latter refuses to pay the 5000 forfeit money which the manager claims. The case will now be fought out in court.—The Era (London).

Mr. Chadwick's quartet in D minor and Mr. Foot's piano quintet in A minor were played by the Danneureth quartet in New York Nov. 17.

Leo Stern, cellist, and husband of Suzanne Adams, has been obliged, on account of his health, to return to England, and Karl Griener of New York will assist Mme. Adams in her concert tour.

An English journalist apropos of Faderewski's 43d birthday (Nov. 6) wrote: "In both hemispheres that wonderful head of hair has been the oriflamme of victories far more substantial than ever occurred to the helmet of Navarre." But is he 43 or 44? Some biographical dictionaries give 1859 as his birth year.

Josef Hofmann is characterized as the only polo pianist of the day.

Dorothy Bridson, an English violinist, and pupil of Willy Hess at Cologne and Sevcik at Prague, played in London Oct. 30 with marked success.

Jean d'Udine, in Le Courier Musical (Paris), thus refers to Jean de Reszke: "A notorious tenor who has no longer a voice, but pretends to give you stewed rabbit without the meat under the pretext that he has style; who, no longer being able to incarnate a young and heroic Siegfried, replaces him by a Siegfried that is arch and becoming." Dear dear! this will never do. What will they say in New York? Will they write indignant letters to the editor of Le Courier Musical, or will they go so far as to burn the critic in effigy?

A New York critic spoke lately of Colonne's discovery of Jacques Thibaud, a player in a Paris cafe. They give pretty good concerts in this cafe—the Concerts Rouge. Mr. Rouge, for his first concert this season, has planned a Bach-Beethoven festival, and the programme includes the overtures to "Coriolanus" and "Egmont," the fifth symphony, Bach's suite in C major for two oboes, bassoon and strings, and Bach's first sonata for flute and piano. This is

Nikisch, Richard Marmstein of Augsburg and Siegfried Wagner of the opera will conduct the oratorio. The orchestra at Awerp this season was directed, the tenor, I said to have made the arrangement.

W. H. Bell and Harry Farnen have been appointed professors of harmony and counterpoint at the Royal Academy of music, London. Farnen is a son of the late novelist Bell as well as Farnen has written works that have excited attention, especially his "Walt Whitman" symphony (1899).

John Reynolds, an old double bass player of London, tells stories of conductors: "Benedit certainly was a bad conductor, but a gentleman, a fine musician and a good composer. With regard to Gounod, I remember he was present at the first rehearsal of 'Faust' at Covent Garden. We had only played a few bars of the introduction, when he called out from the box in which he was sitting: 'Mr. Costa, that forte is a fault!' 'Apres, apres,' said Costa, whereupon Gounod left the theatre and did not return. Alfred Mellon, who was in Covent Garden orchestra, said: 'If you want to see "Faust," go to Covent Garden; if you want to hear it, go to Her Majesty's, where Arditt was conductor. You will hardly believe one when I tell you that at a rehearsal of the 'Plauto Magico,' Mme. Rudersdorff said to Costa: 'Michael, oblige me by playing this a note lower.' Whereupon Costa

"Put his thumb upon his nose, And spread his fingers out."

most unbecoming conduct, I thought."

Francis Macmillen, a young American violinist, and pupil of Cesar Thomson, made his debut in London Nov. 6. He played Bach's concerto in E major, Goldsmith's in A minor and Paganini's in D major, and smaller pieces. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "He has an extremely sweet tone and a very fine technique, indeed. * * * This fact remains throughout his whole performance: that he showed himself to possess very great gifts, that he, too, often minimizes those gifts by grotesque affectations, but that he has youth on his side, and that the advance of years always teaches men who are reasonable to lay aside such superfluous characteristics. Whether he will ever learn to play Bach or not we rather doubt; but of his brilliance in many respects there can be no question whatever."

Franco Spretino, an Italian, who has conducted the opera for five years at Warsaw and for three years at Lemberg, has succeeded Heimesberger as conductor of the Court Opera at Vienna.

Prizes awarded by the Paris Academy: Prix Tremont (f.2000), but only f.500 to Henry Perry, composer; Prix Chertier (f.500), for chamber music, to Camille Chevallier; Prix Rossini (f.3000), to Marcel Rousseau for his lyric scene, "King Arthur"; Joseph Pinette fund (four annuities of f.3000), to Edmond Malherbe, who took the grand prize of musical composition in 1899, and has fulfilled all his obligations to the government.

Maurice Kaufman, a violinist of New York, and a pupil of Thomson and Herrmann, gave his first concert in New York Nov. 13, and was unfavorably criticised for a lack of individuality and uninteresting readings.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the Arbos Quartet. Messrs. Arbos, Roth, Fodor, Krasseltz, Beethoven quartet in F minor; Bach's Suite in E major for violin alone (Mr. Arbos); Tchaikowsky's piano trio in A minor (Mr. Bauer, pianist).

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second violin recital of Jacques Thibaud. Violin Concerto by Mendelssohn; Andre Benoit, pianist; Beethoven's Romance in G major; Gavotte by Bach, Saint-Saens' Havanaise, Gullrand's Melodrame, Wieniawski's Airs Russes. Mr. Benoit will play a sarabande by Hilier and Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu.

WEDNESDAY—Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M.—Second piano recital of Carl Paellon. Mozart's sonata in F major; Schubert's Impromptu, op. 142, No. 4; Kirchner's Allegro, op. No. 5; Andantino, op. 2, No. 2; Album Leaf, op. 7, No. 2; Mrs. Beach's Scottish Legend and Gavotte Fantastique, op. 54; Raff's Valse Caprice, op. 116; and Beethoven's Sonata, op. 101.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., sixth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Gerike, conductor. Overture to "Fidelio," Beethoven; Bruch's Fantasia for Scottish airs for the violin (Mr. A. Birnbaum—his first appearance in America); Dohnanyi's Symphony in D minor (first time in America).

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., sixth concert of the Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

ORCHESTRAL WORKS.

Bruckner's 9th Symphony, unfinished, was produced by Nikisch at a Philharmonic concert in Berlin Oct. 26. The finale—the Te Deum—was not performed.

A symphonic poem, "Per Aspera ad Astra," by Carl Pohlig of Stuttgart, was performed by the Dresden court orchestra Oct. 23. The work, produced last year at Stuttgart, is in four movements and portrays the death of a hero and his apotheosis.

Hugo Wolf's symphonic poem, "Penthesilea," will be performed in all the prominent cities of Germany and Austria this season.

The town council of Lausanne recently voted about \$2000 to the concert of the town orchestra on condition that 10 of these concerts should be "popular" and at cheap prices.

The music of "La Damnation de Faust," which has been performed in New York more often than anything else of Berlioz, has not yet been raised to the dignity of a place on a Philharmonic programme. The loss is the Philharmonic's. Berlioz still stands on the higher pedestal.

PETRI, A NEW PIANIST.

Egon Petri, a young Dutch pianist, and a pupil of Busoni, made his first appearance in England Oct. 27 at St. James Hall, London, with orchestra. The P-

Mall Gazette said of him: "Of his technique there is no manner of doubt that it may be said that it belongs to the rather exceptional acquisitions of personal art; but, at the present moment, it is quite certain that Mr. Petri has not achieved the higher nuances of pianoforte playing. We rather think that he made a great mistake in choosing Brahms's concerto in D minor (for pianoforte and orchestra) as his opening detail upon the programme. There is no question about it that Brahms no longer appeals to the general as Beethoven invariably appeals to everybody. To go into this matter again would be, in connection with such a concert as this, somewhat superfluous, but Brahms reminds us rather of a builder of streets. It is, of course, a great thing for a man to design street after street, terrace after terrace, and, no doubt, the fact that he has done such a thing appeals to the constructive mind; but when streets have been built, and when terraces have been created, the problem of artistic beauty still remains to be resolved; and in this concerto Brahms has certainly not resolved that problem. Brahms will ever remain among the musical mysteries of the world: gifted with an extraordinary sense of technical values, thoroughly equipped from every point of view in his own art, he yet remains in the position of one who stands outside the House Beautiful of Art (as John Bunyan so nobly expressed this particular fact in allegory), even though, all the while, he entered into the 'reward of his labors.' Mr. Petri played the pianoforte part in the concerto, concerning which we have been speaking, somewhat in the fashion of a

noise maker, even of a hard bitter of notes rather than in the fashion of a delicate and appreciative artist. In these days great technique goes for much, and Mr. Petri certainly is a master of technique. Yet he has absolutely no poetry in his rendering of poetical works; he is merely rhetorical. However, his rhetoric calls forth one's most sincere admiration. There are many, indeed, who despise rhetoric because their minds are turned entirely to the poetical side of life; that is, when one has to consider many and various sorts of musical interpreters, a point of view which may be reasonably entertained by very eclectic people, but which is not usually indulged in by the general public. The eclectic despised Byron; yet Byron sowed his seeds of immortality in the fields of rhetoric. Mr. Petri, even so, is rhetorical, and in his interpretation of Beethoven's setting of Liszt's "Rhapsodie d'Espagne" for pianoforte and orchestra he showed precisely why it was that Liszt, who inspired practically all the modern sentiment of music, failed because he lacked the sentiment of poetry in his compositions, though, if Berlioz is to be believed, in his interpretations of the great masters his actual playing was magnificently poetical."

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

We spoke a fortnight or so ago of Lambert's opera "La Flamenco," based on an episode in the American-Spanish war. French music journals have arrived with details of the plot. La Flamenco is a beautiful Cuban concert hall singer who has a lover, Torres, a petty officer in the Spanish army. An American named Jackson, who is aiding the Cuban rebels, calls at her home and excites the jealousy of Torres. Jackson reproaches her for receiving soldiers in her house and for choosing a Spanish lover. He reminds her that five years before, when her brother was killed by Spanish bullets, they bought a house for her, so that the rebel leaders might meet there without exciting suspicion, and that she had sworn to serve them. There is a meeting that night. He goes and she advises Torres to keep away from her that night. Torres spies Jackson leaving her house. Jackson has seen him and he tells Flamenco that she must break with her lover. She makes an appointment with Torres and then goes to the cafe flamenco, a free-and-easy. A woman dances the fandango, and La Flamenco sings a habanera. Torres, mad with jealousy, throws money at her. The Cubans resent his action and there is a general row. The appointment made by Flamenco for Torres is at a posada. Jackson has made use of the love note which he contrived to read. Americans, not Flamenco, will meet the Spaniard. But the heroine has been told of the plot by Piquita, the mistress of Jackson. Torres, nearing the house, gives the signal; Flamenco will not open the door and goes to a window to warn him. Jackson stabs her, and Torres kills him. The music is said to be pretty in the lighter scenes, but the composer of "Le Spahi" and "La Marsaillaise" is not the musician for sombre and terrible situations. The part of the heroine was taken by Marie Thiry. "Her talent is well known, a talent of grace and charm, and she has true artistic intelligence. She gave proofs of these qualities in the performance of a most taxing part."

The Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will open tomorrow night with "Rigoletto." Sembrich, Homer, Caruso his first appearance in the United States. Scotti, Sembrich will also sing Mimi in "La Boheme" in the course of the week.

The dramatic critic of the Referee, London, remarks apropos of "The Orphan": "The plot of a musical play, when all is said and done, is not a thing worth thinking about, and I have no doubt that in due course any idea of a consecutive story will vanish altogether with the least acceptable songs."

Sidney Jones has received a commission from the managers of the Theatre an der Wien, Vienna, to write the music

for an operetta to be produced next year. The book will be by a Viennese playwright.

The New York Tribune reviewed "Babette" (New York, Nov. 16) and Fritz Scheff as follows: "As things theatrical and heaven save the mark!—also musical, go, the most significant incident at the Broadway Theatre last night was the kiss publicly bestowed by Mme. Fritz Scheff on Victor Herbert after the second act of 'Babette.' 'Babette' is a comic operetta, which received its first metropolitan representation on this occasion and served to introduce Mme. Scheff in the line of work for which she was obviously designed by nature. It is the product of Harry B. Smith, Mr. Herbert and Frederick Latham, and discloses in every scene knowledge, expedience and skill, differing amazingly in this respect from the amateurish effort which preceded it by a week at the Lyric Theatre. There is something in having ideas even if they are tenuous and conventional, and knowing how to give them expression. The story of Babette is slight and exists only as a stalking horse for pretty pictures and catching music, but the purpose has been admirably served, and Fritz Scheff's singing and acting, both artistic in a striking degree, helped the work to an enthusiastic success without a single adventitious element. The music is pretty and capably written for both voices and instruments, and enables Mme. Scheff to display her talent as a singer as completely as the book helps her to show her cleverness as an actress. She has fine musical adjutors in Eugene Cowles, Ida Hawley and Richie Ling. The farcical element is looked after by Louis Harrison, whose vulgar humor has not much scope, to the good fortune of a decidedly meritorious work, such as it is. The reference to the 'amateurish effort' is to De Koven's 'Red Feather.' Mr. De Koven was exceeding wroth with the Tribune's review of his operetta—or is 'offering' the proper word? He has written a long and violent letter; he has poured out vials of wrath on the Tribune and on poor Mr. Krebhiel, and he is cocksure that his operetta is a fine work—at least he praises the lyrics and the production. An operetta in one act, 'Babette,' music by Missa, was produced at the Coric and Theatre, London, Oct. 22, 1900, and a 'Babette' in three acts, music by Michiels, was produced at the Strand, London, in 1888.

Hugo Wolf's "Corregidor" was produced at Munich Nov. 4.

The Pall Mall Gazette says editorially of the proposed production of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York:

Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" will be revived at Munich, where it has not been performed since 1889.

De Lara's "Messaline" has been accepted by the Isola brothers for their lyric theatre, the Gaite, in Paris.

Beginning Jan. 1 the Opera, Paris, will issue an illustrated programme. The cover design is in competition, and the two prizes are of \$200 and \$100.

August Bungert's music-tragedy, "The Death of Ulysses," was produced at Dresden Oct. 30. It is the final part of his "Ulysses" tetralogy.

The 20th performance of "La Dame Blanche" has been given at the Berlin Opera House.

The Daily News (London) mentions an "extraordinary rumor in that city to the effect that a well known American baritone will probably run a season of grand opera in London next year, and that the enterprise has the financial support of a millionaire." Who is this baritone? Mr. Bispham?

ARBOS QUARTET'S FIRST CONCERT

The Young Musical Organization Heard in Agreeable Programme of Reasonable Length.

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S TRIO PRESENTED.

Its Characteristics Due to Its Purpose and Circumstances Under Which It Was Written.

The Arbos quartet (Messrs. Arbos, Roth, Ferir, Krasselt) gave its first concert in Boston last evening at Jordan Hall. There was a large and very friendly audience. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in F minor, op. 95.....Beethoven
Sonata in E major for violin alone.....Bach
Trio in A minor for piano, violin and cello.....Tschaiowsky

A string quartet is a plant of slow growth. The best individual players put suddenly together may say with the delightful young man in "Great Expectations": "Hallo! here's a quartet; let's play it!" but the improvised performance will be far inferior to that given

by four players of only fair ability who have been together for a few years and are acquainted with each other's musical good points, limitations, and peculiarities. In the preparation and in the performance of ensemble there must be a constant display of the qualities that are supposed to insure happiness to family life—there must be tact, forbearance, the ability to preserve courteous silence when another is talking, even though he chatter idly. Subordination of self at one time, and at another a firm but not arrogant command. A string quartet is not created by a clapping together of the hands, not as in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," by the rubbing of a lamp, a ring, or a seal. It is the work of time.

No one knows these homely facts better than the musicians who form the Arbos Quartet, for they have had experience in such organizations. A beginning must be made, however, and last night the Arbos Quartet came before the public. It would be untrue as well as untrue to say that this first performance was an ideal one or that it was one of much more than ordinary excellence. The members of the quartet would be the first to smile at the statement, for they are well aware of the qualities of an extraordinary performance, and they know that time alone is able to crown sincere endeavor and faithful preparation. It is enough to say that the performance was, indeed, creditable to such a young organization and that it gave promise for a greater enjoyment in the future.

Mr. Ferir has a beautiful quality of tone and he showed true quartet experience. Mr. Krasselt is young; the offence is not heinous, but if youth has its enthusiasm, its hot blood, and is therefore to be desired greatly, it also has its exuberance that is not easily controlled, and at times in the performance Mr. Krasselt was inclined to play as a soloist when his music was merely for one of a quartet. To indulge in detailed criticism at this time would be unfair and unnecessary, for even the winds of heaven should not be allowed to visit a young quartet too roughly.

Mr. Arbos arranged his programme with some regard for time, space, and distance. The concert was out at a reasonable hour, and the ears of the hearers were comparatively unjaded when Tschaiowsky's trio was presented. The trio itself has a curious history and it is a document in illustration of the composer's character. In 1880 he wrote his dear friend Mrs. von Meck that he could not endure the combination of a piano with a violin or with a violoncello; that he could not bear even to hear a trio, for the three individualities were too pronounced and too much at war.

Nicholas Rubinstein died in March of the next year and Tschaiowsky, deeply affected by his death, and at the same time eager to gratify Mrs. von Meck who had urged him to write a trio, began at Rome to compose this work, to leave a record of the respect and love he bore Rubinstein, and also to please the woman to whom he owed so much, yet whose lips he never kissed, whose voice he never heard.

He kept her acquainted with the progress of the trio. He was alternately jubilant and despondent. He feared that it would sound as though he had transcribed an orchestral piece for the three instruments; he swore that it was good, and the next day he knew he should hate it as he hated so many of his compositions; he insisted that it should be played and severely criticised before publication; he wished an expert to revise his indications for bowing, etc., etc. A naturally lovable and noble soul, he was easily perplexed, often in the slough of despond, morbid, contradictory save in his enthusiasm for all that is ideal, for the only verities in life which are to so many normal beings as a vapor, a foolish dream, a chimera.

This trio, then, is "in memory of a great artist," and the dedication should always be printed on the programme, for it would serve in explanation of the character of the music which, now elegiac, now extravagantly wild or seemingly flippant, and with its sombre ending, may well confuse the judgment of these accustomed to staid and set forms.

Tschaiowsky purposed that each variation of the theme should be a portrayal of a side of Rubinstein's character.

Thus Nicholas was passionately fond of dancing; hence the variation that to some may seem incongruous. The trio as a whole is not among Tschaiowsky's greatest works; it has its lengths and repetitions; but it is remarkably individual; there are superb pages, and there is at times a poignant expression of lamentation that is irresistible.

Mr. Bauer played the piano part with fine appreciation and sympathy, and with his customary intellectual grasp and brilliance of expression.

It was a pleasure to find Mr. Arbos willing to vary the customary programme. The excerpts from Bach's work were an agreeable change from a long quartet. Nor is there any good reason why in future a movement or two movements from a quartet should not be played instead of a whole work.

Mr. Arbos displayed many admirable qualifications of the competent quartet leader, and as a soloist he appeared to his better advantage than at the Symphony concert, for he played with more marked authority, and he was more the master of his resources.

The second concert of the series will be given on Monday evening, Dec. 21.

NOV 25, 1903
SECOND THIBAUD VIOLIN RECITAL
Programme of Less Interest

Than at the Artist's First Appearance Given in Jordan Hall.

AUDIENCE SMALL BUT APPLAUSIVE.

Performance Marked by a Virility of Tone—One of the Few Great Artists Seen in Boston.

Mr. Jacques Thibaud gave his second violin recital last evening in Jordan Hall. Mr. Andre Benoist was the pianist. There was a small but enthusiastic audience.

His strings gave Mr. Thibaud trouble in the first movement of Mendelssohn's concerto, but in spite of this handicap the performance was interesting; it was often of exquisite quality. It is easy to be sentimental in this work, for the concerto is the incarnation of genteel sentimentality, and in this respect it may be called a model by mild-eyed Mendelssohnians; but Mr. Thibaud avoided the pitfall and played the andante with true sentiment, nor did he play the finale as though it were merely a show piece.

A concerto with a piano accompaniment is not unlike cold mutton served the second day after the family roast, and while Mr. Benoist has a plausibly fluent technique he is not a sympathetic or helpful pianist in ensemble. Mr. Thibaud did still better work in Beethoven's Romance in G and in a gavotte by Bach, the one played by Mr. Arbos at his quartet concert. In these pieces the violinist showed his admirable qualities as in the clearest light. He was obliged to add an excerpt from a suite by Bach.

The final group of pieces on a violinist's programme is generally arranged to tickle the ears or to excite astonishment. Mr. Thibaud on this occasion played a familiar piece by Svendsen, a soothing little composition by Vieuxtemps, which he played at the first recital—yet we may be mistaken, for many of these pieces sound alike to the hardened hearer—and Wieniawski's "Airs Russes." It is a pity that for some reason or other he changed the programme as announced, so far as this group was concerned.

Mr. Thibaud's second appearance confirmed the opinion already expressed by The Herald: he must be ranked among the few great violinists that have visited us of late years. His tone is of the finest quality; it is not lachrymose or effeminate in phrases of the gentler emotions, it is virile yet beautiful when strength is demanded. He sings without exaggeration and without caprice; he sings, he does not declaim, he does not gush. The unaffected ease with which he attacks and conquers difficulties of mechanism is restful and delightful, for no thought of preparatory drudgery or of present risk intrudes, and the dangerous passages seem an inherent part of the composition, not as obstacles cunningly and maliciously prepared by the composer in his hatred of would-be interpreters.

Mr. Thibaud is more than an accomplished virtuoso, a master of tone and rhythm and mechanical artistry. His phrasing is that of a musician whose intelligence is something more than painstaking recollection of school training. Even in the too familiar concerto there were revelations of a rare and charming individuality. No piece on the programme last night called for such a display of poetic thought and imagination as that demanded by Cesar Franck's sonata, which Mr. Thibaud played superbly when it was last here, and the programme as a whole was monotonous in sentiment; yet by reason of the genius of the violinist there was a differentiation in this sentiment, so that a line was clearly defined between the amiability and tenderness of Mendelssohn and the music of later sentimentalists.

The performance of Beethoven's "Romance" was purely classic, and that of the pieces by Bach was frank and invigorating, a performance in the grand style, not a mistaken interpretation of pedagogic dryness. And then the repose of the violinist! A repose not like that of the Hindu fakir, but repose that was sentient and suggestive of emotion that vitalized and warmed the phrase. Here is an individuality, pronounced, poetic, without extraneous or unworthy appeal. The hall should have been crowded, for seldom does such a violinist visit us.

Mr. Benoist played a sarabande by Hiller and Chopin's "Fantasia Impromptu." He played them nimbly and without apparent reflection or enjoyment, as though the task were in the night's work, and the sooner it was over the sooner to sleep.

NOV 27, 1903
NEW SYMPHONY BY DOHNANYI

First Performance in America Will Be Given at the Public Rehearsal This Afternoon.

COMPOSER HAS PLAYED IN BOSTON.

Change in Programme for Next Week—News About Patti and Her Farewell—Opera in New York.

olmany's symphony in D minor will be performed at the public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon the first time in America. The first performance was at Budapest, in January of this year. The symphony is very g, and it is elaborately worked out. The second movement is of a rhapsodical character, after the Hungarian fashion. There are five movements. The fourth is Intermezzo, with viola solo, and the fifth includes a theme with variations and a concluding fugue. The symphony, which shows both the influence of Liszt and the hereditary Hungarian traits of the composer, has been performed in Vienna and in Berlin.

olmany, who now lives in Vienna as pianist and composer, is well known in Boston. His first appearance in the United States as a pianist was at Cambridge, Mass., March 15, 1900, when he played Beethoven's concerto No. 4 with the Symphony orchestra. He played the same concerto in Boston, March 17, and he recitals. He visited Boston again in 1900 and played his own concerto at a symphony concert, Nov. 3. He also has been played here by the Kneisels. olmany is now in his 26th year. He was born at Presburg and his father is professor of mathematics and physics at the Gymnasium of that city. The boy was an early musical inclination, but he was not exploited as a prodigy; on the contrary, some of his family opposed his adoption of music as a career. He studied the piano with Forstner, Thalberg and D. Albert and composition with Franz Kossler.

An account of the length of the symphony, there will be only one other orchestral piece, the overture to "Eldorado." Alexander Z. Blumbaum, one of the violinists of the orchestra, will give his first appearance in this concert as a soloist. He is a young man, now at Warsaw, and his teachers were Rimsky and Liszt. He has been conducting with orchestras in Hamburg and Berlin, and he has played as a soloist in Paris and Berlin. He will play this afternoon Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish tunes.

The programme for the concert next week has been changed. It will include Liszt's "Academic" overture, Tschaiovsky's orchestral ballad, "The Voyevode" (a posthumous work), and the "Wilde Harold" symphony by Berlioz. Patti will sing an aria from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito" and Ophelia's scene from Thomas' "Hamlet."

It is a regret to learn that Patti is much annoyed by "the importunities" of un-English men who claim that Mr. Robert Grau owes them certain sums of money. Grau dislikes worry, and he realizes that it brings on nervous depression and ruins life; so he has sold his stock in the corporation controlling the Patti tour, and, as he says cheerfully, "at a profit." Meanwhile, Patti is worrying, so is her husband, the Swedish tenor. As Mr. Grau put it: "They also tried her husband until I was told it was up to me to do something to be quiet for her." Therefore the ill-disposed manager sold out, and bread returned to him before it was upon the waters. The Sun states that Patti's engagement to sing at New York was canceled owing to the fact that her advance sale did not reach the necessary figure. Patti's "farewell" is not really empty form; she wishes it to be recognized as sincere, and recognized as such.

The opera is the thing in New York, and the new Italian tenor, pleased by a great majority, and even the critics are amply disposed and did not turn their articles into lamentations over the faded glory of Jean de Reszke. The young, after a rhapsodic burst of praise evoked by Sembrich's Gilda, decided that Caruso's wicked duke was, really, the finest that New York has ever had for a generation. The Sun said: "He has a pure tenor voice of fine quality and sufficient range and power. It is smooth and mellow voice and is just the typical Italian bleat. He used his music tastefully and showed considerable refinement of style." The New York Evening Sun criticized in its vein: "He pretends to be such a singer in his part as Sembrich is in, and he 'made good' in the coming idiom of the streets to the popular. He is 'sympathetic' enough for the stage seven years for nothing. He has the tricks of his trade very well. His first act he kept his voice in his throat, and that was about all. People said, 'Why, yes, but—' Caruso had all that when he reappeared as the lover in Gilda's back yard. He 'Love Is the Sun' with such fire and passion that his sentiment counted as much as his execution. People sang and shouted at him. There was a danger of an encore right then and

there, but the conductor refused to let the orchestra play for the first time. The first performance was at Budapest, in January of this year. The symphony is very g, and it is elaborately worked out. The second movement is of a rhapsodical character, after the Hungarian fashion. There are five movements. The fourth is Intermezzo, with viola solo, and the fifth includes a theme with variations and a concluding fugue. The symphony, which shows both the influence of Liszt and the hereditary Hungarian traits of the composer, has been performed in Vienna and in Berlin.

Mottl made his debut Wednesday night as the conductor of "Die Walkure." It appears from the reviews of the performance that he believes in the slow tempo now in fashion in Germany. "The artists and the orchestra have not had time to become thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Mottl's personal equation, with his artistic creed, his methods and his possible crochets." Thus is Mr. Mottl let down easily and not without grace. The Sun says of the specially imported Bayreuth stage effects: "Most of them were bad, and those that were not were badly managed." Gadsdill's Brünnhilde was highly praised, as was Olive Fremstad's Sieglinde. "The Valkyrs acquitted themselves fairly well, but they should hold a meeting and come to an understanding about the pitch."

Edith Walker will make her first appearance at the Metropolitan next Monday night as Amorini, and Ternina will make her reappearance next Wednesday night as Tosca. Ternina told a reporter that the story of her sickness last summer was ridiculously exaggerated. She will add this season the part of Glorinda to her repertoire. Mr. Hertz is so busy with the rehearsals of "Parsifal" that he will probably not act as conductor until the production of that opera.

The Kneisel quartet gave a concert in New York last Tuesday night and by a performance of Cesar Franck's quartet played toward the critics the part of the Queen of Sheba toward Solomon. Nor did the critics answer the hard questions. The New York Times admitted that Mr. Kneisel has a right to "look toward progress," and that he should have "his ear to the ground, his eye to the heaven, against the coming of a new message in art." Although Mr. Kneisel is an admirable violinist and leader, he has never, to our knowledge, in this city showed such physical behavior in a concert hall. But as the Times says that "Mr. Kneisel has in New York the most cultivated and musically adept public that this country can furnish," no doubt he urges himself in Manhattan to feats that would here seem incredible. Yet Franck's quartet put the "power of assimilation" of this music to a severe test. Perhaps it would be wiser for Mr. Kneisel to feed the New York public for another year on Haydn. The Tribune said: "The Franck quartet set many an old lover of chamber music to thinking." In other words, this music disturbed slumber or emphatic contemplation.

Oliver Harford and Henry Waller are writing a musical comedy, entitled "McAdam and Eve." It will be brought out by Mr. Savage. Mr. Waller's "The

Ogallallas" was produced in Boston by the Bostonians on May 5, 1894, when Mr. MacDonald, as War Cloud, reminded the male hearers of heroes of their boyhood. Silverheels, Heavy Hatchet and the Indians that figured in "Snaky Shodgrass" and "Mad Mike, the Death Shot." "The Ogallallas" was announced as a serious opera, and each character was armed with a knife as well as a song. But the opera was unmistakably comic, so there is something more than hope for the success of the new piece.

The first concert of the Boston Singing Club has been postponed till Wednesday evening, Dec. 9.

Nov 29, 1903

FOR SINGERS.

Mme. Sembrich gave a song recital in New York Nov. 17, and the Sun and the Tribune were lost in wonder, love and praise. The Evening Post was cooler: "Mme. Sembrich . . . had no room on her programme for American composers, although two or three of them have written songs much more inspired than most of those she sang. . . . Some of the numbers on the programme, like Beethoven's 'Der Kuss' and Hugo Wolf's 'Storchengesellschaft,' owed the applause they received less to the music than to the poem and the arch and artistic way in which they were sung. No one needs to be told at this day that Mme. Sembrich is always at her best in comic songs, and that she knows how to bring out the point so as to make the audience laugh. In songs of a more serious cast distinct enunciation is not usually one of her merits. . . . As usual, Mme. Sembrich avoided songs of a highly dramatic or deeply emotional character. While showing poor judgment in the selection of songs, she knows what is suitable to her voice and style, and, barring some faulty intonation in her first numbers, she sang as well as usual, to the great delight of an audience which filled every seat in the house." From which it would appear that Mme. Sembrich may justly be called a "serio-comic vocalist."

Mr. Kelly Cole, an American tenor, who made his reappearance Nov. 16 in New York, after an absence of six years in Europe, sang five songs by Hugo Wolf which were highly praised. Wolf is hardly known in Boston except by reputation. A correspondent of the Telegraph (London, Nov. 3) wrote: "I wish I

could explain the reasons why it has never been and never can be possible for any student of singing, either at the Royal Academy of Music or the Royal College of Music, to become a really fine artist, although we have in both institutions plenty of beautiful voices and musical talent. A singer at the R. A. M. receives 24 half-hour lessons each term of 12 weeks. There are three terms in the scholastic year, and, therefore, a would-be singer gets only 36 hours in the 12 months. At the R. C. M., where the students receive only 20-minute lessons twice a week, the number of hours amounts to 24! What can a pupil or a master accomplish under such conditions? Instrumentalists—even under unfavorable conditions—have a far greater chance. Their instruments are made for them—they can see them, touch them and thoroughly examine and understand the mechanism of each; they can watch their teachers' performances and endeavor to imitate them; but the singers! Every one of them has different organs in size and shape and strength; every one has different capabilities and possibilities, and not sufficient time to understand how to use them, nor can they ever see how their vocal apparatus acts while singing. They have to study for years and daily, constantly watching the physical sensations they experience while in the act of singing, before they can thoroughly control their hidden instrument."

The following answer was made in the Telegraph of Nov. 11: "Apropos to questions regarding the fulness and competency of vocal teaching in our musical schools and colleges, a correspondent writes in defence of the Royal Academy of Music, and, inferentially, of other institutions working on a similar basis. He begins by stating what, to his mind, is the point of the whole matter: 'No school in Europe that I know of gives so much to its vocal students as the R. A. M., inasmuch as they receive a complete musical education (which some of us still think is becoming more and more necessary, even to singers) for the sum of 11 guineas per term. Now, if any of them wish for additional singing lessons they can certainly get them, every day if they like, for an extra consideration, and at cost price, too, just as they can have lessons every day from a private professor.' If to this it be objected that extra lessons are beyond the means of a large majority of students—and probably this is the case—our correspondent points out that the ordinary fee 'does not permit of the R. A. M. giving more than it already does, since every student within its walls, whether vocal or other, costs the institution, on the average, five guineas per annum more than he pays.' The deficit thus created is, we are informed, made up from other sources of income, or the arrangement could not continue. Moreover, it continues now only as a result of economical expenditure affecting the salaries of both professors and officers. It need hardly be urged that corporate bodies, like individuals, are subject to the question of ways and means, and that it is as dangerous for the one as for the other to 'outrun the constable.' If a school for music, or any other form of knowledge, cannot meet the cost of more liberal tuition than it gives, why it cannot, and there is no more to be said. Our correspondent goes on to meet the question, sometimes asked, why academies and colleges do not turn out better vocalists for the stage. He says: 'Very few student vocalists seem to care about training for opera at all. Small blame to them, since there is not very much opera to train for at present, and some of them do not aspire to "musical comedy" either.' Continuing, he points out the disadvantages under which scholars for operatic composition lie, there being no Opera House as an ultimate goal, while some students, or their parents, have conscientious objections to the lyric stage. Waiving the question whether Anglo-Saxondom owns the natural aptitude possessed by some other races, the Latins, for instance, the whole matter seems to resolve itself into a consideration of pounds, shillings and pence. A subvention worthy of the name from the government—there is not much use in counting upon private subscriptions—might alter the situation by enabling our academies thoroughly to complete the education of their best pupils. But this presupposes excellent material, a willingness on the part of students to labor year after year within their college walls instead of going out and, as they fondly shut for the most part, vainly hope, earning money."

Miss Kathi Kjoenler sang in London Nov. 11 under Heise's song-cycle, "Dyvekes Sange." Mr. Baughan of the Daily News made this comment: "Heise, whose compositions are little known in London, was a Danish composer who studied at the Leipsic conservatory and in the end settled in his native town of Copenhagen, where he died in 1879. His songs are considered the most successful of his compositions. The 'Dyvekes Sange' consist of six under describing the life of Dyveke, a beautiful Dutch girl of the early 16th century, who was sold to Christian, then crown prince of Norway and Denmark, and afterward King. Dyveke and her mother aroused the animosity of the Danish nobility, and there are strong suspicions the girl was poisoned in 1517 by a nobleman. Her supposed assassin was executed by order of the King. Heise had only to express the lyrical view of the subject as related by Holger Drachmann in his poems. Some of the songs are interesting in their local color, and all exhibit a mastery over declamation, but they require a singer of more control over her voice than Miss Kjoenler yet possesses to save them from monotony." Mr. Blackburn spoke of the cycle as interminable and wholly uninteresting. The New York Tribune said of Katharine Fisk, who gave a song recital in New York Nov. 20: "She has 'a voice which is beautiful, especially in its low register, and which remains true and musical in quality when not forced toward emotional utterances foreign to her nature. Then it departs from ab-

solutely just intonation as also from emotional charm. . . . with simple sentiment and that kind of melody is the best suited to her voice and therefore she made her finest impression in Schumann's 'Liedchen' and 'Der Ring' and in Debussy's 'Murmure de Luthien' her poorest in Richard Strauss' 'Schöne Heiden'—a song which, in the hands of a mistress of humor and archness, will prove a decided acquisition to our recital lists. In no respect was she well advised in including Liszt's 'Mignon' in her programme. One would have to hunt high and low in song literature to find a setting of Goethe's wonderful poem so sophisticated and so foreign to its poetic purpose (as set forth in the romance from which it is drawn) as this. Beethoven has caught the mood of the poem and translated Goethe's description of the manner in which his heroine sang it with minute perfection. Liszt missed it all by a mile. Just as he did the spirit of Heine's 'Lorelei.' The Tribune characterized the audience as 'handsome' as well as 'sympathetic.' Handsome is that applauds handsomely."

Mr. H. W. Greene thus answers the question why "so few young men of the better sort are attracted to the vocal profession": "Because of the enormous competition of mediocrity. The cultured and capable professor cannot live in keeping with the dignity of his calling when competition governs his income. The college professor has no competition; his stipend is assured and his mind open to the service of his appointment. It should be so with the professor of singing. Not so with the teacher of singing has knocked at the door of the university and been admitted, or has created a university of his own, the stamp of which is on a par with that of any other institution, or finds a system by which the public may be made to discriminate between real and assumed worth, will he be accorded the position artistically, as socially, to which he is entitled. Then will the careful parent be willing to have his boy adopt music as a profession." There is an answer to this. Few of the great singers have been of "the better sort," as the phrase is used.

Mr. E. A. Baughan of the Daily News (London) wrote as follows about Mr. Plunket Greene, who sang at St. James' Hall Nov. 8: "Mr. Greene once again made me regret that a singer of such fine perceptions and lively imagination should have followed so erroneous a method of vocalization. You can obtain some idea of what Mr. Plunket Greene's voice should be in songs such as Arthur Foote's 'On the Way to Kew' and Sir Hubert Parry's study in neutral tints, 'Nightfall in Winter,' for they do not demand outbursts of emotion. Whenever Mr. Greene has to express these he strains his organ far beyond its capabilities, and, instead of preconceiving the means by which he intends to make an impression, as all good artists should, he relies on the impulse of the moment, and is swept off his vocal balance by his own emotion. As a consequence, he strains every nerve and fibre of his body, and the vocal mechanism is no longer free and elastic, but becomes impotent. Hear a great orator and notice how in the moments of the deepest passion his voice is the more under control through the nervous tension of restraint. Cast off that restraint and you have the feeble forcible shouting of a mob orator—a voice without inflections or modulations. That nervous control is the secret of great speaking and great singing alike. The expression of passion should make a voice vibrate, and not become inarticulate. As usual, Mr. Greene's choice of songs was excellent, and he must be praised for having devoted his programme entirely to composition by Anglo-Saxon musicians."

The Father of Modern Orchestration; Extraordinary as Composer, Critic and Man; Origin of "The Damnation of Faust"—Local Events, Personal, New Operas.



ECTOR BERLIOZ was born at Cote-Saint-Andre, near Grenoble, France, Dec. 11, 1803. His centenary is now celebrated throughout Europe. A statue was raised with pomp and ceremony at his birthplace, and Felix Weingartner, as a conductor, represented Germany, a country that honored Berlioz when he was mocked in France. In European cities, great or small, concerts of his works are given in commemoration, and in more than one city his operas, "Benvenuto Cellini" and "Beatrice et Benedict," are revived.

It is eminently fit and proper that homage should be paid the memory of this remarkable man, this composer of daring imagination. In Boston, where his chief works, with the exception of his operas, have long been familiar. Our conductors of all schools have united in his glorification from the year 1851 (Dec.

BERLIOZ, ROMANTICIST AND CLASSICIST.

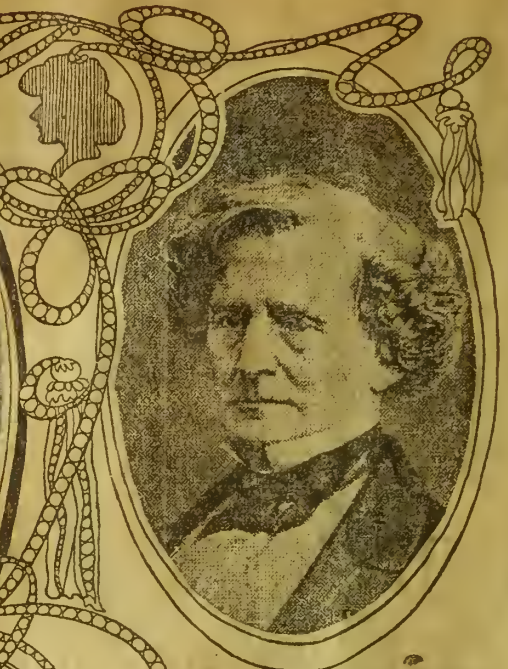
THE CELEBRATIONS OF HIS CENTENARY.



ELLISON VAN MOOSE.



MELBA.



HECTOR BERLIOZ.

13), when the Boston Musical Fund Society produced the overture to "Waverley," "procured in Europe," as the programme stated, "for the society by Jonas Chickering, Esq.," to the production of the "funeral music for the last act of 'Hamlet'" by the Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy, conductor, April 15, 1903. Works by Berlioz were produced at an earlier date than 1851 by the Philharmonic Society of New York—the overture to "Les Francs-Juges" and the overture to "King Lear" (1846), but the performances of his works in that city have been few in comparison, if only the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra be consulted, and the recent articles provoked by Colonne's visit as conductor of the Philharmonic society show a singularly unappreciative, even hostile attitude, on the part of the press toward one of the greatest composers of all time.

It is not too much to say that Berlioz was the creator of orchestration, as it is understood today. There had been strivings and experiments before him, but there was little for him to build upon. He was the inventor, the creator of the modern orchestra, and there is nothing in the history of music more remarkable than the courage, the audacity, the imagination of this man, who was without sensuously melodic gift, without a thorough technical education, without practical mastery of any one important instrument. He not only shaped the future of orchestral expression in France, but Liszt learned from him, Wagner leaned heavily upon him—it is hard to think of Wagner's existence without the thought of Berlioz—the hypo-modern Russian composers, whose orchestration dazzles through brilliance of color, are his direct descendants. His pupils are now living. They are in all lands, whether they write for concert-stage or theatre. The splendor of his orchestration is still undimmed; yea, he shines with greater brilliance in comparison with the most ambitious of his followers. For Berlioz, with all his alleged extravagance in the use of instruments, is always clear, lucid, sonorous, sane. He does not use an instrument simply because it is at hand. His use is for an express purpose, and the characteristic quality of that instrument is at once felt; it is recognized as necessary to the fulfilment of the plan. And so Mr. Vernon Blackburn is perhaps not paradoxical when he insists that the greatest musical composition, as well as the greatest work of Berlioz is the "Treatise on Instrumentation." "If you desire to measure the true genius of Berlioz, the art of his criticism, the quality of his music, finally, his miraculous instinct for orchestration, it is to the 'Grand Traite' that you must go." It is the text, the Holy Writ by which the Church of his own Music is justified, is made great and infallible. In it you have the writer, nervous, vehement and lucid as air; the admirable critic, with his enchanting intonations, his boundless admirations and enthusiasms; the musician and the creator; finally, the man—which is Hector Berlioz.

The modernity of the man! They performed in London the 12th of this month his dramatic scene for soprano and orchestra, "La Mort de Cleopatre," written in 1829 and in competition for the prix de Rome. He wrote in this scene an essential page, strangely rhythmized with impressive enchainments of sombre enharmonic chords, and this page destroyed him before the judges, who preferred to award no first prize rather than to sanction such revolutionary music. This scene

was performed this month for the first time and Mr. Blackburn did not hesitate to write in the Pall Mall Gazette: "In all seriousness (apart from the individuality of the composition) the score might be signed by Richard Strauss. In fact, it goes beyond, in some respects, even the audacities of Strauss. In listening to it, one realized, in a sort of curious romantic dream, the ghost of Berlioz slipping along the decades of years, and still holding this score triumphantly up as an object to which many have striven to attain, and which none yet has reached save Berlioz himself. Do we forget Wagner in such a criticism? By no means. Wagner knew how to labor for his own individual art as nobly and as unselfishly as any great man that the world has seen; but his problem has at last been solved; and we now know our Wagner precisely as he desired himself to be known to posterity. Berlioz, on the other hand, is still something of a beckoning spirit, and his great work has not yet been understood of the people. It is indeed mysterious that such a master of melody should have been regarded in the past practically as one who cared nothing about musical symmetry, but who cared everything about the mere orchestration of fragmentary musical ideas. Precisely the same criticism was passed upon Wagner; and it was only by the most fortunate combination of circumstances that men realized a good while ago the great melody of the German master. In 'Cleopatra,' however, we find sufficient matter to prove that the austerity of the melody of Berlioz, just as in Wagner's case, has been the point, the dividing line, which has separated the commonplace man from the artist who intimately understands where melody really lies, and who understands how superficial a thing tune really is when it is exploited for debased purposes."

1829! Beethoven had been dead two years. Schumann was studying at Heidelberg; Wagner was taking lessons in theory from the organist, Gottlieb Mueller.



CHARLES GILIBERT.

Berlioz was a romanticist. He was romantic in his daily walk and in his works, as composer, critic, friend, foe, lover. His life was one of storm and passion. He might have sat for one of Byron's heroes, and Byron's influence supplies what Mr. Henley describes as "the modern element in romanticism—'that absurd and curious combination of vulgarity and terror, cynicism and passion, truculence and indecency, extreme sad-heartedness and preposterous self-sacrifice.'" This element of romanticism is found in the music of Berlioz as well as in the plays of the elder Dumas, the poetry of De Musset, the pictures of Delacroix, the novels of George Sand. It is found in the extravagant writings of that belated romanticist, Barbey d'Aurevilly, which, in spite of their fantastic horrors and wild absurdities, excited the admiration of no less a judge than Robert Louis Stevenson, and one of the noblest tributes paid Berlioz is by this same Barbey d'Aurevilly in his volume, "Sensations d'Art."

Another element entered into the music of Berlioz and served in a measure as a corrective. He was a classicist by education and often by preference. The first poet whom he read and loved was Virgil. The one composer whom he worshipped without bounds was Gluck, who is distinctively Virgilian. Mr. Andre Hallays, in a thoughtful essay, which serves as preface to a collection of Berlioz's feuilletons contributed to the Journal des Debats, has developed this idea at length. The taste of Berlioz remained classic while his sensibilities were colored with romanticism. He read Byron in the Coliseum, but in his wanderings over Italian mountains he sang, alone, and to a guitar, the death of Pallas and the despair of Evander. His memoirs, his critical articles abound with quotations from Virgil, and with references to that poet: in 1827 he wrote his "Orpheus dechire par les bacchantes" and his last works, in 1883, were "La Prise de Troie" and "Les Troyens a Carthage."

Harriet Constance Smithson, the play-actress, came to Paris, and Berlioz

loved her madly, as madly as, long after, when he was 60 years old, he loved the Estelle whom he had adored as a child. Through her and through a wretched translation into French of Shakespeare's plays, he became romantically Shakespearean, as the term was then used by the romanticists. He did not know a word of English when he first saw Harriet; he himself said: "I caught only glimpses of Shakespeare through the fog of Letourneur's translation." As Mr. Hallays puts it: "Shakespearean" became for him as for the other romanticists the word that excused all follies. 'Shakespearean' the crushing effects for which he increased tenfold orchestral sonority; 'Shakespearean' the besetment of the colossal titanic; 'Shakespearean' the mixture of the trivial and the sublime in the symphony; 'Shakespearean,' especially that contempt for the conventionalities which stand for the essence of art, the rash ambition to amalgamate sound, colors, and literature."

Mr. Hallays does not refer to Berlioz's acquaintance with Goethe's "Faust" through a translation. The fancy of the Berlioz of "The Damnation of Faust" was caught by the picturesque and the simply human qualities, not by the philosophic spirit of the poem. It is true that the "Scene in the Fields" of the "Symphonie fantastique," the opening scene of "Faust," show the abiding influence of Virgilian taste, but to the romanticism, the Shakespeareanism of Berlioz we owe those colossal works that set him apart from all other composers, that make him illustrious among the sons of men. Nor are his supreme pages always those of madness and sin, "and horror the soul of the plot." There is the March to the Scaffold, the Ride to Heli, the Sabbath at which the loved one appears as the vilest of gutter-women—unequalled and unsurpassable musical portraiture; but there is the ideal love music of Romeo and Juliet—the ideal music of all lovers—there is the indescribable loneliness of Marguerite in her abandonment, there is the brilliance of the Roman Carnival, there is the noble lamentation over Hamlet's corpse, there is the exquisite fancy displayed in "Queen Mab" and in the "Ballet of Sylphs" fairy music to which that of Mendelssohn's, charming though it be, is heavy-footed and common. All this we owe to the romanticism of Berlioz.

Montaigne could not speak of Socrates without the blood rushing to his cheek, without heightened speech. To some Berlioz is a man whose name is not to be mentioned without enthusiasm. Who can read his criticisms without sharing his aversion and his delights? Who can read unmoved his memoirs? The individuality of the hero is still amazing. You share his joys, his sorrows, you are tossed about with him by gusts of furious passion, you watch with him and shudder at the disintegration of Harriet Smithson, and at the end, although you may secretly suspect him of romanticism in his confessions, you suffer with him and accept the wall of Macbeth, which is the last word of Berlioz as the summing up of his career:

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more; it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

These memoirs are to be compared only with those of Cellini, Herbert of Cheshire, Casanova. Berlioz here interests not only musicians, but all human beings. These memoirs reveal in full measure "waywardness of temper,

...great in the world of music...
...what is little and big...
...said the dual word...
...the revelation of a...
...He believed in himself, and he believed in a music; he divined that one day or another he would be leg to as well as immortal, and he took an infinite amount of pains to make certain that the ideal which was presented to him as an ideal to men's minds should be an ideal which he could thoroughly approve...
...The romanticism, indeed, were seen from Napoleon downwards to take the very best of themselves...
...erizing, therefore, had good warrant for its work. It is more to the point, perhaps, that he would have taken it if he had not had it. And I hold that he could have done well; for in any case, a great man's notion of himself is, ipso facto, better and more agreeable and convincing, especially as he presents it, than the idea of his inferiors and admirers, especially as presented by them...
...Berlioz, it is true, was prodigal in his effusions of his wit and fun and levity, of fine humanity and noble art, of good things said and suffered; but he was prodigal of invention and of expression as well, and the result, while considerably less veracious, is all the more fascinating, therefore. One feels that for one thing he was too complete an artist to be merely literal and exact; that for another he saw and felt things for himself, as Milton did before him—Milton in the mind's eye of Milton the noblest of created things and a Mr. Saintsbury almost as unpleasing a spectacle as the gifted but abject Italian; and for a third that from his own point of view he was right, and there is an end of it.

The symphony of the Symphony concert this week will be in commemoration of Berlioz, and on Wednesday night his "Damnation of Faust" will be performed by the Cecilia, with an enlarged chorus and with these solo singers: Jella, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, Mr. Charles Gilbert and Mr. Merrill. A sketch of the origin of this great work is therefore not impertinent.

Berlioz, under the spell of Gerard de Nerval's translation of Goethe's "Faust," determined to interpret musically certain scenes of the poem. In 1823-24 he composed "Eight Scenes from Faust." The work, dedicated to the Vloemte de Jerohefoucauld, was published as opus 11 in March, 1829. The "Concert des Sylphes" was performed in public on Nov. 1, 1829.

The eight scenes were as follows: (1) "Songs of the Easter Festival," which, so far as the first part is concerned, identical with the Easter hymn in "The Damnation of Faust," and varies only slightly in the second part; (2) "Peasants Under the Lime Tree," the peasant song in the later work, but written a tone higher and without the concluding part in 2-4; (3) "Concert of Sylphs," practically the same as in "The Damnation of Faust," but now sung by chorus and not by six solo voices; (4) "Echo of a Joyful Companion," Branden's song; (5) "The Song of Mephistopheles," the song of the flea; (6) "The King of Thule," Marguerite's "Gothic song," but the present version is a tone lower, and the characteristic syncope in the initial phrase was added; (7a) "Marguerite's Romance," as in the later version; (7b) "Soldiers' Chorus," revised for "The Damnation of Faust"; (8) "Mephistopheles' Serenade," accompanied at first only by a guitar. The music of Mephistopheles was written for a tenor; so the Serenade was lowered in "The Damnation of Faust," but the "Song of the Flea" remains in the original key. Berlioz added descriptive notices, chosen from Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet," quotations from Goethe and Moore, and various annotations of his own to these scenes. The score is today exceedingly rare, but there is a copy in the Brown collection in the Boston Public Library.

In 1846 Berlioz thought of composing a descriptive symphony, or a ballet, or an opera, founded on Goethe's poem. Wondering in Germany, he finally decided on a great composition, "opera," as he then called it, in which he would use these eight scenes. Travelling in a post-chaise, he tried to write the text in verse, whereas he had before used fragments of De Nerval's version and scenes written according to his own indication by Gandonnière. He did not attempt to translate literally or to imitate; he wished to draw from the poem the inherent musical substance. He first sketched the "Invocation to Nature." He wrote the introduction at an inn on the Bavarian frontier; the scenes on the Elbe, the Ballet of Sylphs, the Rakoczy march, at Vienna; other portions were composed at Budapest, Prague, Breslau; the trio was written at a country seat near Rouen; but the greater part of the work was composed—or rather improvised—at Paris, at a cafe, or in the Garden of the Tuileries, or as he sauntered in a boulevard. The theme of the Rakoczy march was written by Michael Barna, leader of the gypsies and court violinist to Prince Franz Rakoczy II. (1676-1735). In honor of the prince's marriage. This march was first put in notation by Karl Vacek of Jaszo, who died very old in 1823. "The Damnation of Faust," dedicated to Liszt, was published in 1854 as opus 24.

The first performance of "The Damnation of Faust" was at a concert given by Berlioz at the Opera Comique, Paris, Dec. 6, 1846. The singers were Mme. Duhot-Maillard, Roger, Leon, Henri. The audience was of moderate size; chorus and orchestra were uncertain, and the chief singers hardly understood the music or the composer's intentions. The first performance in the United States was at New York under Dr. Damrosch, Feb. 12, 1880, with Amy Sherwin and Messrs. Jordan, Remmert, Bourne. The first performance in Boston was under Mr. Lang, May 14, 1880, with Mrs. Humphrey-Allen, Messrs. W. J. Winch, Hay and "an amateur" (S. B.

Schubert, the first performance of the work in this country was at Monte Carlo, Feb. 18, 1871, with Mrs. d'Alvi, Jean de Reszke, Melle Gardi, and others. When "The Damnation of Faust" was first performed, Wagner's "Tannhauser" was not a year old on the stage. Verdi's greatest opera was then "Ernani"; Schumann had still 10 years to live; Tschakowsky was 6 years old; Brahms was a student of 14 years. The work that for a long time was regarded as wildly extravagant, as bizarre, is now an accepted classic. Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of this colossal composition is the expression of mediæval feeling in the form of a romanticism that is still intensely modern.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Potter Hall, 8 P. M. First concert (fourth season) of the Longy Club (Messrs. Maquarre and Brook, flutes; Longy and Lenon, oboes; Metzger and Vanil, clarinets; Debuchy and Hellerberg, bassoons; Lucke, baritone and Hela, horn; Gebhard, piano); Suite op. 4, Charles Cui; sonata, "Undine," for flute and piano, Reinecke; serenade in E flat major, op. 375, by Mozart, for oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns.

TUESDAY—Stelner Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mrs. Francis Bloomfield-Zelner. Toccata and fugue in D minor, Bach-Tausig; Beethoven's sonata, op. 10, No. 2; Chopin's Berceuse, etude, op. 25, No. 3; Impromptu, op. 30, Valse, op. 64, No. 1; Andante Spilato and Polonaise; Moszkowski's suite, op. 30, and Liebeswalzer No. 6, from "Lieding," op. 57; Henselt's study, "If I Were a Bird," and Chabrier's Bourree fantasque.

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Third Kneisel quartet concert; quartet in G minor, Haydn; trio in B major for piano, violin and cello, Brahms (Mr. Arthur Whiting pianist); quartet in F major, op. 22, Tschakowsky.

WEDNESDAY—Stelner Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mr. Francis Bloomfield-Zelner, Arthur Hyde, accompanist. Carissimi's "Vittoria"; Monteverdi's "Lasciatemi Morire"; Beethoven's "Adelaide" and "Wonne der Wehmuth"; Franz's "Verlass mich nicht"; Schumann's "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen"; "Ich habe in Traum gewandelt"; "Frühlingssnacht"; "Immerleiden"; Tschakowsky's "Invokation to Sleep"; Hugo Wolf's "Gesang Weylas"; R. Strauss's "Morgen"; Schubert's "Prometheus"; Holmes' "Message d'Amour"; Aubert's "La Lettre"; and songs by Sidney Homer, Hubn, Mrs. Beach and the old Scottish "Turn ye to Me."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert in commemoration of the 103rd anniversary of the birth of Berlioz. "The Damnation of Faust," Cecilia Society with orchestra. Mr. Lang, conductor. Melba, Messrs. Van Hoose, Gilbert and Merrill, solo singers.

THURSDAY—Stelner Hall: Piano recital by Mr. Heinrich Gebhard: Brahms' Ballade, op. 10, No. 3; first movement from Beethoven's sonata, op. 90; Chopin's scherzo in G sharp minor; Loeffler's song "Les Paons," transcribed for piano; parane, andante and valse caprice by Gabriel Faure; Gebhard's Intermezzo and etude fantastique; "Rastlose Liebe," Schubert-Liszt; Liszt's rhapsodie No. 8.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert in aid of the Massachusetts Infant Asylum by the Adamowski trio and Mr. John Codman, baritone. FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh public rehearsal of Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Gerike conductor; "Academic" overture, Brahms; "Parto, Parto," from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" (Mme. Melba); orchestral ballad, "The Voyvode," Tschakowsky (first time at these concerts); Ophelia's mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet" (Mme. Melba); "Harold in Italy," symphony by Berlioz.

SATURDAY—Stelner Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Harold Bauer's second piano recital: Bach's toccata in D major; Gabriel Faure's theme and variations; Chabrier's Bourree fantasque; Cesar Franck's prelude, fugue and variations for piano and harmonium; Mr. Wallace Goodrich's harmonium; Chopin's fantasia; Schumann's romance in D minor; Liszt's etude in D flat, and Moszkowski's etude in E minor.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventh concert of the Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

LOCAL.

The programme of the first concert of the Longy Club this season includes a suite for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano, by a composer unknown in Boston. Charles Paul Florimond Quef was born at Lille, Nov. 1, 1873. He took the first prize for organ playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1898. He has served as organist at various churches in Paris and has composed a violin sonata and some organ pieces. Mr. Loeffler's new Ballade Carnavalesque for flute, oboe, saxophone, bassoon and piano, will be played at the second concert, Jan. 25, with a suite by Gouvy, and an octet by Lachner. At the third concert, March 7, the prelude to the third act of "Tristan" will be performed, with Mr. Longy, English horn, and a small orchestra led by Mr. Gerike; and Gounod's "Petite Symphonie" for wind instruments will also then be played. Several interested in music for wind instruments have subscribed to the maintenance of these concerts so that they now rest on an assured foundation.

Mrs. Helen A. Hunt, assisted by Mr. Gebhard and a vocal chorus, will give a concert at Potter Hall on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 10, at 3 o'clock. She will sing songs by Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, P. L. Hillemecher, Hahn and Augusta Holmes. The feature of the concert will be the first performance in the United States of Claude Debussy's "La Demoiselle Elue," a setting of certain verses of Rossetti's "Bicessed Damozel," for solo voice and female chorus. Songs by Debussy, Romance, Pantoche, La Cloche, Mandoline, will also be sung.

Mr. Richard Platt will give his first piano recital in Boston on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8, at Stelner Hall. The programme will include Beethoven's sonata, Op. 28, Mendelssohn's variations; series; three fantasias from op. 118 and Rhapsody in B minor, Brahms; nocturne, Greg; mazurka, Poldini; etude, "Au Ruisseau," Schuett; prelude, Rachmaninoff; Chopin's nocturne, op. 27, No. 2; valse, op. 12; scherzo, op. 31. Mr. Platt is an American pianist and composer who studied the piano at Berlin with Bartli and Mme. Stepanoff. He has given concerts in Dresden, Leipzig and London.

Mr. Gebhard will introduce at his recital on Thursday afternoon in Stelner Hall two of his own compositions, and a transcription for piano of Mr. Loeffler's

...the greatest of song writers...
...The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, announces these concerts for its 88th season: Sunday, Dec. 20, "The Messiah"—Genevieve Clark Wilson, soprano; Mrs. Glesca Nichols, alto; George Hamlin, tenor; Albert Borroff, bass. Friday, Dec. 25, "The Messiah"—Mrs. Shanna Chumling, soprano; Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, alto; Holmes Cowder, tenor; George B. Clark, bass. Feb. 7, Duhol; "Paradise Lost"—Miss Anita Rio, soprano; Mrs. Louise Homer, contralto; George Hamlin, tenor; Emilio de Gorgorza, baritone; John S. Codman, bass. Easter Sunday, April 3, "Hora Novissima"—Mrs. Kileki-Bradbury, soprano; Glen Hall, tenor; alto and bass to be announced. The concerts will begin at 7:30 P. M. on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3, 4 and 5, after 8:30 A. M., season ticket holders of last year can procure their former seats at Symphony Hall. During the week beginning Monday, Dec. 7, after 8:30 A. M., the sale of season tickets will be open to the public. The season tickets include the choice of one performance of "The Messiah," and carry the right of renewal for another season to the same seats. The price of season tickets for four concerts will be \$6, \$4.50 and \$3, according to location. Sale at Symphony Hall. The sale of single tickets for the "Messiah" concerts, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1, will open Monday, Dec. 14, at 8:30 A. M., at Symphony Hall, and also at Schirmer's music store.

The Kneisel quartet will give a concert at the Fogg Museum tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. The programme will include quartets by Schubert and Koppyoff, and Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata (Messrs. Kneisel and Perabo). The first concert of the Boston Singing Club, announced for Dec. 2, has been postponed till Dec. 9.

A musicale in aid of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society will be held on the afternoon of Saturday, Dec. 12, at 4 o'clock, in the ballroom of Hotel Somerset. The following artists will take part: Mrs. Caroline Gardner Bartlett, soprano; Mr. William Kittredge, tenor; Miss Bessie Collier, violinist. The programme is especially attractive.

PERSONAL.

Ernst Wagner, the Wagnerian tenor, says that beer is bad for the voice. He should know, for, as the story goes, he once served it in a restaurant.

The sparse attendance at the Berlioz concert conducted by Herr Weingartner on Thursday night reminds one how provincial London is in its musical tastes. Weingartner is recognized as one of the leading conductors of the world, and I do not believe that musical London has any fixed ideas as to Berlioz's music. Prof. Kruse is evidently a man of persistent courage. He recognizes, as every musician must, that Weingartner is a great conductor, and he is determined to make London accept him. The historical festival in April of next year, and the festival to be devoted to living composers in 1905, both of which are to be conducted by Herr Weingartner, are proof of that courage. There is no more difficult city to conquer than London. Dr. Richter knows that. But it is to be conquered in the end.—Daily News (London), Nov. 14.

Eva Lessmann, the daughter of the Berlin music critic, sang at London Nov. 7. Mr. Baughan said: "She is an intelligent singer with a pleasing voice, which would be capable of more if it were even throughout its registers. There is a slight tightness in the upper notes and their timbre is not all it might be. She is, too, a trifle weak in her power of sustaining tone, and, as a consequence, she is obliged to break her phrases. These faults prevent one calling her a perfect singer; otherwise there was much that deserves the highest praise in her singing of Schubert's 'La Pastorella' and Schumann's 'Der Nussbaum.'" Mr. Baughan describes Frederick Lamond, the pianist, who played at the same concert, "almost implayed at the same concert, as 'almost impatient toward sentiment.'"

Margaret Reid, an American soprano, who was with the Bostonians, and afterward sang in small foreign towns and at London, has been engaged by Mr. Savage. She will make her first appearance with his company as Marguerite Dec. 7.

Saint-Saens visited lately Strasburg, Wiesbaden, Karlsruhe. "At Wiesbaden he conducted the first of a series of 11 concerts at the Kurhaus, where he has been so favorably known since March, 1879. At Karlsruhe the composer was almost carried in triumph by his enthusiastic Teutonic admirers. He regaled them with selections from his works on a special organ, conducted some of his symphonies, and also played the solo parts in two of his piano concertos."

Paul Gilson will write the music of the cantata to be sung at the centennial of the "Harmonie" of Wasmcs. He will use folk songs.

Rosa Sucher, the Wagnerian soprano, took leave of the stage Nov. 3 at Berlin. It was high time. When she first appeared in Boston as Isolde—"Tristan" was then produced for the first time in the city, April 1, 1895—she was fat, and her voice was worn and shrill. She also sang here Brunnhilde in "Siegfried" and in "Gotterdammerung." The sight of her asleep and waiting for Siegfried will never be forgotten.

The report that Padrewski has lost his earnings is denied; that is to say, he

...the very best of themselves...
...erizing, therefore, had good warrant for its work. It is more to the point, perhaps, that he would have taken it if he had not had it. And I hold that he could have done well; for in any case, a great man's notion of himself is, ipso facto, better and more agreeable and convincing, especially as he presents it, than the idea of his inferiors and admirers, especially as presented by them...
...Berlioz, it is true, was prodigal in his effusions of his wit and fun and levity, of fine humanity and noble art, of good things said and suffered; but he was prodigal of invention and of expression as well, and the result, while considerably less veracious, is all the more fascinating, therefore. One feels that for one thing he was too complete an artist to be merely literal and exact; that for another he saw and felt things for himself, as Milton did before him—Milton in the mind's eye of Milton the noblest of created things and a Mr. Saintsbury almost as unpleasing a spectacle as the gifted but abject Italian; and for a third that from his own point of view he was right, and there is an end of it.

A certain number of the Berlioz Tannhauser of 1846 and Strauss's composition, the ballet "Tannhauser," choral, solo and orchestra, which I at the recent Handel festival. There are live them in it, at which Strauss is said to have built a work of striking realism and brilliancy. The chorus is written mostly in a homophonic style, while the polyphonic structure of the orchestral part and the magnificent color of it called forth the highest admiration.

Mr. W. J. Henderson said in the New York Sun of Nov. 22: "As the practitioners of the ungentle art of criticism grow older he become more heavily on the now. In the heyday of youth today was enough; tomorrow might take care of itself. He had no fear of the charge of inconsistency. Neither, for the matter of that, has the experienced commentator. He wears over next his heart the sound sense of Emerson: 'A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.'"

"* * * Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today." It is but another way of saying that you have grown wiser. But in later years of life one has learned that knowledge comes and wisdom lingers, and that the inductive method is relentless in its demand that generalizations shall not be made on too few special cases."

Mr. Kallisch, the London correspondent of the Weekly Critical Review (Paris), said of Miss Marie Nichols, the Boston violinist: "She plays with a most uncommon beauty of tone, and has that way of caressing her phrases which is the mark of the genuinely artistic temperament."

Edith Walker said good bye to the Viennese public, not at the opera house, but by giving her own concert.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama" will be printed in raised characters by the American Printing House for the Blind. This led the author to remark: "Now, at least, I am likely to find some fellow feeling for my notions."

OPERAS OLD AND NEW.

"The production of 'Parsifal' in America seems to be a matter of genuinely entertaining controversy. Mme. Wagner is apparently convinced of the idea; in fact, her own lawyer has said so in so many words; he declares that 'the production of "Parsifal" anywhere else than at Bayreuth is sacrilege.' That is all very well; but there is such a thing as the public to consider, and there is such a thing also as the law of copyright. Reverence is one thing, but the laws of the world are another. Milton's daughter may very well have desired that the issue of her father's 'Paradise Lost' should be confined to the family and its descendants, but the civic feeling of the world thought otherwise. 'Parsifal' ranks in precisely the same category. Moreover, it is to be noted that Wagner never once introduced the sacred names of Christianity into his play. He employed some of the beautiful passages of the gospel narrative, it is true, but that was certainly owing to the fact that he thought that all would understand the reason why he deliberately rejected, for these, he doubtless considered, might offend the religious. That being so, if the American laws of copyright permit, there is no earthly reason why the Metropolitan Opera House should not enjoy exactly the same benefit as the Bayreuth Opera House; and we urge this point all the more because, as a matter of fact, the Wagner family has received a very large part of its subsidy from American tourists. The statement of Mr. Hawes, Mme. Wagner's New York lawyer, that in New York the work would probably be given with a ballet, is too childish for controversy. One might say exactly the same thing of 'Le Nozze de Figaro' or of any other great opera from which ballet has been ridiculously excluded."—Fall Mail Gazette.

The orchestration of Zumppe's posthumous opera will be completed by his "best friend," Max Schillings. Faithful are the wounds of a friend.

Ernst von Possart, actor and manager, has written the libretto for a one-act opera, based on a story by Coppee. Roeder has written the music. The first performance will be at Munich. "Sergt. Kitty," a "military comic opera," book by R. H. Burnside, music by A. B. Sloane, was produced for the first time at the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, Nov. 16. "The first act proved to be rather dull, but the second makes amends." Virginia Earle was the chief singing woman.

The Chicago Daily News in a review of Verdi's "Othello," as performed by Mr. Savage's company, remarked: "Savoring strongly of Wagnerian influence and at times suggestive of Mascagni, it nevertheless does not lack for originality." "Othello" was produced in 1887; Mascagni's first opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," was produced in 1890. "Lack for" was produced in Chicago.

"Anthony and Cleopatra," opera in four acts, and an epilogue, both by S.

H. Mosenthal, music by F. E. Wittgenstein, has been produced at Metz.

CURIOSA.

Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony was performed a short time ago at Scranton, Pa., by a local orchestra. A local critic, in his review of "this most graphic and sentimental work," explained that the symphony was intended to illustrate musically the life of "such a complex character as Napoleon": "In the first movement we first hear the little youthful ambitions, the yearnings, the de-

stros, expressed in the tremulous doubtful passages leading swiftly up to the trills and troubles that never wholly disappear, then the dreaming is suddenly and rudely awakened by the crashing of cymbals, the screeching, roaring, bellowing dissonances that typify the making and breaking of men at the cannon's mouth. This is, indeed, a movement of activity and unrest. The great billowing effects in the basses, cellos and violas were ever and anon delivering their message, while the violins and reeds and bass in general were consistently treated. The second movement, a funeral march, brought out some heart-searching effects from the first violins, the entire orchestra furnishing a background that was serious and solemn and never lost sight of the end in view. The scherzo was full of those delicate passages, anxious, fleeting, will-o'-the-wisp effects that are extremely difficult. In this movement every instrument is given important work that is vital. The last movement contains a fugue in variations for the strings and wind alternately that is monstrous in its difficulty. The entire symphony was given adequate treatment, and, excepting spots here and there, it was significantly performed."

There are some things we do better in England than in France, and one, it would seem, strange to say, is the playing of the *Marsellaise*. M. Pierre Giffard, a correspondent of *Le Matin*, has been telling Parisians that to hear the hymn of the republic played correctly, as Rouget de l'Isle conceived and wrote it, they must cross the channel. They will then hear the "*Marsellaise*" played by the regimental bands of England, as he did at London and again at Aldershot during the visit of President Loubet, without a certain "*ranplanplan*," which Rouget de l'Isle did not introduce, and which annoys M. Giffard exceedingly whenever he hears it. The "*ranplanplan*" comes at the end of the first verse. All goes well at first:

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur...
But at this point, exclaims the imaginative M. Giffard, the conductor, avec une sercnite atroce, turns his baton into the dagger of an assassin. And we get:

Abreuve nos sillons,
Ranplanplan!

Rouget de l'Isle, we are told, would never have dishonored his beautiful inspiration with this *ranplanplan*, and Gen. Andre, who looks after these matters, is implored to order all military bands to abolish it. Vite, before the King of Italy arrives!—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Complaints are frequently heard nowadays that women who teach receive less than men. But are not the women in most cases themselves responsible? Fresh light was thrown on this matter the other day by the public examination in the bankruptcy of a music teacher at Hartlepool, Eng. He charged his pupils only \$5 for 13 hours a quarter, yet his classes gradually dropped away owing to the cut-throat competition of young women, some of whom taught music for \$2.50 and even \$2 a quarter.—*New York Evening Post*.

The Roman correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote Nov. 4: "A new era in something besides religion and politics is about to be opened at the Vatican. Pius X. is an intense lover of music, and, as he really understands it, is contented with nothing but the best. When patriarch of Venice he had Abbe Perosi always at his elbow, becoming as fond as a father of him. When Perosi was made director of the Sistine choir the patriarch was half-pleased, because it was an honor for his favorite, and half-sorry, as it took the young musician priest away from his side. A few days after his election he was heard to say: 'Now how I shall revel in Lorenzo's music!' To this end the pontiff has ordered two magnificent pianos and an organ, which stand in his private apartments, for the express purpose that those of the sacred college who 'really understand music,' and those especially invited, may come together and enjoy an hour now and then of 'comforting and elevating music.' Not only the motive, but the species of reception which all this implies, is an altogether new departure in Vatican customs. The palace under Leo XIII. was a tomb, where silence, and what some called 'peace,' and others called 'tagnation'—according to the point of view—reigned supreme. Pius X. loves his fellow-man, loves cheerful conversation and loves to have people about him, and when he can combine this with music he is indeed happy. He will, however, have some trouble in keeping his reunions small, as who will not struggle for an invitation to a papal reception?"

SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A New Symphony in D Minor
by Dohnanyi Is Played.

Its First Performance in United States and It Was First Given in Budapest Last January—Has Length Rather Than Breadth—Mr. Birnbaum Soloist.

The programme of the sixth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gerické conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Fidelio".....Beethoven
Fantasia on Scottish airs for violin.....Bruch
Symphony in D minor.....Dohnanyi
(first time in this country.)

Dohnanyi's Symphony in D minor was

not his first. When he was 19 years old—he was born in 1877—he wrote a symphony in F which took a prize offered by the "King of Hungary" for the best work by Hungarian composers. This symphony was performed at Budapest, but we know of no other performance. The Symphony in D minor was performed for the first time at Budapest on Jan. 7, 1903, and since then it has been played at Vienna and Berlin.

The composer has been eminently serious from his youth up. His father, a professor of mathematics and physics at Pressburg, found amusement in playing the cello, an instrument favored by many physicians, possibly because, as Walt Whitman said: "It is the voice of the young man's complaint." The father was unwilling to exploit the boy, who, they say, "showed unmistakable musical instincts before he was 3 years old," but it is well to remember that there are legends as well as vampires in Hungary. The boy began to compose, at least to scrawl notes on music paper, when he was 7 years old, and a little later he wrote pieces for violin and piano, which were correct in harmony and form; so says the passionate biographer. When Ernst was 12 years old he wrote cello sonatas, string quartets and other chamber music, and when he was 13 he played a piano quartet by Brahms in public, which Messrs. Runciman and Blackburn would characterize as a depraved proceeding.

Ernst became an ardent admirer of Brahms and went to work to write a Brahmsian piano quartet and string sextet. And then his father thought the boy should enter the university and study philosophy—so that he might enter more fully into the spirit of Brahms. The boy, like Hercules, was wooed then by Virtue and Vice; he decided to be a musician; he left the University of Budapest to study the more zealously composition under one Hans Koessler, who is known in Boston as the composer of a singularly lugubrious, pedantic and dull set of "Symphonic Variations," in memory of Johannes Brahms (played here in 1902), variations which were intended to portray Brahms mentally, physically, and socially. And at last Brahms himself became interested in Dohnanyi.

Dohnanyi has visited Boston as a pianist and a composer, and he was then eminently serious, a pianist to be respected even when his playing was massive and concrete rather than sympathetic and emotional.

It will thus be seen that heredity, nationality, early surroundings and the influence of Brahms have all entered into the mind of this composer, and the symphony in D minor may perhaps be the more easily explained. The work is a curious mixture of severe thought and of vague wandering; of precise and carefully considered expression and of rhapsodic utterance; of the dryness of one delighting in squares, cubes, powers and logarithms, and of the quasi-barbaric joy in striking rhythm, jingle and color.

Like an election torch-procession, the symphony is a good hour in passing a certain point. It is long and thick rather than broad and deep.

The themes for the most part are not distinguished, and the chief interest is in the contrapuntal treatment and in the grouping of tonal masses. It is only fair to add that the themes are not always favorably announced. Take the song theme, for instance, of the first movement: on its first appearance it is almost smothered by the drab orchestration; there is no contrast, there is no background; the whole is a blur. Yet this theme when it appears afterward has a certain suavity and grace, although it is neither individual nor striking.

The second movement is largely rhapsodic, yet here the composer is not wholly successful in establishing the appropriate mood. He at times appears as though he were a denationalized Hungarian trying to escape from the old traditions and yet irresistibly drawn back to them. There are frequent hints of melodic and rhythmic desire for the fatherland; there are the cadenzas that would fain remind the hearer of the Zimbalon, but the movement, in spite of occasionally free episodes, gives one the feeling of the composer's self-imposed restraint, of a substitution of that which has been inculcated and acquired for that which was natural and spontaneous.

But it is not necessary to speak of each movement—and there are five of them. It may be said that the scherzo in spite of its glitter and jingle is barren of ideas, and any young composer who for the finale of such a long work chooses the form of theme and variations and fugue surely can have no sense of humor. And so we come back to the original proposition: Mr. Dohnanyi is an eminently serious person. He has studied, he has mastered many things in his calling as a composer; he is unacquainted with the value of reserve, of reticence. He has so much to say, and yet so much is hardly worth saying, and so much of this is said pontifically. It would be vain to deny the charm of a little oasis here and there, just as it would be absurd to deny the mechanical talent of the composer. But there is no lofty flight of imagination, there is no continuous line of beauty, there are no great native moments. The emotional quality is slight, and the austerity is dry, not noble. The passion is that of the pedagogue who is excited in the solving of a problem. A crude and even coarse burst of genuine feeling would be welcome as a present delight and a promise for the future.

Mr. Alexander Z. Birnbaum, a new violinist of the orchestra, made his first appearance as a soloist in this country. Mr. Birnbaum was born in the fair land of Poland, which, as Thaddeus in *Baited*, opera, assures us, was once "ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader might." The seed then sown produced

a crop of violinists and pianists. But Mr. Birnbaum has not the qualities we associate with a Polish or a Russian virtuoso. He played Bruch's fantasia on Scottish airs, which is always interesting, for it affords an opportunity of guessing at the names of the tunes which Bruch has twisted for his purpose. Yet this same piece also gives opportunity for a display of the virtuoso's art. The performance of Mr. Birnbaum cannot be highly praised, indeed it was generally mediocre and occasionally worse than that. His tone was thin, and, without any discussion of his mechanism, it may be said that his interpretation had little diversity of expression and was too often spineless. He was heartily applauded.

The overture to "Fidelio" was finely played, and Mr. Gerické took infinite pains with the performance of the symphony.

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"MY LADY MOLLY" AT THE PARK.

Mr. Charles Frohman produced last night at the Park Theatre, for the first time in America, a comedy-opera in two acts, "My Lady Molly," book by G. H. Jessop, music by Sidney Jones. Mr. W. P. Brown was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Capt. Harry Romney.....Sidney Deane
Lionel Bland.....Ray Youngman
Sir Miles Coverdale.....David Torrence
Mickey O'Dowd.....Andrew Mack
Londor.....Luke Martin
Judge Romney.....John Henderson
Lady Molly Martingale.....Ethel Levey
Hester.....Anna Wilson
Alice Coverdale.....Alice Judson
Mlle. Mirabeau.....Anna Boyd

This musical comedy was produced at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, Aug. 11, 1902. It was performed for the first time in London on March 14, 1903, with Sybil Arundale, Decima Moore, Gaynon Rowland, Richard Green, Walter Hyde and Bert Gilbert as the chief comedians. Mr. Jessop's plot is familiar and simple, but it is reasonable, coherent and well sustained to the end. The plot is never lost amid a swarm of incongruous specialties, nor does it about half way through the piece, as though discouraged and weary, disappear for ever. Lady Molly, who refused her lover, repents her decision when she hears he is to marry another, and aided by Micky O'Dowd, the discharged servant of her lover, impersonates him, woos his betrothed, and is thus the means of the arrest of the captain-lover as an impostor and a dangerous fellow.

Nothing could be simpler or more familiar; yet the interest is maintained, and there is curiosity as to the exact method of the necessary revelations to the very moment of disclosure. The dialogue is never inane, and although it is not of French wit or of Gilbertian fancy, it is far above that heard in the general run of such entertainments. The whole atmosphere of the piece is clear and refreshing. Here is a comedy-opera; not a musical farce, not a farce stuffed with topical songs and foolish gags; not a nondescript show with acrobatic comedians. It is a comedy in which there is an ensemble, not merely a popular successor to the old-fashioned clown.

Mr. Jones has written for this comedy music that is pleasant and often delightful. This music has melody, rhythm and point. It is at times dramatic, in that it ingeniously assists the situation. Mr. Jones shows discretion throughout the operetta; the sentimental songs are not too, too sweet; the comic ditties are not noisy and vulgar; the music, lightly scored but with a sure hand, the very music for comedy; it has dash and sparkle and grace. Here is operetta music that is tuneful and yet refined.

Mr. Frohman's company has been carefully chosen, and the result of choice and preparation was a thoroughly excellent performance in all respects. There was hardly one of the principals or one of the chorus that did not, as an individual member of the ensemble, contribute to the general joy. In the first act there was the true spirit of hearty outdoor English comedy; and the second act, in Coverdale Castle, was a constant pleasure to the eye as well as the ear.

To dwell upon the performance of any one individual might be considered as invidious, yet it may be said that Mr. Mack's high spirits and appreciation of Irish humor, blarney and sentiment were fully displayed in his impersonation of the roguish Mickey. Mr. Deane was a capital Capt. Romney, with just the right proportion of swagger; Miss Levey played and danced with unfailing distinction; Miss Wilson distracted the attention of the hearer, who was divided between admiration for mistress and maid; Miss Judson was coquettish and alluring, without a suspicion of pertness, and Miss Boyd played effectively a part that might easily have been tiresome through exaggeration.

Furthermore there was a crescendo of animation from the beginning to the climax at the end. There was not a display of fireworks in the first act, and then a smouldering second act, with here and there a few sparks, and then the pervading gloom of darkness and expiring imbecility.

The production was characterized by unusual taste and liberality in costume, scenery and effects of light. The costumes of the second act in particular were remarkably rich and well contrasted; there was a harmony here between scene and dress that is seldom observed in plays of any nature, however lavish the outlay of the manager. The costumes themselves may be said to be symphonic, and a professional music critic might discuss learnedly the blending of robe-themes, color-motives, in contrapuntal treatment.

The large chorus is composed of young and singularly attractive women. Of course there were men in the chorus; their voices were heard, and they bore themselves well in the concerted music and in groupings. But when there is talk in a musical comedy of a chorus, the chorus is always femi-

nine. Paul Verlaque, in a poem, speaks slightly of women as a decoration that disturbs the landscape. He should see the chorus girl in "My Lady Molly"; then would he repent his line in sackcloth and ashes. And this chorus was more than decorated. Drilled with the utmost care, it took an active interest.

It commented in approval or disapproval on the sentiments and actions of the principals; it italicized, accentuated, drove conviction home and copper-bottomed and riveted it. Nor was all this done as though under the eyes and lash of a slave driver. Each girl seemed to enjoy the call it not task, say rather the entertainment to which she, too, had been invited.

Mr. Brown led quietly and effectively. The theatre was filled with an audience that insisted on encore after encore.

It has been said, and by friends of light musical entertainments, that the musical comedy, so called, has debauched the taste of the public, so that an operetta characterized by verbal and musical sanity has little chance of success. This is a hard saying, and yet if such a comedy as "My Lady Molly" does not run for a long time in this country, as it has in England, the fault is with the public, not with librettist, composer or manager. We are not so pessimistic; we are inclined to think nobly of the public, as Malvolvo of the soul. Surely, such a production of a clean, wholesome and entertaining operetta deserves all possible success.

LONGY CLUB'S FIRST CONCERT

Novelties by Quef and Reinecke Features of Opening of Its Fourth Season Last Evening.

The Longy Club (Messrs. Maquarre, Brooke, flutes; Longy, Lenor, oboes; Metzger, Varini, clarinets; Debuchy, Helleberg, bassoons; Hackebarth, Hein, horns; Gebhard, pianist) gave the first concert of its fourth season last night in Potter Hall. The programme was as follows:

Suite, op. 4, for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, piano.....Quef
Sonata, "Undine," for flute and piano.....Reinecke
Serenade in E flat (K. 375).....Mozart

As is his custom, Mr. Longy introduced new works to Boston, and the name of Quef appeared for the first time on a programme in this city. Charles Paul Florimond Quef was born at Lille, Nov. 1, 1873. He studied at the Paris Conservatory, where he took the first prize for organ playing. He has been organist of two or three churches in Paris, and is, or was lately, at the Trinite. Besides this suite he has written a violin sonata and some songs. Quef, while not rigidly academic in his views concerning composition, is by no means a wild-eyed revolutionary. The suite is interesting, and would stand more than one hearing. Last evening's performance was good.

The "Undine" sonata, if its reception be any indication, was well worth while. It has charming passages, and the performance was smooth and graceful. There was repeated applause. The last number on the programme was a serenade for wind instruments alone. Mozart wrote this serenade at Vienna in October, 1781, for the sister of a Mrs. von Hickl. If he wrote it for a woman, there was more than a compliment in his intent, for, as he wrote his father, he wished Von Strack, a daily visitor, to hear some of his music, so he composed with extra care. Jahn, the faithful admirer, saw all sorts of wonderful things in this music; he ascribed a chivalric character to the first movement, he wondered at the lamenting second theme of the same movement, he found in the adagio a dialogue of lovers, and in the finale the echoes of a simple, faithful folk. The oboes were added by Mozart later. Some one has even added two English horns, and Pleyel turned the piece into a string quintet.

If the average hearer is a bit less discerning, or less imaginative, than the enthusiastic Jahn, nevertheless the work holds plenty of matter to interest and even move him. It was beautifully played. Indeed, the performance of the entire programme was characteristically good. There was a large audience.

The second concert will be on Monday evening, Jan. 25, when Mr. Loeffler's new Ballade Carnavalesque for flute, oboe, saxophone, bassoon and piano will be performed, as well as a suite by Gouvy and an octet by Lachner.

The cast was as follows.

Lord Dunsmore.....Ferdinand Gottschalk
Jack Randolph.....Albert Hart
Squire Mink.....George Schiller
D. L. Don Ludwig Regebogen.....Charles H. Bowers
Edward Brandon.....Walter H. Bentley
Nick Calvert.....Charles K. French
Maria Louisa.....Charles H. Saffer
Kitty Calvert.....Irene Bentley
Maud Mable Earle.....Diamond Donner

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THIRD KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERT

Exceedingly Fine Performance of Tschalkowsky's Quartet in F, Charged with Eastern Rhythms.

MR. WHITING IN
A BRAHMS TRIO.

Mrs. Zeisler's Brilliant Playing in Piano Recital at Steinert Hall—Chabrier's Peculiar Number.

The Kneisel quartet, assisted by Mr. Arthur Whiting, pianist, gave the third concert of its 19th season at Potter Hall last night. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in F major, Op. 22.....Tschalkowsky
Piano trio in E major.....Brahms
Quartet in G minor, Op. 74, No. 3.....Haydn

The Kneisels gave an exceedingly fine performance of Tschalkowsky's quartet, a performance that was characterized by dash, by vigor—and there was frenzy in answer to certain pages—as well as by unsurpassable precision and tonal beauty. The rhythm of the fascinating scherzo, the fleeting, tantalizing rhythm, arrested constantly but only for a moment, a rhythm that suggests perpetual motion; this and the melodic figure of oriental and obsessing monotony will long haunt the memory. The profoundly melancholy andante, with its strange and furious contrasting section; the first movement of exotic and emotional quality and the passionate close of the finale—these were played with a depth of feeling, an intensity and an abandon that are rare, even at these concerts.

The quartet is charged with the oriental craze for persistent rhythms and melodies. There are pages that are saturated with the eastern monotony that soon becomes more exciting than the straining of the western composer after diversified effects, after tumultuous climaxes. Tschalkowsky in this respect is a glorious barbarian, even though the chiefs of the radical Russian school still reproach him for being a cosmopolite. When this quartet was first played in private early in 1874, at Moscow, in Nicholas Rubinstein's house, by Laub, Hrimaly, Gerber and Fitzenhagen, Anton Rubinstein sat with a disconcerting countenance, gloomy, ready to exclaim "Fudge" at the end of every 10 measures. When the performance was over he said, with his characteristically brutal frankness, that he did not like the work, that he missed the pure quartet style, etc. How many musical crimes are committed in the name of "the pure quartet style"! For smug and pretentious guinness is in art the crime of crimes.

There was sacrifice to Johannes Brahms, with Mr. Whiting as high priest. The sacrifice was offered soberly, decently and in due order, and great was the joy of the faithful. Does the performance of this trio according to the ritual demand a monochromatic and dry reading of the piano part? Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder were emotional whenever the composer allowed the opportunity, and even in the most prosaic passages their warm tone was a delight. Perhaps they are not imbued with the true spirit of Brahms, and the faithful may yet report them to the Watch and Ward Society as dangerous to the public morals. The next concert will be on Tuesday, Dec. 23.

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a good-sized and warmly applauding audience. The programme was as follows:

Toccata and fugue for organ, D minor.....Bach-Tausig
Sonata, Op. 10, No. 2.....Beethoven
Berceuse, Op. 57 (by request).....Beethoven
Ktude, Op. 25, No. 3.....Chopin
Impromptu, Op. 36 (by request).....Chopin
Valse, Op. 64, No. 1.....Chopin
Andante spianato and polonaise, Op. 22.....Chopin
Suite, Op. 60.....Chopin
Liebeswulzer (No. 5 from "Spring", Op. 57).....Moszkowski
"St Oiseau J'Etals" (etude, Op. 2, No. 6).....Henselt

Bourree fantasque.....Chabrier
We do not remember hearing Chabrier's "Bourree" in Boston in its original form. Orchestrated by Felix Mottl. It was played here at a Symphony concert March 4, 1899.

Chabrier was chiefly self-taught as a composer and as a pianist, but his skill as a piano player was fabulous and his left hand was a wonder even to accomplished virtuosos. He wrote a few extraordinary pieces for the piano, and what Gauthier-Villars said of his burlesque "Marche Joyeuse" might be applied to them: "This Wagnerian false staff of exuberant imagination, sure knowledge, remarkable sense of color and the picturesque, who has a rare thing—ideas, gives himself up too willingly to ventral fancies. When he falls a victim to this fit of grotesque epilepsy, our Babelian jingles with dissonances, swallows syncopations, arranges with his feet and nose." Mrs.

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Mrs. Zeisler is interesting, even when she is extravagant in speed or force; for the hearer is confident that she is not then deliberately sensational and bidding for applause. Her individuality is pronounced, and she reveals it frankly. She is never lukewarm; she is seldom, if ever, dry. She is a passionate pianist, but her passion is seldom sensational; and this is a pity. She revels in stormy crescendos, in the display of speed and brilliance, for thus she gives vent to her feelings. But she is much more than a crashing and startling virtuoso. Her performance yesterday of the sonata and Chopin's "Andante Spianato" polonaise, etude and waltz was thoughtfully and musically considered. That of Chopin's "Berceuse" was too conscious; the pace was destructively slow; the cradle was put by the front door. In the sun, and the lullaby was sung with a dash between every two syllables. Singing a melody, Mrs. Zeisler was too often inflexibly metallic. There were times when her fingers seemed of steel and forced against keys of steel. She has played here with more melodic charm; never, perhaps, with more noticeable brilliance. Since she was at times bolsterous, and too often given to screaming. It is possible that she did not fully appreciate the admirable acoustic properties of the hall. There was a great deal to praise in her performance, and she was never bore-some, although her programme was too long. If she had only been a little less vociferous! She was obliged to repeat Chopin's etude and Henselt's study, and also, at the end, to add to the programme.

Mrs. Zeisler will give a recital in Steinert Hall Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12.

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BERLIOZ NIGHT, MELBA SINGS

Celebration of Centenary of the Great Composer by the Cecilia Club at Symphony Hall.

"THE DAMNATION OF FAUST" GIVEN.

Large and Brilliant Audience Present—Song Recital by Francis Rogers in Steinert Hall.

"The Damnation of Faust," by Hector Berlioz, was performed last night in Symphony Hall by the Cecilia with an enlarged male chorus, Mr. Lang conductor. The solo singers were Mme. Melba, Messrs. Ellison van Hoose, Charles Gilbert and Merrill. There was a very large and brilliant audience.

This performance was announced as celebration of the centenary of Berlioz, who was born Dec. 11, 1803. It would be a pleasure to believe that the audience was drawn by the spell of his name. More works by Berlioz and more frequent performances of his best compositions have been given in Boston than in any city of the United States, and "The Damnation of Faust" has long been a favorite here.

Last night, no doubt, a great attraction was the engagement of the solo singers, and especially of Mme. Melba. There was the natural curiosity to see and to hear her again, and many would have gone to Symphony Hall without any previous knowledge of Berlioz's dramatic legend. They that were intimately acquainted with the "Damnation of Faust" were curious as to what she would do with music that was never intended for virtuoso display and would not seem to be in the working and most effective registers of her voice.

If any perchance went in the expectation of finding her at a disadvantage they were disappointed. The voice is the same golden voice; there was none like it when she first revealed to us its marvellous beauty and splendor; there is none like it today. It is still fresh and flawless; it still has the qualities that distinguished her among all singing women and set her apart as upon a throne high raised.

It is more than a perfect instrument managed with consummate skill; for, even when the singer is not emotional in thought or by force of deliberate intention, the tones themselves are rich and warm—never lush, never sentimental—but pure and at the same time sensuous, tones that suggest both the maiden and the woman, so that, as far as mere quality of voice is concerned, Melba has the right to sing Juliette from the dawn of love to the full revelation, and then to the inevitable tragedy. Furthermore, the music of Berlioz, which some thought, and not unkindly, might prove to be a pitfall, served to glorify both voice and art; for while there was no opportunity for her to

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...with her lower tones, her never before so fully shown.

Although Marguerite is late in coming into the action of the scene as arranged by Berlioz, she is the chief and conspicuous figure. Faust may invoke nature and all the elements, Mephistopheles may sneer his ditty, soldiers and students and sylphs and will-o'-the-wisps may sing and dance, the prince of hell may proudly put their question to Mephistopheles after the awful ride of the fiend with his philosophic friend, Marguerite is the central and dominating character, and Berlioz has wrapped about her an atmosphere of musical poetry in which she joys and suffers, as the eternal type of womanhood.

Was Melba, then, emotional? For some who have watched her in flights of bravura or sustained melody and have seen the repose of vocal mastery, have missed the facial contortions, the spasmodic gestures and the heaving, panting bellows of more cum than sisters of the stage, and have therefore cried out "She is without emotion; she is cold," and they have likened her to the fair automaton, Olympia, whose singing won such praise in Hoffmann's wild tale.

Berlioz himself has told us how he wished his ballad of the King of Thule to be sung. He said in substance: The singer should not attempt to reproduce any of the emotions in the poem; for nothing could be further at the moment from Marguerite's thoughts than the melancholy lot of the king; she has known the ballad from her infancy, and it now comes to her while she is dreaming of Faust.

The emotional quality of Melba's art is in the tones of her voice; for this voice that is as brilliant as a cascade in the sun of high noon, is of a beauty charged with sentiment, alive and vibrant with a woman's hopes, longings, regrets. And this voice was last night the voice of Marguerite.

The performance as a whole was smooth, too smooth. There were moments when it seemed as though an oratorio were in progress, as though would begin in long-drawn recitative, "And the Lord said." Never before have we heard in Boston so careful and precise a performance; never before the orchestra played with such care and finesse under Mr. Lang's direction. The chorus, too, sang with marked respect for dynamic indications. This was all excellent—but it was not Berlioz. The extravagantly romantic spirit, the demoniacal possession—these characteristics were not irresistibly brought out.

Berlioz demanded attention to detail, precision of attack, and all the other elementary necessities of an adequate performance, but he also demanded a flaming soul, a fantastical mind to govern and direct and sweep all before him. The great period of romanticism was over long ago, and we are now tempted to wonder at the "extravagance" of plays by the elder Dumas and Hugo. It is almost impossible for us to explain the influence of Byron over his generation and that which followed. Byron of "Don Juan" and the "Letters," yes; but how could any one have taken "Childe Harold" and "The Corsair" and "Lara" seriously? If any one wishes to hear "The Damnation of Faust" as Berlioz imagined it—and as it is in the score to the highly imaginative reader—he must journey to Paris and hear a performance led by Colonne; for in Paris there are still romanticists.

Yet in its way the performance last night gave pleasure by reason of its incongruous respectability to him that does not feel with Berlioz and for Berlioz. Mr. Gilbert was imbued with the true spirit; he was constantly dramatic without stepping out of the frame of the work; his sustained passages were as many object-lessons; his delivery of the serenade was masterly.

Mr. Van Hoose sang effectively and with much taste, and Mr. Merrill did well in a most unthankful task. The choruses for female voices were sung with a fine quality of tone. The male chorus was too much inclined to be accurately phlegmatic except in the "Amen" fugue, which reminded the singers of the safe and peaceful paths of oratorio.

MR. ROGERS' RECITAL.

Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mr. Arthur Hyde was the accompanist. The programme was as follows:

Victoria.....Carlsdini (1650)
Lasciatemi morire.....Monteverde (1605)
Adelaide.....Beethoven
Wonne der Weimuth.....Fruenz
Ich hab' im Traum Geweiht.....Schumann
Fruehlingsnacht.....Schumann
Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schluem.....Brahms
Invocation to Sleep.....Tschalkowsky
Gesang Weylas.....Hugo Wolf
Morgen.....R. Strauss
Prometheus.....Schubert
Message d'Amour.....Holmes
La Lettre.....Anbert
Prosperie.....Sidney
A Broken Song.....Bruno Huhn
Song of Glennan.....Old Scotch
Ten Ye to Me.....Mrs. Beach

Mr. Rogers has made progress in the art of interpretation. Formerly he had little ability to individualize. He has gained in diversity, as well as in breadth and authority of expression. When he first sang in public thoughts of tone production occupied him. As he became more and more free in this respect, he then began to realize that each song, if it be worth singing, has its own mood, and that this special mood must be reproduced. Now he gains with each appearance.

Yesterday he was especially happy in his delivery of the short but poignant excerpt from Monteverde's old opera, the beautiful song by Strauss, Schumann's "Fruehlingsnacht" and the noble song by Hugo Wolf. He felt too much in "Ich habe im Traum," and the song by Holmes should be gallant rather than mournfully sad. Mr.

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...by tugging at his boot-strap.

THE GEBHARD PIANO RECITAL

An Unconventional Programme Rendered in Steinert Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

AN APPLAUDIVE AUDIENCE PRESENT

Music by Loeffler, Gabriel Faure, Brahms, Beethoven, Chopin, and Mr. Gebhard Himself Performed.

Mr. Heinrich Gebhard gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a warmly applauding audience. The programme was as follows:

Ballade, op. 118, No. 3.....Brahms
First movement from sonata, op. 90 Beethoven
Scherzo, C-sharp minor.....Chopin
"Les Fous".....M. M. L. M.
(Transcribed for piano.)
Pavane.....Faure
Andante (No. 8), from "Pieces Breves".....Faure
Valse Caprice No. 3.....Debussy
Intermezzo.....H. Gebhard
Etude Fantastique.....H. Gebhard
"Hastlose Liebe".....Schubert-Liszt
Rhapsodie No. 8.....Liszt

The programme was delightfully unconventional, even if in some instances expectation was disappointed. Mr. Gebhard did not begin with a disarming movement of an organ piece by Bach, as though he had fast to tradition by choosing a composed among the "B's". Some day a pianist will have the courage to search among the "A's". There are Alkan, Archiboucheff, Asantschewski, whose piano pieces are not in Boston as household words. Or a pianist might make a programme out of pieces written by composers whose names begin with "E". This would exercise his ingenuity.

In the second place, Mr. Gebhard did not hesitate to play a movement from a sonata. Would that quarter clubs and Symphony orchestras could be persuaded to treat chamber music and symphonies with equal irreverence.

The transcription of Mr. Loeffler's song was played here for the first time. The song, which has been heard in concert was published lately. The impressionistic text is by Gustave Kahn, a virtuoso in verbal color and rhythm, and Mr. Loeffler's music is well adapted for transcription. This music would possible gain before an audience if the text were printed on the programme, although it must frankly be said that much of Kahn's verse is unintelligible to Frenchmen who adore clearness and logic as the characteristics of their mother tongue. The pavane by Gabriel Faure has charm of atmosphere and delicacy of grace. There is the mood of by-gone days that sets the same composer's song, "Clair de Lune," apart, a thing of exquisite, unforgotten beauty, though this is true of the pavane in lesser degree. Faure's andante and valse struck us as reminiscent as chessboard music. Mr. Gebhard's own compositions are seriously made, but they, too, at first hearing, seem artful rather than spontaneous, as the precocious speech of a youth who has associated wholly with old and disillusioned men, rather than the frank revelation of fresh and ingenious hopes and aspirations.

Mr. Gebhard played in an interesting manner and often with marked thoughtfulness, as well as with authority and brilliance. His performance of the first group was especially good. It is a pleasure to add that he has added colors to his palette; he is no longer confined to black and white; nor is he constantly and inexorably gray it.

THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Melba Will Sing Two Selections and the Orchestra Will Play Some noteworthy Compositions This Week.

Mme. Melba will sing at the seventh public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon. Her selections are the aria, "Parto, parto," with clarinet obbligato, from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," which was sung at a Symphony concert by Rosa Olitzka some years ago, and Ophelia's mad scene from "Hamlet," which has been sung here by several, among them Christine Nilsson, Clara Louise Kellogg, Sambrici, Calve and Melba herself, who have shone in the air while the sea lily have twinkled. Sembrich created the part of Ophelia in the opera itself.

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will give its first concert of the third season in Jordan Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 18. An orchestra will assist. The programme will include Lotti's "Crucifixus" (eight parts), Vittoria's "O Quam Gloriosum," Corsi's "Adoramus te," Palestrina's "Assumpta est Maria," Bach's cantata, "God's Time Is the Best," "Actus Tragicus," with soloists, orchestra and orchestra. Di Marzio's "So Saith My Fair Loricor," Gibbons' "The Silver Swan," Ravenscroft's "In the Merry Spring," Gabriel Faure's "Madrigal," Gerike's chorus of "Homage," and Lindy's "La Chevauchée du Cid," with baritone solo. The second concert, one of eccle-

siastical music, will be given about the middle of March. No single ticket for either of these concerts will be sold. Subscriptions should be sent to Charles G. Saunders, secretary, 95 Milk street.

The plan of "associate membership" for absorption of all sittings for the season concerts of the Verdi Orchestral Club is likely to become operative. The requisite number of subscriptions has been nearly attained. Its first concert of the series will be Tuesday evening, Dec. 29, at Jordan Hall, Huntington avenue. The remaining concerts will be on or about Feb. 16 and April 20. Miss Adelaide J. Griggs, contralto, and Mr. Dodge, organist, will assist at the first concert.

Mr. Charles E. Clement of Cleveland will give an organ recital in Symphony Hall early in January.

Arrangements have been made for the third concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The date fixed is Sunday evening, Jan. 3, and the arrangements for the subscription sale will be made known at an early date.

The illustrated lectures announced under the direction of Manager Daniel Frohman, by Mrs. Helen Rhodes upon "Parsifal," at the new Lyceum Theatre, in New York, this month, are to be repeated in this city at an early date. These lectures have been given by Mrs. Rhodes with much success in other cities, and are said to describe the Bayreuth production in a faithful and interesting fashion.

Manager L. H. Mudgett has concluded arrangements for George Grossmith to give his new monologue entertainment and his usual budget of humorous songs and sketches in Boston early in the month of January.

FOUR PORTRAITS.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, Richard Platt, Franz von Vecsey and Francis MacMillen. Our Berlin correspondent contributed an interesting sketch of the 10-year old Hungarian violinist, which was published on this page Nov. 8. Born at Budapest, Von Vecsey showed his musical instinct at the age of 4. The boy studied at the Budapest Conservatory, and, although the father, a man of means, has no wish to exploit the child, he allowed him to play in public. At Berlin the boy made a sensation, and not merely as the conventional infant phenomenon.

The Herald published Nov. 22 a laudatory criticism of Mr. Francis MacMillen's first concert in London, Nov. 6, when he played concertos by Bach, Goldmark and Paganini, and a group of small pieces. Mr. MacMillen was born in Marietta, O., Oct. 14, 1885. He studied at Chicago under Bernard Listemann and at the Brussels Conservatory under Cesar Thomson. At Brussels in 1901 he divided the first prize "with the greatest distinction" with Mr. Dethier, and played soon thereafter with marked success.

Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, an English pianist, who will come to the United States in January and remain here the following three months, is the daughter of a landscape painter. At the age of 15 she began to study with Tobias Matthay of the Royal Academy, where she gained five prizes from 1894 to 1897. Her reputation is not confined to London, for in 1900 and 1901 she gave concerts in Berlin and excited more than ordinary discussion.

Richard Platt, pianist, will give his first recital in America next Tuesday evening at Stelner Hall. Mr. Platt was born at St. Louis, Jan. 8, 1877. He studied there with Mrs. Nellie Strong Stevenson, and then went to Berlin, where he studied the piano for several years with Parth and Mme. Stergloff and composition with Heinrich Urban. He made his first appearance in public at Berlin Feb. 20, 1902, when he played, with the assistance of the Philharmonic orchestra, Beethoven's concerto in C minor, Rubinstein's concerto in D, and Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia. He played in London for the first time at a concert of the Amsterdam orchestra (Richard Strauss festival) on June 5, 1903, and he afterward gave a concert in which he introduced some of his own compositions.

BLACKBURN ON BRAHMS.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 13 published this review of Richter's concert given the night before in the Queen's Hall. The programme consisted wholly of works of Brahms. The orchestra was the Halle.

"Mr. Willy Hess was not able to appear, and in his place Sig. Busoni played the pianoforte part in Brahms' concerto for that instrument and orchestra, No. 1 (D minor). Sig. Busoni played with very great distinction and with that peculiar intimacy with the instrument which so largely distinguishes him from even the very great pianists of the present day. The work in question is we are bound to say, in Shakespeare's phrase, one of 'most celebrated dulness.' There is nothing whatever in the work with which one can find any fault; and there is little enough, in all conscience, which incites one to enthusiasm or to those quick and momentary feelings of gladness which gather to the

heart in Tennyson's wonderful phrase. In looking on the happy autumn fields, and thinking of the days that are no more." One realizes, somehow, that Brahms was working, as it were, through a mist; you hear and we do not mean to make any trivial criticism in saying so much) his fog-horn; and, though one may search, one very seldom finds the intimate spirit of him who, from a technical point of view, one is bound to describe as a master. "O, that I knew," runs one of Mendelssohn's finest musical phrases set to these words, "where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence!"

"We confess that, although we fully understand every technical point, every orchestral thought, every melodic passage, every combination of key, every distinction of rhythm, we still maintain that Brahms remains the most extraordinary, though uninspired, composer that the world has ever seen, and we would that we knew where we might find him! Brahms knew everything worth knowing about music; why did he not (and who shall solve this mystery?) put that knowledge to beautiful uses? It is too late to answer the question now, and our judgment can never be altered by any future development. The first symphony, however, which was given at last night's concert is a work which, in its ultimate working out, must always be regarded with reverence and with sympathy. The finale is certainly among the greatest things of what we are used to call 'classical music.' If Brahms had only written like this at all times, if the joy of music had filled his spirit thus, ever, rather than an austere sentiment of art as a permanent soul possession, then there might have been no controversy, no question, no bitterness concerning the position which he may or may not assume in the kingdom of music. It is rather a weary thing to be forever in an attitude of controversy toward the merits of a man like Brahms, who labored so well, who knew so much, and who accomplished so vast an amount of work in his time, but the fact remains that we do not and cannot accept him as one of the great masters of modern musical art. He worked on a splendid scale; he 'nothing common did nor mean' during the whole of his musical career, and we rather suspect that it is largely owing to the weight and importance of his character, his industry, and to the grandiose results of his labor,

that he has been regarded as a master far beyond his natural merits. There we leave the subject. Dr. Richter conducted with great energy and keen insight, but we are bound to say that at times he rather allowed his hand to overwhelm his intention somewhat too noisily."

SUNDY OPINIONS.

Mr. Blackburn wrote apropos of a performance of Brahms' 4th symphony at a Queen's Hall symphony concert Oct. 31: "Much stress has been laid upon Brahms' classical feeling in music by those who admire his industry and the proofs of that industry during a long career. But to our feelings—and we speak the word seriously, not inviting controversy, not desiring to hurt the feelings of any admirer—this music has within it a sentiment of mortality, seeds of death. Tchaikowsky wrote of the grave and of the inevitability of death, of all that is saddest and darkest in human nature and in human destiny, but he did not do it with the kind of flourish which Brahms makes, as though he should say to one that he made a business of the thing rather than a pleasure, even though musical pleasure may be sorrowfully taken. At the same time, Brahms wrote, and particularly in this symphony, most exquisitely specialized work for particular instruments; for example, throughout the whole composition, his feeling for the clarinet belongs to the province of inspired genius; few more beautiful passages have been written for that instrument, in conjunction with the orchestra, than that which Brahms achieved during the time of this composition. Why, then, to take an interrogative attitude, can one, in a perfectly tolerant spirit, at one moment feel that this music is, and the next feel how delightful a sense of instrumentation this composer possessed? The question, indeed, involves a genuine puzzle, and is possibly only soluble on the grounds that he took his creative work in fragments rather than in ensemble. We do not, by that, wish to imply that any general effect was not present to his brain during the writing of this symphony, but rather that particular passages, as interpreted by individual instruments, so attracted the inner spirit of the man that he forgot, far too often, that which the old philosophers called the universal in the 'particular.' In this way we attempt to account for the difference of opinion which exists between ourselves and many interesting writers on music who do not agree with our general feeling toward Brahms."

Donald Francis Tovey gave an orchestral concert at St. James' Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4, at which he produced a new piano concerto of his own. Mr. Tovey's music is guaranteed to produce a sound and refreshing sleep without the aid of drugs, and is, in consequence, strongly recommended by the medical profession to all those who suffer from insomnia. One movement is the dose for an adult, but it should be administered with the greatest care to children, as an overdose might be attended with fatal results. Those who are unable to obtain this admirable and efficacious mixture from their chemists and druggists may like to know that the prescription is one tablespoonful of Brahms to a bucket of water. Care should be taken that neither poetry nor imagination is introduced into the mixture for fear of diminishing the effects.—London correspondent of Musical Courier (New York). Tovey is barely 25 years old and his devotion to classical form "renders him an interesting survival rather than a contemporary composer."

"Lancelot" in the Referee writes of

Emil Sauer's piano sonata played by the composer for the first time in England, Oct. 29: "This is conceived in a romantic vein, and much of the music appears to have been inspired by the exceptional technical dexterity of the composer. He is most serious in the first movement, but in this is the least interesting. The succeeding scherzo seems to have grown out of Herr Sauer's finger-tips, and affords an effective medium for the display of that feathery lightness of touch which is so fascinating a feature of his playing. The intermezzo which follows is musically the most significant of the four movements, and the poetic touches and gentle meditative phrases are decidedly captivating. The finale is a theme and set of variations of spirited and brilliant character which bring the sonata to a timely and brilliant end. The programme also contained two other pieces by the rector, a new concert study entitled 'Au Vol,' which I would recommend to Referees who can play neatly about 500 notes a minute, and a suggestive little composition called 'Proposé Bal,' that savors of the passing delights of the ballroom with fair partners, three suppers, and a conservatory."

Mr. Blackburn heard Willy Scott's piano Theme and Variations in F sharp minor (London, Nov. 4) played by the composer. "We confess that we found the work singularly lacking in inspiration; it reminded us rather of the sort of compositions which Wagner once declared to sound beautiful in dreams, but quite dull in actual performance."

Berlioz is still going strong. Many similar functions are being organized in various centres of musical art, and Europe seems definitely to be awakening to the fact that Berlioz wrote not only grand, but extremely beautiful music. One of the best known musical critics in London some four or five years ago wrote a long article in which he attempted to show that, though a magnificent master of harmony, was incapable of writing a really fine melody. We are changing all that now.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Musical News (London) publishes an account of a discussion about music at a concert congress in Bristol. Sir Walter Parratt said many things: "Was there no part of the service that could be left to unmusical Christians? There was too much intoning, and he would like to hear the confession, creeds and many of the prayers read in the natural voice." Sir Walter continued: "Very few clergy could intone, or even read properly, yet the best readers were nearly all unmusical. He had chased a clerical voice up and down on the organ during the reading of the commandments, and had known the priest to take five notes during that time, four of which were wrong, and the fifth fearfully out of tune." Sir Walter did not encourage strong hope of better things. He feared that the average Englishman had lost the power of joining intelligently in the service, even in his natural voice, and drifted into the dreary drone which was so depressing. Other speakers were more or less hard upon the clergy, one of their number going so far as to say, "If a priest was a thorough master of the subject, by all means let him manage his choir, but, if not, let him not be too free with criticisms and suggestions, which were bound to lead to friction and misunderstanding between himself and the choir and organist." A commentator added: "Most excellent advice, but the clergy are not very likely to follow it. The musically ignorant parson is he who most often undertakes duties that demand an expert. He will not part with any of his power. This is, in part, why the present ambitious forms of musical service are seriously threatened."

Mr. E. A. Baughan of the Daily News (London) rises to remark: "When I speak of the orchestra ensemble as the result of the members of a band continually playing together I would point to the results obtained by Weingartner, Nikisch and Levi with London orchestras, some of them 'scratched' (that is, containing some of the best instrumentalists in the kingdom), after only a few hours' rehearsals. Apart from individual quality of tone and individual skill, an orchestra is just what a conductor likes to make it. A band is ruled by its conductor; a string quartet is a republic with a president. That is the difference."

Here is criticism that is distinctively personal. We quote from the New York Evening Sun: "Then Thibaud retired and his accompanist, Mr. Andre Benoist, had his innings. He was very competent and sure of himself as he seated himself at the piano and gave the instrument the customary preliminary jaw-boxing and licking into shape before he started out on that most uninteresting of all Liszt's compositions, the polonaise in E major. Mr. Benoist played like a nice, new pianola, with a hard, dry, hammering touch, and an utter lack of interpretation that any musical machine might well envy. Being recalled, whether because the audience was of a humorous turn of mind or because he had friends in it, he played Grieg's berceuse in excellent raketime."

Mr. Blackburn says that Bruckner meant a great deal more than he ever could say. "That does not imply that the man had not within him the stuff whereof music is made, but he had not the stuff whereof the best music is made."

The Pall Mall Gazette was much impressed by the performance of a violinist, Irene Penso (Nov. 11). She played Beethoven's concerto, written "not so much for any single violinist as for just a violin player who might, by some strange chance, interpret his thought." Miss Penso was that sort of player, in the first movement she was exquisitely sensitive, without ever being for a moment frivolous; she realized the poetry of the thing, and yet kept a strait and narrow hand upon the significance of the music; she showed, in a word, how the soul of Beethoven gradually developed into that larghetto which is among the greatest things of music. Here the player showed infinite tenderness, especially was this so, if one may descend to technical details (and this may be said of her work

throughout in her first movement with the lowest string and all wherein she demonstrated a full beauty and earnest sentiment in the composition. That Beethoven's extremely difficult task to an interpreter of this concerto is a matter of

general outside knowledge; but it is perhaps, the cadenza which leads into the final movement that tests even the finest of violin players; through this ordeal Miss Penso passed triumphantly, and we have rarely heard the final rondo played with greater spirit and force. Lest such an appreciation may seem by any chance to possess an exaggerated tone, we may remind those who read that the time must come when a new artist of extraordinary talent must enter into the world of music; and it seems to us, that such an artist has been found in Miss Irene Penso. Arensky's concert in E minor (op. 42) she given for the first time in England on this occasion; it is written for violin and orchestra. As a purely musical composition we cannot say that the work is very appealing. It is rather trivial, both in its conception and in its working out; but it gives an excellent opportunity to the solo violinist, and of that opportunity Miss Penso availed herself to the very best opportunity. In Max Bruch's Romance (op. 42) she played with extraordinary tenderness and fineness of feeling. To sum up, we definitely think, indeed we are convinced, that time will prove the truth of our prophecy that in this young violinist we have an artist who will carry on the traditions of that great violin-playing which has been handed down through a series of great names to this present day. We may be wrong, but Miss Penso seems to us to have so much more of the classical feeling in her than her contemporary rivals, and so much less of that spasmodic exuberance which distinguishes so much modern playing, that we cannot but hope that with her fine feeling and her fine technique she may in the future be a real influence in calling back the world of violin playing to the period when beauty was sought for its own sake, and through beautiful avenues of thought, rather than by those bypaths of trick work which have done so much to make the art of the fiddle less of a serious matter than as a means to reach notoriety through intricacies of musical conjuring."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 4 spoke as follows apropos of Richter's concert devoted to works of Berlioz: "It is most interesting to recall the gradual growth in popularity of the greatest French musician who ever lived, and who is as a matter of fact, the father of all modern music. Through his pages you can trace Wagner as easily as you can trace Richard Strauss. It may be perhaps that Berlioz's curious lack of that which is appealingly beautiful in short melodic form has largely tended toward his exclusion from the admiring of the musical amateur; but when you set against this defect, if defect it was, his splendid orchestral coloring, his magnificent instinct for the separate qualities of each instrument of any possible combination of players, when again he thrills you by the masses of sound that are made to contrast, one with the other, then the perfect unity of the whole combination makes you feel that, despite this strange deficiency, he ranks among the mightiest masters of music. Mr. Wakeling Dry, in a curious appreciation which accompanied the programme last night, declares that the orchestra is still in its infancy; after listening to a Berlioz concert, we should very much like to know what the child and grown-up man of orchestra is going to be like; certainly, neither Richard Wagner nor Richard Strauss has outpaced the purely instrumental work of Berlioz. Richter last night was at his extreme best, and provided us with the enjoyment of what can only be called a magnificent concert. His wonderful genius for getting just the right tone from every instrument of his band, his finely poetical sense of ensemble have never in our recollection been so markedly and so significantly shown. It was in the 'King Lear' overture perhaps that he showed himself altogether at his best; he was not at his best certainly in the Hungarian march from 'Le Dammation de Faust.' Here he took the tempo far too slowly, with the consequence that the whole interpretation seemed to lack fire, and that grand impetuosity which created so enormous an enthusiasm when it was played under Berlioz during his famous European tour. The symphony, 'Harold en Italie'—that curious, entrancing, yet weird, work, which sums up the orchestral beliefs and practice of Hector Berlioz—was gloriously played. It came as the fitting termination to a stimulating and as exciting a concert as has fallen within our experience for many a long day."

PERSONAL.

Newspapers of New York are trumpeting the "American debut" of a cellist, Pablo Casals, in that city on Jan. 12. Mr. Casals played in Boston at the Colonia Theatre, Nov. 26, 1901, as a member of the Emma Nevada company.

Crescenzo Buongiorno, the composer of the operas, "Ella Madchenherz," "Das Erntefest," "Michael Angelo," which have been performed in several German cities, died Nov. 7, at Dresden. He was born at Bonito in 1864, and studied at the Naples Conservatory.

The manuscripts of Hugo Wolf, with the exception of the opera "Der Corregidor," have been bought by publishers for \$50,000. When Wolf was alive he was aided by friends so that he might work without listening to the wolf at the door.

Jean Lassalle has been appointed teacher singing at the Paris Conservatory in the place of Crosti.

It is said that Rosenthal, thanks to a special trick of mechanism, can give any pianist 30 measures in advance and yet beat him easily in speed.

Miss Koelling, a coloratura soprano of Chicago, has been engaged for the Bremen Opera House. She made her

llementine de Vere-Saplo will return this country in January after an absence of three years, two of which were spent in Australia.

Ruth Speed, an Englishman, now of Chicago Musical College, made his first appearance in America in Chicago on Jan. 1. Novelties on the programme were Bungert's variations and fugue on original theme, B flat minor, and Al Joon's Humoresque.

Mari Margaritha, an 8-year-old Athenian, appeared in Munich Nov. 22 as pianist and composer.

Paul Schibeli of Finland has nearly completed a violin concerto dedicated to J. V. Burmeister.

Carl Gustaf Sleveking, the pianist who has made dramatic entrances and exits, is giving recitals in the Netherlands.

Mr. John Hollingshead, in a discussion of the great question in London of sic halls vs. theatres, gives a de-
finitive definition of divertissement: Then the big ballets at the old Al-
mbra were saved by the presiding ge-
by the discovery and use of the
word divertissement—meaning
stage spectacle with neither begin-
middle, nor end, and legal in pro-
tion to its want of intelligibility—
a smaller music halls as they did not
al in big ballets, thought that the
arrel did not concern them. They d-
to be taught differently.

The first performance in Germany of
leat's new opera, "Adrienne Lecouv-
ur," was at Hamburg.

This is the plot of a new opera, "De-
ipel" ("The Chapel"), books by De-
ere, music by Jan Block (Antwerp, 1850, 8). A 12-year-old child kneels be-
re a rustic chapel and prays the Vir-
n to heal his mother; he recounts in a
ildish manner his mother's tenderness
ward him, and then he goes away to
ck flowers for an offering. A student,
lnold, and a young woman, Johanna,
ss by. They have run away together,
r their parents had forbidden the
ion. The lovers, penniless and
ngor low drunk, quarrel, threaten
ch other, and Rindold wishes to kill
himself and Johanna will die with him;
at the child returns, makes his offer-
g and prays again for his mother. The
vers listen, and are deeply moved. The
ild rises from prayer; he knows his
other will be cured, and this faith
ames the lovers, who resolve to live
stained by a like faith. As a Belgian
ritic remarks, this is an Impression, not
piece, not an act with exposition, in-
igue, denouement. The subject is es-
entially musical; there are a few em-
assing contingencies, episodes, hor-
eous; the story gives the composer
rein. The music is highly praised
he performance lasts about 40 minutes.

"Le Roi Aveugle," a new lyric legen-
one act, book by Hugues le Roux, mu-
ic by Henry Fevrier, a pupil of Gable,
aure, has been accepted by the Opera
omique, Paris.

Widor's "Pêcheurs de Saint-Jean" will
also be produced at the Opera Comique
his season.

"Phénor," by T. C. Sanborn, will be
played at Strassburg this season. The
omposer was born at Barmen in 1851.
He is professor of theory and music
history at the Strassburg Conservatory.
"Die Kleine Braune," a new operetta
book and music by B. Lvovsky, was
roduced at the Carl Weiss Theatre,
Berlin, Nov. 13. "Musical farce, or even

A ballet in one act, "*Zannetta*," scenario by Mrs. Gedda and Saracco, music by Agnilez, was produced lately at the Opéra, Brussels. The subject is an old man with two lovers, a stern father who rejects to the poor youth a good fairy of a wicked fairy, an attempt to seduce the young man from the path of duty, triumph and reward of virtue, the paternal blessing. The dramatic musical pages are said to be more valuable than the dance tunes.

Marchesi: "Mme. Blanche Marchesi always places me in a critical dilemma. She is a highly intelligent artist, and you feel that her intentions are excellent, whether she is singing German lieder by Franz and Schumann and Cornellius or French songs of passion, such as Godard's 'Lettres d'Amour,' all of which were included in the programme of yesterday's recital. But intention is not sufficient. It is impossible to realize emotion as expressed in music by mere force of will, intellect, or excitement, although these manifestations of inward life are as necessary to the singer as to the actor or orator. There must first of all be the sense, in high development, of musical tone, and then the vocal gifts by which that sense may

When the time came to fulfil the contract Derval refused to leave, her pretence that her voice was bad and that she had a cold. Notwithstanding this she continued appearing in a place without words at the Olympia. Aumonot has sued her, claiming £300 damages on account of her appearing at the Olympia when she ought to have appeared at his establishment. The lawyer appeared at his trial, but she was performing a dumb part and not using her voice. The case was tried yesterday, and the victory was secured by Derval, whose pathetic address to the jury, combined with her irresistible beauty, won for her the sympathy of the court.—The Era (London, Nov. 21).

Mr. Platt is at present apparently a student who has neglected to study himself. The light pieces by Poldini and Schuett were played with plausible grace, but not with the spontaneity of a strong man who has his moods of trifling. In the more serious pieces that followed, there was a little less serious or beguiling quality. The second movement of the sonata, for instance, was read with curious non-appreciation of its character, with discerning temporal, not rhetorical, accentuation. The variations by Mendelssohn admit at least of tonal gradations, of tints and demi-tints, of blends of colors, but they were played without variety of effect. Nor were the pieces by Brahms interpreted with the authority necessary to make them endurable. The performance, on the whole, was such as to lead even the pleasantly disposed to question whether Mr. Platt is now prepared to play in public.

Discussion of the Pianist's Characteristics—The Ne-

Many of the Selections
Accorded Encores—A

Wreath Presented to Leader H. G. Tucker

The Boston Singing Club, Mr. H. G. Tucker conductor, gave the first concert of its third season last evening in Jordan Hall. There was a large audience, although, to quote the lines from Garrett's part-song, sung last evening:

Home is home, however lowly;
O how sweet when storm is rife.

The concert of this society have an intimate and domestic air. Although there were last night a few professional singers on the stage, the chorus had the appearance of men and women fond of singing, and who, no doubt, find as much enjoyment in the rehearsals as in the public performance. Readers of Zola's "Pot Bouille" remember the gatherings at the "Duvevriers", where friends and neighbors led by the hostess-pianist performed with thrilling effect the "Benediction of the Daggers," from "The Huguenots." And yet it has been said that Zola had no sense of humor.

The programme included the 24th Psalm, by Neiphardt, part songs by West, Nevins, Garrett, Lloyd, six ancient folk songs of the Netherlands, arranged by Kremser, Dvorak's Hymn of the Bohemian Farmers, and the Chorus of Bacchantes from Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis," which was loudly applauded, a tardy reparation for the rejection of the statue of the charming Bacchante, which was not allowed to ornament the Court of the Public Library. Yet it must be said that this chorus was sung in a manner that could not possibly bring a blush to the cheek of the young person or a flush to the crown of the bald-headed. These Bacchantes may have been decked with "vine and ivy," but in the mind's eye they wore long skirts carefully weighted and their gestures were as light parlor gymnastics in a fashionable young ladies' school.

No one of the selections calls for comment. The chorus enjoyed singing, the conductor led as though he were enamored of his task, and the audience showed manifestations of pleasure.

A pleasant feature of the evening was the appearance of the Orpheus Musical Society, led by Mr. Carl Kaufmann. The society sang part songs by Herbeck and Silcher. There were encores, and a wreath was presented to the leader.

The second concert of Mr. Tucker's society will be on March 2, when Parry's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," with orchestra, will be performed for the first time in Boston.

Dec 11 1903

MRS. HELEN ALLEN HUNT'S RECITAL

Unusual Programme Rendered in Potter Hall, with
Heinrich Gebhard, Pianist, and Women's Chorus.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY AND HIS WORK.

First Renderings Here of a
Cantata, Songs and a Setting of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" by Him.

Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, assisted by a women's chorus and Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Potter Hall. There was an interested, appreciative audience. The programme was as follows:

"O Choe".....Sterndale Bennett
"One Morn the Milden Sought the Mill"
G. A. Macfarren
"Separation".....P. L. Hillemecher
"L'Heure Exquise".....Raynald Hahn
"La Belle du Roi".....Augusta Holmes
"Romance"....."Fantoche"....."La Cloche"
"Mandoline" (first time).....C. A. Debussy
"La Demoiselle Elue".....C. A. Debussy
Women's chorus, solo voice.
(First time in America.)

The programme was one of peculiar interest. The songs by Bennett and Macfarren are not too well known in these days when the English language is unfashionable in concert halls, and although the songs by Hahn and Holmes are familiar, the Hillemecher brothers are comparative strangers. Paul Hillemecher, born at Paris in 1852 and Prix de Rome in 1876, and Lucien Hillemecher, born at Paris in 1869 and Prix de Rome in 1889, have dwelt and dwell together in musical unity. Whatever they write—operas, incidental stage music, orchestral pieces, songs—all these are signed P. L. Hillemecher; a more singular instance of collaboration than any in literature.

Mrs. Hunt, we understand, has been

suffering from the epidemic now prevailing among singers. Her performance was all the more creditable from the purely technical standpoint. There was much to praise in her interpretation; she often sang with fine appreciation of the composer's intention, and was not content with mere obedience to the indications that may be read and followed by the superficial. Her emotion was genuine and without exaggeration, and she individualized various emotions as well as moods. Here was a concert free from monotony.

The feature of this concert was the introduction of a cantata and songs by Achille Claude Debussy, the most striking musical personage in France today, who, as some insist, is a composer of such originality that future generations will speak of music as before or after Debussy. Born at Saint-Germain-en-Laye Aug. 22, 1862, he studied at the Paris Conservatory the piano with Marmontel-Edward MacDowell was a fellow-student and composition with Guiraud. He took the prix de Rome in 1884. His works are not many in number, and although he was appreciated and lauded by the few, he was not known to the world at large until the production of his lyric drama, "Pelleas et Melisande," at the Opera Comique April 30, 1902. In Boston his string quartet has been played at a Kneisel quartet concert; his exquisite and impressionistic orchestral pastiche, "The Afternoon of a Faun," was produced by Mr. Longy at an Orchestral Club concert, and Mme. Hopekirk played his two Arabesques, an earlier work, and "Pour le Piano," a later set, at her recitals last season.

The songs, "Romance," "La Cloche" and "Mandoline," were composed in the earlier years, and are not characteristic of the Debussy of today. They are fastidiously worked, but they do not have the peculiar distinction or atmosphere of his later songs. The true Debussy was revealed in his six "Ariettes," the "Proses Lyriques," for which he wrote the words; the "Cinq Poemes de Charles Baudelaire," the "Chansons de Bilitis" and the "Fetes Galantes," from which "Fantoche," sung yesterday, was taken. These songs written during the last 15 years are not for all singers, and not for all hearers. To some they will always be as the preaching of the gospel was unto the Greeks—foolishness, but unto them that are called this music will be beauty, power and wisdom. In some of the songs an instrumental idea is opposed to during modulations of a vague melody; in others the instrumental idea is developed and the vocal melody is adapted to it or it is independent. The harmonies are strange and complex. Here is music which to borrow Hazlitt's fine phrase, seems to come from the air and return to it. Some of the songs might be sung by the women of Maeterlinck, gentle and appealing women, made to suffer, they know not why, dream women whose passion in love is quiet, uncomplaining self-sacrifice, women of whom the noisy and remorseless world is not worthy.

"La Demoiselle Elue," a "scene" for soprano, alto, female chorus and orchestra (after Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," translated into French by Gabriel Sarrazin), was sent by Debussy from Rome as his expected contribution, and was looked on with wonder and horror by the orthodox officials. It was first performed at a concert of the Societe Nationale, Paris, early in April, 1893. Julia Robert was the chief singer. It was revived at a Colonne concert at Paris, Dec. 14, 1902, when Mary Garden sang the music of the Damozel and Julie Cahun that of the reciter.

The chorus sings the first verse; the reciter then tells of the Damozel's robe and hair, hair "yellow like ripe corn"; the chorus sings the seventh verse,

"Around her, lovers, newly met
Mid deathless love's acclamings," etc.

The reciter describes the Damozel stooping "out of the circling charm," and the chorus sings the wondrous verse, beginning "The sun was gone now." And now the Damozel pours forth her own complaint, even in Paradise: "I wish that he were come to me." The translator and composer have chosen the 12th, 13th, 14th, 20th, 21st and 22d verses of Rossetti's poem. The chorus describes her gazing and listening. The voice of the Blessed Damozel is heard once more: "All this is when he comes." Again the chorus, and the reciter ends:

"And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept." (I heard her tears.)

But instead of the final parenthesis there is a choral exclamation of the vowel "a."

The substitution of a piano for the orchestra, although the piano arrangement was made by the composer, must necessarily tarnish the beauty of the music and lessen the effect; for the orchestral colors and nuances are here indispensable. This orchestration has been described as of luminous transparency, of aerial fluidity, sonorous grains of dust. The finish of the orchestral detail is marvellously subtle.

Neither this detail nor the whole effect can be reproduced in a translation for the piano, however sympathetically the piano be played, so that it would be unjust to the composer to speak at length concerning the beauties or the possible weaknesses of his work. There is another reason why criticism should be deferred until "The Blessed Damozel" is given in its complete form. Mrs. Hunt is a contralto. Debussy's Damozel is a soprano. The question apropos of the performance of yesterday is not "Were the notes sung?" The question is concerning the natural quality of the tones. Mrs. Hunt's voice—an excellent, sumptuous, effective organ in music suited to it—is not by nature the voice of Rossetti's and Debussy's woman, with her religious naïveté and virginal passion. We do not mean to suggest that contraltos do not go to heaven, for this would be a hard saying; they are no doubt in the angelic chorus; but the Damozel in the paradise of the composer is a clear-voiced, soprano, a so-

piano of pure tones, without somatic or sensuous alloy. The dark-voiced woman inherit the earth in the universe of art, to the soprano, whose tones suggest mysticism, is given the key to the celestial gate.

Yet it may in all fairness be said that the performance was deeply interesting. Mrs. Hunt, who sang music of both reciter and Damozel, sang with feeling, with the appropriate simplicity, with quiet intensity, and with poetic intelligence. The well-trained chorus was effective, and Mr. Gebhard did his best to supply the want of an orchestra. Mrs. Hunt and Mme. Salisbury are to be thanked for the introduction of such an original and fascinating composition.

MR. GILBERT'S FINE CONCERT

Remarkable Display of Diction
and Consummate
Art in Interpretation Displayed.

DEBUT OF MISS SASSOLI, HARPIST.

Enthusiastic Audience
Gathers in Jordan Hall
and Is Richly Repaid by
the Entertainment.

Mr. Charles Gilbert, baritone, assisted by Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist; Miss Llewella Davies, pianist, and Mr. C. K. North, flutist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an enthusiastic audience. The programme was as follows:

Romance for harp, piano and flute.....Overtur
Miss Sassoli, Miss Davies, Mr. North.
Songs.
Stances de Lakme.....G. Pfeiffer
P'laisir d'Amour.....Martini
Jeunes Fillettes.....Wekerlin
Mr. Gilbert.
Nordische ballade for harp.....Poentz
Miss Sassoli.
Songs.
Stances de Lakme.....Delibes
Premiere Danse.....Massenet
Si tu le voulais.....Tosti
Mr. Gilbert.
Harp solo.
Priere.....Hasselmann
Menuet.....Hasselmann
Les Follets.....Hasselmann
Miss Sassoli.
Songs.
Le Reve du Prisonnier.....Rubinstein
Chanson de Gilles.....G. Lemaire
Madrigr.....G. Lemaire
Mr. Gilbert.
Harp solo.
Mandoline.....Parish Alvars
Miss Sassoli.

Mr. Gilbert is deservedly a favorite here as a singing comedian in opera, but he is much more than a buffo singer or an admirable comedian; he is a master of interpretation in songs of sentiment and humor, and when the emotion is more intense, when it rises to nobility or suggests the tragic, the portrayal of this emotion is sincere and authoritative. He amuses in light and mood; his sentiment is never mawkish; he glories in the elegance of his diction; there is true tenderness as well as gallantry in his love-making; there is an indescribable charm in his delicate Italianization.

Not only does this singer entertain his audience; he gives invaluable lessons to the intelligent teacher and student. His vocal art includes, in addition to technical skill, inimitable diction, subtle suggestion and a facial play that is legitimately used to enhance the effect. Although Mr. Gilbert yesterday showed occasionally the results of a cold, his art was never more delightful. It would be an easy task to go through the programme and speak in detail of points deftly made, of opportunities improved, of unexpected effects that were irresistible. The singer has the rare power of presenting to the hearer the portrait of the person to whom the sentiment is attributed, whether it be the naïve Gilles, the prisoner dreaming of liberty, the sympathizer with Lakme, the lover of the 18th century with his passion expressed in the language of the courtier playing at pastoral life, or the modern lover with his amatory rhetoric. It would be difficult to discriminate in admiration of the performance of yesterday. The mood, tender, sad and pleasingly malicious, of "Jeunes Fillettes," the last lines of the stanzas from "Lakme," the final phrases of Tosti's song—these revealed the singer's uncommon skill, but perhaps his greatest triumph was won by the delivery of Massenet's song in which the looker-on sees in the little girl coquettish in the dance the woman with all her love of attention, with all her disturbing charms. "O fillette! O femme!" Mr. Gilbert's delivery of this one line was a flawless flower of sentiment.

Here was indeed an exhibition of rare, polished, sentient art.

Miss Sassoli not only made the harp solos endurable and this is saying much; she actually gave pleasure. The

harp is a picturesque instrument in picture or poem; but the bard with a harp must have been a terrible bore—witness the harper in "Mignon," the minstrel in "Tannhaeuser." There was a time when a young woman used the harp as a means of displaying sculptural arms, and the rapt lover was not concerned if the harp strings were untuned. Was not the song, "Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise," a favorite in negro minstrel shows long after the piano had usurped the place of the other instrument? But now the harp's abiding place is in the orchestra. Yet it would be churlish to deny Miss Sassoli's grace and musical accomplishment, merely to maintain a theory or to confirm a fact.

Both singer and harpist were often recalled, and there were additions to the programme.

LOCAL.

The sale of single tickets for the two performances of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, will open tomorrow at 8:30 o'clock at Symphony Hall and at Schirmer's music store. The solo singers at the performance of Sunday, Dec. 20 (7:30 P. M.), will be Genevieve Clark Wilson, Mrs. Gesca Nichols, Mr. George Hamlin, Mr. Albert Borroff.

The solo singers at the performance Friday, Dec. 25 (7:30 P. M.), will be Mrs. Shanna Cumming, Mrs. Bertia Cushing Child, Mr. Holmes Cowper, Mr. George R. Clark.

There is a peculiar interest in Miss Fogg's concert on Thursday evening. She, as well as her teacher, Mr. Heinrich, is sightless.

Mr. G. A. Randegger will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 25.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give his third piano recital in Steinert Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 2.

The second Arbos quartet concert will be given in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, Dec. 21. The programme will include Mozart's quartet in E flat, Schumann's quartet in A major and Brahms' piano quartet in G minor (Mr. Arthur Whiting pianist).

Mr. Gebhard will play Schumann's quintet with the Kneisel quartet in New York, Dec. 22. Some of Mr. Loeffler's songs will be sung at this concert. Miss Metcalf will be the singer. Mr. Loeffler will play the viola and Mr. Gebhard will be the pianist.

Mr. Maurice Kaufmann, who will give his first violin recital here on Thursday afternoon in Steinert Hall, was born in this country in 1875. He went to Europe to study when he was 11 years old. A pupil of Heermann and Cesar Thomson, he has made his home in Berlin and played exclusively in Germany, France and England for the last four years.

Mrs. Schumann-Helink, who will sing in St. Petersburg after Christmas, will begin her tour in the United States by giving a song recital in Boston, Jan. 26.

Mr. Frank O'Brien, the blind pianist, gave a recital in Worcester, Dec. 3, with marked success.

The date of the third concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston orchestra has been advanced one week, and it will be given at Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, Dec. 27. This change has been made in order to accept the very generous offer of Mme. Melba to appear as the soloist. She has delayed her departure for Europe one week. The programme will be an interesting one. The sale of tickets will open at Symphony Hall next Friday morning.

Genevieve Clark Wilson, the soprano who will sing at the first performance of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn, sang with the same society in "The Creation" March 15, 1899, and then made a favorable impression by voice and by intelligence. Mrs. Gesca Nichols is a Massachusetts woman who returned lately from study in Europe, but she has also studied in Boston. Mr. Hamlin is known to all the music lovers of Boston, and of late years his fame has been enlarged by his masterly interpretation of Richard Strauss' songs. Mr. Borroff comes from Chicago, where he has sung with the Apollo Club. Mr. Cowper, the tenor of the second "Messiah" concert, came from England to settle in Chicago. Miss Cumming, Mrs. Child and Mr. Clarke are well known here.

Manager John Graham is booking for New England Miss Isabel Rosati Caserini and her concert orchestra of 20 young lady harpists from Italy, who will make their first appearance in America Monday at Carnegie Hall, New York. They will be heard in this city the latter part of the month.

A concert will be given by the Boston Philharmonic sextet, assisted by Miss Marie Sundborg, soprano, at the Free Baptist Church, Roxbury, Monday, at 8 P. M.

The programme of the first concert of the Choral Art Society includes interesting modern works, as well as ancient masterpieces. It is a pleasure to find old English writers represented by the side of masters of the Italian, Spanish and German schools. Gabriel Faure, F. J. and Gerike are the modern composers. Faure's madrigal, op. 34, for mixed quartet or chorus, has been described as "fine and tender musical thought in the archaic style, relieved by modernizing intonations." D'Indy's "Ride of the Cid" was originally a song for baritone, which was sung at a concert of the Societe Nationale, Paris, 1871. The composer remodelled it into a song for baritone, chorus and orchestra. The subject is as follows: The Cid of Almondoval goes on horseback to pursue the Moors. Peasants arm and follow him over the country; women encourage the troops as they pass by and salute the glory of the Cid, who slays his war song and disappears on the horizon in the sunshine.

ARTISTIC OBJECTIONS TO SINGERS, AND SOME EXPERIMENTS IN "SPOKEN OPERA."



MAUDE MACGARTNEY,
VIOLINIST.



MARGUERITE
MELVILLE,
PIANIST AND
COMPOSER.



AUGUSTA HOLMES,

Mr. Yeats' Idea of Reciting to an Instrument; Charm and Limitations of the Voice; Tendencies of Modern Composers---Local Concerts---New Operas---Theatre Hats in Spain---Personal.

PIANIST said the other day that he found little pleasure in hearing a singer. "There are so few singers whose intonation is perfect; there are so few who are intelligent interpretation; and I confess that at you call a beautiful voice is nothing to me."

His pianist spoke honestly, without desire to seem original, nor did he wish to stir up argumentative strife. He is a pianist of international reputation, musician of excellent parts. He is distinctively emotional in performance; but he has an intellectual warmth that vitalizes phrases; he has a sure sense of a composition as a complete well rounded idea, and, although is not a colorist, his drawing is flawless, and the few tints he uses are full or effective.

He objected especially to the female singer, and he might borrow the line of Elaine: "This decoration disturbs the musical landscape."

The pianist is perhaps impatient with a singer when it is not absolutely perfect. So Alexander Scarlatti, the composer, told Quanz, the flute player, who visited him, that he could not play wind instruments, they were false. Fortunate pianist! However, you may be, however bronchial, will not be reproached for wandering in the true pitch. The tuner is his faithful friend who makes the rough smooth for him.

A most sensitive and sympathetic poet and master of prose, Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose statements and opinions and fanatics are expressed in words of rare musical beauty and in periods of sweeping or subtle rhythm, also objects to the singer. In an essay written in 1902 Mr. Yeats says:

"I have always known that there was something I disliked about singing, and I naturally dislike print and paper, but now, at last, I understand why, for I have found something better. I have just heard a poem spoken with so delicate a sense of its rhythm, with so perfect a respect for its meaning, that if I were a wise man and could persuade a few people to learn the art I would never open a book of verses again. A friend, who was here a few minutes ago, has sat with a beautiful stringed instrument upon her knee, her fingers passing over the strings, and has spoken to me some verses from Shelley's 'Skylark' and Sir Ector's lamentation over the dead Launcelot out of the 'Morte d'Arthur' and some of my own poems. Wherever the rhythm was most delicate, her art was the most beautiful, and yet, although she sometimes spoke to a little tune, it was never singing, as we sing today, never anything but speech. A singing note, a word chanted as they chant in churches, would have spoiled everything; nor was it reciting, for she spoke to a notation as definite as that of song, using the instrument, which murmured sweetly and faintly, under the spoken sounds, to give her the changing notes. Another speaker could have repeated all her effects, except those which came from her own beautiful voice that would have given her fame if the only art that gives the speaking voice its perfect opportunity were as well known among us as it was known in the ancient world."

And Mr. Yeats says: "Since I was a boy I have always longed to hear poems spoken to a harp, as I imagined Homer to have spoken his, for it is not natural to enjoy an art only when one is by oneself. Whenever one finds a fine verse one wants to read it to somebody, and it would be much less trouble and much pleasanter if we could all listen, friend by friend, lover by beloved. Images used to rise up before me, as I am sure they have arisen before nearly everybody else who cares for poetry, of wild-eyed men speaking harmoniously to murmuring wires while audiences in many-colored robes listened, hushed and excited. Whenever I spoke of my desire to anybody they said I should write for music, but when I heard anything sung, I did not hear the words, or if I did their natural pronunciation was altered, or it was drowned in another music which I did not understand. What was the good of writing a love song if the singer pronounced love 'lo-o-o-o-ove,' or even if he said 'love,' but did not give its exact place and weight in the rhythm?"

The poet then tells of his experiments: "We began to wander through the wood of error; we tried speaking through music in the ordinary way under I know not whose evil influence, until we got to hate the two competing tunes and rhythms that were so often a discord with one another, the tune and rhythm of the verse and the tune and rhythm of the music." He tried quarter-tones and less intervals; at last Mr. Dolmetsch made an instrument half psalter, half lyre, which contains all the

chromatic intervals within the range of the speaking voice, and he taught the poet and his friends to regulate speech by the ordinary musical notes.

"The notation which regulates the general form of the sound leaves it free to add a complexity of dramatic expression from its own incommunicable genius which compensates the lover of speech for the lack of complex musical expression. * * * Even when one is speaking to a single note sounded faintly on the psalter, if one is sufficiently practiced to speak on it without thinking about it, one can get an endless variety of expression. All art is, indeed, a monotony in external things for the sake of an interior variety, a sacrifice of gross effects to subtle effects, an asceticism of the imagination. But this new art, new in modern life, I mean, will have to train its hearers as well as its speakers, for it takes time to surrender gladly the gross efforts one is accustomed to, and one may well find monotony at first where one soon learns to find a variety as incalculable as in the outline of faces or in the expression of eyes."

Here some one might bring forward Mr. Pfrangon-Davies with his theories about "Cantillation," a term applied by him to recitation of poetry with the accompanying commentary of a musical instrument, as the piano. Cantillation, as the term is usually employed, means chanting, intoning, especially that used in synagogues. The Arab's recitation of the Koran is a species of cantillation. But the Welsh baritone's performance was something more than mere intoning. The objection to Mr. Davies' performance is this: The piano accompaniments written for the purpose were so elaborate that they called the attention of the hearer away from the reciter; and the text was then subordinate to the music, or it was ignored.

A singular experiment was made lately in Bremen. A "Sprechoper" was produced at the Opera House. The dialogue and soliloquies were spoken, not sung, while the orchestra supplied the musical thought and expression. The composer of this opera, "Leheswogen," "Billows of Love," is no young and rash enthusiast bent on making the bourgeois sit up. Theodor Gerlach born June 25, 1861, at Dresden, studied with Wuelner. He has composed chamber music, a serenade for string orchestra, choruses, incidental stage music, and an opera in orthodox form, "Matteo Falcone," which was produced at Hanover in 1898, with great success. He has had practical experience as an opera conductor in several German cities. Gerlach chose for the text of this "spoken opera" a series of excerpts from Heine's "North Sea Pictures." It will be remembered that the poet begins one of the latter poems of the second cycle. "Happy the man who has reached the harbor and left behind him the sea and the storm, and now sits warm and quiet in the good Rat-skeller at Bremen." Therefore, it was highly appropriate that the opera should be produced in that city. But Gerlach puts the rhapsodic utterances into the mouth of the poet himself, sick in mind and body, and he makes the poet kill himself in a paroxysm of fever by jumping into the water in the hope of finding his beloved in a city far beneath the waves. The book is described as a series of tableaux vivants with exaggerated dec-

lamation, "amusically illustrated monologue without the slightest stage interest." The musical expression is said to be clear and dramatic. But we are now concerned with the composer's scheme rather than with the manner in which it was carried out. According to report this experiment was a failure. Yet here we find a composer of ability and experience evidently in sympathy with the views of the pianist and Mr. Yeats.

Gerlach's idea is not original with him. Jean Jacques Rousseau attempted in his "Pygmalion," published in 1773, to accompany spoken dialogue with expressive music, and similar attempts were made in Germany in the 18th century, notably by Georg Benda with his "Arl-dine," "Medea" and other melodramas, for melodrama was the term applied to such a form of musical entertainment, and we find the same term applied by Leoncavallo to his "Pagliacci," although in this modern work there are arias, concerted music, choruses, and only the last words of Canio are frankly spoken.

Nor was it so long ago that Sarah Bernhardt announced her belief that the future stage work would be a play with continuous illustrative music, or, perhaps, a pantomime of romantic, classic, heroic or idyllic nature, with continuous music, both decorative and emotional.

There is undoubtedly experimentation in what is loosely known as opera. Wagner founded no school, he left no successor. Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff" are departures in another direction than that blazed by Wagner. Excited by the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana," Massenet wrote "La Navarraise," in which the task of the singer is comparatively slight; the situations, the action are illustrated chiefly by the orchestra, and this little one-act tragedy must be reckoned as on the whole his most original work.

Wormser's "The Prodigal Son" showed us that pantomime might be a perfect form of musical-dramatic art. There was no need of song on the stage; song would have seemed incongruous and disturbing; the absence of speech was a relief; speech would have broken the spell; all the emotions were expressed by face, gesture and the orchestra. Here was art without alloy.

And how is it in the case of "Tosca," which the most acute critic in Paris condemns as "grossly puerile, pretentious or insipid"? We may not liveigh so bitterly as Mr. Jean Marnold against Puccini's opera. Mr. Marnold says: "Mr. Puccini comes to us with baggage that has lost its freshness. A Roman impresario declared lately, when interviewed, 'He is our Massenet.' And, lo, this intrepid man brings us 'Tosca.' Messrs. Sardou and Massenet at once, this would be the resurrection of the dead. Unfortunately there is a report that Michael Angelo, who gloriously attempted this subject, is dead, and one must come from afar to be ignorant of the fact that a last and final judgment has been rendered in the case of such illustrious, but obstinate, shades."

What are the most effective passages in "Tosca"? Not the deliberate arias, at times too deliberate; not the groans of the tortured and the shrieks of the listening Tosca; not the "Te Deum" resounding in the church; but the various transformations and uses of the motive that typifies Scarpia, the madrigal sung by unseen singers and effective because it is in contrast with the tragedy in Scarpia's room, the music that

...can imitate the pantomime of Tosca after she has killed Scarpia, the orchestral music that serves as a prelude to the third act and establishes a mood, perhaps the music ever growing in intensity that accompanies the soldiers who enter to execute Cavaradossi. So far as these effects are concerned, there is no need of speech or song upon the stage.

The pianist's opinion concerning the singer may be narrow and illiberal, but he might well defend his position by producing instances in concert hall and theatre. That he fails to see the ineffable beauty of a voice like that of Melba, as heard here lately in "The Damnation of Faust," when there was no appeal by cascades of bravura to the gapers and the idle delighters in exhibitions of vocal agility or endurance, is perhaps a temperamental deficiency. The human voice may be the most sympathetic, the most irresistible of all instruments. There are singing women whose tones embody the longings, consolations, allurements, mysteries, of their sex. The siren is not merely a legend to be explained in a spirit of scientific analysis by folklorists. There is the voice like "an angel's song that makes the heavens be mute"; and there

is the voice that is the full expression of Walt Whitman's female form:

A divine nimbus exiles from it from head to foot.

It attracts with fierce undeniable attraction! I am drawn by its breath as if I were no more than a helpless vapor—all falls aside but myself and it;

Books, art, religion, time, the visible and solid earth, the atmosphere and the clouds, and what was expected of heaven or feared of hell, are now consumed.

But this voice of the singer is a most delicate instrument, and one of limitations. It is capricious, restive, rebellious. It is most easily untuned. It may be phlegmatic when the woman herself is aflame with dramatic emotion; it may be unmeaningly emotional. And the ultra-modern composers, careless, or ignorant, or intelligently prudent, are now given to regarding this instrument only as one of several or many with which to portray an emotion or fix an impression; or the voice is heard vaguely as in a musical mist. There is more and more speech on the operatic stage, poetic speech, if you prefer; but this speech would be as nothing without the orchestral setting. There seems to be more and more a prejudice against defined melodic thought; not merely the abandonment of recurring phrases, but there is no longer the necessity of an established melodic line or contour. Look over the score of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande," or the later songs of Debussy and Gabriel Faure, or the four songs of Loeffler just published. The final impression left by Mr. Loeffler's "Adieu pour jamais" is not the phrase "Adieu forever"; the last measures for the piano, the few measures of gentle but unutterable sadness with the shifting tonalities, the hopelessness of resignation—these are the measures that haunt the memory when the singer's voice and art are forgotten. And do not the last dozen piano measures of the same composer's "Les Soirs d'automne," the thought of the "Lacrymose" in the "Requiem" tell with more poignance the tragic abandonment of the Lady Bertrade waiting vainly for her knight, while "mocking" lipless laughter flickers in the branches "than would any passionate phrase given to a singer? Yet the singer is indispensable to the song; she enters into the scheme; her voice must be heard; and no instrument, however skilfully played, could atone for her absence.

Thus does the pendulum swing in art. The singer is now tyrannically predominant, now merely a part of a thoughtfully composed ensemble. And it is not unlikely that the disposition of future hearers will be such that the suggestion of what a lyric tragedian might sing in a certain situation, and to the suggestion of the orchestra, may move more through terror or pity than the most intense or pathetic vocal phrase.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Aeolian Orchestral and Pianola Recital. Miss Lucie Tucker, contralto, will sing "O Ma Lyre Immortelle" from Gounod's "Sappho," Chadwick's "O Love and Joy" and "The Northern Days," and R. Strauss' "Serenade," to pianola accompaniment.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Mr. Maurice Kaufmann's first violin recital in Boston. Saint-Saens' concerto in A major; Beethoven's Romance in G major; Romance, Chopin-Wilhelm; Adagio, Boccherini, Pasacaglia, Handel-Thomson; "La Fleurette," Couperin; Sarabande and Tambourin, Leclair; Romance, Goss; Melody, Tschalkowsky; Mazurka, Zarzky.

Porter Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Miss Gladys Perkins Fogg, soprano; Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor; Mr. Milo E. Benedict, pianist. The programme will include Cornelius' "Christmas Cycle" and songs by Bach and Gounod (Mr. Heinrich), song by Meyerbeer, Brahms, Drexler, Rotoli, Delibes, Grieg, Camille, Milo Benedict (Miss Fogg), piano pieces by Handel and Schumann and Benedict.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerike, conductor. Haydn's Symphony in C minor (B. & H. No. 9); Brahms' Concerto for violin (Miss Maud MacCarthy); Ballet Music from Paine's "Azara"; overture to "Tannhauser."

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor (third season). Loti's "Gnecifixus" (eight parts), Vittoria's "O Quam Gloriosum," Cori's "Adoramus te, Christe," Palestrina's "Assumpta est Maria," Bach's "God's time is the best" ("Actus Tragicus," with soloists, orchestra, organ; di Marcenzolo's "So Sait My Fair Lovers"; Gibbons' "The Silver Swan"; Ravenscroft's "In the Merry Spring," and with orchestra Gabriel Faure's "Madrigal," Gerike's "Chorus of Homage" and di Dind's "La Chevauchee du Roi" (with baritone solo).

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eighth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra. Pro-

gramme as on Friday.

THE PORTRAITS.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, violinist, will play Brahms' concerto at the Symphony concert this week. She was born in Ireland in 1884, but she lived at Sydney, N. S. W., until her 9th year, when she went to London to study with Mr. E. Fernandez-Arbo. She made her debut at London May 16, 1894. Her first visit to the United States was during the season of 1898-99, but her first public appearance in Boston was at a Symphony concert Nov. 15, 1902, when she played Brahms' concerto. Afterward she gave a recital.

Miss Marguerite Melville, pianist and composer, is a New York girl, who now lives in Berlin. Our Berlin correspondent writes that Miss Melville is now 23 years old. "As a small girl she played a good deal in America, and gave a recital in Brooklyn before she left to study, supposedly for three years, at Berlin. The late William Steinway was interested in her and allowed her to carry out her plan; but she has already been eight years in Berlin. She studied the piano with Ernst Jedicza and composition with O. B. Boise, now of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore. After Mr. Boise left for the United States, Miss Melville was admitted to the Meisterschule, the musical department of the Royal Academy of Art. She has given four public concerts in Berlin, one with orchestra, when she played Beethoven's concerto in E flat, Saint-Saens' in G minor and Chopin's in F minor. At her first concert she introduced her sonata for violin and piano which received the second prize offered in competition by Henri Marteau. At her concert at the Singakademie last year her piano quintet was played for the first time in public and was warmly praised by critics, who hate the name 'woman composer.' She will play this quintet at Dresden with the Lewinger quartet in April. She played in Breslau Nov. 21, and in January she will go to Athens as the guest of the American minister, there to play by invitation before the royal family."

The portrait of Augusta Holmes is from a photograph taken shortly before her death. The Herald published some time ago the names of the committee for the monument to be erected to her memory in Paris—among them Mme. Adam Rejane, Sarah Bernhardt, Gabriel Faure, Saint-Saens, Massenet. The delegate of this committee in the United States is Mme. Alexander-Marius. Augusta Holmes left a daughter, Mme. Barbusse.

The caricature of Jan Kubelik is one of a series now publishing in the

Weekly Critical Review of Paris. It is by Georges Villa.

PERSONAL.

Belle Cole, the well known contralto, began her first music hall engagement Nov. 30 at Liverpool.

Mr. Carl Venth, a violinist of Brooklyn, tells the public: "As I find it impossible to sell tickets for chamber music concerts in Brooklyn, I have decided to invite the public." A Brooklyn journal adds: "The financial results of Mr. Venth's previous chamber concerts has not been due to their quality. He has associated competent artists with himself, and they have played fine music. The tickets have not sold because the public at large declines to interest itself in any music unless drawn by the name of a famous performer, while the small public that appreciates chamber music is divided between a multiplicity of attractions, musical and otherwise. Amid these distractions it common flocks in crowds where fashion leads it."

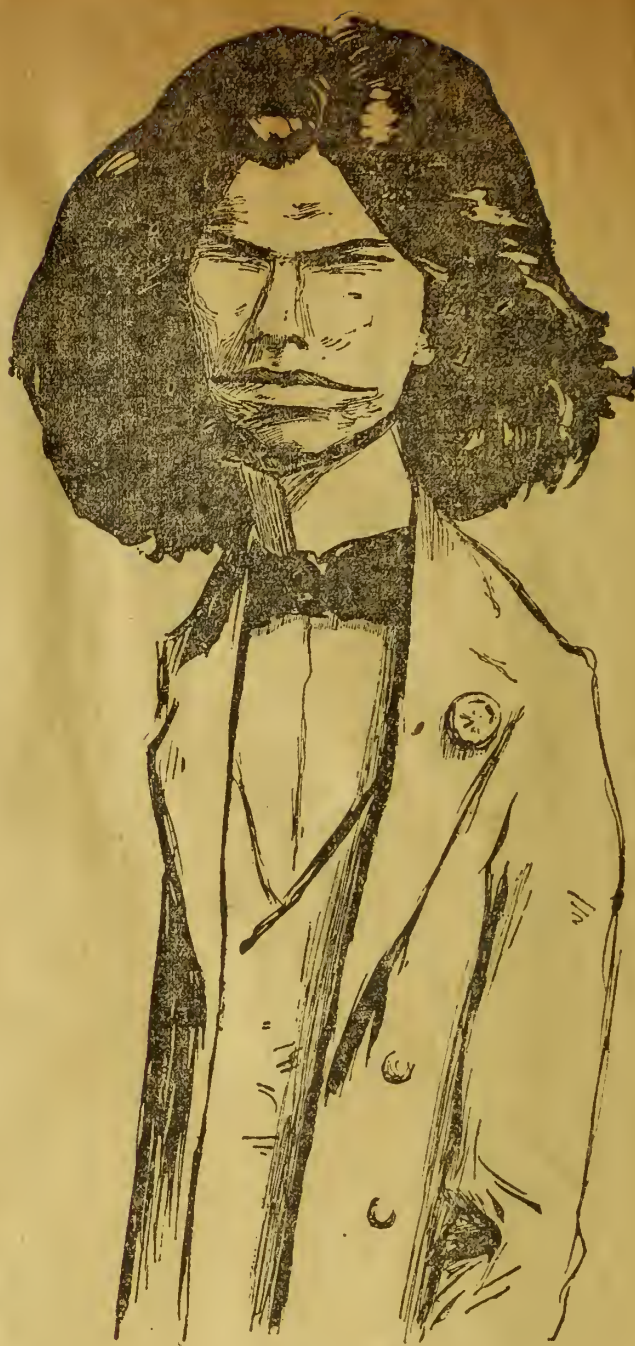
Mme. Szumowska played Saint-Saens' concerto in G minor at a concert of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra at Cleveland Dec. 10.

Mr. George Proctor will play Liszt's concerto No. 1 at a concert of the Chicago orchestra at Chicago Jan. 2.

Mr. C. M. Loeffler's "La Villanelle du Diable" will be produced in Chicago by Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, Jan. 9.

Mr. E. A. Baughan expressed this opinion in the Daily News (London) Nov. 18: "In the discussion opened in the Daily Telegraph on 'Dramatic Criticism' I notice a letter from Mr. L. Rodney Amott, who, in supporting Mr. Courtney's proposed reform of the conditions of dramatic criticism, has a fling as musical journalism. 'A similar state of things,' writes Mr. Amott, 'exists in a large measure in the matter of musical criticism, which many of us [there comes an unkind cut] would like to see improved.' I hardly know what Mr. Amott means. We musical critics do not want more time for the writing of our notices. Concerts are over at a reasonable hour. When a new opera is produced, the Covent Garden authorities invite us to the final rehearsal, but it is of no good for criticism. Certainly we can generally study a score before the production, but I am not sure that is altogether an advantage, for it gives one a preconceived idea of the work which the performance itself generally upsets. I do not believe that any better musical criticism would be written if we had more time for making up our minds. I have written for weeklies and I have written for dailies, and the only difference was that when the time came to write the weekly article my impressions had often faded away. Of course, an article to which one can give several hours will be better as literature, but it does not follow it will also be better as criticism. When a man has a great deal of time to think over his opinions he often gives a wrong idea of the way in which a work of art has impressed him. He has time to let his reasoning powers sway his artistic perceptions, and instead of criticism the result is logic-chopping."

Mr. Baughan says of Ysaye: "No living violinist can be compared with him, and, to be just to the violinists themselves, they would be the first to admit



JAN KUBELIK.

(Cartoon by Georges Villa in Weekly Critical Review)

that fact. He is dead to be, and is, the master of them all. It is, therefore, difficult to account for the comparative indifference of London amateurs toward this supreme artist, and I can only suppose that the long reign of Joachim has had something to do with it."

Mr. Baughan is in the habit of freeing his mind. "No one can regret more than I do that the almighty dollar should have so much influence in the musical world, but vain regrets will not soften adamant facts. I am sorry to say, however, that the musical press, as a whole, is too lenient to the half-baked musicians whose long purse enables them to advertise themselves. During the past season there were several glaring instances of young men and women giving recitals in an environment of importance to which their talent did not entitle them. The long purse created that environment; the critics should have been more severe, and should have demolished the pretensions of the half-baked musicians. On the other hand, I may assure my correspondent that there is still, and will always be, room at the top for musicians of exceptional talent. Concert managers and operatic impresarios spend weary days searching for great talent, for great talent means large sums of money for them."

Alfred Reisenauer, the pianist, will make his first appearance in this country Jan. 29, at New York, with the Philharmonic Society, which will then be led by Victor Herbert.

Marion Weed will appear at the Metropolitan opera house on Friday evening as Elsa for the first time in this country. Edyth Walker will be Ortrud.

THEATRE HATS IN SPAIN.

Spain is not usually regarded as the most go-ahead of countries, neither does the Spaniard appear to be occupying the box seat in the van of modern progress. One of Spain's ablest novelists, Vicente Blasco Ibanez, has even gone so far, in his latest work, published the other day, as to liken his country to a beggar sitting at the church door, a similitude which, despite its exaggeration, has a certain touch of truth about it. Exceptions, however, prove the rule, and, as honest Sancho Panza said, "the hare often gets up where you least expect it. Thus it has come to pass that a hare is bounding away—with the pack of popular excitement in hot pursuit behind it—from a quarter where one would more

naturally have expected to flush a tortoise. The Standard's correspondent at Madrid states that, in consequence of the number of complaints against the size of ladies' hats at the theatres of that capital, the civil governor has issued an order to the effect that hats must be removed. Naturally, the petticoat population of "the only court" in an uproar; the fair Madrilenas vow that they will not submit, and certain leaders of the society which is smart have determined to leave the opera in body on the opening night of the season if the authorities persist in enforcing the new sumptuary law. It is really a little difficult for mere man—at least for man as he is made in lands where he does not twang guitars under ladies' windows, and where the language of the fan is unknown—not to feel a trifle impatient with these "belles dames sans merci," these beautiful egotists who consider that a view of their back hair is a sufficient compensation for a total eclipse of the dramatic stars one has paid to contemplate. The Madrilenas, indeed, has less excuse for her selfishness than her non-Spanish sisters, since immemorial custom has endowed her with the most beautiful of all headgear, the mantilla, of which, whether in black lace or the full dress white, we may well agree with Theophile Gautier that it makes the plainest woman pretty. But as Euripides observed long ago, "the female sex is a strange thing," also surely the Madrilenas would never want to affubler herself with a hat from Paris, as, alas! she too often does. Instead of talking her walks abroad, as thank heaven, the Spanish woman mostly does, in the mantilla—et vera incessat patet dea. Since, however, "woman's will is God's will," it is rather more than likely that the civil governor of Madrid will be a weary man before he has ploughed his lonely furrow to the end.

"Les esprits forts se reconnoissent," and so it comes to pass that the civil governor of Madrid takes a leaf out of the book of Mr. George Alexander, who, though not so far as we are aware, a knight of the Order of Santiago, is nevertheless, the grand master of the St. James', which, in the matter in question, is just as good, not to say better. Like other great reformers, our Alexander is in advance of his age, and if he waits until his courageous example has been universally followed by all theatrical managers, he is not likely to have to sigh for fresh worlds to conquer. For, truth to tell, the abomination of civilization is still seen standing

and she shares the fate of such intense individualities. She has her moods, and one might add her tempers. Perhaps it is a good thing for Sappho's fame that only fragments of her poetry have come down to us.

There were delightful moments yesterday in Beethoven's Andante, in the variations of Schubert, in the first movement of Chopin's sonata. There was sustained and beautiful song; there were thoughtful phrases; there were passages of faultless and glistening bravura. Yet the performance of the more important pieces was not of the high distinction and irresistible authority that distinguish the recitals of Mrs. Zeisler when she is wholly mistress of herself and her art.

There was a small audience. Probably the change in the hour had something to do with this, for 4 o'clock on Saturday is inconvenient to many music lovers. The audience, however, was friendly and at times enthusiastic.

Dec 18, 1903

FIRST RECITAL BY KAUFMANN

A Violinist of Sound Technical and Little Magnetism or Individuality in His Work.

HIS EMOTIONS
NOT CONTAGIOUS

"Christmas" Concert by Miss Fogg and Mr. Heinrich — Miss MacCarthy Plays with Symphony.

Mr. Maurice Kaufmann, violinist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Florence Brown Shepard was the accompanist. The programme was as follows:

Concerto, A major, in one movement..... Saint-Saens
Romance, G major..... Beethoven
Romance..... Chopin-Wilhelm
Adagio..... Boccherini
La Fleur, ou la tendre Nanette..... Couperin
Sarabande et Tambourin..... Leclair
Romance..... Gaos
Melodie..... Tchaikowsky
Mazurka..... Zarzucki

Saint-Saens' violin concerto in A major is numbered in the catalogue of his works as op. 20, and it is called concerto No. 1; yet it was composed after the concerto in C major, which is numbered op. 68. The one in A major was written in 1859 and published in 1868. The one in C major was written in 1858 and published in 1879.

This concerto in A major was first played at Paris by Sarasate (April 4, 1867). It is in one movement, with a melodious episode andante, after which there is a brilliant repetition of the opening figure. Dedicated to Sarasate, the concerto is also known as "Concert-stueck," but it is not to be confounded with the "Concertstueck" op. 62, which was written in 1880. The other pieces on the programme, originally written for the violin or transcribed for that instrument, do not call for comment.

Mr. Kaufmann was born in New York—or, as some say, in Newark, N. J.—in 1878. He went to Europe to study when he was 11 years old; and he was with Hugo Heermann at Frankfurt for some years, and then with Cesar Thomson at Brussels. He has played in several European cities and he made his debut in New York a month or so ago.

There are men that may be characterized as sound and substantial members of the community. They are industrial and high-toned in business relations, irreproachable spouses, judicious fathers. They are prudent and thrifty. They are often men of accurate information. They know the tonnage of warships; they are unerring in matters of geography or history; they are acquainted with useful facts concerning the square of the hypothenuse. Orthodox and excellent citizens! But in conversation they are inclined to be aggressively serious and they have little or no charm of individual opinion or expression, so that they are considered, except by their fellows, as rather wearisome. Your face does not light when you see them coming; you prefer to associate even with dealers in extravagant paradox, with daring riders of hobby-horses; you welcome more heartily quiet men of agreeable personal build, with whom even though they say not a word, you have the Newfoundland dog feeling of comfort and rest in mere association and occasional physical contact. There is no real fault to be found with those earnest men; but you are not drawn toward them, and you prefer the company of those who are brilliantly inaccurate, who are stored with desultory and useless information and glitter in talk, or who are simply human and comparable.

Mr. Kaufmann is a serious violinist, he has evidently studied hard, and

earnestly. He has a well trained left hand, and his technique is well grounded. Yesterday his intonation was not always faultless, but his performance, considered from the standpoint of mechanism, was worthy of serious consideration. He failed, however, to interest the hearer. Here enters the personal equation. It would be unjust to say that he is unmusical; for he phrased intelligently and he was thoroughly acquainted with the organism of the various pieces; he distinguished between the spirit of the ancient composer and that of the modern. No doubt he had his enthusiasms and his emotions, but they were not contagious. In his performance of the concerto he reminded one of Heermann rather than Thomson, for it was massive and concrete, not elegant—yet the chief characteristic of Saint-Saens' virtuosic music is elegance. The brilliance of Mr. Kaufmann's performance was a sombre, not a dazzling brilliance, and his slinging of a melody was not as a personal appeal. All in all, an earnest violinist, who has no direct and persuading message, whose highly respectable attainments do not long hold the attention.

There was an audience of fair size and friendly disposition.

MISS FOGG'S CONCERT.

Miss Gladys Perkins Fogg, soprano; Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, and Mr. Milo Benedict, pianist, gave a "Christmas" concert in Potter Hall last evening. There was an audience of good size which enjoyed the performance of those that took part. The programme included duets, "Thus We Will Wander," by Brahms, and the "Prison Scene," from "Il Trovatore"; Cornelius' "Christmas Cycle," Bach's "O Jesulein Suess," the old Irish "Come, Buy My Nice Fresh Holly," and Gounod's "Nativity," sung by Mr. Heinrich; the "Shadow" air from "Dinorah," Brahms' "Wie Melodien," Drossel's "Violet in the Grassy Field," Grieg's Sunshine song, Milo Benedict's "Under the Rose," Delibes' "Fille de Cadix," Chaminade's "Come, My Own Dear Love," and "Summer," and Rotoli's "Glory to God," sung by Miss Fogg; and pieces by Handel, Schumann and Milo Benedict, played by Mr. Benedict. Dr. Louis Kelterborn was the accompanist.

This concert was of a nature that does not call for analytical criticism. Mr. Heinrich's courage, perseverance, memory and vocal methods have long been familiar to concertgoers in Boston. Miss Fogg has naturally a pleasant voice of light quality. There was evident interest and there was much applause.

SYMPHONY NOTES.

The programme of the eighth public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra this afternoon at Symphony Hall includes Haydn's symphony in C minor, one of the 12 written for the Salomon concerts in London, which was first performed in Boston at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association in 1870; nearly 80 years after it was composed; the Moorish dances from Prof. Paine's opera "Azara," and the overture to "Tannhauser," all more or less familiar pieces. Miss Maud MacCarthy will play with the orchestra Brahms' concerto for the violin. She was born in Ireland, in 1884, but she spent her early years at Sydney, New South Wales. In her ninth year she went to London and studied with Mr. Aros, the present concert master of the Boston orchestra. She made her debut in London in 1894. Her first visit to the United States was during the season of 1898-99. Her first public appearance in Boston was at a Symphony concert, Nov. 15, 1902, when she played Brahms' concerto.

The programme of the concerts next week will include Bargiel's overture, "Medea"; Elgar's "Variations on an Original Theme" (first time here), and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. Mme. Meiba will sing Handel's "Sweet Bird," and Ophelia's Mad Scene from "Hamlet."

Dec 19, 1903

MUSIC OF ITALIAN SCHOOL OF YORE

Choral Art Society Gives Its First Concert of the Season in Jordan Hall Before Large Audience.

BACH'S CANTATA TIRESOME NUMBER

Beautiful Madrigal of Orlando Gibbons a Rare Treat—French Tongue a Detriment, However.

The Choral Art Society of Boston, Mr. Wallace Goodrich conductor, gave the first concert of its third season last night in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows:

"Adoramus Te, Christe"..... Palestrina
"Assumpta Est Maria"..... J. S. Bach
Cantata, "God's Time Is the Best"..... J. S. Bach
"So With My Fair Lovers"..... Marenzio
"The Rose Tree"..... Gibbons
"In the Merry Spring"..... Ravenscroft
Chorus of homage..... Wilhelm Gericke
Madrigal..... Gabriel Faure
"La Cherechee du Cid"..... Vincent d'Indy

The solos in Bach's cantata were sung by Miss Hussey and Messrs. Shirley, Codman and Sargent. The solo in d'Indy's scene was sung by Mr. Codman.

The concerts of this society are of peculiar interest, not because they are in any way "exclusive" or a fashionable whim; but on account of their inherent musical character. Here is a chorus of about 40 carefully chosen singers, to whom it is an object to rehearse, as well as to stand up in performance. They appreciate good music, and help their conductor in every way. Their conductor is a musician of fine and catholic taste; he is in sympathy with the best music both ancient and modern; he is apparently without prejudices and without hobbies; more than this he is an excellent conductor. He is magnetic as well as authoritative.

Such a chorus, under such a conductor, should do much for music in this city. No other chorus now organized here could replace it in the field that it has chosen for activity, and this field is by no means restricted. It would be an interesting experiment for the Choral Art Society to give excerpts from some of the unfamiliar oratorios of Handel, from "The Messiah," for instance, which was so highly valued by the composer.

The programme of last night was well arranged, though some, and we are among them, found Bach's cantata an intolerable weariness to both the flesh and the spirit. It is singular how much nearer the music of the old Italian school is to materialistic moderns than is the angular protestantism of Bach. It is true that the musical speech of the old Italians is a foreign tongue to us; but the vague and shifting or alien tonalities, the harmonies that result from the meetings of independent voice parts—these and the choice or rejection of intervals, according to the practice of the early days, produce effects of mystery and inspire moods of religious contemplation and exaltation that appeal with singular force to hearers in this gross, commercial, materialistic, vulgar age.

It is as though these old composers dreamed celestial dreams and saw angelic visions. We know little or nothing of some of them. There is Giuseppe Corsi, the composer of the wonderful "Adoramus Te." We are told that he was a choirmaster at Rome, and some of his music has come down to us; but our knowledge of him is comprised in the line of a familiar hymn, "He lived—he died." His life may have been disorderly or ascetic, he may have been as daring a scoundrel as Bonvenuto Cellini, but he, however, believed in a special providence watching over him when he was meditating some peculiarly rascally trick. Yet what religious, as well as musical, imagination the man had, and how simple his means of expression! Perhaps this musical speech of faith and adoration was in the air, just as in the Elizabethan age Englishmen wrote and spoke with a brave and brilliant show of words and phrases.

The vagueness and the mysticism of the Italian school, the utter freedom from any taint of sensuousness, earthiness; the absence of the dramatic or rather the theatrical, these qualities by contrast alone appeal to all of today who are weary and sick of the materialism that pervades art of every kind. Or, if there is a recoil in modern music, we find Gabriel Faure, a musician of exquisite taste, writing a Requiem, with the "Dies" irae omitted, as a subject too harsh for polite ears, a Requiem that might be sung for "une petite dame" wept over by her rivals who jostle each other in the church aisles on their anxious way to the sale of the dear departed's dresses, jewels and bric-a-brac.

How little true religious feeling there is in the cantata of Bach! What narrow, rigid formalism in the expression! How heartless or incongruous the music of "Set in order thou shalt die," or of "Thou shalt be with me today in Paradise!" An old Italian would not have attempted a dramatic portrayal of the sentiment; but little by little the voices in counterpoint would have established the mood; they would have reminded the hearer of the meaning of the text until that meaning entered into his heart and brain and he could think no worldly thought. The older music has an atmosphere that is sadly lacking in this cantata which suggests straight, high-backed pews and a painful preacher with a sermon divided into many heads—and with an hour glass turned with inexorable exactness.

Yet it must be said that the older music gains in effort when it is sung in a church associated with solemn and gorgeous ritual. The cantata would there seem as incongruous as a baptismal font in a temple of fire-worshipers. Nor is the monotonous rigidity

of its vocal formalism, with the persistently grout accompaniment, in any way convincing as a mere declaration of grim and cock-sure faith.

It was a rare pleasure to hear the beautiful madrigal of Orlando Gibbons, for there were composers of poetic thought and high imagination in England before Handel Italianized the music of that country and made oratorio pop. Then came Mendelssohn, with his sleek formalism and genteel beginning, and only now is England beginning to recover from the effects of these invaders. There are other old Englishmen well worthy of recognition by this society. The Dialogue by Ravenscroft is in a more common vein. Mr. Gericke's Chorus of Homage, first performed in this city at a Symphony concert in 1886, wins its agreeable sentiment and its flowing melodic thought, was sung effectively, but this cannot be said of Faure's Watteau-like madrigal. In d'Indy's picturesque "Ride of the Cid," the male members of the chorus were without spirit and the women without seductive charm. The fact that the two last com-

positions were sung in French, and that greater number of the singers had had no doubt, for the majority of them, had more assuredly spoken in New England, even though they had been native inflections and bronchial vowels.

The performance of the pieces by Loti, Vittoria, Corsi, Gibbons, Ravenscroft and Gericke was generally excellent, so far as volume, attack, nuance were concerned. Whether the nuance in the older music were always in accordance with tradition might admit of discussion. The music was certainly effective as performed. The motif of Palestrina was not so well interpreted by the chorus. It may also be just said that the body of soprano tone was not so homogeneous and pure as at former concerts. One or two voices that do not blend in so small a chorus.

The audience was of good size and there was much applause. The second concert will be given on Friday, March 11, at a place to be named hereafter.

Dec 20, 1903

MUSIC OF OLD DAYS.

Last night the popular concert at St. James' Hall—one of the series organized by Prof. Johann Kruse—was devoted altogether to the early period of modern musical history in Europe. Mr. Kruse played Tartini's sonata in D major for violin extremely well. Though we cannot at all times approve of the player's artistic attitude toward music, it was impossible on this occasion not to recognize that he had really so far studied the period in question to give serious attention to the music. Artists whose accomplishment and technique were deemed sufficient for a place. He was accompanied on the clavicembalo (otherwise the harpsichord) by Prof. Louis Diemer. There are many very fine moments in Tartini's work and although this manner belongs separately to a period which is now quitted by the more recent creative distinct music—for, of course, art has not yet returned to that period—one may begin with a full acknowledgment of sentiment of beauty which prompts Tartini to the composition of such separate pieces. It persuades one, in feeling that there is no such thing as a lullaby; it is because the actual form of it varies so much with each generation that the modern critic is not content to see the beauty of an old world music as it is clothed in what seems to be more or less familiar terms—a matter for which history is alone responsible, however. In solo pieces for the harpsichord Mr. Diemer showed himself possessed of a most quick and vital touch.

The concert concluded with certain compositions of Rameau written for harpsichord, viola d'amore and viola gamba, played by Prof. Diemer. Van Waetelghem and Jules Fay. The last movement, entitled "La Vierge," which is described on the programme as being in "rather large form," is a really wonderful movement and was extremely well played. "Pantomime," described again somewhat euphemistically as being "in a binary form on an unusually large scale," also went extremely well; the concert, in fact, was one of great singular interest; and it is a vast part of the British musical public to patronize efforts which are so obviously directed toward nothing but elevation and encouragement of what is the most artistic in the records of the music of a past day. It is absurd to pretend, as certain people do pretend, that the increase of orchestral music necessarily implies the increase of beauty in the art of music. With the low instruments at their disposal, the composers of the 18th century, when at the best, wrote music which none need try to compare to music which is merited upon an accumulation of orchestral sound. That is not to deprate the best in modern music; it is to champion the best of a past day.—Daily Gazette, Nov. 17.

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

The music of d'Albert's latest opera, "Tiefland," produced at Prague, is described as a blend of the styles of Wagner and Wagner, "very clever, but deficient in individuality. The story concerns a certain ardent minded shepherd and an ignoble miller's daughter who makes the mistake of carrying with two lovers collaterally instead sequentially. The ardent shepherd thinks he gets the best of it, but, as the case of another miller's daughter whom much has lately been heard 'she was deeper still'."

NEW WORKS.

Cowen's "Indian Rhapsody" was first formed Dec. 19 at Pittsburgh for first time in America.

Bruno Oscar Klein's new suite "cello and orchestra was played for first time at a Philharmonic Society concert (New York) Dec. 19. Mr. Schulz was the cellist. The suite, composed about eight or ten years ago, has just been published.

Lza Lehmann's romantic suite "volia and piano was played in London Nov. 3. It consists of six movements: "First Meeting," "Jealousy and Quarrel" in which the piano threatens reprisals and the violin, vaguely reminding the solo in "Ein Helden" replies dramatically. "Love's Lullaby" (a beautiful little violin solo "Requiem" or "Promiss" and "Rain." The music is bright and superficial sentiment pleases. The piano was the violinist, and Herr E. Hart the pianist.

THE QUESTION OF PROGRAMME SPEECH AND THE ART OF PROGRAMME MAKING.



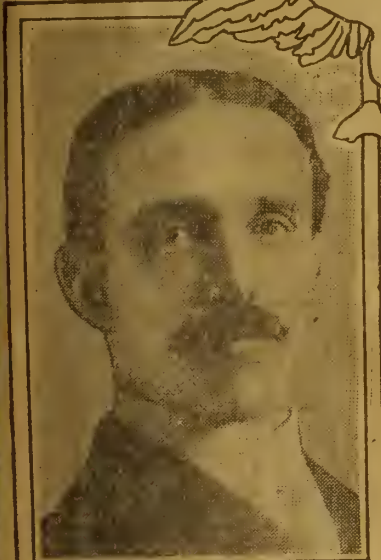
BERTHA
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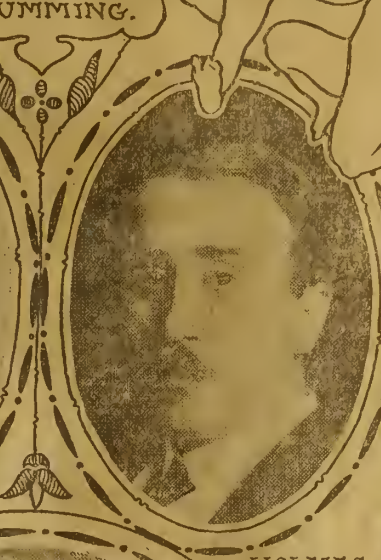
GLESKA
NICHOLS,
ALTO.



ALBERT BORROFF,
BASS.



DR.
GEO. R.
CLARK,
BASS.



HOLMES
GOWPER,
TENOR.



GEORGE HAMLIN,
TENOR.



GENEVIEVE
CLARK WILSON,
SOPRANO.

Handel and Haydn Society
to Give "The Messiah"
Twice This Week; Early
Performances of the
Work—Local Concerts;
New Operas; Personal.

THE music critic of the Referee, (London), who signs his articles "Lancelot," is often amusing as well as pungently sensible in the expression of opinion. In the Referee of Nov. 22 he considered the question of what may be called "programme music." Music has been styled a universal language, but this scarcely justifies the employment of many tongues to dispel ignorance of the music worshipper. Before me as I write a few programmes. On one I find a conglomerate by Strauss and Tausig described as

a 'Valse Caprice, Man lebt nur einmal,' a jarring mixture of French and German. On another Italian and German are rammed together in 'Intermezzo, Wiegengelied, Brahms'; but a really superlative example is 'Praludium und Fuge, a 5 voci in C sharp minor, J. S. Bach.' Here we have a truly international gathering of Latin, German, French, Italian and English in nine words. Of course, this may be symbolic of the universal admiration for Bach's music, but to the ordinary mind it is like describing Windsor Castle as

'Un chateau del re an den Ufern of the Thames.' After all, the principal idea of a recital programme is to tell those of limited knowledge what is being played or sung, and the reciter should be able to do this in one language, at least, for each piece.

"Some improvement is noticeable in the titles of pianoforte music, but amusing polyglot specimens occasionally assault the eye. 'Three morceaux per the pianoforte' might have been all right during the erection of the Tower of Babel, but today it is bewildering. Of

course, in the good old days, when it was necessary (to avoid family vendetta) for the teacher to see that Mrs. Brown's little girl did not have a piece with more flats in it than Mrs. Robinson's child, there was the fascination of the mystic about the word 'morceau' with which the homely term 'piece' could not compete; but we are growing out of this, and English composers might help along comprehension by adopting English instead of foreign titles. 'Fantastic Dance' is just as good as 'Danse Fantastique'; a 'Study' explains itself better to the majority than 'Etude,' and 'Waltz' sounds better on English lips than 'Valse.' If a composer deliberately endeavored to write in the French or German manner he would be justified to a certain degree in terming his piece a 'Morceau' or 'Klavierstuecke,' although he would obviously more surely attain his object by describing his production as a piece in the French or German style, and this might help the imagination of the listener where the music failed. I am persuaded also that British composers would fare better at the hands of amateurs if they added the English equivalents of the ordinary Italian terms for speed and expression. The words 'quickly' and 'slowly' are just as forcible as 'allegro' and 'andante,' and I fancy the composer who wrote the direction 'dying away' would more often be obeyed than he who wrote 'calando.' With the increasing spread of musical knowledge we may look for more widespread understanding of the old Italian terms; but I remember certain examination papers of not so very long ago in which 'andantino' was defined as 'slower than andante,' con moto, as contrary motion; pizzicato, in bits; Signature, the composer's name; con express, with lightning speed; and presto, 'with the loud pedal down,' the last definition manifestly being the result of repeating the Italian word aloud with a pure English pronunciation until 'press toe'

flashed across the candidate's mind as an inspiration of genius."

Just as Schumann was fond of substituting German for Italian words in indication of expression, so Mr. Edward MacDowell prefers English to Italian words. This answer may be made to such experiments: Italian has long been recognized as the universal language for musical indication, just as Latin is the universal language of the Catholic church. Whenever the host is asked for adoration, wherever the Requiem is sung or chanted, wherever the faithful meet at vespers, be the land ever so barbarous, the worshiper recognizes the language of faith, prayer, adoration, consolation, adoration. So the musician of any country understands

the indications of a composer, be he Greek, Jew or Scythian, provided the indications be in Italian.

Yet not long ago a German society that is attempting with the approval and the aid of the Emperor to drive out all foreign words and German words derived from foreign words in modern languages published a pamphlet, a dictionary of musical terms, a remarkable exhibition of intolerable and absurd chauvinism.

It may here be said that the terminology for the use of a music critic in the review of a performance is singularly limited, so far as synonyms are concerned. Think of the long list of nouns of multitude in "The Book of St. Albans":

"A sege of herons and of bitterns; an herd of swans, of cranes and of curlews; a dropping of sheldrakes; a spring of teals, a covert of coots, a gaggle of greese, a padelynge of ducks, a bord or sute of mallards, a muster of peacocks, a nye of pheasants, a bevy of quales, a covey of partridges, a congregation of plovers, a flight of doves, a dule of turkies, a walk of snipes, a fall of woodcocks, a brood of hens, a building of rooks, a murmuration of starlings, an exaltation of larks, a flight of swallows, a host of sparrows, a watch of nightingales, and a charm of goldfinches. A pride of lions, a lepe of leopards; an herd of harts, of buck, and of all sorts of deer, a bevy of roes, a sloth of bears, a singular of boars, a soulder of wild swine, a dryft of tame swine, a route of wolves, a harrass of horses, a rag of colts, a stud of mares, a pace of asses, a haren of mules, a team of oxen, a drove of kine, a flock of sheep, a tribe of goats, a skulk of foxes, a cete of badgers, a riches of martins, a fesvnes of ferrets, a huske or a down of hares, a nest of rabbits, a clowder of cats, a kende of young cats, a shrewdness of apes, and a labor of moles."

So there were separate words for carving the different kinds of game and poultry. Here is a list published in 1698: "Teach that brawn. Lift that swan. Reat that goose. Spoil that hen. Fract that chicken. Sauce that capon. Unbrace that mallard. Unlace that crane. Dismember that heron. Disfigure that peacock. Display that crane. Intach that curlew. Unjoin that bittern. Allay that pheasant. Wing that partridge. Thigh that pigeon. Border that pastry Thigh that woodcock. Break that hare." And how many today "spoil" or "disfigure" a duck!

But a singer sings, and a player plays, whether he fiddle or blow or pound. How many synonyms are there for performance? There is the vile word "rendition," to be used only when a singer or player tears the piece into unrecognizable shreds. A conductor "reads," but this term is not always the synonym of "interprets." He may read anxiously, with his nose in the score. "Delivery" is not a pleasant, nor is it always the one graphic word to apply to a singer's performance. And so terms are borrowed from the vocabulary of another art, or there is otherwise a struggle to escape from verbal bondage. Of course all eulogy may be condensed into the formula once dear to western reporters: "He done nobie and the audience went home well pleased with its evening's entertainment."

Programmes are, in Boston at least, too pompous, fulsome, silly than they used to be. The visiting foreigner is announced as Mrs. or Miss or Mr., although the young Italian harpist who appeared at the Gilbert concert, was a "Signorina." There is, after all, no objection to the use of "Mme." when the singer, as Emma Eames, still keeps her married name, although "Mrs." or, rather, "Miss," from which "Mrs." is derived, was once applied in English to maiden as well as to wife or a divorced woman. The Londoners still speak of Busoni as "M. Busoni," or even as "Herr Busoni," although he is Italian by birth, and in an English town "Mr." should not be offensive to either his personal or artistic pride.

There are some who, in their mad desire to be artistic, describe on a programme a female pianist as a "Fianiste." "Fianiste" is a French word of excellent standing, and it is masculine or feminine, as the case may be. "Fianiste" in French means simply pianist, male or female. There is no such word in English. Nor does "Violoniste" necessarily denote the sex of a fiddler.

There are accompanists who are apparently ashamed of the fact that they are hired to accompany a singer or a player. You find this sentence on the programme: "Mr. Black at the piano"; and as soon as he begins to accompany you realize the fact that he is "at the piano," and land at it. He is not supposed to be an accompanist, but he would be surprised to find him called so, or even to be called an accompanist. He is often against it. Such a place as a pianist in the nobility of an evening. A man or a woman accompanist.

flashed across the candidate's mind as an inspiration of genius."

flashed to now. "The great and only on a programme. Yet there are strange announcements. The first day of this month, in London Mr. Ernest Newlands fiddled in the sight and in the hearing of the public. One of his pieces was an "Air" by Bach. Mr. Newlands made this announcement on the programme: "This well known Air is now played as originally written by the immortal J. Sebastian Bach in his suite in D." No wonder that Mr. Blacksmith was moved to remark: "It would have been well if he had played that same air with some sense of versatility, as a matter of fact, the monotony of his interpretation was extraordinarily persistent."

This same fiddler also announced by the programme that during the performance of a "Slumber Song," "the lights in the hall will be lowered."

This reminds us of the performances of Willis Shelton, "the boy organist," at New Haven during the early seventies. His father would turn the gas off and on during the performance of "The Thunder Storm" to italicise the musical portrayal of lightning flashes, and before some piece with thunderous pedal passages he would tell the audience the number of pedals struck during so many minutes; "and Willis plays in slippers, not in boots."

The programmes of concerts given in Boston from 1850 to 1880 are often amusing. Even when the cynical von Bülow gave a concert in Music Hall, Oct. 25, 1875, the programme contained this astonishing announcement, concerning Tchaikowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor: "The above grand composition of Tchaikowsky's, the most eminent Russian maestro of the present day, completed last April and dedicated by its author to Hans von Bülow, has never been performed. The composer himself never having enjoyed an audition of his masterpiece. To Boston is reserved the honor of its initial representation and the opportunity to impress the first verdict on a work of surpassing musical interest." Columns could be filled with the reprint of curious announcements here in Boston.

There are men and women who delight in the publication of the programme of a second recital—for "recital" is now a more fashionable word than "concert," even when several take part in it—the favorable criticisms on the performance at the first. This disconcerts the poor critics, who are thus forced apparently to stultify themselves or again burst into noisy squeals of joy. "Lancelot" went to Beethoven Hall in London on Nov. 28, where he found "a packed audience sitting and standing at the feet of M. Pachmann and a grand piano." But why "M."? De Pachmann is a Russian, not a Frenchman. Let "Lancelot" tell his story. "The programme informed me that to attend a Pachmann recital is to secure being carried on the wings of imagination to realms of fairy-like delight, and as this was a quotation from a recent criticism of mine in the Referee, I do not see that I am called upon to say more now. It is somewhat alarming, however, on appearing at a recital, to be faced with a criticism you have written on a former performance, but in this instance the wings of imagination were certainly on the platform. If nowhere else, and certainly the audience was delighted."

It is almost as great an art to arrange a programme as it is to sing or play the pieces chosen. Some concert givers are heroically conventional and orthodox. A pianist, for instance, thinks to establish himself as a serious person by playing an arrangement of one of Bach's organ fugues, a sonata by Beethoven, then something of pieces by Chopin, and at last something dashing and brilliant, a couple of tinkling pieces, and a rhapsody by Liszt for a finale. Others strive to be original. They bring forward pieces that are unfamiliar and in an order as though they were pulled from a grab bag. There are singers who insist on a long-winded cycle. Mrs. Elizabeth Hazard gave a concert in New York last month, and the first part of the programme consisted of different musical settings of "Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower." And so a singer might present a programme composed wholly of settings of "The Erl King" or "In questa Tomba." The average singer in Boston chooses a group of old Italian songs, a group of German, a group of French, and then there is homage to local composers; a polyglot programme, and too often poor enunciation in the four languages. The pianist's or singer's programme is generally as conventional and without surprise or originality as a formal dinner of established and approved courses.

Nearly all chamber concerts are too long. They should never last over an hour and a half. Even well trained ears are satisfied with music for an hour and a quarter. Mr. Kneisel's concerts are always too long, though it seems ungracious to say so, for such perfection of ensemble, such beauty and intelligence in the interpretation are not found elsewhere in this country or in Europe. The Symphony concerts are often too long.

The subject of programmes has exercised but certain Germans who are insisting loudly on "concert reform." Mr. Paul Ehlers of Konigsberg expressed his views in a recent number of "Die Musik." He takes for his text Schiller's remark in the preface to "The Bride of Messina": "It is not true, as one generally hears maintained, that the public pulls down art; the artist drags down the public and in all times when art deteriorates it falls by reason of the artist." Ehlers adds the inversion: "It is also not true that the public elevates art."

Ehlers admits that there has been improvement in the character of programme. Variations for the guitar or polkas for the horn are no longer heard in first-class concerts. Yet he cites two recent programmes as tasteless and wholly inartistic.

Quote on piano and wind in "The Marriage of Figaro," songs by Mozart, Lande, Kneisel, etc.; songs by Mozart and Beethoven, songs by Mozart, mezzo by Brahms, ballade by Chopin, aria from Verdi's "Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower," songs by Schubert and Haydn, songs by Mozart and Alabieff, trio for piano and two violin by Bach.

The programme of a Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Les Francs Juges," Berlioz; aria from Gluck's "Alceste"; Chopin's piano concerto in E minor; Mozart's G minor symphony; songs by R. Strauss; Tarentelle, Auber-Liszt; Schubert's overture to "Zauberharfe."

The arrangement of the two programmes is easily seen to be ridiculous; even if there were a desire to present contrasts, the order and the juxtaposition must have killed effect.

According to Ehlers there should be no solo singer or player in an ideal symphony concert. There should surely be no lyric solo piece. After a great orchestral composition, the aesthetic sense of the hearer is disturbed by a piano or violin solo, or by songs with piano accompaniment. Such compositions are necessarily intimate and for a small hall. The performer here appears to a disadvantage. Operatic arias, wrenched from their place, are ineffective and impertinent; and this is especially true of excerpts from Wagner's works. (He adds that orchestral excerpts from Wagner's dramas, such as "Siegfried's Journey," are also out of place at a symphony concert.) The place for arias from operas which are no longer in the theatre repertory is at a vocal concert.

Concertos for piano, violin or cello should not be mixed in a programme with purely orchestral works. The player with his instrument is there too prominent and a disturbing element. Such works should be performed in concerts of a miscellaneous nature. There is this opposition in Paris to piano concertos at symphony concerts. We sympathize with Mr. Ehlers' views; but how many would now subscribe to the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestras if they were purely orchestral? Are there not many—do not the majority attend these concerts in hope of hearing and seeing a line of virtuoso, male and female, after their kind? There should be no objection, Mr. Ehlers remarks, to such works as Mahler's Second Symphony, Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" or Strauss' "Don Quixote," although in the first a singer sings a whole movement, in the second a viola, and in the third a cello appears as a solo instrument; but these solos are integral portions, they are not the main purpose of the composition.

Programmes arranged to show the development of the symphony, and in fact "historical programmes," educational programmes, are for the music school rather than the concert room.

It is nonsense as regards style to make a programme out of works by Mozart and Richard Strauss; or to include works by Bach, Saint-Saens and Wagner in the same programme." For the musical natures of these composers are so different that they cannot be thus put together. Nor do Bach and Mozart go well together. "Each, in spite of his severe style, was an anachronism," and he is more at ease with Beethoven or Wagner than with Mozart, the "master of the rococo."

The programme should always be a crescendo of interest and emotion. This may come from "the musical and melodic contents" of the music, or through the means of outward expression.

It is a good thing to give concerts devoted to the works of one composer; or contrasts may be made, as by giving in the same concert Symphonies by Brahms and Bruckner; the natural antagonism would here give piquancy. The concerts should not be too long, but there should be a pause between any two pieces, so that the hearer can recover from the first and be prepared for the second. Such a mighty

work as Beethoven's Ninth Symphony should stand alone on a programme.

Nor in the reverence paid the older masters should there be any lack of sympathy for the composers now living and striving.

Such, in brief, are the views of Mr. Ehlers. It is easy to protest against some of them, as against a series of concerts in which only one composer is represented at a time; for the way monotony with consequent boredom lies; but there is much that deserves thoughtful consideration.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Handel's "The Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society (189th season); Mr. Molander, conductor; Mr. Tucker, organist. Solo quartet, Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, Mrs. Gliscia Nichols, Mr. George Hamilton, Mr. Albert Barroff.

MONDAY, Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Arbos Quartet; Mozart, Quartet in B flat; Schumann, Quartet in A major; Beethoven, Piano Quartet in C minor (Mr. Arthur Whiffles, pianist).

TUESDAY, Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the Adamowski Quartet; Suk's Quartet in B flat major, op. 11 (first time); Nos. 1 and 4 from Glazounoff's 5 Novelettes for Quartet; Schubert's Quartet in A minor.

South Boston High School, P. M. Concert of the Music Department of the City of Boston; Mr. A. M. Krauch, leader of the orchestra; Orchestral pieces by Mascagni, Waldteufel, Brahms, Leocq, Matt, Boieldieu, Mr. Hobbs will sing songs by Brana, Mendelssohn, Pessard, Mr. Porter will play Dvorak's "Aie Yarie" for cello.

THURSDAY, Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. P. M. Philharmonic rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Gerike, conductor. Overture, "Médée," Bargeit; "Sweet Bird," from Handel's "L'Allegro, etc."; "Symphonie Variations on an Original Theme." Chorus (first time); Opella's "Mad Scene" from Thomas's "Samson"; Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, Mme. Melba, soloist.

FRIDAY, Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Handel's "The Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. Solo quartet: Mrs. Shanna Cunningham, Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, Mr. Holmes Cowper, Mr. George H. Clark.

SATURDAY, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Thursday afternoon.

LOCAL.

The programme of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gerike, conductor, in Symphony Hall, on Sunday evening, Dec. 27, will be as follows: Overture, "Mignon"; aria, "Ah! fors'è lui" (Mme. Melba); nocturne and scherzo from Mendelssohn's music to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Widor's "Choral and Variations" for harp and orchestra (Miss Sassoli harpist); variations from Debussy's "Clair de lune"; waltz from "Roméo and Juliet" (Mme. Melba); variations from Tchaikowsky's suite No. 3, and an overture to be announced.

The programme of the fourth concert of the Kneisel quartet in Potter Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 29, will be as follows: Dittersdorf's quartet in E flat major; Bach's concerto for two violins with string accompaniment; Goldmark's suite in E major, and Svenden's octet for four violins, two violas and two cellos. Messrs. Buonomini, Keller, Kraft, Moldauer and Zach will assist.

Mr. Bauer will give his third piano recital in Steiart Hall, Saturday, Jan. 2, at 3 P. M. He will play Beethoven's variations in C minor and rondo in G on 129; Chopin's sonata in B flat minor; Schumann's "Kreisleriana"; Brahms' Intermezzo, op. 117, No. 1; Mendelssohn's "Capriccio" in F minor; Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody No. 13.

Mr. Charles E. Clemens of Cleveland, organist, will give a recital in Symphony Hall, Thursday evening, Jan. 7.

Augusto R. Tull's festival mass will be given Christmas morning at St. James Church with an enlarged chorus. The composer will conduct.

Cesar Franck's "Messe Solennelle" will be performed at St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, under the direction of Mr. James McLaughlin, Jr., Christmas morning.

Joseph's Suk's quartet in B flat major will be played for the first time in Boston by the Adamowski quartet next Tuesday evening at Jordan Hall. The composer is a member of the celebrated Bohemian quartet, and an orchestra suite from incidental music by him for a Czech play has been performed here at a Symphony concert. Mr. Adamowski's programme also includes two novelties by Glazounoff and one of Schubert's most beautiful chamber works.

PERSONAL.

There will be an "Elgar Festival" March 14, 15 and 16 at the Coyote Garden Theatre, London. This should surprise no one. Is there not a "complete definite edition" of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's in the market while that light house builder, story teller, painter, lecturer, genial is still alive?

The ingenious critic of the New York Evening Sun enjoyed a performance of "La Traviata" at the Metropolitan.

"Miss Jacoby was an ample and amazing Flora. Mme. Bauermeister answered the roll call clearly as Annina. Mr. Dipol broke his heart and tore his lac-pantaloettes as Alfredo, and Mr. Campanari, carefully made up (apparently as Mr. Russell Sage in black velvet all fine linen, was paternally downcast as Giorgio Germont."

Mr. Max Heinrich will produce at his song recital in Chicago Jan. 31 Poe's "Raven," melodramatically set to music by himself.

It was said yesterday that Mr. Corried had engaged Jean de Reszke for the remainder of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Corried denied this to a Sun reporter last night.

"It is true that the representative of M. de Reszke called to see me," I said, "but I refused to engage M. de Reszke for the same reason that I refused last summer. He insists that he also engage Edouard de Reszke, for whom I have no use. I have Plancon, Journet, Klopfer and Blass. Why should I engage another basso for performances at \$500?"

"I expect it to, I will have accomplished a great deal for the future of opera in this country. I did not engage Jean de Reszke. He is not singing. I did not engage Edouard de Reszke and he is no singing. The same is true of Mme. Eames and Nordica."

"That shows how important to these singers the Metropolitan Opera House is. I am willing to pay the great artists any reasonable price. But I will not accede to impossible demands on conditions. After this year it will be necessary for any impresario to do that."—New York Sun, Dec. 15.

Calve will sail from Havre on Jan. 16. Akte will be in New York on Feb. 1.

Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child of Boston will sing the solo contralto part in the performance of "Elijah" to be given by the Choral Society of Washington Sunday evening, April 10, Mr. de Koven conductor.

Ternina says of her sickness: "A year ago I suffered greatly from neuralgia and underwent, while in Munich, treatment by alcohol injections of the facial nerve affected. The treatment was too strong, and resulted in paralysis of one side of my face. I was ill for eight months. It was a terrible experience. But by electricity and he began so that I was able to sing as easily as I ever did, in Covent Garden in London, last spring. I have not been troubled with it at all since, and never felt better than I do now."

Spambati has been in Russia as composer, conductor and pianist.

Henschel's "Requiem" will be performed at The Hague in January.

Marie Brema is singing again in concerts in London.

"Miss Lindsay," Julie Lillie, an American soprano, born at Paris, made her first appearance at the Paris Opera Dec. 4 as Constance in a revival of Mozart's "Escape from the Seraglio." "She sang with great charm and a very pure tone."

The Herald published her portrait in the issue of Nov. 25. Miss Verlet made her first appearance at the Opera as Rosine in the same work.

part of the late Joseph Gannele Rhelmerer, who thought in the unpunctuated and conversed in Jargon, that the music of Liszt gave him inward uneasiness, and wherever a piece by the Hungarian Abbe was on a programme, the eminent teacher of the Royal Music School at Munich withdrew from the hall during the performance to show publicly his disapproval and detestation. His conduct was thus somewhat ostentatious, and it disturbed the audience unless he happened to be in an end seat near a friendly door. It is said of Mr. H. T. Finck, the music critic of the New York Evening Post, that he tries to forget Brahms and all his works by reading some book by Hegel or Schopenhauer during the performance of music by his heart's abhorrence.

Mr. Finck's course is by far the more philosophical; he disturbs no one, and however abstruse the page, there is nothing in the music to divert his attention. To place red lights near certain doors of Symphony Hall with a legend on the wall: "This way out in case of Brahms," might offend some in the audience. It is much better to allow the discontented the liberty of self-improvement by reading. Not a news-

paper that may flap or crackle; not a magazine the pages of which must be cut; but some discreetly-sized book that may be drawn from the pocket and easily held. "Molinos the Quietist," or the famous treatise "De Consolatione," or "The Gentle Life" would admirably suit the purpose; or a pocket chessboard with card chessmen might wile away the hour. Still better would be the importation of the drug described in "Realmah," which enabled the swallower to enjoy deep sleep with open eyes and a facial expression of intelligence.

The performance of the orchestra was of a high order of merit. The symphony and the overture themselves do not call for comment. It is not necessary to characterize the composer of the symphony as "Father Haydn," and allusions to "the well known geniality and sunny disposition of the father of the symphony" may well be spared.

"THE MESSIAH" FOR 108TH TIME

Opening Concert of 89th
Season of Handel and
Haydn Society — Large
Audience Present.

EXCELLENT WORK BY THE CHORUS

Organ Gave Out Early in
the Evening and Singers
Had to Do Without It for
a While.

"The Messiah" was performed last night by the Handel and Haydn Society for the 108th time. The concert was the first of the 89th season, and the 740th in the history of the society. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted and Mr. Tucker was the organist. Mr. Roth was the concert master of an orchestra composed of Boston Symphony players, and Mr. Kloeppel was the solo trumpeter. The solo singers were Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, Mrs. Glescia Nichols, Mr. George Hamlin and Mr. Albert Borroff. In spite of the storm there was a large audience.

There are some things in the history of the world that we all should like to have seen and heard through sheer curiosity. Some would fain have seen the building of the Egyptian temples and pyramids, and others the face of Helen of Troy. Each one of us, if honesty should prevail over discretion, could draw up a list that might seem strange or wholly inexplicable to his fellows. A member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might well be pardoned for curiosity concerning Nero's manners in conversation, or for interest in the precise working of the Nuremberg Virgin, the rack, and the hideous punishments invented by the early Persians.

The play-actor would surely like to have seen Garrick, if only to confirm his suspicion that David today would have trouble in securing a first-class engagement. Musicians and antiquarians in music would like to have heard Farnelli sing, Paganini fiddle, Bach play the organ and Chopin the piano; and they would go far to hear "The Messiah" performed exactly as it was performed in Dublin, for the first time, and under the direction of Handel.

Traditions and expert witnesses are doubtful authorities. Conductors who studied with Wagner and conducted his works while he was alive differ singularly in matters of interpretation, tempi, nuances, phrasing, and yet each one honestly believes that he conducts as Wagner wished it. And Wagner has been dead only 20 years. Of what worth are the Handelian traditions? We may be sure of this: that the solos in his oratorios were sung for the most part in the grand operatic style as it was then understood, and we know that it was the custom to introduce elaborate cadenzas even in such an aria as "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." Oration was not taken so seriously in the days when women in London and Dublin wore enormous hoops and men went with swords into concert halls. A performance of an oratorio by Handel was a more or less fashionable amusement, not a religious function.

For all the speculation and the researches, we know very little about the nature of the performances. We do not know whether in Handel's time the choruses were roared lustily from beginning to end. It seems incredible that they should have thus been sung, and it does not seem probable that "For unto us a child is born" was begun softly that there might be a long crescendo, or that such words as "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" were sung with the full strength of the company. It is most unlikely that the recitatives were taken at the slow pace that is now held to be necessarily sacred, nor can we imagine a soprano under Handel's direction waxing emotional over the words "in the city of David" — a plain statement of fact.

The choral performance last night was excellent in many ways. There was accuracy and there was life; there was impressive volume and there was fluency. This fluency occasionally came dangerously near flippancy, as in the first measures of "His yoke is easy," where the phrase was tossed off, as though the chorus thought inwardly, "Just see how easy it is." But as a whole, the performance was unusually good even for the society under Mr. Mollenhauer; in fact, it was perhaps better than any performance of "The Messiah" during the last dozen years.

This great work is given too often. We are all too familiar with it to appreciate it fully; and such familiarity is bad for chorus as well as for audience. One great reason for the success of "Parsifal" has been the necessity of the pilgrimage to Bayreuth at stated times. Let the hearing of "Parsifal" be made as easy as that of "The Huguenots" or "Faust," and how long would the work of Wagner's old age remain in an opera house repertory? If "The Messiah" were performed here only once in five or six years and the prices of admission were then raised, it might be possible for lecturers to turn an honest penny by explanations of its esoteric meaning.

Genevieve Clark Wilson was known as Mrs. Wilson when she first sang here with the Handel and Haydn, and although her home is in Chicago, she is still "Mrs.," even if the venerable society has seen fit to announce her this season as "Miss." Mrs. Glescia Nichols has been known to some as Katherine Austin. Mr. Hamlin's musical intelligence and skill have been appreciated here. Mr. Borroff made his first appearance in Boston. Mrs. Wilson has a pure soprano voice; it is pure, but not colorless; and it is well suited to sustained melody or to passages of bravura. She sang generally with taste and effect. She was least successful in "Rejoice Greatly," in this aria there were traces of effort, and the cadence of the phrase was occasionally hurried, and neither clean-cut nor authoritative.

Mrs. Nichols has a true alto voice, of severely sombre rather than rich and warm quality; a voice that grows more and more impressive after the hearer becomes accustomed to the peculiar timbre. In "O thou that tellest" her rhythm was more than once faulty, but fine appreciation of rhythm is not a distinguishing characteristic of the noble army of altos. She sang "He was despised and rejected" without the customary display of rank sentimentalism, and for this alone she deserved the hearty applause which she received. She does not appear to be an emotional singer; as a rule she was rather matter-of-fact in all her work.

Mr. Hamlin sang with his customary intelligence and artistic discretion. In the bravura passages his control of breath was admirable. In that most beautiful recitative, "Comfort Ye My People" and in the air that follows, the accompaniment was too much in evidence. Mr. Borroff has a light voice, which was often poorly suited to the dignity of the music allotted to him. He was naturally more successful in passages of volubility than in "For Behold Darkness" or in the superb sentence, "The Kings of the Earth Rise Up," one of the noblest and most imaginative musical thoughts of Handel. As sung by Mr. Borroff, this sentence was stately and noble only in the music itself as it stands on the page. The audience was generous with applause, and several choruses were applauded with special heartiness.

The organ early in the first part of the oratorio clobbered, and its use was abandoned for a time. The performance suffered little thereby. The organist is tempted by the size of the instrument to drown chorus and orchestra in sonorous waves. The absence of the organ made the work of the chorus still more effective as well as commendable.

"The Messiah" will be repeated Christmas night, with Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Child, Messrs. Cowper and Clark as the solo singers.

ARBOS QUARTET'S SECOND CONCERT

A Programme of Familiar
Pieces Given Before an
Applaudive Audience at
Jordan Hall.

The Arbos quartet gave its second concert last evening in Jordan Hall. Mr. Arthur Whiting was the pianist. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in E flat major, op. 41, No. 3, Schumann
Piano quartet in G minor, op. 25, Brahms
These pieces are all familiar to lovers of chamber music. The programme might have gained in effect if the quartet by Schumann had come first and the quartet by Mozart last, for the transition from Mozart to Schumann is abrupt while the contrast between

Brahms and Mozart is so marked that it is refreshing. As The Herald said the other day, chamber music by Mozart is the extreme finish of the rococo. Take the quartet played last night, one of the six dedicated to Haydn. It is frankly decorative. There is little true emotion; there is not one poignant phrase; the music is skillfully put together, but the untrilled spirit and the calmness of the formulas that at the time excited opposition, are now more irritating to the nerves than are the fret and fury of modern intensity.

Mozart and his contemporaries knew vexation and want, or they ate and drank gayly and loved and suffered, but they were not autobiographical in music, which was to them an art apart from personal experience. The moment Schumann's music is played we hear the disclosures of a fellow mortal; he confides to us his moods and emotions, and his music is a human document. The same is true of Brahms in his own peculiar way. After an hour of such close communion, the purely absolute music of Mozart comes as a relief, if there is to be any music at all.

The differentiation of the chamber pieces was well observed by Mr. Arbos and his comrades and made clear even to the indifferent hearer. The frankness of Mozart was in strong opposition to the imaginative flight of Schumann and the introspection of Brahms. In other words, the appropriate mood was established in each instance, and the performance was much more than an endeavor to maintain a smooth and accurate ensemble; there was interpretation. It may also be said that the ensemble was better proportioned than at the first concert, which was naturally to be expected.

Whenever, in these days, the name of Mr. Whiting appears on a programme, it is safe to assume that he will play music by Brahms or by Mr. Arthur Whiting. To these composers he devotes his technique and intelligence, and it is only just to add that his devotion to Brahms is greater than his prejudice in favor of his own compositions. His devotion to Brahms is equalled in the history of the world only by the mutual regard of Mr. and Mrs. Alcazar. Yet it is not surprising that a pianist, as a physician, in these days should prefer to be a specialist, and, no doubt, there should be Brahms specialists in the economy of nature, as well as specialists for the left ear or for diseases of the stomach.

Mr. Whiting played last evening in a spirit of intelligent dissection rather than with fine frenzy, for clearness of exposition and a calm and judicious weighing of values appeal to him more than imaginative expression and the free use of tonal colors. And thus, with the assistance of the quartet, he gave a scholarly performance.

There was an applaudive audience of good size.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Adamowski Quartet Ap-
pears Before Large and
Appreciative Audience in
Jordan Hall.

The Adamowski Quartet (Messrs. T. Adamowski, Moldauer, Zach and J. Adamowski) gave its first concert this season last night at Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in B flat major, op. 11 (first time), Suk
Nos. 3 and 2 from five novelles for
quartet, op. 15, Glazounoff
Quartet in A minor, op. 28, Schubert

Josef Suk's quartet was played in Boston for the first time. The composer, a Bohemian horn in 1874, was a pupil at the Prague Conservatory, where he studied composition under Dvorak, who later became his father-in-law. Suk has been the second violinist of the famous Bohemian string quartet since it was established, but he has found time to write serious compositions. His suite, "A Fairy Tale," was played here at a Symphony concert Nov. 29, 1902, and this piece and his symphony in E major and piano quartet in A minor have been played in New York. He has also written overtures, one to Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," a serenade for strings, and pieces of less importance.

The quartet is in four movements. The themes of the first, an allegro moderato, are characteristically Bohemian in spirit and are fresh and attractive. There are various interesting presentations of these themes rather than rigid or thoughtless passages there is more than once too evident endeavor. An intermezzo in the manner of a march is piquant and not too long. The adagio is the most ambitious movement of the four in the expression of emotion. There is true feeling which rises at times to a high pitch of intensity in rhapsodic form. The finale, allegro giocoso, is more conventionally Bohemian, yet it is more than perfunctorily national. The work as a whole is spontaneous and entertaining, and the pupil shows himself to be something more than the copyist of his master, for he has both his own voice and his own manner of expression. With the exception of the adagio, the music is light, but it is neither frivolous nor vulgar. Written for the Bohemian quartet, it was played sympathetically

cally and with much spirit by the Adamowskis.

The "Interludium in modo antico" and the "Oriental" from Glazounoff's "Novelles" were announced on the programme as played for the first time. But did not Mr. Adamowski introduce the five "Novelles" at his concert in Association Hall Nov. 23, 1899? It is our impression that he did, and that the two pieces played last night were the most conspicuous of the set five years ago. Of the two, the Oriental is the more attractive, and, indeed, it has a certain charm, but neither of the pieces will enlarge the reputation of the composer—whose reputation will rest on his more important orchestral works. How long this reputation will rest remains to be seen. A man of indisputable talent in counterpoint and in orchestral speech, Glazounoff has written too much and too hurriedly. Facility is as fatal a gift as beauty.

A familiar quartet by Schubert completed the programme. Mr. Adamowski and his comrades appeared to better advantage in the pieces by Suk and Glazounoff, which demand dash and a certain virtuoso brilliance, while in the perfect interpretation of Schubert's music there must be authoritative repose, infinite taste in subtle gradations of tone and constant euphony.

All in all, a pleasant concert. Mr. Adamowski almost always brings out a new work worth hearing, and the quartet plays with an enthusiasm that is often contagious. The audience showed its appreciation, and there were recalls.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Handel and Haydn will repeat the performance of "The Messiah" on Christmas night. The solo quartet will be Mrs. Shanna Cumming, Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, Mr. Holmes Cowper, Dr. George R. Clark. The performance will begin at 7:30. Tickets may be obtained at Symphony Hall and at Schirmer's music store.

Tickets may be obtained at Symphony Hall for the third concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Sunday night. Mme. Melba will sing "Ahl fors" (e) lui" from "La Traviata" and the waltz song from "Rosa and Juliet." Miss Sassoli, the young Italian harpist, will play, with the orchestra, Widor's "Choral and Variations." The orchestral numbers will include the overture to "Mignon," variations from Delibes' ballet "Coppelia," the variations from Tchaikowsky's Third Suite, excerpts from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and other pieces.

The ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra takes place in Symphony Hall this afternoon. The programme will include Bargiel's overture "Medea," which has not been played here for many years; Elgar's Variations on an original Theme, and Beethoven's familiar Eighth Symphony. Elgar's Variations are a series of musical portraits, and the work is dedicated by the composer to his "friends pictures within." The composer himself said: "It is true that I have sketched, for their amusement and mine, the idiosyncrasies of 14 of my friends, not necessarily musicians, but this is a personal matter, and need not have been mentioned publicly. The variations should stand simply as a 'piece of music.' The theme is entitled 'Enigma,' and of this Mr. Elgar says: 'The Enigma' I will not explain—its dark saying must be left unguessed, and I warn you that the apparent connection between the Variations and the Theme is often of the slightest texture; further, through and over the whole set another and larger theme 'goes,' but is not played." So the principal Theme never appears, even as in some late dramas—e. g., Maeterlinck's "L'Intruse" and "Les Sept Princesses"—the chief character is never on the stage." Mme. Melba, who has wholly recovered from her cold, will sing Handel's "Sweet Bird," with flute obbligato by Mr. Andre Maquarre, and Ophele's mad scene from Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet." Nilsson was the first to sing this scene in Boston, but she sang it in a concert. Sembrich was the first to sing it here in opera, with Kaschmann as Hamlet.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1903. Richard Wagner's "Parsifal," "a sacred stage festival play" in three acts, was performed for the first time in America tonight at the Metropolitan Opera House, under Mr. Conreid's direction. The musical conductor was Alfred Hertz. The stage manager was Anton Fuchs. The cast was as follows:

Kundry.....Milka Ternina
Parsifal.....Alois Burgstaller
Amfortas.....Anton Van Rooy
Gurnemanz.....Robert Blase
Titurel.....Marcel Journet
Klingsor.....Otto Goritz
First Esquire.....Miss Moran
Second Esquire.....Miss Brande
Third Esquire.....Albert Reiss
Fourth Esquire.....Mr. Harden
First Knight of the Grail.....Mr. Bayer
Second Knight of the Grail.....Adolf Muehlmann
A Voice.....Louise Homer

"Parsifal" has been performed three times in concert form in Boston with solemn preparation and ceremony. It is not necessary, then, to tell the simple story even in a condensed form, or to discuss the music except as opera music in its relation to the opera house. For, however fantastic the descriptive title given by Wagner to this stage work, the work itself is an opera, just as Halevy's "Jewess" or Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," or any other musi-

NEW YORK AUDIENCE SELLS WAGNER'S PARSIFAL

Four Principal Scenes from the Sumptuous Production of "Parsifal"
At the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and the Actor of the Title Role.



ACT 3RD. SCENE 1ST.
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ACT 2ND. SCENE 3RD.
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ALOIS
BURGSTALLER

PARSIFAL PROVES WONDROUS SHOW

Marvellous Beauty of the Staging and Vast
Intricacy of Mechanism—Ternina's Tempt-
ing Scene a Triumph of Actress' Art.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE BOSTON HERALD.]

Production at Metropolitan Opera House Packs
Great Building with Brilliant Audience—

cal drama in which religious rites and ceremonies are introduced in an opera.

Never in the history of opera has a performance been awaited with such expectation. Never has there been such interest and curiosity concerning an operatic performance, even when it was a long-heralded original production. Never has a performance been advertised on such a colossal scale.

Cosima Wagner began the advance work by her cries of protest. Her stanch partisans the world over joined in the chorus of indignation and lamentation. Should the Bayreuth temple, the holy of holies, be thus robbed of its choicest treasure? It was as though imploring hands were to be laid on the Grail itself. There were letters and resolutions and editorial articles and pamphlets of protest. There were appeals to law and equity. Singers and conductors and orchestral players who should take part were threatened with punishment in this world and in the next. No golden circle drawn about them, no separating and raging ocean

would protect them from the awful curse thundered out by the trumpets of Bayreuth. Mr. Conreid heeded not the angry sky; he persisted in his purpose to produce "Parsifal."

The newspapers of Germany, France and England and the United States published all manner of statements, rumors and counter rumors. The aid of the clergy was invoked by the opponents of the production. No conscientious Christian, no reverent believer in any faith, it was asserted, could bear the thought of sacrilege perpetrated on the stage of a playhouse. There were clergymen, on the other hand, who insisted that a sublime lesson would be taught, that conversions would follow the production which would therefore make for general righteousness.

There was more prosaic but no less ingenious advertising. Inasmuch as the performance began at 5 P. M. the question of suitable dress was raised. Should the spectator enter in a business suit or in approved late afternoon costume and during the intermission change either in a box, corridor, restaurant or at home to conventional swallow tail with its belongings?

King Edward and Mr. Harry Lehr, two eminent authorities, were quoted as at variance on this all-important point. Some urged the women in the stockholders' boxes to put aside their jewels and low-cut bodices and to array themselves in penitential garb.

Where was the multitude to be fed during the intermission? The sight of the Grail would not furnish the audience with bodily and spiritual sustenance, however it sustained the knights upon the stage. Coat pocket sandwiches and flasks were sternly prohibited.

Would the Gerry society allow the choir boys to sing?

The views of the singers were ventilated in the press. Ternina was represented as declaring that Kundry symbolizes seductive sin, while Parsifal typifies innocence and purity, which showed that she had read at least the libretto.

The halls of New York were open night and day to lectures. The man or woman who was not afraid to talk in public, and could obtain a stereopticon and views of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, was heard eagerly. Column after column concerning the opera, what the composer meant and what he did not mean, appeared in the newspapers, and the New York Times published the whole libretto in its issue of last Wednesday.

The subject of conversation in parlor, street car, bar-room, was "Parsifal." No doubt the Titirel cigar, the Parsifal cravat, the Kundry corset, will tomorrow be exposed in shop windows.

The early opera makers of Italy wrote pamphlets concerning their productions. Gluck, shrouded in his generation, cultivated the sympathy of royalty and philosophers. Wagner was his own indefatigable press agent. They all must now wonder at the publicity given to this performance of "Parsifal," and Barnum himself must feel a pang of envy in the Elysian fields.

To Mr. Conreid belongs the credit of probably the most striking production in the history of opera. It was a production not only of results, but of notable consequences. The immediate results were a highly artistic performance a triumph for the Metropolitan

Opera House, and incidentally the establishment in New York and its neighborhood of a "Parsifal" graft. The consequences will be of international importance, for performances of this opera in other cities of Europe than Bayreuth will surely follow.

The opera itself, as a drama with music, will not be ranked in future with Wagner's "Tristan," "Die Walkure" or "Siegfried." The libretto is a singular hodge-podge of religions, philosophies and Wagnerian theories and whims. The suffering Amfortas is the true hero of the drama. It is he that appeals as a human being to the spectator. Amfortas is a man. Parsifal is a prig who finds the solution of life's problems in asceticism, in secluded celibacy. There is the timid disavowal of the flesh rather than the heroic renunciation of the will.

When Wagner wrote "Parsifal" he had left the elemental passions behind him; he had attained the years praised by Sophocles. In the asceticism of his knights there is taint of sourness, and Gurnemanz, the garrulous, almost smacks his lips as he tells of winsome, devilish women who wander in Kling-sor's magic howers.

In this drama the eternal woman is a machine constructed by an evil being for the destruction, not for the uplifting, of man. The peace that passeth all understanding is to be found only in the cloister, far from the world of struggle, temptation, victory. This is the last word in the philosophy of Richard Wagner's morose, selfish withdrawal from the life of humanity at large.

There are superb and noble pages in the music of this work. These pages are familiar to many readers of The Herald. The temple music in the first act; the chorus of flower maidens; portions of the scene where Kundry tempts Parsifal; the Good Friday music in the last act; these pages have been written only by a great master. But as a whole there is a comparative poverty of invention; there is dull as well as interminable monologue; there is a lower and less sustained flight of imagination. Wagner is here both sensuous and mystical.

The phrases that portray the suffering of Amfortas are often sensuous in recollection and repentance, and they are the most poignant phrases of the opera. When there is no such incitement to the composer, or when there is no strong appeal like that of the mysticism in the communion scene—a Christian ceremony introduced with prejudices, in favor of vegetarianism and other "isms" in a Buddhistic drama—Wagner is as a tired old man, who hables in sentimentalism or plays from mere force of habit with formulas once potent, but now lifeless.

The performance began at 10 minutes of 5, and the first act ended at 7 o'clock. The opera house was crowded. The great majority of the women entered in afternoon toilets, and in the boxes there was hardly an exception in this respect. The men were clad in all manner of costumes. During the acts the lights were extinguished with the exception of the dim red lights of the exits. The Bayreuth signals, in part, were sounded in announcement of the beginning. A policeman attempted to act in behalf of the Gerry society, but he was refused admission, and he could not obtain a warrant, for he had no evidence as to whether boys' or female voices were to be used in the temple scene.

The attitude of the audience was one of reverent attention during the first act, and attempts at applause after the closing of the curtains were promptly hissed. The scenery, the lighting and the stage management, with the exception of a few insignificant details, such as the occasional flapping of the front pillars of the temple interior, were admirable. The scenery as a whole was far more imposing and beautiful than that at Bayreuth the first year.

Yet, in spite of the utmost care and in spite of the inherent superiority of the performance in certain respects, the atmosphere of the temple scene was not so charged with devotion as in the little Bavarian town.

There are two Bayreuths—the one of Richard Wagner and the one of Cosima, his widow. Mr. Burgstaller is of the latter school. His natural and simple awkwardness should have aided him in the impersonation of the pure fool, but he was inclined toward exaggeration, which occasionally was hysteria. Thus his breaking of his weapon was an acrobatic display. There was no excuse for the incongruous emotion after Gurnemanz asked him what he thought of the communion scene. The Parsifal of 1882 preserved the appearance of dense

ignorance and provoking stolidity until he was ignominiously ejected.

The Kundry of Ternina was not so squalid and maniacal in appearance as was that of Materna, and even in the frenzy of her action there was a grace that suggested the Circe in her double nature. She was superior to other impersonators in the discretion and true emphasis of tone and gesture and in the eloquence of her repose.

Mr. Blass, as Gurnemanz, the unwearied lecturer in ordinary to the court, sang effectively. He did not have the indescribable unction and kindness of Emil Scaria, which vitalized the wearisome dissertations and made one forget the definite importance of time and space. His performance was respectable; it had no grand distinction, it had no large authority. Mr. Van Rooy's natural tendency toward sentimentalism gave charm to certain episodes in the musical life of Amfortas, but in the more impressive moments in the temple scene he was Wotan rather than the tortured king. He was not in best voice, and at the unveiling of the grail his cries for mercy were as the roars of impotent rage. It should be said that nearly all of the participants naturally showed signs of nervousness, and no doubt at later performances there will be a finer sense of proportion.

Mr. Journet, as the unseen Titirel, was impressive, and the minor parts were satisfactory. Mr. Hertz in this act was unmistakably nervous and his anxiety was at times contagious. Yet the orchestra for the most part was effective, as was the chorus in spite of a false entrance of the knights which made momentary confusion. The boy chorus has been especially well trained.

The house presented a more brilliant appearance at the beginning of the second act a little before 8 o'clock. Mr. Goritz as Kling-sor made his first appearance in this country. His voice is a high baritone of marked resonance. He sang with spirit and understanding, and he acted with force, although the sinister touch of the creator of the part was missed.

The evocation of the sleeping Kundry was one of the most thrilling scenes in opera as known of late years, and this was due to the incomparable art of Ternina. The wails that came from her might have been forced from a soul in hell. They were not of earth; they were supernatural in accent, color, intensity. This whole scene was a masterpiece of dramatic imagination.

The transformation was adroitly worked, and Kling-sor's garden was a triumph of the scene painter. At Bayreuth the flowers were of absurdly gigantic growth, and the clashing and gaudy colors shocked even Germans. At the Metropolitan the scene was of ineffable beauty.

The tempting of Parsifal displayed to full extent a hitherto unknown quality of Ternina's art. It was wonderful in its dangerous suggestion, masked for a time by the apparent consolation of pure womanhood. The scene of seduction was managed with consummate skill until the temptress stood revealed in all her hateful splendor. The voice of Ternina has aged. The upper tones are inclined to be weak or shrill, or hard in passionate outbursts, but her wooing of Parsifal was one long vocal caress.

Mr. Burgstaller was again a faithful exponent of the modern Bayreuth school, while Ternina had the independence to stand fast by her own principles of art. But she is a singer who would think for herself, even in the awful presence of Cosima. Mr. Burgstaller was unduly convulsive in action, and his gestures and postures were occasionally almost grotesque. But he sang frankly and manfully; his voice was free and telling, and according to the lights that have been set before him he was effective.

The overthrow of Kling-sor's palace was a remarkable example of mechanical ingenuity. Mr. Hertz, at the beginning of the act, showed that he was again master of himself, and he conducted with signal ability. The groupings, evolutions and costumes of the flower maidens were a delight to the eye, and Parsifal's temptation was for once made real to the spectator. These maidens sang without studied effort and with volume of tone, but the voices did not always blend, nor was the intonation in this difficult scene always pure.

The act as a whole would be a revelation in all respects to Cosima Wagner. Let us hope that she will determine to come to New York before the close of the season, for her education as well as

her enjoyment.

The applause at the end of the first act was hearty and prolonged. The organ, the conductor, Mr. Fuchs, and Mr. Lawten schlaeger, the technical director in charge of all mechanical and electric effects, were called before the curtain again and again. After repeated calls Mr. Conreid appeared, and to him were the chief honors awarded.

The dramatic and the music interest of "Parsifal," such as it is, ends with the second act. The third act is inconsequential and an anti-climax. To be sure, there is the Good Friday music, most happy thought of Wagner, but this is in the nature of a digression. The symbolism of the washing of feet is too apparent and may easily offend men and women who are not unduly sensitive. The second scene in the temple is paler after the first. The whole third act is one of inaction, and there is little place for symbolism in opera.

Concerning the performance there need nothing be said in addition to the previous characterizations of the able singers. Again there were many expressions of approbation on the part of the audience. The night will long be memorable in the history of opera. I may be added as an instance of the interest in these performances that the house is sold out for the next five performances. The second of these will be on Thursday, Dec. 31.

PHILIP HALE.

Artistic Conditions Here
and in Germany as

They See Them;

Foreign Atmosphere and
Foreign Cliques.

Emotional Experiences of
One Woman.

Some of the Penalties of
Musical Success.

Music of the Week, New
Works, Personal Gossip.



R. JAMES HOWELL, B. A., and clerk of the council, whose volume of "Familiar Letters" was a favorite bed-book of Thackeray, once wrote a little work entitled, "In-

structions for Foreign Travel." In it he gave advice concerning the behavior of travellers after the return to the land of their birth. "It will be high time now to hoist sail and steer homewards, where being returned, he must abhor all affectations, all forced postures and compliments, for foreign travel oftentimes makes many to wander from themselves as well as from their country, and to come back mere mimics, and so in going far, to fare worse and bring back less wit than they carried forth. * * * They strive to degenerate as much as they can from Englishmen, and all their talk is still foreign—or at least will bring it to be so, though it be by head and shoulders, magnifying other nations, and derogating from their own nor can one hardly exchange three words with them at an ordinary (or elsewhere) but presently they are the other side of the sea, commending either the wines of France, the fruits of Italy or the oil and salads of Spain. * * * When he feels how in some climes the heaven is as brass, in others as a dropping sponge, in others as a great bellows most part of the year; how the earth in many places is ever and anon sick of a fit of the palsy; when he has observed what hard shifts some make to rub out in this world in divers countries what speed nature makes to finish her course in ours; how their best sort of women after 40 are presently superannuated, and look like another Charing Cross or carracks that have passed the

DISCLOSURES OF TWO SINGERS DISAGREE. VIEWS OF MISSES WALKER AND FREMSTAD.

in three voyages to the Indies; he hath observed all this, at his home, he will bless God and love and better ever after." Thus James, the curious and fantastical little boy, in 1642.

and here is Miss Edyth Walker, the dramatic contralto, an American, who enabled to pursue her studies in Europe through the kindness of an American. After an engagement at the Opera Court House, she returns to the United States as a member of the Metropolitan company, and is received loudly by critics and public, as singer, actress and woman. "My darling, what more wouldst thou have?"

Yet Miss Walker is not happy. She expressed her grief a few days ago to a sympathetic reporter of the New York Sun, or, to borrow Mr. James well's quaint phrase, "She opened to me all the boxes of her breast."

"It is so different here," she said, "so different from dear Germany. It is 12 years since I went away, and I feel as I couldn't wait to get back."

"It is so different there, so different, so have not what you might term art atmosphere here."

If a woman or man comes heralded with a French or German name it is all right, but an American girl is handicapped at the start. Now in Germany, makes no difference about your nationality.

People say, sometimes, that the Germans are so good to the American girls, they are so horrid to them, but the truth is they are neither good nor bad in the sense of nationality. All they look of is the voice, the art. If that is right it makes absolutely no difference where the singer comes from.

"You look upon opera here as a purely social event, apparently. People don't care over there if they do tear their eyes all to pieces when they applaud at here—"

"Now take 'Parsifal.' Isn't it absurd? The great question that seems to have been agitating everybody is what they all wear and the difficulty of wearing between and evening dress both."

"Now it is finally decided that an hour and three-quarters will be given so that the audience may go home and put on evening garb. Important, is it not?" "Don't I think that the reason grand opera is a purely social function is that we have to pay stars so much that only the wealthy class can make a possibility of it? That is true, but one reason why they demand such salaries is because they have to pay so much more to live here. Such exorbitant prices for everything, for your cab hire, for your rooms! And then another thing, in Germany our costumes are provided for you, everything you want."

"All you have to do is to go to the director and say, 'I need gloves, shoes, new costume for such and such a role,' and you furnish your own and you are expected to wear the best. In fact, you must, if you wish to create any response at all."

"Yes, it is different here, 'so different from dear Germany.' And why did Miss Walker leave Vienna to sojourn among erratic goths and vandals? Because, as the story goes, and it has not been contradicted, there were differences of opinion between her and Gustav Mahler, director, as well as conductor of the Vienna Court Opera House. And there is Mr. Conrad who smiled like the sun in the familiar ballad while 'his eyes of chink he chink.'"

"The art atmosphere of Vienna, like that of a less gay place was murky."

"Now, in Germany it makes no difference about your nationality." Has there been no opposition to Miss Farrar in Berlin because she is an American? Did it leading critics, among them Felix Singartner, protest against Nordica at the outbreak on the ground that she was alien?"

"An American girl is handicapped at the start." H-m-m! Would Clara Louise Kellogg and Annie Cary confirm this statement? For Miss Walker is now speaking of operatic conditions in this country. Would Nordica, Emma Eames, or Miss Homer say amen? Was Valleria less admired because she was an American?"

All the Germans "think of is the voice." And what voices many of them! Throaty, uncontrolled, untuneful; voices incapable of effective modulation; voices, at the best, of German verve. Voices that shriek or howl or howl that seldom woe or move or suggest. Voices that shrink from the true pitch as though it were illusion. Voices that remain rebellious, rough contempt of art as something remote and disgracefully Italian. And when there are exceptions a voice at would seem only respectable in an American woman is a wonder of wonders on a German stage.

"You look upon opera here as a purely social event." Dear Miss Walker, opera is a social function. It always has been, and it will be. It was born in the temple; it has been maintained by kings, princes, cardinals, governments and millionaires. Opera is a luxury, not a necessity. What success would Gluck have had without the aid of Marie Antoinette? What would have become of Wagner without the help of mad King Ludwig? What would happen to the opera at Vienna or Dresden today if royal support were withdrawn? Or would the Opera at Paris exist, were it not for governmental aid and the sup-



EUGENE YSAYE.

[From the Weekly Critical Review.]

port of the protectors and the cherishers of the ballet?

Art? What Hazlitt wrote long ago is true today in spite of brave talk about modern realism and "verismo." "The opera is the most artificial of all things. It is not only art, but ostentatious, unambiguous, exclusive art. It does not subsist as an imitation of nature, but in contempt of it, and instead of seconding, its object is to pervert and sophisticate all our natural impressions of things." * * * At the theatre we see and hear what has been said, thought and done by various people elsewhere; at the opera we see and hear what was never said, thought or done anywhere but at the opera. * * * The opera proceeds upon a false estimate of taste and morals; it supposes that the capacity for enjoyment may be multiplied with the objects calculated to afford it."

"You have not what you might term art atmosphere here." Yet in the 18th century Benedetto Marcello made the same complaint in his biting satire of operatic conditions in Italy. Look through the history of opera in whatever country you please; always the same cry. Even now essays demanding operatic reform, and complaining of the absence of any true artistic atmosphere in German opera houses appear in the most prominent German musical magazine, "Die Musik." The costumes of German singers, these essayists say, are inartistic; they are for the display of the wearer, not for the purpose of artistic harmony; the stage management is inartistic; everything is for the audience, not for the librettist and the composer. Opera in Germany, they lament, is still a social function. The complaint is almost as old as opera itself.

"In Germany your costumes are provided for you, everything you want."

Is this universally true in Germany? And if it be, what sort of costumes are provided? We have seen in this country singers imported from Germany wearing costumes made in Germany. The sight was not a pleasant one; it still haunts the memory in the night watches and in hours of depression.

Yet there is one quality of the American atmosphere that is very dear to singers, whether they appear in operas by Wagner or Verdi. The American atmosphere is auriferous.

Nor need the large salary be spent necessarily in high living. Did not Tamagno wash his socks? Have not German sopranos given equally noble examples of simplicity and thrift?

It is not pleasant to hear an American woman thus railing at the country of her birth. We prefer to listen to the cheerful chatter of Miss Olive Fremstad, who came to the United States as a child and feels herself "really an American girl."

"I do love America"—Miss Fremstad is like Mrs. Schumann-Heink and all other visitors who are wise in their generation. "It is so generous to the deserving; there is nothing mean or little about it."

It is a pity that Maj. Pond is dead. He would otherwise arrange a joint debate, in which Miss Walker and Miss Fremstad might introduce songs.

Miss Fremstad interests the earnest student of sociology. She does not care for society; she wonders how some singers have the time and the vitality for such a life.

"Take Melba, for instance. You visit her in London, and she has always the place filled with people, things going on continually. And Nordica, too, seems to be able to do it; but I can't. If I give myself to people, I have nothing left

for my work. Society takes so much from you; and what does it give you in return? I criticise no one's methods. One can only study one's own needs and limitations; but for me the social life is impossible so long as I am completely absorbed in my work and desire to give everything I have to it."

But Miss Fremstad finds time to read books concerning her art. She has read "Evelyn Innes."

"Dear old George Moore! It's a charming book, viewed as entertainment merely, but as the type of the opera singer never. He doesn't know what he is talking about. Evelyn Innes was a woman who loved pretty gowns and trips to Paris and men; that was all. If she had been the true artist, they would have counted as nothing. She would have had to work, and she would have been absorbed in her art. She could not have gone to a convent, as she did finally. She could not, for her art would have been too insistent."

How does Mr. Moore like being called "Dear old George"? Would he prefer "George, old boy"? And he's not so very old.

Miss Fremstad shows by her talk that she has read the book only superficially. Ternina does not hesitate to say that she has learned valuable lessons from "Evelyn Innes" concerning the interpretation of certain Wagnerian parts.

We observe with pain that Miss Fremstad spells "Innes" with two "e's," but this may be an error of the rattled reporter.

A soprano could not leave the stage while she was young and famous to go into a convent? There have been singers who have done this very thing. One of the most illustrious of Italian sopranos did it within the last 50 years. And there have been other instances. Furthermore, it may be laid down as an axiom that a prima donna is capable

Anything

Miss Fremstad was more confidential even than Miss Walker.

"Don't I think that I should go into the world more to gain experience? You mean, of course, emotional experiences?" The reporter swears that there was a "queer note" in her voice as she answered:

"I don't need to. I don't believe any opera singer, if she has any attraction personally, needs to. They will come to you."

There are volumes in this answer.

Then she related some of her experiences—not all.

There was a German officer so madly in love with her that he threatened to kill her if she would not marry him. Miss Fremstad, sympathetic girl, did not call in the police; she let him rage, and every night in the opera house she stood in the wings and whispered to herself: "Perhaps in another hour." This happened night after night.

"Wouldn't you call that an emotional experience? Do you think that 5 o'clock teas or evening receptions could give you more development through the emotions than a crisis like that?"

How did the reporter answer? Did he shake his head solemnly? Did he say jauntily: "Sure?" For strange, wild things, we are told, occasionally happen at 5 o'clock teas—especially when there is rum in the tea. The reporter is a wise man. He let Miss Fremstad do the talking.

This mad infatuation of a corseted German officer was not Miss Fremstad's "greatest success."

At Munich, after a performance of "Carmen," the horses were taken from the carriage and "men took their places." And what men! There was "a prince," there were two or three barons, and no doubt at least one of the more celebrated brewers lent a hand. "No, I can't imagine the people doing it here." The cable cars might interfere, and yet it would be a glorious sight to see Miss Fremstad drawn in tumultuous pomp by leading stockholders, Mr. Harry Lehr, Mr. Creighton Webb, Mr. Russell Sage, Mayor Low, Dr. Parkhurst and other conspicuous citizens of the metropolis. But Miss Fremstad will not appear as Carmen in New York. "Calve will be here and will, of course, give it," and then Miss Fremstad spoke a kind word for the French singing woman.

Miss Fremstad does not agree with Miss Walker concerning the artistic atmosphere of Germany, and again we mourn the death of Maj. Pond.

"Germany," says Miss Fremstad, "is a hotbed of intrigue, especially among the musical coteries. It is narrow, petty, self-centred. It is not like America, with its broad way of looking at things. I cannot understand this belittling of others' work. If a woman sings the same role that I do, what difference? She has her interpretation and I have mine; they are different, and there is place for both. There is some jealousy here and some backbiting, but it is as nothing in comparison with what it is in Germany. You don't have what they call itching powders here? No? That is, I guess, a particularly Teutonic method of insult. You get a letter, anonymous. When you open it a fine, impalpable powder flies into your throat. You cannot sing that night."

This makes the blood run cold. It takes one back to the days of Italian and Spanish vengeance: the poisoned glove, torch, perfume, hat, saddle, sword hilt, and the wine of the Borgias.

Miss Fremstad is always lonely—even when there is a reporter in the room.

"I believe that every woman who is an artist must be lonely and must be unhappy. Those are the penalties. When I say unhappy I do not mean the usual acceptance of the word. I mean the unhappiness of always striving toward an ideal which you cannot reach, of feeling in your moments of success that you have not attained, and never will attain, what you desire. It is an unhappiness that is ever present in the artist's life. The loneliness is terrible, too. I could not marry. How can an artist? There must always come times when you would have to sacrifice your husband to your art, or he might demand that you give it up—and think of that! You simply could not do it. In your life would be continually the opposing forces."

The singer, she says, does not secure companionship. "Marry an opera singer? Why, artists are not men, that is, you don't think of them in that light; they are just artists; that is all. You don't marry them; it would be absurd. They are perfectly charming to meet and know and work with, but—"

This reminds us of the line in one of Moliere's plays: "Marry? It has not been a custom in our family."

"No; I am an old maid, and I expect I will be one."

Let us hope that Miss Fremstad may be persuaded to change her mind. A singer may find a husband—her own husband—useful—in looking after her baggage, in standing with a commercial eye in the box office, in reviving drooping applause, in little courtesies to the critics.

A singer, however, should give her husband a reasonable allowance. There are husbands who might be paid safely every Saturday, but as a rule it would be better to wait till the end of the season to insure devotion for at least some months.

LOCAL.

The box office at Symphony Hall will be open this afternoon for the sale of seats for the concert in aid of the Boston Symphony orchestra pension fund. The purpose of this concert, as well as the character of the programme, should crowd the hall. Mme. Melba will make her last appearance here this season and Miss Sassoli has already won

friends by her personality and her art. The 11th of the Steinert pianola concerts will be given in Steinert Hall on

Saturday afternoon, Jan. 9. Mr. Harry Parmelee, baritone, will be the soloist. The second concert of the Hoffman quartet will take place at Potter Hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 21. Mr. de Voto will be the pianist. The programme will include Duvernoy's quartet, op. 48, the piano quartet by Richard Strauss, and Mozart's quartet in D major.

Mr. George Grossmith will sail for America on Wednesday, Jan. 6. He will open his new budget of musical sketches, anecdotes and other interesting and amusing matters under the direction of Manager L. H. Mudgett at Association Hall soon after his arrival in this country.

Arrangements have been made by Manager L. H. Mudgett for Mrs. Helen Rhodes to present her lecture on "Parsifal" at Jordan Hall on the afternoons of Jan. 10 and 13. This lecture has attracted attention this season in New York, and its recent hearings at the new Lyceum Theatre were enjoyed by many.

Mr. David Bispham will give a song recital at Jordan Hall on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 19, under the direction of Manager L. H. Mudgett.

An organ recital will be given by Mr. Charles L. Clemens at Symphony Hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 7. Born at Plymouth, Eng., Mr. Clemens was made organist at Christ Church at Davenport when he was 11 years old. Subsequent studies in England and Germany advanced him so greatly in his profession that he was appointed organist to the late Empress Frederick, and he gave many recitals at St. George's Chapel, Berlin. He was the only Englishman ever invited to a position in the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatorium, and while holding this position he wrote and published standard works upon the organ. A few years ago he came to Cleveland, where he has since then held a prominent place in the musical life of that city. He is organist and director at St. Paul's Episcopal Church and director of the Singer's Club. His work as a composer has been favorably recognized and his recital programmes have won him high commendation as a public performer.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Gerleke, conductor. Overture, "Mignon"; nocturne and scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"; variations from the ballet, "Coppelia"; Delibes; variations from Tchaikowsky's Suite No. 3; Handel's "Largo." Mme. Melba will sing "Ah fors e lui" from "La Traviata," and the waltz from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Sassoli, the harpist, will play with the orchestra Widor's Choral and Variations.

TUESDAY—Forti, 8 P. M. Fourth concert of the Kneisel quartet. Dittersdorf's quartet in E flat; Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins with string orchestra accompaniment; Goldmark's suite in E major for violin and piano; Svedensky's octet in A major, op. 3, for four violins, two violas and two cellos. Messrs. Carlo Buonanni, A. Moldauer, W. Kraft, M. Zach, J. Keller will assist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Tenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Gerleke, conductor. Overture to "Der Improvisator," D'Albert (first time); symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," C. M. Locand; Glazounoff's symphony in D flat major (repetition by request). Mr. Charles Glibbert, baritone, will be the soloist.

SATURDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Third piano recital by Mr. Harold Bauer; variations in C minor, and rondo in G major, op. 129, Beethoven; sonata in B flat major, op. 35, Chopin; Schumann's Kreisleriana; Brahms' Intermezzo (Berceuse) in E flat, op. 117, No. 1; Mendelssohn's Capriccio in E minor; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Tenth concert of the Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

PERSONAL.

Saint-Saens will pass the winter in Alexandria, after he superintends the rehearsals of "Samson and Delilah" at Cairo. He will go to Monte Carlo toward the end of January to look after the production of his new opera, "Helen."

Georg Henschel lectured on his recollections of Brahms before the members of the Society of American Women in London on Dec. 17 at Ambassador Choate's house. After the lecture, Miss Henschel sang a group of Brahms' songs, and vocal quartets by the same composer were also sung.

Dr. Frederick H. Cocon is writing a cantata, "John Gilpin," for chorus and orchestra, to be produced at the Cardiff festival.

Frangon Davies has been appointed a professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music, London.

Minnie Tracey, the soprano, is making a tour of France and other countries with Pablo Casals, the cellist.

The editor of the Weekly Critical Review (Paris) says: "Berlioz, the erstwhile prince of 'feuilletonistes' and hearty detester of 'feuilleton' writing, is furnishing splendid meat for the sausage machine of his successors. I am not quite sure how many Berlioz anniversary editions of musical papers have come out this week, but their number is legion, as near as I can count. The 'entente cordiale' is making its presence felt by the way the said papers present Henrietta Smithson. They make her out quite a pretty woman. The portrayal of a pretty English woman in French papers is a striking enough event to be signalized."

Mr. A. Kalisch of London says that D. Christmas Williams' new "Psalm of Praises" interested him because it kept him wondering how on earth a young composer in 1903 could compose a work which sounds quite a hundred years old. "Such entire ignorance, or disregard, of the currents of contemporary thought is simply astonishing in one who undoubtedly has marked music,

power, and I fancy such a phenomenon is possible only in England or Wales." Werner Alberti, who has been chief tenor at the Buda-Pesth Opera House, made his first appearance at London in concert Dec. 14.

J. M. Glover, the musical director of Drury Lane Theatre, talked lately with a reporter of the Daily Chronicle about pantomime songs. "The trouble that one has to meet is that the popular melodies of the present day all run in fixed grooves. The music-hall Apollo is an imitative bird, and if the waltz song is in vogue we get 250 waltz songs at Christmas to select from. Now we are at the height of the cake walk tunes, the result being that we have had 400 'cake walks,' with its iterated punctuation, to select from this year. The songs selected, one next considers the 'original' matter, which has to be sandwiched in to give an element of contrast. I have now abandoned the Wagnerising of pantomime music, for although nothing is sacred to the caricaturist, still a joke can be repeated too often. The critics laughed loudly on a Boxing night some years ago when I gave them the 'Ride of the Valkyries' as a mazurka, but as nobody recognized it afterward, I have since select few. I thought that I was gratuitously holding a great man up to ridicule without any appreciable compensation or effect. I may mention that I have noticed the absolute decadence of the Sousa march. But there is not room in one year's musical madness for two crazes, and now we are just approaching the apotheosis of the 'cake walk.' As for the tune called 'Hiawatha,' a more puerile, infantile, unmelodious production I have never heard, and I will not insult the intelligence of the audience by introducing it into the pantomime at Drury Lane."

Concerts that began at 5 P. M. were given lively in London. The hour vexed the critics of the crisis. No wonder that Mr. Baughan wrote: "There is no doubt that concerts at that hour may be convenient for those who do not know how to fill in the interval between afternoon tea and dinner. The musical critic is naturally not one of those fortunate persons, and with the best will in the world I found it impossible to attend either of the concerts, or to find a reliable representative who could do so for me. Even musical critics must find time to feed, though no doubt concert givers do not see the necessity, nor do I think a critic can be expected to listen to music from 3 P. M. to 6:30, and then again from 8 P. M. to 10:30 P. M. Even Mr. Tovey, with his austere love of his art, can hardly expect that of us. We do not for we do not keep a stock of ready-made criticisms, nor do we take our food in tabloids, so that a little calculation will show Mr. Tovey and Miss Etlinger, and those who think of following their example, that if they give concerts at 5 P. M. the musical critic cannot honor them with his presence."

Victor Roger, composer of operettas and music critic, died at Paris, Dec. 2. His "Josephine Sold by Her Sisters," "The 28 Days of Clairette," "L'Auberger du Tohu-Bohu" and "Les Felards" ("The Rounders") won great and widespread success.

Dukas is writing an opera based on Maeterlinck's "Ariadne and Bluebeard." Humperdinck is finishing an opera based on the play of the elder Dumas, "Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr."

Mr. Charles E. Clemens, late organist of the Royal Chapel, Berlin, who is soon to give a recital in Symphony Hall, is a brother of Mr. Stanley P. Clemens, who has been identified with the choir of the Church of the Advent for so many years.

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

"Mascagni, who vowed some time ago that he would compose no more, has just finished his new opera, 'Marie Antoinette.' The first performances will shortly take place at the Costanzi Theatre at Rome. The book, by Giuseppe Giasosa and Luigi Illica, presents the subject in seven tableaux: the Vienna court, the reception of the Austrian princess at Versailles, the arrest at Varennes, Marie Antoinette before the convention, the Temple prison, the revolutionary tribunal, and the execution." This story has been published at regular intervals during the last two years. It now appears in London.

Propos of a performance of Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," by pupils of the Royal College of Music, London, Dec. 4, at the Lyric Theatre, under the direction of Sir Charles V. Stanford, the Pall Mall Gazette remarked: "This is just the sort of opera which should be chosen for these occasions—an opera which does not call for excessive action on the part of young and hitherto somewhat inexperienced singers, so far as the stage is concerned, but which, by its broad simplicity and by its definite outline and simple aim, gives every chance to the young interpreters, and does not confuse them by excessive 'business.' Such a work as 'Don Giovanni,' for example, which has occupied the ambition of amateurs before now, is by no means likely to be so successful in interpretation under these particular conditions as is a work of definite and simple aim, no matter how high it stands in the category of art. Thus, on occasions of this kind, we may look for success equally from the ineffably grand simplicity of Gluck's 'Orfeo' as from this more modern 'Hansel and Gretel,' by Humperdinck."

"The Earl and the Girl," a new musical comedy by Seymour Hicks and Ivan Caryll was produced at the Adelphi, London, Dec. 10. The Pall Mall Gazette says it has no plot. "From a certain idea arising from a love match between a nobleman and a lady, the whole thing develops into a mere musical hall show. The work certainly achieved a popular success. The music is marked by great intelligence, and, although on the one side it does not fulfil the ideal of Offenbach, while on the other it does not fulfil the thought of Sullivan, it steers, nevertheless, neatly between these two ideals, and thereby makes for a certain success which must be reckoned as peculiar to itself. Mr. Caryll has a gift of tune which is quite exceptional among modern composers. He has the capacity of giving to his hearers a certain reminiscent feeling in music which seems to offend neither the audience nor the players engaged to inter-

pret this into any possible way, and Caryll has in any possible way, and into the place left vacant. Sir John Sullivan would be quite absurd, and his score of 'The Earl and the Girl' is ingenious, and is also full of significant points as Sullivan used to light in." Agnes Fraser, Louise Pour Phyllis Broughton, Florence Lloyd at Messrs. Passmore, Lytton and Ey were the chief comedians.

Davidoff's "The Sunken Bell," based on Hauptmann's play, has been produced at St. Petersburg.

There are various opinions concerning Ernest Chausson's posthumous opera "Le Roi Arthus," which was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, Nov. 30. The composer-librettist used the story of the King, Lancelot and Guinevere.

BUSONI IN LONDON.

Busoni gave a piano recital in London on Dec. 5 and Mr. Blackburn wrote of him as follows:

"With London draped in a thick fog it must be said that the attendance was eminently satisfactory. Indeed Busoni deserves the enthusiasm of amateurs for, in some respects, he stands very high indeed in his art. His playing of the Fantaisie on Schubert's 'Wandere' was absolutely wonderful. Not only was his technique of the highest order, but his poetic feeling was, even in his most brilliant passages, of the most amply developed and amply brought out. For indeed he has learned the art almost to perfection of sympathetic relating his fingers to the keyboard. Not many days ago, in the same hall, we heard a pianist who, despite occasional excursions of really great brilliancy, nevertheless seemed to have a slight intimacy with the significant and feeling of the pianoforte. Busoni made an excellent foil to such a recital as that by showing, in the most intimate way, the full character of the instrument upon which he was playing. The Paganini-Brahms Variations his effects could only be called silvery times, in their light and exquisite proportioned accomplishment, as though one should see the dipping of white wings in a quick light illuminated by a frosty moon. His magnificent technical qualities were made particularly apparent in his playing of Liszt's Grande Fantaisie upon melodies from Donizetti's 'Lucrèce Borgia.' It is a work which, from the purely artistic standpoint, has really no value whatever in the world; but as a test to a pianist, its difficulties are enormous, almost unsurpassable. Signor Busoni, however, overcame all such difficulties with the greatest ease. The point about his playing which we chiefly noted with admiration is not so much that he does the thing which by dint of long and arduous practice many a modern pianist is able to do—namely, overcome just the sheer obstacles that stand in the way of virtuosity; rather he compels an artist's eye into what is altogether a new essay. Although the music which he may be playing is at times possibly frigid and uninteresting, his touch will momentarily surround it with an atmosphere of warmth and beauty which very few players manage to accomplish. It may have been that in his playing of the Beethoven Sonata with which the concert opened he was occasionally somewhat jerky and unstrained; whatever the reason that may be assigned for this falling short, it makes it all the more interesting and engrossing that in more shallow and superficially brilliant works he should have been so amazingly successful as to have given them a kind of significance which they never seemed to possess before. We rather think that although his Beethoven playing was undoubtedly that of a real master, he was a little overstrung at the outset of his concert, and that it was for this reason

that he was at times perhaps a little inclined to force the pace. In fact, this occasion he seemed to have made up his mind to play the virtuoso at costs. In his realization of that ambition he was magnificently successful. Busoni cannot, as we had occasion to note the other day, play Chopin as we as Pachmann; his Beethoven playing is undoubtedly not equal to the Beethoven playing of Eugen d'Albert, but he has so fine a sentiment in that which others would simply be an opportunity for merely working off their brilliant accomplishment, and his average is high, that the critic must needs rank him among the really big artists of modern pianoforte playing."

NEW WORKS.

The New York Tribune said of Bruno Klein's suite for cello and orchestra produced at a Philharmonic concert. Mr. Schulz, cellist, Dec. 19: "The artistic dimensions of the work (which Mr. Schulz had previously played with pianoforte accompaniment at musical gatherings in the city) are not imposing, and it was fortunate that long years of training had taught the society's patrons not to hope always to find the centre of gravity in either the solo performer or his music. There is much to commend in Mr. Klein's suite. It is sentimental, lucid, melodious and free from turgidity. It does not strut and fume and sputter, and attempt proclamations too great for its vehicle, and unjustified by its form. It aims to be music simply, and to use idiomatic native to the solo instrument. But its message is not large, and forced into the company of masterpieces by Brahms, Wagner and Liszt, it seemed to don a disposition which it could not carry with any show of grace."

Georg Schumann's piano quartet op. 29 was played in London for the first time Dec. 5. Mr. Baughan of the Daily News wrote: "Although I cannot pretend to have found the work of absorbing interest, it at least had not the conventional character of modern chamber music, which is too often a pale replica of Brahms and Beethoven (not the Beethoven of the posthumous quartets). Prof. Schumann evidently believes that the quartet can be made as much a medium for the expression of musical poetry as the modern orchestral compo-

...the fact that the new composition is original, it does not attempt to say anything. The composer employs the connection between his movements. Thus the first subject of the first movement (an allegro molto) is a subject which reminds me of the theme of the slow movement, and made much use of throughout the work, and the scherzo begins in a version of a phrase which had been heard in the introduction to the first movement. Unfortunately, Prof. Schumann's themes are too short and apply for chamber music, and that which so much is heard becomes a trite through repetition. The first is an interesting work, however, inasmuch as it contains ideas, but the composer is not a master of part writing. Prof. Schumann was the first, and Prof. Kruse, Mr. Alfred Day and Mr. Percy Such were the next.

Mme. Marie Melby were sung London Dec. 7. Mr. Blackburn wrote them as follows: Mme. Louise Sobrino sang a cycle of songs by this lady, this being its first performance, the work, as we understand, being still in MS. It was impossible to note with some amusement, referring to the programme, that the songs which make up this cycle set down primarily as the work of the composer, afterwards, in a subsequent line, the information being given that the words are by Goethe. Some of these songs, particularly that entitled "die Geleibte," are quite charming; others had the all too familiar ring of ballad about them; others again proved a certain definite musical personality on the part of the composer; three more songs, also in manuscript, by the same composer, were sung a distinction by Mr. Hugo Heinz. It is absurd to pretend that we have these songs to rank quite in the line of this class of work, but they are musically, without question, and at that point of view it would be all absurd to do anything but praise them. In these days when the musical market is only just ceasing from being overrun by tawdry and obvious ballads that have been popularized from no poetic artistic standpoint; it says much for the music publishers of today that they are now doing everything in their power to withstand that terrible influence which not so very long ago did an enormous deal of harm to the musical life of the country.

Mr. Van Rooy's Telramund is so familiar to and so much admired by ragoers here that one need only say that he repeated the excellences (and enticements) of his previous performances. Magnificent his organ tones certainly are, yet if there be any monotony in his phrasing it is that of the emphasis every phrase of his music—almost on every word of his lines. Such vociferous pretender might well have a fair-haired young lady whose ght tarried long on his way to her end. His dressing of the part is as compromisingly terrifying as his language. * * * Miss Edith Walker is the most of Ortrud's wickedness—she was pretty stagy at times in her ire to express the malice which almost burst her tumultuous bosom. She sang, as always, with the suave length which can never be attained anybody less highly gifted, and the ditty which she poured out unsparingly in her work never was allowed to suffer with correct intonation. As dramatic figure she was a good match for her unprincipled spouse—they were a dangerous pair, and they didn't care to know it.—New York Evening Sun, 14.

Correspondent asks what is necessary and advisable to become a successful singer, and as the answer is of interest other Referees give it length. Here is the recipe. A usually fine voice, thoroughly developed to produce beauty of tone. Perfect control of the breath and power to express shades of meaning by subtle changes of timbre, knowledge of all the elements necessary to good elocution, a keen ear and keen sense of rhythm, ability to read music at sight not only with instrumental, but knowledge of harmony and historic styles, of the characteristics of the leading composers, of poetic literature, general culture, indefatigable perseverance and brains.—The Free (London).

Edith Walker gives all credit for her success to a New York millionaire, to whom she says she feels deepest gratitude, for he made her

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NINTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Elgar's Variations the New Feature of Programme.

First Performance Here of This Interesting and Brilliant Work—Mme. Melba Sings Arias by Handel and Ambrose Thomas—Bargiel's "Medea."

The programme of the ninth Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gerike conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Medea".....Bargiel
Scene, "Sweet Bird".....Elgar
Variations on an original theme.....Elgar
(First time here.)
Ophelia's mad scene from "Hamlet".....A. Thomas
Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven
Woldemar Bargiel was a sorely disappointed man long before he died. He was disappointed in the conduct of his colleagues toward him; he was disappointed in the judgment passed by the great musical public on his works. A step-brother of Clara Schumann, he was trained in the straight and narrow path of conservatory righteousness, but he had instincts and tendencies toward romanticism. In the early sixties of the 19th century he was characterized as a composer of ability and dangerous ideas. This overture, "Medea," was considered too modern at Leipzig, and when it was played afterward at Vienna, the critic Hanslick deplored the fact that the younger composers affected such grisly subjects; he wondered why they were not cheerful and gay in music.

There was a time when Bargiel was reckoned with as one of the possibly great. In 1865 he was called to Rotterdam to take charge of an institution, and his years of honorable service in Holland were the happiest of his life. He was invited in 1874 to be a teacher at the high school for music in Berlin, and then his real and fancied troubles began. There is no doubt but that he was treated unfairly and shoved aside to make room for intriguers and interior musicians. His serious compositions were heard less and less frequently; he grew suspicious, sour, bitter of speech—we are writing from personal knowledge—but in the company of those whom he trusted he was genial, witty, wise. As a teacher he was patient and helpful, as well as naturally gifted in the art of instruction.

The years go by and Bargiel's music is now seldom heard. A pianist taught by some one of the old school may play an excerpt from a suite; a cellist may play an adagio; but the larger works are practically unknown to the younger generation of music hearers. Nor is the reason of this neglect one for conjecture. The reason is in the music itself. The hostility of colleagues and the neglect of conductors and the coolness of contemporary audiences never kill a great work. The music that, soon dies after a struggle had the seeds of the fatal disease when it was born.

Take this "Medea." There is no programme. The name "Medea" should be enough. The subject is tragic; but the music is not forcibly tragic either in the ancient or in the modern spirit. There are dissonances that irritated the Gewandhaus audience when they were first heard; but dissonances do not necessarily establish a tragic mood. Gluck by simplest means was nobly antique in musical tragedy. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no composer ever reproduced the irresistible simplicity, the effective repression, the direct pathos, the mysterious atmosphere of inexorable Fate that are among the characteristics of the highest Greek tragedy as did the Chevalier Gluck in his overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

A modern radical, Vincent d'Indy, has succeeded by force of imagination in portraying in tones the story of Medea; but his music is French music for a French "Medea." Cherubini, whose "Anacreon" is indisputably Greco-Latin, comparatively little with his "Medea." Bargiel's overture is more interesting than Cherubini's of the same title; but it is wanting in high imagination. The themes are not potentially typical; the treatment of them does not firmly establish moods that are the suggestion or the expression of the passion and tragedy of the wild legend. It is sound, respectable music, with here and there an inclination toward imaginative flight. The romanticism of Bargiel was held as in a vise by his classical heredity and training. The preservation of the traditions, expression in forms that were approved models—these were first in his thoughts; nor was Medea, with all her sorcery, able to drive them from his brain.

Mr. Elgar's Variations, played here for the first time, have been highly praised. If one was amazed at the reputation of this composer after hearing the "Cockaigne" overture or the much-lauded sea songs, or after a reading of the "Dream of Gerontius," he was told by the Elgarian: "But you should hear Elgar's Variations."

This work is, indeed, a work of unusual merit for an Englishman. It is, on the whole, an interesting work for a composer of any nationality. Mr. Elgar has told us all his purpose: "I have sketched for their amusement and mine the idiosyncrasies of 14 of my friends, not necessarily musicians; but this is a personal matter, and need not have been mentioned publicly. The variations should stand simply as a 'piece' of music."

And so they must stand, for unless the hearer should know intimately these friends of Mr. Elgar, he could not tell whether the portraiture were successful; and even if he knew them, his

view might be different of the composer's.

The connection between the "Enigma" and these variations is often of the slightest, and the composer hints at a "principal theme that never appears," unlike the theme of later, in d'Indy's fine set of variations, which is first proclaimed in full only when the heroine, stripped little by little of her dress and jewels, stands forth proud and triumphant in her splendid nakedness.

Whether these portraits of Uncle Hank, Sister Sue, Thomas and Jeremiah, and the other friends are faithful reproduction of idiosyncrasies is a question that does not concern us, although the first variations might lead us to infer that some of the friends were dull persons, or idle chatterers, or mere dealers in saws and maxims; for composers as well as others may have queer tastes in the matter of friendship. But the music grows more and more delightful. "Dorabella" is the one friend we should like to know; the others of the later variations are pleasant companions, and they might improve still more on acquaintance, but "Dorabella," with her coquetry, her grace, her rippling laugh and shy smile, her pouting lips and suggestion of subtle fragrant lead us to her, Mr. Elgar. Never mind about "C. A. E." and the others tagged with letters of the alphabet.

There is often in this work a display of genuine fancy in thought and expression, and there is an occasional flash of imagination. The brilliance and the beauty of certain variations make one suspect that Mr. Elgar at the start was deliberately dull, either to work out a crescendo of interest or from the belief that certain pages in a set of variations must be dull in obedience to long established custom. The finale is, on the whole, effective, although it contains formulas of commonplace and routine. The work made an unusually favorable impression on the audience, and the applause was honest as well as hearty.

Mme. Melba sang Handel's "Sweet Bird" for the third time at these concerts. The flute obligato was played by Mr. Andre Maquarre. The air itself belongs to a class that is made tolerable only by the consummate art of a great virtuoso in perfect condition. The bravura passages must, like the cataract in Tennyson's song, leap in glory. Mme. Melba's upper tones in this air were not so clear and of such exquisite quality as on former occasions, nor was her coloratura so spontaneous. No doubt her late indisposition had something to do with this. The fact remains that the middle and lower registers of her voice were last night the most effective.

In the old story used by the poets Ford and Crashaw, it was the bird with warbling throat that failed to imitate the lute and at last dropped and "broke her heart." No such fate befell Mme. Melba, although Mr. Maquarre set her a brave example for vocal emulation, but the voice in this air was not the incomparable organ that moved and thrilled by power of golden beauty in the late performance of "The Damnation of Faust," when Mme. Melba's performance was memorable, unforgettable. In the familiar scene of Ophelia's madness she sang with greater brilliance and with more confident bravura. Here there was no thought of technical difficulties and anxious labor. The applause and the recalls were richly merited.

Elgar's variations and the overture by Bargiel were played with a care that was not too evident, with a finish that was never finical, with all the qualities demanded by the music and in sympathy with the composer's intentions. Beethoven's 8th symphony, agreeable as it is, seemed here unnecessary. The concert was long enough without it.

THIRD PENSION FUND CONCERT

Given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall—A Large Audience Present.

The third concert in aid of its pension fund was given by the Boston Symphony orchestra last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gerike conducted. Mme. Melba and Miss Sassoli most generously gave their services. Appreciation of the orchestra, which is one of the chief ornaments of this city, and the fame of Mme. Melba crowded the house. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Mignon".....A. Thomas
Aria from "Traviata".....Verdi
Mme. Melba.
Nocturne and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Chorale and variations.....Widor
For harp.
Miss Sassoli.
Suite No. 1, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Waltz, "Romeo and Juliet".....Gounod
Mme. Melba.
Variations, suite 3.....Tschalkowsky
Largo, for violin, five harps and organ. Handel
Harpists—Miss Ada Russell, Miss Florence Nickerson, Miss Raymah Dowse, Miss Fanny Hamilton, Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist.

The programme was changed from that originally announced; Grieg's characteristic and picturesque "Peer Gynt" suite took the place of the variations from Delibes' ballet "Coppelia." Mr. Gerike no doubt thought that variations by Widor and Tschalkowsky were

though. The programme was of a popular nature, popular in the best sense, although the purist might object to the official sanction given to the so-called "large," a swollen arrangement and a singular perversion of a simple air in Handel's opera "Xerxes."

The melodious and brilliant overture and the selections from the works of Mendelssohn, Grieg and Tchaikowsky were all well adapted to the purpose of the concert—to draw an audience from all classes of music lovers and to give them pleasure. The hearty and spontaneous applause showed that this pleasure was real.

Mme. Melba was in better voice than at the Symphony concert the night before. She sang the second portion of Verdi's air with great dash and spirit, and the beauty of her voice was displayed fully in the familiar "Serenata" which she sang after the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet." In this simple song with the harp accompaniment of Miss Sassoli, her golden notes were without alloy, nor did the added embellishments toward the end seem incongruous, for there was no arrogance of bravura. The singer was applauded enthusiastically and recalled again and again after each aria, and flowers and a wreath were given to her.

Miss Sassoli's art and attractive personal simplicity were shown in the chorale by Widor, which was introduced here by Mr. Schuecker at a Symphony concert. She, too, was warmly applauded.

Dec 30, 1903 WOULD BE ONLY WORDS OF PRAISE

Any Criticism of Last Night's, the Fourth, Kneisel Concert—Programme of Familiar Pieces.

A DELIGHTFUL PERFORMANCE

The Concerto of Bach, for Two Violins, Was Played by Messrs. Kneisel and Theodorowicz.

The fourth concert of the Kneisel quartet was given last night in Potter Hall, which was filled with an enthusiastic audience. The quartet was assisted by Messrs. Carlo Buonamici, A. Moldauer, W. Kraff, M. Zach, J. Keller, Mr. Louis Svecenski is sick and Mr. E. Ferir, through the courtesy of Mr. H. L. Higginson, took his place in the octet by Svendsen. Mr. Zach played the viola in the quartet by Dittersdorf. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in E flat major,....C. von Dittersdorf
Concerto for two violins in D minor, with orchestra accompaniment,.....Bach
Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Theodorowicz.
Suite for violin and piano in E major,....Goldmark

Octet for four violins, two violas and two violoncellos, in A major, op. 3,....Svendsen

The concert was a delightful one. As there was no unfamiliar piece on the programme, and as the performance was one of great merit, the concert might be dismissed with the old saying, "Happy the country that has no history." And criticism would be only words of praise.

The quartet by Dittersdorf was played in the proper spirit, frankly and with full appreciation of its naivete. There was no attempt to modernize it, to swell it out of due proportions. The music is charmingly old-fashioned, and it reminds one of the composer's autobiography, one of the most honest and touching revelations of a man and his deeds and his opinions in all literature. The wild gypsy strain in the finale of this quartet always comes as a surprise. How did such a bold stroke occur to Dittersdorf in a conventional period?

Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Theodorowicz played Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins, with the accompaniment of a small orchestra of strings. An admirable performance in tonal quality, sentiment, dash and true ensemble. How did Bach, so often angular and unemotional in his vocal music, have such melodious thoughts, such expressive force when he wrote for instruments? Did he think lightly of the voice? Was it because of the character of his choir singers?

In his cantatas the solo voice is generally an instrument for merely contrapuntal purposes, and the one least interesting. But what a difference when he wrote for the violin, as a solo instrument or in ensemble! It would be difficult to find voice parts by him as emotional as those of the two violins in the large of this concerto. Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Theodorowicz played in the spirit of accomplished musicians moved by the same thought and purpose. The cadenza was a fine display of bravura, but the performance throughout was an exhibi-

tion of the higher technical and aesthetic qualities.

Goldmark was long known as the composer of this suite for violin and piano, which was heard constantly in concert halls. The suite is not so familiar to the younger generation, but it has not yet lost its prettiness. It is agreeable music, not a strong work, perhaps, but it still has a flavor, not the swooning sensuousness of the composer of the "Sakuntala" overture and "The Queen of Sheba," but genuine individuality. Mr. Kneisel appreciated the characteristics of the work, and played the melody of the andante with unaffected and unexaggerated sentiment. Mr. Buonamici's tone was refreshingly musical; it was clear without being hard and brittle; there were nicely adjusted gradations of force; there was color; there was rhythm; there was brilliance. It is a pity that he is not heard frequently in chamber concerts.

Svendsen's Octet was to many the promise of still greater things to come, but this promise was not realized in large degree. The Octet has still the elements of instant popularity, but long acquaintance with it does not increase its value. The first theme of the opening allegro bears a whimsical, absurd resemblance to a too familiar strain in "The Bohemian Girl," and Svendsen was apparently so enamored of this theme that he could not let it go.

The fifth concert will be on Tuesday, Feb. 9.

THIS WEEK'S BILL AT THE SYMPHONY

The programme of the 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra this afternoon at Symphony Hall will include the overture of D'Albert's opera, "The Improvisatore" (first time), Charles M. Loeffler's symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," after the drama of Maurice Maeterlinck, and Glazounoff's symphony No. 4 (by request). D'Albert's opera, which was produced in Berlin in 1901, is founded, in part, on Victor Hugo's grisly drama, "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua," which Rachel brought to Boston in 1855; but the librettist uses only the name of Hugo's podesta and certain incidents of the drama; there is no Tisbe, the play actress. The overture is Carnival music. Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem has been played here three times, twice in its original version and once in the amended form. The composer will play the violoncello at the two concerts this week. Glazounoff's brilliant symphony gave so much pleasure at the beginning of the season that the request for repetition seems natural.

Mr. Charles Gilbert, baritone, will sing Ralph's drinking song, from Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth," with orchestral accompaniment; and these songs with piano: Massenet's "Twilight," Perlhou's "Virgin at the Manger," and the "Song of Gilles," from Poise's "Joli Gilles."

The programme of the concerts Jan. 8-9 will include the overture to Saint-Saens' "Les Barbares" (first time), Henselt's piano concerto (Mr. Busoni, pianist); Caser Franck's symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman," and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony.

MR. BAUER'S PIANO RECITAL.

Fine Exhibition of Many of the Higher and Nobler Characteristics of Full and Rounded Artistry.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his third piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. In spite of the storm there was an audience of good size. The programme was as follows:

Variations in C minor,.....Beethoven
Rondo in G major, op. 129,.....Beethoven
Sonata in B flat minor, op. 35,.....Chopin
Kreisleriana, op. 16,.....Schumann
Intermezzo (Berceuse) in E flat, op. 117,.....No. 1,.....Brahms

Capriccio in E minor,.....Mendelssohn
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 13,.....Liszt

Mr. Bauer's performance was an unusually fine exhibition of many of the higher and nobler characteristics of full and rounded artistry. His Beethoven of the Variations was a romanticist improvising. The Rondo of the same composer—"Anger over a lost Groschen vented in a caprice"—was played with a sense of capricious humor, with appreciation of Beethoven in one of his fits of extravagant jesting. The word "Rondo" seemed pedagogic and out of place.

The piece is a rondo—we hasten to reassure Mr. Gradgrind—but as Mr. Bauer played it it was a fantasia, in imaginative frolic.

In the sonata by Chopin, the performance of the mysterious finale was the most effective and the most in sympathy with the spirit of Chopin as we understand it. There have been several explanations of these unearthly pages. It seems as though, after the inexorable funeral march, these words of De Quincey might serve as a motto: "A wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries."

Mr. Bauer played the Kreisleriana like a poet as well as a most accom-

plished pianist, but the group itself for the concert hall? Here are pages of peculiar intimacy that are for the dimly lighted room with drawn curtains, with smouldering log, with a few congenial hearers; and the playing should be informal so that there might be interruptions and repetitions, and talk about the sufferings of Johannes Kreisler and the mad melancholy of Schumann.

In the concert hall the music sounds as the soliloquy of a shy and sensitive soul in a corner on some festive occasion. The sight of a woman smoothing her hair or the indecent behavior of a steam pipe was enough yesterday to break the spell, whereas even the explosion of a boiler would only have added to the joyous excitement during the performance of the rhapsody by Liszt.

Mr. Bauer played Mendelssohn's Capriccio with exquisite lightness and fancy, so that he was obliged to repeat his performance, and he rhapsodized Liszt's piece with astonishing bravura. All in all, the concert was one of the finest revelations of the pianist's indisputable art.

TENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Seldom So Many Vacant Seats as Seen Last Night.

The Overture to D'Albert's Opera, "The Improvisatore," a Symphonic Poem by Loeffler, "The Death of Tintagiles," Are Given.

The programme of the 10th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Overture to the opera, "The Improvisatore," first time, D'Albert
Air, "Quand la Plume," from "The Fair Maid of Perth,".....Bizet
Symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles,".....Loeffler
Songs—
"Twilight,".....Massenet
"The Virgin at the Manger,".....Perlhou
Song of Gilles from "Joli Gilles,".....Poise
Symphony No. 4 in E flat (by request),.....Glazounoff

The fury of the storm kept many at home. Seldom have there been so many vacant seats at a Symphony concert.

The overture to D'Albert's opera, "The Improvisatore," was played here for the first time. It has been performed at Symphony concerts in Chicago and Cincinnati. The music is purposely carnivalesque. It is ostensibly light and gay, but these qualities are superficial. The music is not shot through with merriment and recklessness. The themes of a sparkling overture should have distinction, otherwise the overture will not sparkle. Nor is there in this music the imperious reminder of popular chatter and turmoil. A would-be profound composer here would fain scintillate.

The first theme is effectively announced, but the second theme is comic opera, and not of the first class. The best part of the work is its orchestral dress, and the variegated costume covers a naturally phlegmatic body. Auber did this sort of thing much better. Some years ago D'Albert gave a memorable performance of Beethoven's G major concerto at a Symphony concert—it was his second visit to Boston. The wonder is that a man who had such an uncommon gift of interpretation should itch like any young Frenchman for stage reputation. He has written seven operas within 10 years. These operas have seen the footlights; they have been reviewed solemnly and at length, and they live in music lexicons.

Glazounoff's symphony played last October gave many so much pleasure that they asked for a repetition. The music is melodious, fluent, brilliant, and not without elegance. There are symphonies which are said to be great and do not give pleasure. It is a good thing to have occasionally a symphony that has not this singular attribute of greatness. Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem was played for the fourth time; the second performance of the revised version.

The characteristics of this highly imaginative work have been discussed here more than once, and at length, and it is not necessary to catalogue again the many beauties. It is a unique composition, not on account of its subject, for Leon Dubois has written music for the same little tragedy for marionettes; not because of the viol d'armour, which was played in a masterly manner by the composer; but by reason of the invention and the treatment. The day has gone by when Maeterlinck can be dismissed contemptuously as a "decadent," especially by those who have never read his plays; and with that day has gone the idea that a composer who finds suggestion in the dramas must necessarily be "morbid." "The Death of Tintagiles" is no more morbid than death itself; and "decadent," in the true meaning of the word, may be applied to Marlowe, Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, DeQuincey, Keats, Pater, Yeats—a highly respectable list, one that might be recommended by the most prudent professor of composition and rhetoric in a young ladies' seminary.

Mr. Loeffler has caught the spirit of various Maeterlinckian moods, and expressed them in peculiarly original music. He does not try to retell the tragedy in music; he puts into music his impressions of the story of the boy "Tintagiles," his sisters, and their fearful and vain struggle against the old queen in the tower of the dark castle. His symbolism, as that of Maeterlinck, is human. Nor is it necessary to know the tragedy in order to be moved by the music. Such imaginative music is rare. While the composer is alive, it is characterized as odd, strange, and by some it is called "wonderful, no doubt, but unintelligible"; the

composer at last did the next thing he decided that he was a general ridicules the dull ears that did not prelate the power and beauty of the music, and it also neglects, or does not recognize, the imaginative of its own period.

Mr. Gilbert sang with rare skill, a comedian of the first order, he distinguished between the concert and operatic stage, and did not overstep its bounds. By his flawless diction, by vocal proficiency, by his knowledge of the value of tonal color, by personal authority and magnetism, he turned tunes into consummate works of art. The audience called and recalled him, but the traditions were respected, and Mr. Gilbert could only bow repeatedly in thanks.



OME patient and industrious man with a sense of humor should form a collection of Parsifal and present it to the Boston Public Library for the amusement of generations to come. The many scrapbooks filled with newspaper clippings would not be the least valuable volumes of the collection.

Wagner, alive and dead, has inspired an amazing amount of chatter and loose the floodgates of ink. Twenty-five years ago "Parsifal" fired the zeal of pamphleteers just as it now provides columns of copy for the Sunday newspapers of New York. And what pamphlets were published in 1882!

Perhaps the most remarkable, or incredible, of these pamphlets, is an inquiry into the precise significance of the awakening morning call. At the beginning of the opera Gurnemanz, familiarly known to the unenlightened as the irreverent as Old Gunnybags, at the boys are asleep. They are awakened and this scene seemed so portentous that Edmund von Hagen that he wrote 62 octavo pages about it. The table contents will show the character of the pamphlet and the inhuman thoroughness of the pamphleteer: 1. Concerning the Significance of the Morning. 2. Concerning the Awakening. 3. Concerning the Sleep. (a) The Aesthetic Side of the Sleep. (b) The Metaphysical Side of the Sleep. (c) The Symbolical Side of the Sleep. (d) The Historical Side of the Sleep. 2. Concerning the Act of Awakening. 3. Concerning Waking and Watchfulness. (a) Attention to the History of the World. (b) Attention to the Intellectuality of the Individual; (c) Attention to the Morality of the Individual; (d) Attention to the Bodily Faculties. 4. Concerning the Moral of the Awakening. This seems to sober admirers of Wagner as mere madness, superinduced by too close communion with the composer.

And yet in the year of our Lord 1882 we find the New York Evening Post publishing this paragraph:

"But the Kundry who is under Klingsor's influence is also no less real as modern than she is mediaeval and mythical. Some years ago the clever Hamburg critic, Ferdinand Pfuhl, wrote a brochure entitled 'Bayreuther Fanfare' in which he pointed out that Kundry is a surprisingly realistic study in modern hypnotism and hysteria. Now, while we may hold that tuberculosis, as portrayed on the stage in 'La Traviata' and 'Bohème,' is a subject for medical rather than musical treatment, it is far different with hysteria and hypnotism. Female hysteria daily leads to the most tragic or comic complications, of which romancers are making abundant and effective use, while the possibilities of hypnotism have also been much exploited. Our sympathies, if we are not mad persons, are not alienated from Kundry by the knowledge that she is not a free agent; quite the contrary. Instead of reproaching her as a wicked siren we pity her, as we would any of who, unwillingly and unwittingly, commits a crime under hypnotic influence. If we read over the 'Parsifal' poem, the light of these considerations, we find in it a new and strange fascination. At the time when Wagner wrote this poem hypnotism was not yet a branch of scientific investigation, but the allied phenomena were known under such names as mesmerism and somnambulism, and Wagner's idol, Schopenhauer, had written about them eloquently and believably."

So "Parsifal" may be characterized as a study in hypnotism. Kundry is a hysteric, a hypnotic, just as Amfortas is a gentleman with a running sore. And by the way, why is a running sore an excellent subject for a serious opera while tuberculosis is one unfit? Persons of delicate sensibilities apparently enjoy Kundry and her hysterical symptoms, such as the convulsive struggling and fits of maniacal laughter, but the moment a poor soprano begins to cough, even though she be a mistress of coloratura, away with her!

It is a pity that Dr. Jean Baptist Lamarque of Pesmes, who wrote learned "Essay on Music Considered in Its Relations with Medicine" (1815), and Prof. Colombat, who discussed in 1871 the relations that exist between music and the public health, did not have an opportunity of studying "Parsifal." The Evening Post, by the way, finds "a certain resemblance" between Amfortas and the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter." And why not one between Klingsor and Chillingworth?

Suppose Kundry a mere operatic war-ton, bent on triumphing over the chastity of Parsifal; suppose her to be an ordinary garden sensualist—for she is in Klingsor's garden. She attempts to enlighten Parsifal's dense purity by kissing him with a long kiss in the name of his dead mother.

WHIRRING WORDS AND LOOSE OPINIONS CONCERNING THE OPERA OF "PARSIFAL."



MRS. RICHARD J. HALL.
SAXOPHONE.



GEORGES LONGY,
CONDUCTOR.



MISS. FRIEDA STRASSER.
CONCERT MASTER.

A Study in Hypnotism;
The "Religious" Quality
of Wagner's Work; Mr.
Loeffler's Songs; Music
of the Week; Old and
New Operas; Personals.

Of Love oh learn the fashion
Which Gamuret once knew
When Heart's Affliction's passion
Had fired his bosom through.
The life thy mother
Gave thee can smother
E'en death, and illness, too, remove
Now she
Sends benediction from above
In this first kiss of Love.

As though Klingsor suggested to her
in her hypnotic condition: "Kiss him
for his mother."

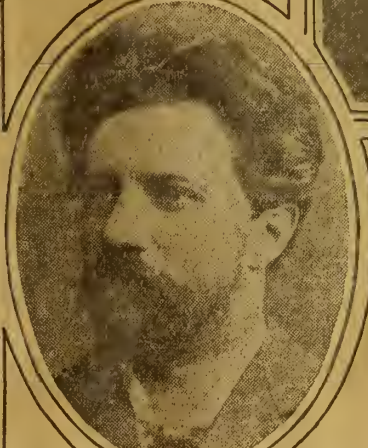
The idea of a woman conscious of her
actions and willing to please herself as
well as to obey Klingsor using the recol-
lection of a mother's Heart's Affliction's
love as a tool of seduction is repulsive.
When we are told that Kundry in a
hypnotic condition has not even a sensu-
al yearning toward Parsifal, that she is
merely a puppet whose strings are
pulled by Klingsor, the scene is intoler-
able. The highest emotions are often
singularly blended with the lowest pas-
sions in the tumultuous life of an unfor-
tunate woman. If Kundry had the slight-
est interest in Parsifal, even her ama-
tory irreverence might be forgiven, as a
curious outburst of the maternal feeling
which enters frequently into the love of
woman for man, whatever the nature of
this love may be, whether it be animal,
pure or mystical. But here Kundry is
merely an automaton; or she is as those
evil creatures who are said to be the
semblance of woman, masked and
draped with a surface of flesh, but
without substantial body and with a
malignantly demoniacal mind.

As The Herald said in its review of
the performance at the Metropolitan
Opera House, Amfortas is the only char-
acter who interests the audience; and
for this reason: he is a man, he suffers;
and temptation and fall have not been
acted in the sight of the public; there is
this sufferer on the stage, and the music
to which he suffers is the most poignant
and the least theatrical music in the
score. "That long cry of Amfortas—
surely the last word of human pain,
where the music seems to voice the ang-
uish of all the life that has suffered
since the foundations of the world were
aid." We are not interested in Amfor-
tas as a type, as Mr. Newman says, but
because he is a man, and we need no
acquaintance with Wagnerian metaphys-
ics to be thrilled by this cry of anguish.

They that protest against the perform-
ances of "Parsifal" elsewhere than at
Bayreuth forget that Bayreuth is a
theatre, not a cathedral, not even a
concert hall. The Bayreuth Festival
Play House was not built and consec-
rated solely for the pontifical produc-



FERRUCCIO BUSONI.
PIANIST.



HENRY J. WOOD
CONDUCTOR.

tion of "Parsifal." It was built as an
opera house for the performance of cer-
tain operas with scenery, costumes and
all possible mechanical contrivances.
These performances were not planned
for a sect as a place of worship or of
omphalic contemplation; they were and
are arranged for a general and paying
public. Even in 1882 there were protests
against the determination of Wagner to
reserve "Parsifal" for Bayreuth. Wagn-
er, shrewdest of stage managers, knew
the value of a pilgrimage. A man that
travels many miles to find a pecu-
liar "atmosphere" is loath to confess
at his journey's end that this atmos-
phere is legendary. A hushed audience
of great size in a darkened room may
be impressive even in an American city.
When hundreds or thousands make a
pilgrimage to a remote Bavarian town
to take part in what is proclaimed
as a religious service, they themselves
create the atmosphere. Nothing could
have been more reverential than the
stage management of the first act of
"Parsifal" at the Metropolitan, and the
attitude of the audience was equally
reverent. Was there an attempt at ap-
plause after the curtains closed? So
there was at Bayreuth in August, 1882,
when we were of the audience; and in
New York, as well as at Bayreuth, the
attempt was promptly suppressed.

Some bring forward the Good Friday's
spell music in answer to the charge
that the opera as a whole shows Wagn-
er old, tired, and inclined toward
senile chatter. Even Mr. Ernest New-
man, sanest of all writers about Wagn-
er and his art, writes: "In the won-
derful 'Charfreitagsszauber' of the third
act we have perhaps the most perfect
evidence of the physiological change
that I have referred to as characteristic
of Wagner's last years. It needed a
quite musical state of the emotional life
to write music so exquisite, so subtle,
so imaginative as this." But the sketch
of this Good Friday music was written
at Zurich in 1857 when Wagner was 44
years old. He was in his 65th year when
he began to work on "Parsifal."

The scenes in the opera that have ex-
cited comment and stirred up strife—
such as the communion service and the
washing and the anointing by Kundry
of Parsifal's feet—seem to an unpreju-
diced looker-on as too deliberately the-
atrical, designed purposely for theatrical
and not for any possible religious effect;
and for this reason alone they may
shock all those who have respect for
the forms of all religions. It is not
necessary here to repeat that the main

idea of the libretto is Buddhistic, not
Christian. The wildest-eyed Wagnerites
quarrel among themselves concerning
the precise nature of the "Christianity"
in "Parsifal." Mr. David Irvine at-
tacked Mr. C. T. Gatty savagely be-
cause he was so rash as to read "the
wrong kind of Christianity" into the
drama, and for saying that the drama
"presupposes notions of a personal God."

But what has all this to do with
opera? Great art is universal, not sec-
tarian. Wagner saw in certain symbols
of the Christian church an opportunity
for stage display and effect; just as
when there was a necessity of scene-
shifting, he made Gurnemanz and Par-
sifal tread water while painted scenes
went by them, and to give effect to this
common and prosaic business, he put
this absurd dialogue into the mouths of
the actors:

Parsifal
I scarcely move—
Yet swiftly seem to run.
Gurnemanz,
My son, thou seest,
Here Space and Time are one.

As Ulick exclaims in "Evelyn Innes":
"If we asked ourselves what Siegfried
did, the answer is that he forged the
sword, killed the dragon and released
Bruennhilde. But if, in like manner, we
ask ourselves what Parsifal did, is not
the answer that he killed a swan and
refused a kiss, and with many morbid,
suggestive and disagreeable remarks?"
It would not be a good thing to go into
the esoteric meaning of "Parsifal." Mr.
Huneker is brilliantly extravagant in
his view and opinion, but his extrava-
gance is that of the righteously indig-
nant man who protests against admira-
tion for the protecting cloak of Par-
sifal's pseudo-Christian castity. As he
well said two years ago at Bayreuth:
"Christianity, modern Christianity, is
clean, not morbid-minded. It exalts the
family, the reverse of the Pauline mis-
ogynists. So Parsifal's renunciation, un-
less it be viewed as an expression of
personal taste, is hardly to be con-
strued into a virtuous action."

There are some whose souls are vexed
by the advertising, as though Wagner
himself was not the accomplished and
indefatigable press agent of his own
works. Nor was he ever weary of
pressing friends and acquaintances into
the service of proclamation. He wrote
announcements of his operatic purposes
and explanations of his dramas. His
sworn partisans were constantly ad-

dressing letters to the press. His friend-
ship with the Mad King was advertised
the world over. Was the Festival
Play House at Bayreuth built as Solo-
mon's Temple, so that there was neither
hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron
heard while it was building? Was it
dedicated as by stealth and in the black
night? Were Wagner now alive, he
would warm his pride in the rays of the
fierce light of publicity; he would wel-
come the attacks of the clergy: "Go on,
gentlemen," we hear him saying; "it
helps the business"; and would not his
reply to the objectors be mighty inter-
esting reading?

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Monday—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. First concert
of the Verdi Orchestral Club, Mr. John M.
Flockton, conductor. Orchestral pieces by
Ambrose Thomas, Verdi, Massenet, Lancelotti,
J. Strauss, Pochaux, Gounod, Cossy, Miss
Adelaide J. Griggs, contralto, will sing the
aria "My Heart is Weary," from Goring
Thomas' "Nadeshda," and songs by Chad-
wick, Comer, Liza Lehmann.

Tuesday—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. First con-
cert of the Boston Orchestral Club, Mr.
Georges Longy, conductor. Overture and ex-
cerpts from Beethoven's ballet, "The Great
Uros of Prometheus"; "A Night on Bald
Mountain," Monsergsky (first time); con-
certo for cello, Golttermann (Sacha David-
off); choral and variations for saxophone and
orchestra, d'Indy (first performance); Eclogue,
Rabaud (first time); symphonic poem, "Tre-
laud," Augusta Holmes (first time).

Wednesday—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second con-
cert of the Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer,
conductor. Burdett's "Song of the Cornish-
men," Osmond's "In Piccadilly"; excerpts from
Gounod's "Messe des Orpheonistes"; Dubois'
"Tarantella," Attenhofer's "Evening Wor-
ship," Gilson's "The Drum," Kremsler's
"When the Bird," Pache's "Serenade," Bee-
thoven's "God's Glory in Nature." Mr.
Timothee Adamowski will play Saint-Saens'
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso.

Thursday—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Organ re-
cital by Mr. Charles B. Clemens of Cleve-
land, O. (his first appearance in Boston);
Krebs' Fugue in G minor; Andante and
Finale, Lemmens; Trio in A minor and Fugue
in A minor, Bach; Emile Bernard's Scherzo
Caprice; two movements from Rheinberger's
Sonata in B minor; Elegy, Barnby; Autumn
Sketch, Brewer; Lied, Chauvet; Morandi's
Allegro vivace; Romanza (study for double
pedal) and Dialogue (study for pedal octaves),
Clemens.

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eleventh
public rehearsal of Symphony orchestra, Mr.
Gerleke, conductor; overture to "The Bar-
barians," Saint-Saens (first time); Bennett's
Concerto in F minor for piano (Mr.
Benson, pianist); symphonic poem, "The Wild
Huntsman," Franck; Mendelssohn's "Scotch"
symphony.

Saturday—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Aeolian,
orchestral and pianola recital. Mr. Harry
Parmalee, baritone, will sing.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eleventh concert
of the Symphony orchestra. Programme as
on Friday afternoon.

LOCAL.

The second concert of the Longy Club
will be on Jan. 25 and not on next Mon-
day evening, as has been stated some-
where.

The first concert of the Boston Or-
chestral Club, Mr. George Longy, con-
ductor, will be on Tuesday evening in
Jordan Hall and the programme will
be of peculiar interest. Vincent d'Indy's

new chorale and variations for saxophone and orchestra, composed expressly for Mrs. Richard J. Hall of this city and dedicated to her, will be performed for the first time. Mrs. Hall will play the saxophone part, and in the spring she will introduce the work in Paris at a concert conducted by the composer. Moussorgsky's fantastical witch piece, "A Night on Bald Mountain"; Rabaud's "Eclogue," a musical illustration of Virgil's first Bucolic, "Tityre tu patulae," etc.; and Augusta Holmes' symphonic poem, "Ireland" will all be performed for the first time in this city. A cello concerto by Goltermann will be played by Sacha Davidoff, an 11-year-old cellist, who has played in Berlin and London and is now living in New York. The Herald publishes today portraits of Mrs. Richard J. Hall, the president of the Boston Orchestral Club, of Mr. Georges Loney, the conductor, and of Miss Frieda Strasser, the concert master. The society is in a flourishing condition and now numbers 84 active members. The few professional players who assist at these concerts are not included in this number.

The song recital to be given by Mr. David Bispham at Jordan Hall on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 19, will be Mr. Bispham's only recital in Boston this season.

The illustrated lectures upon the "Parsifal" to be given by Miss Helen Rhodes at Jordan Hall are appointed for the afternoon of Feb. 10 and 13.

Private advice regarding the sketches prepared by Mr. George Grossmith for his coming American tour promise a delightful entertainment. He will sail on the 6th inst., and Manager L. H. Mudgett will present him at Association Hall soon after his arrival.

The programme of the second of the concerts by the Longy Club at Potter Hall on the evening of the 25th inst. will be of unusual interest.

The Hoffman string quartet will make its second appearance the present season on the evening of the 21st inst. at Potter Hall.

A concert will be given by the Harvard glee, banjo and mandolin clubs (75 members) at the Dorchester high school, Jan. 20, at 8 P. M., for the benefit of the athletic association of that school. The purpose of the concert is to raise money to pay as far as possible the debt on the new athletic field.

Mr. Harold Bauer has received so many letters asking him to play compositions by Schumann that he has decided to return to Boston during the first week of February, when he will give his final recital to Boston. The programme will be devoted to Schumann.

Mr. Randegger, the Italian pianist, will give a recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday, Jan. 26.

Mr. Lang is arranging, with a special choir of 40, for a series of musical services at King's Chapel, on Sunday afternoons, beginning Jan. 10. Some of the works to be given are Berlioz's "In-

fancy of Christ," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Gounod's "Redemption" and the "St. Cecilia" mass, Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," a set of Russian church anthems, Verdi's "Te Deum," Saint Saens' "Noel," and a mass for four voices.

Organ recitals at Symphony Hall are rare, and the appearance of Mr. Clemens, now of Cleveland, is looked forward to with interest. Mr. Clemens, an Englishman by birth, was for six years organist of the Royal Chapel, Berlin, and he was professor of the organ and music theory at the Kildinworth-Scharwenka Conservatory in that city. Mr. Clemens studied in England with Dr. Samuel Weeks, Dr. Bridge of Westminster Abbey, Dr. Martin of St. Paul's, and Ernest Pauer. Tickets are now on sale at Symphony Hall for the concert Thursday evening.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mr. Ferruccio Busoni and of Mr. Henry J. Wood. Mr. Busoni, who will be the pianist at the Symphony concerts this week, is well known and warmly esteemed here. He made this city his home from 1891 to 1893. Mr. Wood of London is one of the famous conductors of the world. He arrived at New York last Thursday, visited Boston, and will conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society of New York on Friday and Saturday. He begs his career as an organist and singing teacher, but since 1896 he has conducted symphonic and promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, London, and he has appeared in cities of the European continent as a virtuoso conductor. Largely through his efforts the French or low pitch was adopted in England. He is also celebrated for his interest in the modern Russian music. During his absence his place at Queen's Hall is filled by Emil Paur.

Miss Geraldine Farrar sang Manon in Massenet's opera at Berlin last month, and the correspondent of the Era (London) wrote: "Her rendering was a cultivated and painstaking one. She sang in German, a decided step forward. Miss Farrar is a beautiful girl, and her voice is most melodious, but my pronunciation that it would never fill our vast Opera House has long since been verified, and the strain upon the delicate organ is becoming more and more obvious."

Dr. Elgar, in his Italian visit, has not failed to notice the inborn musical feeling which belongs to the peasant of that imperishable land of art. And yet, it seems to us that it is possible to be too enthusiastic over such a natural attribute. It was owing, of course, to the superficial gaiety of Italy that the popular operas of that country during the first 70 years of the 19th century were received with such extreme favor. It was the reaction, arising chiefly in Germany, from this vogue which made for the rise of a much more solid and Teu-

tonic element in the musical world. Wagner and his followers (combined with the Slav element) destroyed for the moment practically the Italian vogue. Now, if there is one musician more than another who is steeped to the lips in the Teutonic feeling, and, therefore, in the deep rivers of modern art, it is Edward Elgar. It comes, therefore, as something of a surprise that he should wax so enthusiastic on the subject of an attitude toward music which is wholly foreign to himself. Nevertheless, it is pleasant and agreeable to find one of the heroes of modern musical progress falling down to worship musical forms that had practically ceased to have popularity before he began to compose.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Miss Janet Spencer, formerly of Boston, sang in a performance of "The Messiah" in New York, Dec. 30, and the New York Tribune said of her: "Miss Spencer sang the air, 'O, Thou That Telles,' in the key of G, a proceeding which is sanctioned by the custom of the composer himself to change voice and key in some of the airs to suit the convenience of occasions. Thus 'But who may abide,' though composed for a bass voice, is marked for tenor in the autograph MS. and for the male alto, Guadagni, in the Dublin MS., a change of key being indicated in both cases."

Mr. Vernon Blackburn had sport with Mr. Tovey, composer and pianist, in London, apropos of a concert on Dec. 17. "The programme kindly informed the public that 'as time passes,' the name of Mr. Donald Tovey looms larger and larger in the public eye; we are also told that he was born in 1875; and we are made acquainted with the fact that 'he lives in an age when so many young composers seek to begin the delivery of their message at the point where Wagner left off.' Need more be said to prove that Mr. Donald Francis Tovey, a young gentleman 28 years of age, who with great consideration for the art of our day has taken up Wagner's pen, has practically continued the work of the great German master? Mr. Tovey must, we think, definitely become retrogressive in his point of view; he is not, to our thinking, original enough for his ambition; and, therefore, his attempts should be confined to the lines taken by Richard Strauss, no less than to those which Richard Wagner showed to be possible. They conquer not so much by the invention of new forms or of new technique as by the combination of a great original thought with a few novel (even possibly audacious) sentiments in regard to rule, in combination with all the great traditions which have been built up in the past. Mr. Donald Tovey is not, to our mind, an artist of this kind appealing to modernity."

Emile de Quantan, the author of the Fin national hymn, "Soumi's Song," died recently at San Remo at the age of 76.

Di Marchi will be the first tenor at the San Carlo, Naples, this winter.

The tenor Angelo Masini will receive £500,000 for a tour in South America.

Delmas, the baritone, fell sick immediately after the production of d'Indy's "The Stranger" at the Paris Opera, and the second performance waits his recovery.

Etienne Boutet de Monvel, the draughtsman and painter, has written a life and study of Adolphe Nourrit, the famous tenor. The book, which is highly commended, is published by the "Librairie Plon" Paris.

A third volume of letters of distinguished men to Liszt, collected by La Mara, has been published by Briekopf and Haertel.

A "Symphonic Poem" for cello and orchestra, by Victor Vreuls, played lately in Paris (Bedetti, cellist), was warmly praised.

Felix Mottl as musical director of the Munich Opera will receive yearly the equivalent of \$7500.

LOEFFLER IN NEW YORK.

Songs by Mr. Loeffler of this city were sung at a Kneisel concert in New York Dec. 22. By far the most intelligent, as well as appreciative and sympathetic, review of the songs was published in the Commercial Advertiser:

"The better one becomes acquainted with his work the surer is one that in

Charles Martin Loeffler of Boston this country possesses a musical talent—if, indeed, not a musical genius—that is unique. He is one of the few men now writing music who seems to have something to say, who is not merely an echo of the great geniuses that have gone before him. And not only has he something to say through his music, but he expresses it in a way which is quite his own. His music does not make instant appeal to the ears. With him melody is replaced by a series of shifting harmonic moods. Whether writing for orchestra or for voice, he strives rather of his text than to make the text itself follow the music.

"It follows almost necessarily that such a method would soon carry one into a harmonic jungle, and the problem for the hearer is not made easier by the class of text Mr. Loeffler chooses. What seems to appeal most strongly to his imagination is the poetry of that class of French writers who are usually disposed of by the smug with the word 'decadent'—Maeterlinck in his most symbolistic moods, Verlaine and Baudelaire. That is enough to scare the average audience, and when to this is added Mr. Loeffler's astonishing success in giving musical expression to these poems, whether it be in a setting of verses or in the broader form of a symphonic poem, one cannot see any immediate prospect of general popularity for the composer or for his music.

"Last night at the Kneisel concert five of his songs were sung by Miss Susan Metcalfe. Three of them were settings for voice and piano of poems by Gustave Kahn—'Timbres obscures,' 'Adieu pour jamais' and 'Les paons.' Two were for voice, piano and viola. Baudelaire's 'La cloche fêlée' and Verlaine's 'Serenade,' which begins 'Comme la voix d'un mort qui chanterait.'"

"It is difficult to describe the songs, because one hearing leaves only vague, floating impressions. They are not me-

ludious in the ordinary sense of the word, nor are they declamatory. They are moody in the same sense as some of Franck's music. Mr. Loeffler's sympathies are evidently close to the school of music that has followed Franck. His method are far nearer kin to the French music of the day and its ideals than it is to the German. Debussy would be a brother in art to him, and Chausson, had he lived, would have been close to him. The songs puzzle one, yet they satisfy the imagination. They bring out with extraordinary clearness the subtler meanings of the text. They strike one as being music drama in miniature through their musical illustration of the emotional and intellectual moods of the verses which are treated. The music is to the poem what the frame should be to the picture.

"Miss Metcalfe sang them with exquisite art, although it seemed sometimes that she did not quite rise to their full dramatic possibilities. And Mr. Gebhard of Boston, the pianist, was altogether admirable. In the last group of songs Mr. Loeffler himself played the viola."

CARRENO AND CHOPIN.

Mr. Blackburn heard Teresa Carreno play the piano in London Dec. 16.

"Of her accomplishment there can be no question whatever; she possesses a technique which is altogether extraordinary. At the same time she gives one the impression very strongly of one who is more inclined to teach her hearers than to fulfil her own art. She played a series of Chopin's works in a manner that was most masculine and determinate. Chopin, to our mind, did not really mean that his work should be interpreted in quite this vigorous and masculine way. He nearly always wrote in a very neurotic frame of mind, and he himself has left it on record that his music represented his feelings just precisely as he intimately endured the whips and scorns of time. Mme. Carreno, however, admirably equipped from a technical standpoint, played his work as if it had been the composition of a Goliath. It is true that Chopin, in his curiously feminine way wrote his Polonaises with an assumed strength—the sort of strength which rather reminds one of a gentle animal suddenly roused to anger; but Mme. Carreno created for him an attitude more extraordinary than this; she, if one may be allowed to diverge into a somewhat imaginative pose, decorated Chopin with a most masculine fancy costume. She made him, in a word, at every point, a sort of military poseur; and by her sheer strength of wrist tried to persuade us that this most delicate, this most exquisite composer, was a type of the famous Gilbertian major-general, who knew every science except that which he was supposed to know. Once more, we have to record that we have no doubt whatever that Mme. Carreno has the qualities which would make her a teacher of extraordinary merit; but she always gives us the impression, in her personal playing, that she is trying to teach her public facts of which that public is already aware."

"Lancelot" of the Referee described Mme. Carreno's playing of Grieg's concerto, Dec. 12, as "a masculine reading of a feminine work by a male composer."

HENSCHEL ON BRAHMS.

The Herald noted the fact that Mr. Henschel lectured on Brahms before the Society of American Women in London Dec. 17. The London journals just received give entertaining reports of this lecture. We quote from the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Mr. Henschel was very full of his subject, and he gave us to understand that his intimacy with Brahms was of a most exceptional kind. He also explained, in a quite new and exceptional way, the point of view toward art which Brahms always took, and which very often has made certain of his critics rather hostile to his general methods and to some of his work. Brahms, for example, could not endure Wagner; and, according to Mr. Henschel, he so far lapsed from good taste as to say, when the first member of the Bayreuth orchestra died, 'There goes the first corpse.' In that you have, oddly enough, Brahms exactly as many people have summed him up—those people, we mean, who, admiring the great synthetic value of his music, have determinedly emphasized the fact that he did not in many respects realize the beauty and the sentiment of that music which should walk hand in hand, up and down all the spaces of the world, with the man who looks to music for a large element of enjoyment in his life. Mr. Henschel recorded the fact that Brahms once said to him that a thing 'need not be beautiful, but it must be perfect.' Therein, indeed, you realize Brahms; perfection of style, perfection of manner, perfection of orchestration—all these things were part and parcel of his life-work. Who then shall attack a critic who maintains that, although these things are very necessary, he still does not care for the public utterance of Brahms when he attacks his art from his very specialized own point of view?"

"Mr. Henschel's reminiscences of Brahms were, as he delivered them, entirely engrossing. It is true that very often the question of food and drink seemed to be the central point of the jests which aroused the laughter of Mr. Henschel's audience. Mr. Henschel naturally laid great stress upon his personal friendship with the German musician; he described with no little eloquence how he visited various public places in company with Brahms, and how they enjoyed the everyday fashions of the various places in which they lived together.

"Mr. Henschel, in his defence of Brahms, dwelt somewhat excessively (as it seemed to us) upon the value of the songs. We do not agree here with Mr. Henschel; but that is neither here nor there. The fact remains that, from a pictorial point of view, he showed us Brahms on his travels, in his more or

less irresponsible moments, in his 'harmless' days, and in such moments of exuberance toward life that he nearly changed our feeling toward the general attitude of Brahms, so far as our judgment of his perpetual gravity in connection with everyday life is concerned."

BERLIOZ AGAIN.

Last night a choral and orchestral concert was given in the concert hall of the Royal College, under the direction of Sir Charles V. Stanford, in honor of the centenary of Berlioz. In such a connection one need do little more than praise the artistic spirit which prompts modern teachers and modern young musicians to realize how great a man and how great a musician was Hector Berlioz. At one time it was considered almost a drawback, in the utterance of any musical critic, to praise Berlioz within a long distance beyond that with which he is now hailed as a master. Wagner, in his insistent way, sped to the front, and seized all the laurels which had been patiently awaited by Berlioz. It was Wagner who practically sent his rival back to a position which it has taken him nearly half a century to retrieve. Nowadays we have at last realized that that position is no longer a doubtful one, and the Royal College concert of last night was in every respect so good that we cannot but doubt that, by the help of such exhibitions of scholarly attainments, the position and the right rank which belongs to Hector Berlioz will be helped toward the place where it will be finally settled for all time.

The dramatic symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," which in parts foreshadows quite certainly many occasional effects which Wagner made in his later operatic work, is surely one of the most poetical and beautiful compositions to be reckoned with in modern music. The design is extraordinary; and we use that epithet because, until the time of Berlioz, no man had in the same degree so greatly dared to follow the thoughts of litera-

ture as they fled before him into the recesses of the art which Berlioz made his own. It is well known that Berlioz greatly disliked scholastic music for its own sake; and here he is found to use the fugue, for example, with almost poignant sense of its dramatic significance. In fact, you have in Berlioz a founder and the creator of all that most engrossing in modern music. Liszt a contemporary; Wagner, a student; Richard Strauss, a successor; Edward Elgar, student and scholar—all the great masters have, as it seems to us, to retreat upon Hector Berlioz in order to express their modern thought and develop that thought by modern ways of orchestration. For he, indeed, was the greatest master of orchestra of these times. * * * From a general point of view we are bound to say that the concert did a most distinct honor to the memory of him who has been rightly described as the father of modern instrumental music."—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 9.

Last night, at the above hall, Hector Berlioz Strauss conducted a concert entirely composed of the works of Berlioz. It is just and right that a newcomer into the paths of modern art should make a serious point of patronizing Berlioz in a world which is, as matter of fact awaiting the fine work of all the generations. Richard Strauss is one of those men who eternal clamor for consideration, and who never for a moment allow their critics to put their artistic methods aside. Therefore it is that his conducting of a Berlioz concert naturally makes for everything which is rational, without ever erring on the side of excess. Strauss understands Berlioz with a peculiar finish he knows exactly the extent of the wonderful musician's ambitions, and realizes also how far Berlioz thought wise to advance in the pathway of somewhat audacious undertakings. At the same time he was determined to confine himself within the limits of definite law and order, based upon the absolutism of modern orchestration.

Berlioz, in fact, is to be reckoned among the very greatest composers that ever lived; his sense of orchestration was so great that he practically has a rival in the world of music, so far as this point is concerned. It is true that now and then his melody is not quite so beautiful as that which, for example, entrances you when Mozart appeals your sentiment; nevertheless, Berlioz the modern master whom everybody now recognizes, in a complete manner the recognition implies that his enormous intellect practically sweeps away at the present moment all the successors to his genius whose practical sense of advertisement has meant so much of their advancement, not only in life, but also in ultimate reputation.

We are inclined to think that the creative instinct of Richard Strauss at that of Hector Berlioz. Both musicians seem to defy the ordinary convention of their own period; they both fly above in order to discover the new thing which are part and parcel of the extraordinary accomplishment. Therefore, it was delightful to follow Strauss in his conducting of this Berlioz concert, which was magnificent in its results. Miss Evelyn Amette played the violin solo of the "Reverie et Caprice" for violin and orchestra (Op. 8), a work which has this value, in that it shows that Berlioz never by any possible chance misses the instinctive feeling which attaches to any particular instrument. The magnificent overture, "Les Francs Juges," was played admirably and once again we were compelled to note that Strauss, the revolutionist, seemed to enter into the situation created by Berlioz himself, also a revolutionist, with a determination to an absolute accomplishment which we quite extraordinary. Miss Alice Hollander sang three songs from "Les Nuits d'Ete," extremely well. It says much for the inventive genius of Berlioz that many modern ballads have

thought or intonation, pure or impure; volume and intensity are of more importance when the skin is on the table. The song may be a ribald convict-ditty; or a bearded and spectacled man may wax sentimental over the memory of the grave of Imogene or Lulalie; or there may be vocal allusions to sweet, sweet spring and little birds; or a thin, sweet-faced person, whose stomach is queasy on a Nantasket boat, may roar his love of the raging sea and his fierce desire to lead a pirate's life. We remember—for we, too, have been in Bohemia as well as in Arcadia—years ago in a New York town, where there were no sumptuary laws, a mild-mannered clerk, who had never served in the militia, insisting every night punctually at 11 o'clock on rising solemnly from his seat and expressing in song and with numberless repetitions his one controlling wish: "Yes, let me like a soldier fall"; and in his beery enthusiasm he would attempt a high C straight from the chest.

All these songs, amatory, sentimental, bellicose, piratical and scurvy in Bohemia, have a chorus. There is no need of a conductor to give the attack and the tempo. The singing is all attack and the tempo is rigidly maintained, whether it be riotously fast or disarmingly slow. That is male-chorus singing. Ah, 'twas a time, as they are always saying, in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." It was, not is a time.

For some are forced to leave Bohemia. They suddenly find that gross and material business interests conflict with the delectable sojourn; or their liver, kidneys, heart, the human clock-work, give warning. The beer is bitter or stale; the pipe burns the tongue; the stories are pointless, the jests are too personal; the songs are intolerably noisy. So says the exile to himself by way of consolation; and yet how often in the shelter or the storm of domesticity, does the prim room fill with tobacco smoke, and he laughs at the thrice-told tale heard in imagination, and he beats time to the chorus and would fain join in it, though at a distance, but the eyes of the family are upon him and already has his restlessness provoked alarm and suspicion of a disordered mind.

Therefore male choruses composed of singers in the approved dress of evening and high respectability, disposed orderly on the stage, and led decorously by a chosen conductor, are necessary to society at large. Some of the subscribers, hearing songs in praise of love and wine, renew their youth; others, shy or on a prescribed diet, snatch a fearful joy from this vicarious dissipation. Their wives and sisters and daughters accompany them and they, too, are thrilled or exhilarated without a feeling of personal degradation, for these singers are exemplary in life and thought; they make prisoners walk the plank, they fill high the bowl, they love with a mad yearning, only in a Pickwickian sense.

The programme of the Apollo last night might have been chosen by total abstainers. Bacchus was not even mentioned; Venus was discreetly dressed in Pache's serenade; the Tarantella was danced in long skirts. There was a war song of Cornish men; there were songs of sentiment, songs of recollections of childhood, and songs of religion.

These part-songs are of various degrees of merit. "Evening Worship," by Attenhofer, is of the conventional pattern; Mr. Gibson might have made more of Eugene Field's lines, yet "The Drum" pleased the audience and it was repeated, as was Mr. Osgood's charming "In Picardie." There are effective contrasts of mood in Mr. Burdett's "Song of the Cornishmen," composed for the Apollo Club, and Dubois' "Tarantella" is skilfully contrived, with an uncommon freedom and variety in the respective walks of the different parts. The most striking portions of Gounod's mass are the "Qui tollis" section of the "Gloria" and the "O Salutaris," although the final version of the "Domine, salvam fac," has a certain theatrical, almost spectacular, importance.

The performance was most excellent. The Apollo Club now sings with a fine appreciation of dynamic gradations. There is something more than painstaking attention to purely mechanical matters. Expression is not merely alternate, ever recurring piano and forte, forte and piano. The musical sentence has meaning; each sentence has connection with other sentences; there are climaxes, or there are quietly established and maintained moods. By the individualization of choruses, the monotony, in a measure inherent—for the compass of male voices in four parts is limited and there is the absence of female vocal brilliance—this inevitable monotony is largely lessened. The performance last night was polished, but it was not characterless, it was never effeminate. It was full of force, when force was demanded.

Mr. Adamowski played Saint-Saens' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, a romanza by Wagner, and a Hungarian dance by Hubay. In the piece by Saint-Saens, he did not do himself nor the composer justice, for his intonation was not always pure and there was an absence of dash and authority. He was recalled and obliged to add to the programme.

Mr. O'Shea played the organ with unusual discrimination in the excerpts from Gounod's mass. He supported the singers. He was not as one saying, "Hallo! Here's an organ. Let's pull out all the stops."

There was a large audience. The third concert will be on Wednesday evening, Feb. 24, when a full orchestra will assemble.

ORGAN RECITAL BY C. E. CLEMENS

A Player of the Modern
School Pleases a Fair-
Sized Audience at Sym-
phony Hall.

DISPLAYS RHYTHM AND BRILLIANCE

Mme. Blauvelt Takes Bu-
soni's Place in Concert
by Symphony Orchestra
This Afternoon.

Mr. Charles E. Clemens of Western Reserve University, and organist of St. Paul's, Cleveland, gave an organ recital last evening at Symphony Hall. There was an audience of fair size. The programme was as follows:

Krebs—Fugue in G major.
D'Ervy—Meditation.
Toccata.
Bach—Largo, A minor (trio sonata).
Fugue, A minor.
Emile Bernard—Scherzo caprice in A minor.
Rheuburger—Sonata, B minor.
Thema mit veränderungen.
Fantasie und finale.
Barnby—Elegy.
Brewer—"An Autumn Sketch."
Chauvet—"Lied."
Morandi—Allegro Vivace.
Clemens—Romanza (étude for double pedal).
Diakova (étude for pedal octaves).
Lemmens—Andante.
Finale.

The lot of an organist in an English Cathedral town may be called fortunate. He is busy with the services of the church; his surroundings are sympathetic; he can live a quiet, contemplative life when not on active duty; at night there is sound ale and there is the long church warden; and when he dies, after as blameless a life as that of Homer's Ethiopians, there is snug lying in the consecrated ground.

In this country the life of the average church organist is full of trouble. In his church he is made a little lower than the sexton; he is the plaything of the music committee; and if the soprano or the alto errs grievously in song, she glares at the organist, and the congregation is at once ready to espouse her cause. To earn a living he is obliged to teach the piano, to lead a choral society, to play for dancing, to do drudgery of any kind. Nor is he able—if he wishes to keep his position—to play in church the music he really likes.

The wandering organ virtuoso has his tale of peculiar woe. The violinist can take his fiddle with him. Players of certain other instruments enjoy like liberty, though some street car conductors object to a double bass. There is no law against the carrying of a cornet on the street, even when the deadly weapon is hidden in a case. The pianist plays the piano of one firm or another; he finds the instrument in order; and the mechanical structure cannot be a surprise.

The organist meets new problems with every unfamiliar organ; and the ultra-modern organ is a complex monster; it is to the organ of 20 years ago as a modern naval fighting machine to the battleship of the civil war. He must master the use of the mechanical devices, some of which are treacherous. He has so much mechanical detail to attend to that he hardly has time to think of the music that is on the rack.

Nevertheless organists go from town to town to give concerts, and Mr. Clemens came to Boston. An Englishman by birth and education, he won a reputation in Berlin as player and teacher, and about four years ago he made Cleveland his home. He is an enthusiast in his profession, and it is his aim to assist in arousing an interest in the organ as a concert instrument.

His programme was an unconventional both in omission and inclusion. Franck, Widor, Guilmant, some of the more popular men of the modern English school and makers of transcriptions were passed by; but as organ programmes go, this one was interesting, and the lighter pieces were not absolute trash, as is too often the case.

Mr. Clemens has a well grounded technique, a facility that hides mechanical difficulties, ingenuity in registration. He phrases intelligently, and he is evidently a musician as well as a virtuoso. Some might say that he over-registers in music of the 18th century; that his performance of the fugue by Krebs was too mannered; that his delivery of the fugue-subjects by Krebs and Bach was artful rather than artistic. We confess that we prefer a simpler and franker treatment of such music. We prefer to hear a fugue of that century played with greater directness and dignity from the very start. The fugue should never suggest mosaic work. In the A minor fugue, for instance, there should be a steady rush toward the climax, and any momentarily relieving episode should not be in striking dynamic contrast. Yet many share Mr. Clemens' views, and it must be acknowledged that he plays this music effectively from his own standpoint. In the modern music he

often displayed a fine sense of color and sentiment, as well as rhythm and brilliance. His performance was refreshingly free from sensationalism. It was that of a man who has the highest respect for the organ and his calling. Such visitors are always welcome, though it may be doubted whether they will awaken interest in an instrument that is for the service of the church or for oratorio performances rather than solo concert use. Here enters a question that might be debated at length and without convincing either disputant. Mr. Clemens was frequently and heartily applauded.

MME. BLAUVELT SOLOIST.

Programme for Public Rehearsal of the
Boston Symphony Orchestra
This Afternoon.

The programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra this afternoon includes the overture to Saint-Saens' opera, "The Barbarians"; Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman," and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony. The overture will be played here for the first time. When the opera is performed in Paris, the overture serves as a prologue and a reciter appears to tell how an invading host of Teutons swept the natives and the Roman legions before them, until at Orange, their chief fell in love with a vestal virgin, and he declares that Vesta punished the sacrilege. The action of the opera passes in the old amphitheatre of Orange, for which the first performance was planned, but Saint-Saens made reasonable objections and the production was at the Opera, Paris. Franck's symphonic poem is in illustration of the ballad by Buerger, which is familiar to English speaking persons through Sir Walter Scott's version. The composition was first played here by Theodore Thomas' orchestra, and it has been played here at a Symphony concert.

Mr. Busoni has been delayed, and Mme. Blauvelt will be the soloist. She will sing with the orchestra Rosina's cavatina from "The Barber of Seville," and with piano accompaniment these songs: Campra's "Charming Butterfly," Delibes' "Why?" and the bolero from "The Sicilian Vespers."

It is a pleasure to state that Mr. Gilbert, the eminent haritone, and Miss Sassoli, the harpist, will give a second concert in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 16. There will be a complete change of programme.

Jan 10. 1904

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Saint-Saens Overture Given
Here for First Time.

Music of "The Barbarians" Heard
by Boston Music Lovers—Roman-
tic Pieces by Franck and Men-
delssohn Also on the Programme
—Mme. Blauvelt the Soloist.

The programme of the 11th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Overture to "The Barbarians".....Saint-Saens
(First time).
Rosina's cavatina from "The Barber of Seville".....Rossini
Symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman".....Franck
Songs, "Charming Butterfly".....Campra
"Why?".....Delibes
Bolero from "The Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi
Symphony in A minor, "Scotch".....Mendelssohn
The overture to "The Barbarians" was played for the first time in Boston. It served originally as the prologue to the opera produced in Paris in 1901. After introductory music the stage curtains were drawn apart and the amphitheatre at Orange was disclosed. A reciter, Delmas, the baritone, appeared and told how Germans, invading Gaul, before Christ's birth drove all before them; but Gloria, the beautiful Vestal, found a way to stop them; and then the Goddess avenged in the blood of the conqueror the sacrilegious sacrifice of Gloria's body. There was music in this scene. The curtains closed again, and there was orchestral music to the beginning of the first act. This prologue was arranged by the composer as a concert overture and played at a Colonne concert in Paris, Dec. 1, 1901. Theodore Thomas produced it in Chicago in 1902.

When he was nearly 60 years old Saint-Saens went back to Grecian and Roman legends for sources of musical inspiration. Cynical, or rather ironical, in his treatment of "Phryne," that glory of a very old and once highly esteemed profession, he was appropriately tragic in the music to "Deianira." Then came "The Barbarians," and the next year the music to "Phryne," and now his "Helen of Troy" is ready for Monte Carlo. May he be as fortunate with the story of the face "that launched a thousand ships" as was Offenbach. But Saint-Saens is now in his 69th year, and his music was never distinguished for sensuous quality or passionate intensity. Perhaps it would be well for him to treat Helen, as Phryne, with courteous irony.

The first opera librettists chose tales and legends of Greece and Rome as well as stories from these mythologies; and for years their example was piously followed. The French musicians, as well as painters, have clung to the classics, and the influence of Latin and Greek literature is observed today even among

as symphonies and their well as among such neo-paganists as Schwebel and Pierre Louys. Saens has tried the historical and romantic lyric drama, and now a frankly classical. He has always played classic qualities in his operas, as in his symphonies, symphonic poems, chamber music, simple lyrics, effects of outlines, an avoidance of encumbering detail, discretion in expression. He has now reached the age, and if we may judge by the latest work that have been played here, when facility of expression is far more marvellous than his invention. "And desire shall fall," said the Preacher King in Jerusalem, "Saint-Saens, we fear, has reached the evil days when ideas fail."

His quality of expression are again revealed in this overture, but the ideas are few and unimportant. Where is the potent suggestion of tragedy? What is the picture of wild invaders and a despairing folk? This music is as cold as an ancient, half-effaced fresco. Compare with this music of an invader's barbaric host, the overture to Chabrier's "Gwendoline," an opera with a subject, for in each an invading host is captivated by the beauty of a woman. In Saint-Saens' music there is no room for fancy. The passion is that of a chequer player who believes in his own system of moves. Nor is this music superlatively decorative. Let us hope that the thought of Helen of Troy has warmed his blood or at least inspired him to some of amorous regret.

Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, illustration of Buerger's ballad "The Wild Huntsman" was played here for the third time. It grows in effect with each hearing, yet the opening episode, the Sunday scene and that of the chase still seem the more imaginative. The course and the wild hunt are not so poignantly portrayed. Franck was first and a mystic; his best and most characteristic music is that of contemplation, of action, and least of all demonic action. He knew how to express admirably the voices complaining of the count's mad chase that brought their curse; for his compassion and love embraced the universe; but what had the pure soul to do with the Wild Huntsman and his hellish attendants? His imagination had to stoop to such a scene. He could no more have written the music for the Wolf's Glen in "Die Freischuetz" or the Evocation of the Nuns in "Robert the Devil," than he could have imagined the song of Chabrier's Louise to her lover, that sort of shy confession and woman's exultation, or the café scene in "Bohème." For of Franck it might have been said: "He hath an angel," not "He hath a devil."

Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony like his overture, "Fingal's Cave," always gives a certain pleasure. Here it has revealed the talent of Mendelssohn, the talent of the landscapist in music. It is true that, although the composer visited Scotland, he still saw the land as from the top of Sinai. There is still the Jewish feeling that, so appropriate in the music to Racine's tragedy, and if Mendelssohn had played a bagpipe, no doubt it would have sounded like a shofar. But there is, in all events, a landscape with atmosphere in this symphony; and there is the suggestion of ballads of the border, the thought of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." The scherzo is today the freshest of the movement, and that is the one most characteristically Scottish.

Mme. Blauvelt, who took at short notice the place of the tempest tossed and delayed Busoni, has a voice of fine quality, which is, however, without pronounced individuality, and makes a personal appeal. She sang fluently and with a certain degree of brilliance the familiar cavatina from "The Barber of Seville." Her production of low tones might be criticised, for the contrast in quality was strongly marked, and one thought of Wordsworth's line, "Two voices at there." This defect was naturally not so noticeable in the group of songs. The song by Campra she sang simply as well trained singer. She did not suggest the melancholy of it all—the flight of years, the vanity of all things, the inevitable gray days and nights that follow a life of coquetry.

This song has a Watteau character; it has the same melancholy elegance, the same polished recognition of the inherent emptiness of desire. There was more of a personal note, more of emotional revelation in Delibes' song, but the bolero was again merely a study in bravura—and this bolero without orchestral accompaniment is like unto cold steel.

The euphony of the orchestra was a distinguished as ever, and the different compositions were read with the minutest attention to detail and with the care of relative proportions that characterizes Mr. Gericke as a conductor. Yet there was breadth there was sympathy, and in "The Wild Huntsman" there was the fitting romantic expression.

Its Merits, Its Amusing
Errors and Notable
Omissions.

Two Volumes, Edited by
Robert Hughes, M. A.

Fritzi Scheff at the Colonial
in Opera Comique.

REVIEW OF A NEW MUSICAL LEXICON: SOME THINGS WHICH IT DOES NOT CONTAIN.

Her First Appearance Here
in "Babette."

Other Local Musical Events,
Personals, Etc.

MESSRS. McClure, Phillips & Co. of New York have published "The Musical Guide, containing a pronouncing and defining Dictionary of Terms, Instruments, etc., including Key to the pronunciation of Sixteen languages; many Charts; an Explanation of the Construction of Music for the Uninitiated; a pronouncing Biographical Dictionary; the Stories of the Operas; and numerous biographical and critical Essays by distinguished Authors: Edited by Rupert Hughes, M. A." The work is in two stout volumes. Here is a page of "Supplementary Crology," and we are told that mile Chevallard died at Paris in 1813. It is difficult to reconcile this information with the statements in the recent music journals of Paris concerning Mr. Chevallard's present musical activity. Perhaps Mr. Chevallard is aware that he died last year. If he does know, if he is trying to conceal the fact from the public, his conduct is reprehensible, it is positively indecent.

This book, an "Inquire within for all you want to know concerning music," is necessarily in large measure a compilation, and in the biographical section of time "authorities" have sometimes been followed without independent examination. Thus Verdi was born Oct. 9, 1813; not Oct. 9. It should be remembered, however, that absolute accuracy in such works is hardly to be expected. The Paris newspapers, in their notices of the death of Gounod and Cesar Franck, differed as to the date of passing. Any compiler may allude to the reply of Fetis to certain queries: "Beyond doubt the 'Biographie universelle des Musiciens' is inaccurate in certain statements of facts and dates. I admitted this in my preface, and the fault may be found in all works of this class. If 10 persons worked diligently for 10 years in cleansing this dictionary of its imperfections, there would still be inaccuracies." Mr. Hughes, as editor, gave 34 lines to Mr. Paderewski, the celebrated Polish pianist, and 19 to Cesar Franck. There are other curious instances of a lack of judgment in proportion. Thus about 70 pages are given to "Stories of the Operas." Over a page and a half is devoted to Mr. Paderewski's inconsequential and amateurish "Manru." In reality of proportion this dictionary does not differ materially from some that have preceded it. The first volume of Grove's is, perhaps, the most singularly planned as regards space.

No other work of this kind has published, so far as we know, a table of pronunciations, 16 in all—Arabian, Armenian, Danish, Dutch, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, Welsh. Add English, which is seldom heard in our concert halls, and is said to be an extremely difficult language for our native singers, and we shall soon hear singers in 17 languages. We have heard much in Italian, German, French, Polish and English, but what are five languages in one recital, when there are more stammering to be heard? The compiler says that Flemish is "dead as literary language." It is alive as an erratic language and even as a concert language in Holland; furthermore, folks are still published in Flemish. Any young singer who wishes to avoid the ruts of concert giving should use her first recital only songs in these languages: Arabian, Danish, Flemish, Portuguese and Welsh. With this invaluable table there will be no excuse for mispronunciation.

The ordinary biographical dictionary dry reading. He was born; he went to school and that college; there is a list of works and deeds, writings or visions or battles or discoveries. But I know little about the man himself; how he looked; his personal habits and peculiarities; the essentials that separate him from other Jones and Robsons. Old John Aubrey knew the secrets of the ideal biographer. When wrote the sketch of Sir John Birkenhead, knight, in three pages, he relieved a record of dull facts by four lines of traiture: "He was exceedingly content, witty, not very grateful to his



FRTZI SCHEFF.

benefactors, would lye damnably. He was of middling stature, great goggle eyes, not of a sweet aspect." Thus Sir John still lives, although his works are forgotten.

Look up the life of Anton Filtz in Fetis' colossal work: 'Cellist in the service of the Palatine Elector at Mannheim, distinguished composer, list of compositions.' He died in 1783, at an early age. What is Filtz to you? No more than Fils! or Filipuzzi, unless you happened to read somewhere that the first five notes of Schumann's quintet are identical with the opening of Filtz's E flat major trio. Yet Filtz must have been a man worth knowing, for Pohl in a footnote to his life of Haydn tells us that this cellist-composer died from indolence indulgence at table in spiders; he was passionately fond of them and swore that they tasted like strawberries. A little anecdote like this, a trifling human document, tightens up the drab page.

Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. should have added a carefully prepared "Table of Correspondents in Divorce Cases of Eminent Musicians." Study of such a table would keep one from awkward mistakes in conversation with divorced wife, divorced husband or the alleged correspondent.

So, too, there should have been a "Table of Husbands of Illustrious Prima Donnas" from the year 1600 to 1903, with a few blank leaves for manuscript additions. It is true that Mr. Stengel calls himself Mr. Stengel-Sembrich, but self-effacement. The husband of Mme. Gadski is not Mr. Gadski, but Mr. Tauscher, nor is Mme. Nordica's second husband Mr. Nordica. An accurate table of these husbands, arranged in alphabetical order, and also in order of succession, would be invaluable for private reading, as well as for the classroom and the public library. The existing dictionaries give scanty information even when the prima donna has had as many spouses as the woman of Samaria.

It is true that there is a slight attempt in "The Musical Guide" to give information concerning the precise nature of a prima donna's domesticity. "Johanna Gadsby," with a "y," is here married to "H. Pauscher," whereas his name is "Tauscher." Nordica's Mr. Gower and his balloon ascension are duly chronicled, as is her marriage to "Mr. Zoltan F. Doeme"; but there is no discussion of the question whether Mr. Doeme's real name is Sigismund Taitelbaum. According to the Musical Courier: "The Taitelbaums are an old Israelitic family that, settled in Hungary at the time of the Turkish war, and their descendants were known as great cigarette smokers. Mr. Taitelbaum is at present in Dr. Bull's Sinai-tarium."

We remember Mr. Doeme's first appearance as a singer in this city. How could one ever forget it? It was at a "grand operatic concert" in Music Hall.

Jan. 28, 1892. The other singers were Nordica, Scalchi and Paul Kalisch. Mr. Doeme sang an air from Nessler's "Trumpeter" and Wolfram's address to the Evening Star; he did not arouse enthusiasm until he sang to his own piano accompaniment an outlandish ditty of many verses, with a startling refrain: "Hi!" which was occasionally varied by the introduction of "Hi! Hi!" It seems hardly possible that the singer of that song could suffer from nervous depression.

Hippolyta, I would thee with my sword,
And won't thy love doing thee injuries.

There is a story that Mr. Doeme, in the frenzy of his courtship, sailed the seas over and rushed to some western town to produce there a horse-pistol and to talk of blood, both Nordica's and his, unless she would forthwith be his bride. An impetuous wooer! A Hungarian Rhapsody in the flesh! A picturesque figure in a romance or in a scene of operatic emotion, but not restful in an apartment.

The first volume of "The Musical

Guide" contains a preface, in which the book is eulogized. Then follows "An Introduction to Music for the Uninitiated." The character of the essay may be learned by pondering this paragraph: "There is no deeper mystery about the tools and the trade of music than about those of any other carpentry and joinery. It is far easier for some people to write a melody than to drive a nail straight. But anybody who will earnestly try, can learn to do the one as easily as the other. And there are thousands of professional composers who ought to be earning honest livings driving nails home, instead of starving to death dishonestly driving audiences home."

Mr. E. I. Stevenson contributes five essays on "The National Schools": Italian, German, French, English, Russian. Mr. Stevenson says: "It is not likely that in any form of music France will originate more in the future than her brilliant and most representative composers have done in the past." It is not surprising, then, to find Mr. Stevenson lumping Massenet, Salvyre, Chabrier, Reyer, Saint-Saens, Franck, De Lara (?), Leroux and Charpentier together as "salient expressions" of the "Germano-Gallic" school, and not mentioning Gabriel Faure, Vincent d'Indy and Claude Debussy, who have created new expressions, and Debussy has radically changed harmonic thought. Nor does he in his essay on German music discuss the tendencies or the personal influence of Richard Strauss. Mr. Hughes adds a chapter on the American school. Chapters on "The Great Instrumentalists" and "The Great Singers" are by Mr. Louis C. Elson.

The Dictionary of Terms, Instruments, etc., fills about 250 pages, and there is a mass of information. There are special essays in this section by Messrs. F. J. Henderson, Huncker, Kobbe, Krehbiel, Newman, Norris, C. W. Pearce, Reinmann, Sheddock and the editor; thus Mr. Sheddock discusses acoustics, Mr. Runciman, form, etc. Mr. Runciman's last words in this essay may be as a stumbling block to some: "There is very little dif-

ference in a certain order, and all one's faculties are satisfied—the emotions, the sense of pure beauty in melody and harmony, the architectural sense, the intellectual appreciation of right handling of the material. Whether music is pure music or programme music, it must satisfy all these. And though, in the future, we may use quarters and eighths of tones, and though we may arrive at complexities unknown today and be able to express subtleties of feelings as yet never felt, the principles by which our feelings are expressed in noble and beautiful form cannot but remain the same." Mr. Homer A. Norris of Boston contributes the articles on counterpoint and fugue.

The definition of a musical term is often a ticklish business, and there may well be dispute over certain definitions in this book. For instance: "Andantino—literally, slower than andante; but usually considered to mean slightly faster." As a matter of fact, many of the later authorities agree in this that "andantino" is applied chiefly with reference to the length of the piece, and not so much with thought of the precise speed of the movement.

"Basset-horn—An obsolete clarinet." But why "basset"? And why "horn"?

It is only fair to say that this section of the work is one of great value. The tables of old and modern names are seldom found as complete in any dictionary specially devoted to definition.

The stories of operas by Beethoven, Bellini, Bizet, Boito, Charpentier, Delibes—why do they put an acute accent on the first "e"—Donizetti, Gluck, Gounod, Humperdinck, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Massenet, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Paderewski (P), Puccini, Rossini, Spinnelli, A. Thomas, Verdi, Wagner, Weber are told at length "by acts, entrances and songs." The choice of operas is often arbitrary. The original casts are not always given, in spite of the declaration in the title; yet the names of the creators of the parts are not beyond the reach of human inquiry. The Italian version of "Carmen" is used as a reference, whereas the opera has for some years been sung here in French or in English. Is the libretto of "Robert le Diable," "next to Die Zauberflöte, probably the worst libretto in existence"?

A chart showing "absolute pitch and the ranges of the voice and chief orchestral instruments" is followed by a series of pictures of orchestral instruments. The faces of the players are made unnecessarily grotesque. Leon Pourtaud, the poet of the clarinet, who went down with the Bourgoine, often complained of the facial contortions in the display of such artistry in wind. A flute player in full fury of performance is like unto a man passionately fond of green corn eating his way along the ear. A bassoon player at work is a melancholy spectacle. In painting or in sculpture there should be idealization. The mourners on a Grecian urn or frieze do not blubber.

The second volume includes a table of pronunciations, a pronouncing dictionary of given names, titles, epithets, etc., and a biographical dictionary of musicians. By far the most important portion of the volume is the biographical dictionary. There are a few special articles, as Parry's on the art of Bach, Krebhiel's on "Beethoven: a Study of Influences," Newman's on Berlioz, Zeigler on Bizet, Hunker's on Brahms, and other short studies. Some of these are wholly admirable, as that of Runciman on Handel, of Henderson on Verdi, of Hunker on Chopin, of Krebhiel on Beethoven, of Aldrich on Schumann. Errors, of course, creep in, as when it is stated that Handel anglicised his name George "Frederic" instead of "Frederic." There are some omissions, as unaccountable as some inclusions, and there is often a lack of proportion in the distribution of space. Thus Agamonte has nearly as many lines as Farnelli. Ethelbert Nevin as much as Cesar Franck.

It would be easy to point out some inaccuracies here and there; thus, the singing woman Lucienne Breval was born at Berlin, not in France, and her real name is Schilling; it would be easy to complain of undue attention paid composers or singers of slight importance; but this would be ungracious, for the task of compilation was not an easy one, and time and patience have been spent in preparation with generous results. The scheme was perhaps too ambitious; no one book at a reasonable price can contain all that the publishers projected. A biographical dictionary is one thing, a music-lexicon is another. As a biographical dictionary, "The Musical Guide" is not so satisfactory for the student's use as Baker's volume, and as a music-lexicon it is inferior to Hugo Reemann's—the fifth edition. Still it has its place; it will entertain the general reader and instruct him in a pleasant manner. The writer about musical subjects will still be obliged to consult the dictionaries of Gerber, Fétis, Poughn and the fourth volume of Grove.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

FRIDAY Selchert Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Mr. T. H. Carot, cellist, and Mr. George Cope and, Jr., pianist. Rubinstein's concerto in D major for cello; excerpts from Brahms' sonata in E minor for cello and piano; cello solo by Tognatta, Saint-Saens, and Chopin; piano piece by Chopin and Debussy. SATURDAY Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. Second concert by Mr. Charles Gilbert, baritone, and Miss Sassoli, harpist. ST. MARK'S Church, 3 P. M. Pianola recital. Mr. Carl Behr, cellist, will be the soloist.

FRITZI SCHEFF IN "BABETTE."

Fritzi Scheff will make her first Boston appearance in opera comique at the Colonial Theatre tomorrow night. There is decided interest to see her in

her new field. The light opera stage will be undoubtedly the gainer, for she has the qualities which are needed to make a most successful soubrette, and in a greater degree than is given to most singers. She has magnetism and personal charm. She has a sparkling vivacity—vivacity of the kind that is peculiar to French women, Slavs and Viennese. Her quaint little accent lends piquancy to her speech. She is bright, graceful and light-footed, delicate and refined, with just enough of the spice of devilry in her to give contrast to her work.

When Mr. Charles B. Dillingham engaged Mme. Scheff as a star of light opera, he immediately secured Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith to compose and write for her. "Babette" is the result. The period is the 17th century, and Spain's grip is still tight on the lowlands. Baltazar, a Spanish spy, and his daughter are about starting for Paris to ask the French King's aid in quelling the Flemish rebellion, but are outwitted by a clockmaker, his wife, his daughter (Babette), a soldier of fortune and a painter. By an exchange of clothing at an inn near Brussels, the patriotic conspirators, who had passed as strolling players, secure Baltazar's petition to the French King, alter it to a statement that no help is needed, and ride off in Baltazar's coach, leaving that worthy and his daughter discredited by their theatrical costumes. There is a brilliant scene at the court of Versailles where the rival envoys meet before King Louis.

Mr. Herbert's score is said to be eminently melodious; there are effective choruses, and the orchestration is rich and brilliant. Mme. Scheff has the valuable support of Eugene Cowles, Richie Ling, Josephine Bartlett, Ida Hawley and a chorus of 75, with Louis Harrison and others as comedians. The stage settings are said to be sumptuous but not garish. The effort has been to revive true opera comique.

LOCAL.

Concerts will be given this week by the Municipal orchestra, Mr. Albert M. Kanrich, leader, as follows: Tuesday, Sherwin school, Roxbury; soloists, Miss Mary G. Biffin, soprano, and Mr. Frank Porter, cellist. Thursday, Knights of Honor Hall, Roslindale; soloists, Mr. Charles Delmont, bass, and Mr. Frank Eaton, flutist. Friday, St. Patrick's school, Roxbury; soloists, Miss Nora Burns, contralto, Mr. Frank Porter, cellist.

Mme. Helen Hopekirk will soon give a piano recital in Steinert Hall. The Boston Ideal Club, Mr. George L. Lansing, director, will appear at the grand concert of the American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists, at New York Friday evening, Jan. 23, and Mr. Lansing will play banjo solos.

Tickets for the concert to be given in Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon by Mr. Charles Gilbert, baritone, and Miss Sassoli, harpist, are now on sale at Symphony Hall. The programme will be wholly new.

The programme of the Hoffmann quartet concert in Potter Hall Thursday evening, Jan. 21, will include Duvernoy's quartet, op. 46, Richard Strauss' piano quartet, Mozart's quartet in D major. Mr. De Voto will be the pianist. Tickets are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

The second concert of the Longy Club will be in Potter Hall, Monday evening, the 25th. The programme will include an octet by Haydn for wind instruments; Loeffler's Ballade Carnavalesque for flute, oboe, saxophone, bassoon, piano (first performance), and Gouvy's Suite Gauloise for wind instruments. Mrs. Richard J. Hall, to whom Mr. Loeffler's ballade is dedicated, will play the saxophone. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilbert will sing duets from "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" and "Veronique," the duet "Solnet," and Mr. Gilbert will sing songs by Martini, Weber, Massenet. Tickets are now on sale at Potter Hall.

The programme of the third concert of the Arbos quartet in Jordan Hall, Monday evening, Jan. 23, will include Dvorak's quartet in E flat, Gabriel Faure's sonata in A major, for violin and piano, Schubert's quintet for two violins, viola and two cellos. Mme. Szumowska will be the pianist. Tickets may now be obtained at Symphony Hall.

Mrs. Schumann Heink will give her only song recital in Boston this season at Symphony Hall, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 27, at 2:30. She will sing a recitative and aria from Handel's "Rinaldo," Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh," "Wohin" and "Der Wanderer," Schumann's cycle, "Frauenliebe und Leben," "Pan's Gute Nacht," "Im Herbst," "Es trat die Rose sich beklagend," Hugo Wolf's "Heimlich," Brahms' "Sapphische Ode," Liszt's "Die drei Zigeuner" and a recitative and aria from "St. Paul." Mail orders for seats may be sent to L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall.

There will be a special orchestra of 20 men at the Colonial for the performance of "Babette."

The programme of the Symphony concerts Jan. 22-23, will include Theodore Dubois' overture "Erithon" (first time), Georg Schumann's "In Carnival Time" (first time), and Rubinstein's Symphony in A minor, No. 6. The name of the soloist will be announced.

Mr. David Bispham will give a song recital in Jordan Hall Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8 P. M. His programme will include Handel's "Nasce al Bosco" songs by Giordani, Arne, Schubert, Loewe's ballad "Edward," Hugo Wolf's "Zur Ruh," "Auch kleine Dinge," "Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen," "Komm, o Tod," "Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst," "Auf dem grünen Balcon," R. Strauss' "Heimliche Aufforderung," "Nachtgang," "Breit ueber mein Haupt," "Caeclia," "Sonnet," Max Heinrich; Gilbert's "Pirate's Song," F. S. Converse's "Bright Stars," Max Bendix's "Auf Wiedersehen" and W. Damrosch's "Danny Deever." The programme is of unusual interest. The songs by Wolf are unknown to the majority of local concert goers, though songs by this much discussed composer have been

sung here by Semberich and Mr. Eliot Hubbard. Mr. Harold O. Smith will be the accompanist.

The attention paid to Wagner's "Parsifal" in New York has excited interest in the appearances here of Mrs. Helen Rhodes with her illustrated lectures upon this subject. Mrs. Rhodes has gained favor in many of the larger cities of the country in this lecture, and been commended by those who have attended the Bayreuth performances of the work for the beauty of the scenes shown during the lecture. Mrs. Rhodes will be at Jordan Hall the afternoons of Feb. 10 and 13.

A series of concerts known as the Chickering Orchestral Concerts will be given Feb. 9, 24, March 9, 23. The series will be under the supervision of Messrs. Chadwick, Converse, Foote, Lang, Loeffler.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give his farewell piano recital in Steinert Hall Saturday afternoon, Feb. 6, at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Busoni will give his first piano recital here this season Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20, at 2:30.

A march-tune, "My Honor and My Sword," in "Babette," will be sung by Mr. Eugene Cowles, for whom it was written.

The Cecilia will produce Edward Elgar's much discussed "Dream of Gerontius" at its concert in Sympathy Hall Jan. 25-26. The soloists will be Miss Lucie Tucker, Ellison Van Hoose and Stephen Townsend. Mr. Van Hoose's performance was highly praised when the work was first performed in New York last year, and he has since then studied the part with the composer.

PERSONAL.

Charles Gordon, "a Russian tenor-soprano," sang at Brussels 23 songs "with two voices that came from the same throat."

The Mondo Artistico of Milan deplores the wretched response to the call for a statue to Verdi in Milan and asks whether the committee is dead or alive. The sum of the contributions amounts to a little less than \$14,000, and one-seventh of this came from Boston and Montevideo.

The memory of Herder, the philosopher, was honored Dec. 13 by a service in a church at Weimar, and by a performance of the choruses of "Prometheus Unbound," with Liszt's music, which was performed first at Weimar in 1850 when a statue of Herder was dedicated. The programme last month also included poems by Herder with music by his contemporary, Seckendorf.

Albert M. Hahn, a blind organist, pupil of Cesar Franck, is playing works of his master throughout France.

Yvette Guilbert will give a series of recitals in Bechstein Hall, London, the latter part of May. Each listener will be provided with a book of words giving an English translation of the vocalist's songs. Literal translation, or softened?

Caruso's engagement at the Metropolitan will close on Feb. 1, when he will leave for Monte Carlo.

Mr. Wallace Goodrich has been engaged as chorus conductor of the Worcester festival for 1904.

Moritz Rosenthal will give piano recitals in London in May.

Susan Strong and Ben Davies will appear respectively as Ib's mother and Ib in 12 matinees at the Lyric Theatre, London, beginning tomorrow.

Mme. Patti, though touring in America, recently presented 300 families in the neighborhood of her Welsh home, Craig-y-nos Castle, with Christmas boxes varying from 5s. to 3s.—The Era.

Miss Jane Olmstead, a pianist of Detroit, was praised lately in Paris when she played at a concert. She was described by one critic as "a pretty pianist, who made a pretty success."

To S. C.: Lucille Hill is now with the Carl Rosa company, and she will take part in the forthcoming revival of "Don Giovanni" in England.

The Berlin correspondent of the Musical Courier (N. Y.) writes: "The Joachim quartet gave another concert in its endless Beethoven series. A student said to another, after hearing Joachim and his partners at the Singakademie: 'Why don't they ever play Tschakowsky, or Grieg, or Saint-Saens?' 'What's the use,' was the answer: 'It would all sound like Beethoven, anyhow.'"

Carlotta Stubenrauch, who as a little girl violinist was with the Banda Rossa when it first came to this country, has been playing in Berlin with much success.

Busoni was praised to the skies in Berlin for his performance of Henselt's concerto Dec. 17.

Paula Ralph will be the Elsa in "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Saturday night.

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

Xavier Leroux wrote the incidental music for Sardou's new play, "La Sorciere," produced at Sarah Bernhardt's Theatre, Paris.

Arthur Poughn praises to the skies the performances of "Don Giovanni" under the direction of Reynald Hahn, at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, last month. "A version at once enlarged and expurgated—that is to say, augmented by pages which for a century have been outrageously suppressed, and cleansed of trivialities, cantatas and other ornaments." The opera did not close with the descent of the ratchety hero to the infernal regions, but the duet and ensemble finale were restored. Poughn is wrong in saying these restorations are unknown in Germany. The opera, it seems, was performed in the "true spirit, with correct tempi, without unendurable ritards and use of the portamento. Lilli Lehmann as Donna Anna impressed "not so much by her voice as by the ideal purity of her style, the astonishing solidity of her performance, her marvellous enunciation." Clementine de Vere was the Donna Elvira; Jeanne Leclerc, Zerlina; Paul Darau, Don Giovanni; Bonel, Ottavio; Challet, Leporello.

"Henselt" one of the best of the time in Germany at Emma De la Trucco was performed for the first time in Rome of the real sance. "The music has little originality."

An adaptation by Y. Knott of "Alice in the Looking Glass," music by Walter Tilbury, was produced at the New Theatre, London, Dec. 22. The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "There was chorus of 7 children, who were a spirited and excitedly anxious to do their best. There, we fear, praise must end. The adaptation does not, it seems to us, bring out in any real degree the essential spirit of the wonderful Alice book. The text, indeed, is more or less closely adhered to, but for some reason or other the effect was a little flat and more than a little dull. It seems strange, indeed, to find oneself unmoved to smiles such as those which 'never come off' in actually reading the jokes of the immortal work. Jokes the yesterday afternoon seemed almost unprofitable, under the particular stage circumstances in which they were placed. Nor did the music redeem the situation; it was lively enough, but struck us as being essentially commonplace." Maidee Andrews created the part of Alice, and Algernon Newark, the Man in White Paper and afterward the White Knight, introduced his "Famous Imitations of Popular Actors." An adaptation of "Alice in Wonderland," by H. S. Clarke and Walter Slaughter, was produced in London Dec. 23, 1886, and has been revived at least three times.

"Little Hans Andersen," a children's play, book by Capt. Basil Hood, music by Walter Slaughter, was produced at the Adelphi, London, Dec. 23. In the prologue the dream fairy Ole-luk-o calls Hans out of bed and takes him to strange places, where he sees the sight and meets with the adventures described in "The Little Mermaid," "The Tinder Box," "The Red Shoes," "The Emperor's New Clothes," "The Swine herd," and other delightful tales. Rosin Brandram, Louie Pounds, Walter Passmore and Richard Temple were of the company.

"The Sunken Bell," a new opera based on Hauptmann's play, music by Davidoff, has been produced at St. Petersburg. The composer, a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff, is a nephew of Car Davidoff, the cellist. Davidoff is said to follow the musical tendencies of Tschakowsky rather than of his master. The opera was successful; the orchestration was especially praised; some found a lack of original melodic invention; the third act was voted the best. There are already operas on this subject by Zoellner and Meyerowitz. A new one-act opera by Cesar Cui, founded on Maupassant's tale, "Mademoiselle Fifi" has been produced successfully at Moscow. It is a realistic work; and although the subject did not seem promising for operatic purposes, the composer is said to have triumphed over all difficulties and successfully put joyous episodes by the side of those most dramatic.

"Acte," a new lyric drama by Manent has been produced at Barcelona.

A new ballet by Massenet, "Cigale," scenario by Henri Cain, will be produced at the Opera Comique, Paris this month, for the benefit of the fund for the loss of the opera company retired from service.

Giordano's "Fedora" is performed successfully in one German city after another. It is a pity that it is not produced in this country. The composer's "Andrea Chenier" would well bear revival here.

At La Scala, Milan, Bayer's hallé "Puppenfee" was given with Wagner's "Rheingold" at the opening of this season.

FOR SINGERS.

Susan Strong and Brahms. Miss Strong gave a song recital at London Dec. 8. The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of her as follows: "Miss Strong's voice has certain distinguishing marks; it is strong, it is pure, and it is never out of tune. But it has no versatility of expression. Miss Strong uses it as one might use a mechanical organ; that is to say, pure and definite as her tone is, it never varies, it never takes upon itself any sort of flexibility, nor does it show significance from any dramatic point of view. She was best perhaps in four songs by Brahms; Brahms, to be frank, scarcely calls in many of his songs for any extraordinary sentiment, or for any deep-set emotion. We know perfectly well that in this opinion we run counter to that of many critics who consider Brahms equal to, if not greater than, Schumann as a song writer. Yet, oddly enough, in his setting of Goethe's 'Die Liebende schreibt,' one of his best settings, he approaches more nearly toward the genius of Schumann than in any other of the songs which we heard yesterday afternoon. In her interpretation of this composition Miss Strong meant extremely well, but the peculiar 'sharpness' of her method did not exactly make here for a real artistic success. Such a success, however, she certainly achieved in a series of songs by Liszt; these works realize, in a curious way Liszt's distinctive musical personality; and therefore they possess a definite and determined sort of monotony; they are also superficial, but the fact that Miss Strong too often relies for a significant effect upon the superficial side of vocal art demonstrated why she is so excellent an interpreter of this particular style of music. She also sang Mr. Arthur Hervey's 'Winter in My Heart,' a simply sad and very beautiful melody; and the same criticism which we have given to her singing of the other songs upon her programme may be given also to her rendering of this composition."

"L'Ete," a poem for soprano and orchestra by A. Coquard, produced at a Lamoureux concert, Nov. 30, is "a summer landscape in music. The melodic ideas have distinction and they illustrate the text; the orchestration is fine

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

As, when the waning autumn of thy life
I find thee old and withered as the leaf,
Then chill October with his windy knife
Invests the faded splendor of the trees,
I ask that thou too wast lovely once as these;
Churlish Time came creeping like a thief
To rob the luster from thy raven hair,
To blot the roses from thy rounded cheek.
I ask that as others have now grown
Too wast beautiful and well beloved;
That in thy veins no sluggish current moved
Hardy strength and goodly maidenhood.
I ask on the glory of thy life's brave morn,
Free spent days of passion and delight;
I ask the glow of the flaming dawn,
To set with the starlit gloom of twilight and night.
I ask thou on this, and age shall never lift
Even as one that, seeking no man's praise,
In alone, reviews his handiwork—
I ask, thou shalt feel the glow of things
Achieved.
I ask, that thou the well remembered days,
Knowing that thou of nothing art bereaved
Succeeding time and onward decay.
I ask upon this, and all thy years shall seem
Owning glory, and decay a dream.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN OPERA COMIQUE?

THE COMIC OPERA OF THE PRESENT DAY.



FRITZI SCHEFF,
AS BABETTE.



DAVID BISPHAM,
BARITONE.



Mlle. SCHUMANN-HEINK,
CONTRALTO.



MISS ANNA MAY HOWE,
CELLIST.

The Arbitrary Line
Drawn in France; In-
fluence of the Public
in This Country; the
"Guffoon"; "La Reine
Fiamette"; Music of the
Week; Personals.



"BABETTE," now playing at the Colonial, has been described as "an attempt at true opera comique." But what is true opera comique?

Some prefer the term opera comique to comic opera, just as they insist that a female pianist is a "pianiste," but opera comique and comic opera are by no means interchangeable terms. "Carmen," for instance, is an opera comique, and it is anything but comic.

Lyric dramas in France are divided arbitrarily into two classes. The division is not made with any reference to the character of the plot, situations, dialogue. In the "opera" everything is sung, and works of this class are in the repertory of the Opera. In the "opera comique" spoken dialogue occurs, and works that contain spoken dialogue are in the repertory of the Opera Comique.

The hero, the heroine, the villain, the stern parent, the priest, the chorus, and even the prompter and the conductor may all be killed before the fall of the curtain; the scenery may shiver horror-stricken as it looks on a stage sea of blood; nevertheless, if there be any spoken dialogue, the work is an opera comique.

The history of the Parisian theatre known as the Opera Comique is a complicated one, and it goes back to the beginning of the 18th century. According to Arthur Pougin, it was first a little theatre, such as was seen at the fair of Saint-Germain or of Saint-Laurent, and performances were given only during the fair, that is to say, during four or five months of the year. The pieces were vaudeville and parodies, and it is probable that the practice of producing

at this theatre parodies of pieces performed at the Opera gave the name Opera Comique to the theatre itself, for the operas thus became comic operas. The theatre then underwent many modifications. Albert Carré, in his protest against the action of the Academicians in refusing to award the Montigny prize to Gustave Charpentier for his "Louise," on the ground that the work was a "musical romance," and did not have the "absolute character of opera comique," refers to these transformations. "As tragedy was born from a slow fusion of old mysteries with Greek masterpieces found again by the Renaissance, the song and the vaudeville were married, without full knowledge of what they were about, at the theatre of the fair, and gradually from Lesage to Sedaine, and from Duni to Gretry, comedy with ariettas, vaudeville with songs, arose to artistic dignity, was careful in the choice of subjects, and found its own methods. A new species was born. * * * From Monsigny and Gretry to Bizet and Massenet, in passing over Boieldieu, Auber, Herold, Adam and many others it has adorned French genius with a charming flower; it has been the most graceful expression of what may be called our 'middle taste' as displayed in music. But the opera comique of Auber and Herold no longer lives. It is dead, and as it seems to me, 'Carmen' and 'Manon' signed its certificate of death. * * * 'Le Domino Noir,' 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Le Pre aux Clercs' will be revived occasionally, and old music lovers will crowd the opera house, happy in finding their personal reminiscences in these old pieces and in hearing sung on the stage and in their heart the music of their 20 years, but the past is the past, and nothing can stop the constant march of progress in all things."

Inasmuch as there is spoken dialogue in "Babette," the piece might roughly be called an opera comique, but the term was applied no doubt without reference to the French distinction. The characteristics of the true opera comique; clearness in the exposition of a coherent and reasonable story, a cer-

tain elegance in both verbal and musical expression, humor that is never farcical when the subject is of a humorous nature—these are, unfortunately, not found in "Babette," so far as the book is concerned.

It is doubtful whether many of the pieces of the older Opera Comique would find favor in the Boston of today, even if the librettos were well Englished and the performances were excellent. They would, in all likelihood, be voted slow and dull. The taste of the public has changed since they were produced here with success.

The public of today expects, first of all, to be amused, and violent must be the means that amuse it. It is all the same to the public whether the piece be called opera comique, comic opera or musical comedy. These things are expected, demanded: Pretty chorus girls who are not disinclined toward a generous display of Corinthian architecture (there may be doubt concerning the nature of the plot, but there must be none concerning the physical formation of the soprano and the chorus girl); at least one comedian of the type known as "dog-faced," and if he be acrobatic, he is the more irresistible; a topical song, with never-failing references to poker, light working jags or muzzy buns, baseball, the races; and music played at lightning speed. Gorgeous scenery and sumptuous costumes are also expected. The heroine must be a woman of decided personality; if she is a daring dancer, so much the better; she is allowed to sing, if she has bodily qualifications other than vocal chords.

The sitters in the front seats are not adamant in the matter of vocal artistry; they may well say, as Barzillai said unto King David: "I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? Can I hear any more the voice of singing women?" But they are still members of the Society for Physical Research.

Librettists, composers and managers realize the present disposition of the public. Whenever they have had the courage to produce a musical comedy that did not depend on the characteristics just named, the public has refused

to support them. What was the fate of the "Princess of Kensington," an operetta with an excellent book of Gilbertian flavor, and with music by no less a man than Edward German? What was the fate of "My Lady Molly"? It is true that the engagement of Mr. Andrew Mack worked this way with the fortunes of the latter piece: His many admirers were disappointed when they were informed that he was not the hero of an Irish play, and those who do not care for the class of drama with which Mr. Mack has been identified were deterred from seeing "My Lady Molly," for they assumed it must be a "Mavourneen" drama dripping with blarney.

There was much more in the better pieces of Offenbach than the occasional suggestion of impropriety, than the dexterous handling of a licentious subject. Some of the librettos of his most famous operettas are masterpieces of wit. They abound in shrewd and cynical observation of the weaknesses and the follies of mankind. Or look at the better librettos of Gilbert. The libretto of "Patience" was "occasional"; the satire drew inevitably with the passing of the aesthetic craze; the humor and the satire of "The Pirates of Penzance," and of "The Mikado" are perennial. But in listening to the librettos of Meilhac and Halévy, and of Gilbert, the hearer must himself do some thinking, whereas today he wishes like a child, to be amused easily, without effort on his part. He has fed heavily and hurriedly after a vexatious day; he does not wish to stay at home to read or to talk; he wishes to laugh with unbuttoned waistcoat; he longs for the wheezes and the cracks of the jester, the whirl of skirts, the tights and the lights, the show set to hoop-la tunes.

There is often pretty talk about the necessity of "raising the drama." Operetta cannot be raised, even by sad-eyed managers with jackscrews, so long as the public is in its present mood.

No sensible and human person objects to the terpsichorean prominence of the modern operetta singing girls, provided the dancing be graceful and neither angular nor merely "the interpidity of labored indecorum." Spontaneity is indispensable. When there is thought of the dancing master watching and directing mechanically with inexorable eyes, the pleasure of observation is akin to that of seeing a type-setting machine. But bands of chorus girls have visited this city and recalled the "Nepenthe" of George Darley.

Light-skirt dancers, blithe and boon,
With high hosen and low shoon,
Twist sandal bodice and kirtle rim,
Showing one pure wave of limb,
And frequent to the cestus fine
Lavish beauty's undulous line,
Till like roses veiled in snow
'Neath the sauz your blushes glow:
Nymphs with tresses which the wind
Sleekly tosses to its mind
More deliriously disheveled
Than when the Naxian widow revelled
With her flush bridegroom on the ooze,
Hurry me, Sisters, where ye choose!

Exquisite or delicious dancing, however, is not incompatible with a coherent plot—witness the pas seul of Salome, which led logically to the beheading of John the Baptist. The wonder is, not that there is enjoyment in watching dancing girls, not that there is pleasure in the verbal felicities and facial play of an amusing comedian, but that men and women of reasonable intelligence can endure the libretto of so many modern operettas. The plot often begins to disappear early in the second act, and

are the current fall. It is quite a long way, however, perhaps, to neglect of the comedians to show attention; it is no more seen, nor is there any allusion to it in the third act. There be one—nor is it missed.

The librettist may say in answer: My book, when I handed it to the composer, had a beginning, a middle and an end. Perhaps he and I changed words of some or even metres; but when the piece went to rehearsal, the characters did things with various results, and were finally disposed of according to their deserts. Manager and composer were friendly, and the piece was advertised as a renaissance opera-comique. The first night it is played straight. There were favors on the stage, and the audience was all disposed. There was applause for the singers and the dancers; the laughter was not of the half-trigger variety; there was fire, and when it did come, it was a hollow sound. The chief comedian did to me, "Blukins, they don't want to laugh goods." The manager agreed to him. So what did we do? We let a first act pretty well alone, but gave the comedians full swing. We turned a second act into a vaudeville show in all kinds of turns. The general action stopped to allow individual action. The subject was an oriental one, the grand vizier sang a topical song which he introduced, like a polyglot diplomat. Imitations of French, German, Scotch, Chinese and Irish. Great success! We started the third act with what we called a chaconne, and we did all sorts of things without reference to the original story. Of course, we had to row overboard some of the composers' avier music—he said they were the best numbers. But the piece is packing a theatre, for we are giving the public just what it wants.

In other words, the guffoon must be tied. "Gufooon" is a portmanteau word, which was invented by Mr. F. E. Iase. It is compounded of guffoon and guffaw. The guffoon is often in full evening dress, and is conscious of the act. He is thick-necked and there is at least one crease in the space of flesh between the Alpine height of his collar and the short-cut or scanty hair. His eath suggests cocktails, high halls and "wine." His female companion is avily scented. The moment the guffoon appears on the stage, the guffoon claps his hands until beads of sweat stand on his brow, and he says to a female, "That's him. He's immense." He has a half-trigger laugh, for the moment the guffoon approaches a jest, a very approach fires the gun of chinnation. The completion of the act with the accompaniment of facial and bodily contortions, incites noisy deals of joy and other manifestations of delicious delight, till the guffoon oaks, as well as chorlines.

The librettist is obliged to follow the taste and inclination of the public. Melodrama and Halcyon are possible where audience follows eagerly, appreciates, and tries to anticipate. It is true that such librettists are rare, even in Paris, and for some years after the fall of the second empire, the operettas of enbach were not in favor.

Librettos made by native Americans are either based on French and German rettos or farces, or are original. If they are adaptations of French pieces, they must generally be deodorized, and the process they lose their point and uancy. Stage morality may or may not be a question of geography; that which is indisputably witty and delicately licentious in French becomes irreparably dull or coarse in the adaptation. American audiences do not view tain relations between the sexes with gle Gallic eyes, nor are they accustomed to hear cynical or mocking ge discussion of these relations with the ears. The spirit of the original killed in the adaptation; even the very use for the existence of the piece disappears. That which was light is now y, that which was diabolically clear now vague or unintelligible.

Then the American librettist is original in his invention and treatment, he was little stagecraft; he does not his story neatly and effectively; his tations are conventional, his dialogue not winged. His characters jest as ough they were retelling in turn the ny columns of newspapers. Men of utation have worked vainly in this d. Witness Mr. W. D. Howells and libretto he wrote for Mr. Henschel's ic opera. Mr. Henschel and a comic ra! There are certain formulas that used over and over again; they are the boards on which the comedians nce and juggle. Is it surprising that audience pays no attention to the rds and considers only the comes-

ome think Mr. Frank Daniels is an stisibly funny man; some are fol- ers of Mr. Francis Wilson, some- at the mere mention of Mr. De- r Hopper's name, and others prefer Powers. Each one goes to hear his orite without asking questions con- ing the nature of the piece in which comedian appears; just as one goes see Miss Adams, another Julia Mar- e, without reference to the drama- f. The operetta or musical comedy esigned to display Mr. Daniels or Wilson in a blaze of glory. Every- g is subordinated to him. Good lines nally put into the mouths of other racters are passed over to the chief edian or cut out. The whole show lves in obsequious admiration and this chief comedian. The wor- per in the audience thinks first and- dy of his idol. And what to this shipper are dramatic coherence, log- exposition, universally lively dia- e?

There has been talk of a farm for the pose of raising librettists. Near it id be a much larger farm for the- ding of audiences that would thor- ly appreciate and enjoy the libret-

LUCA.

The second concert of the Longy Club will be in Potter Hall, Monday evening, the 25th. The programme will include an octet by Haydn for wind instruments; Loeffler's Ballade Carnavalesque for flute, oboe, saxophone, bassoon, piano (first performance), and Gouvy's Suite Gauloise for wind instruments. Mrs. Richard J. Hall, to whom Mr. Loeffler's ballade is dedicated, will play the saxophone. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilbert will sing duets from "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" and "Veronique," the duet "Collette," and Mr. Gilbert will sing songs by Martini, Weber, Massenet. Tickets are now on sale at Potter Hall.

The programme of the third concert of the Arbos quartet in Jordan Hall, Monday evening, Jan. 25, will include Dvorak's quartet in E flat, Gabriel Faure's sonata in A major, for violin and piano, Schubert's quintet for two violins, viola and two cellos. Mme. Szumowska will be the pianist. Tickets may now be obtained at Symphony Hall.

Mrs. Schumann Heink will give her only song recital in Boston this season at Symphony Hall, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 27, at 2:30. She will sing a recitative and aria from Handel's "Rinaldo." Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh," "Wohn!" and "Der Wanderer," Schumann's cycle, "Frauenliebe und Leben," Franz's "Gute Nacht," "Im Herbst," "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," Hugo Wolf's "Heimlich," Brahms' "Sapphische Ode," Liszt's "Die drei Zigeuner," and a recitative and aria from "St. Paul." A popular scale of prices has been arranged. Tickets are now on sale at the box office.

Manager Charles A. Ellis has so planned the coming American tour of Busoni as to make it possible for the pianist to give recitals here on the evening of Feb. 16th and the afternoon of Feb. 20th.

Tickets for the Hoffmann quartet concert are now on sale at Symphony Hall. The programme of Mr. Carl Faellen's third piano recital in Huntington Chambers Hall Wednesday evening, Jan. 27 (8 o'clock), will include the overture from the 29th church cantata, Bach-Saint-Saens, sarabande from the fourth English suite, Bach, Bourree, from the second violin sonata, Bach-Saint-Saens; "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen" and "Du bist die Ruh," Schubert-Liszt; Beethoven's sonata op. 105. The sonata has been seldom played here of late years, and Mr. Faellen has arranged his programme with a view to the characteristics of this work.

The Cecilia will produce Edward Elgar's much discussed "Dream of Gerontius" at its concert in Symphony Hall, Jan. 25-26. The soloists will be Miss Lucie Tucker, Ellison Van Hoose and Stephen Townsend.

Interest is being shown in the illustrated picture of "Parsifal," to be given by Mrs. Helen Rhodes at Jordan Hall on the evening of Feb. 10 and 13. In these recitals Mrs. Rhodes, in addition to describing the performances at the Festspielhaus, Bayreuth, shows authentic reproductions of the scenes of the performance. With the assistance of Mr. Adolf Glose, pianist, an excellent idea of the music of Wagner's masterpiece is given.

A series of public organ recitals will be given in the North Avenue Congregational Church, Cambridge. The first will be next Monday evening. Mrs. Fay Simmons Davis, organist of the church, will be assisted by Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, soprano. The programme will include compositions by Bach, Mendelssohn, Haydn and others. The second concert will be given Feb. 15. Mr. George Deane, tenor, will assist.

The sale of tickets for "The Dream of Gerontius," to be sung by the Cecilia at Symphony Hall on Tuesday, Jan. 26, will open on Monday, the 18th, at the hall.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give his farewell piano recital Saturday afternoon, Feb. 6, in Steinert Hall, when he will play these pieces by Schumann: Sonata in G minor, Papillons, Toccata, Trauermel, In der Nacht, Romance in F sharp, Nocturne in D. Carnival.

The Hoffmann quartet gave a concert at the Harvard Club, New York, last Sunday with much success.

The city of Boston will give a concert in Curtis Hall, Jamaica Plain, Tuesday evening. The orchestral numbers, led by Mr. Kranich, will be by Nicola, Te Maure, Thorne, Verdi and Offenbach. Mrs. Helen Hunt will sing songs by Massenet, Del Riego, Stewart and Mr. Tafey Maueh will play Bender's waltz for the cornet.

PERSONAL.

Miss Annah May Howe, the cellist, whose picture is published in this issue of The Herald, will give a concert at the Newton Club house Friday evening, Jan. 29, when she will be assisted by Miss Viola Davenport, soprano; Mr. Ondrcek, violinist; Mr. Heberlein, cellist. Miss Howe was born at Cambridge 20 years ago. She began to play the cello as a child, and her first appearance in public was at the age of 9 at Mansfield. Her first teacher was Mr. Suck. Her home is now in Watertown.

Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, will be the soloist at the regular monthly concert of the Washington (D. C.) Symphony orchestra this evening, and she will soon play at one of Wetzel's Sunday evening concerts in New York.

Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, is now making an extended concert tour in Canada for the second season.

Mr. Henderson of the New York Sun thus describes Mr. Pablo Casals, a cellist, who made his first appearance in New York Jan. 12, at one of Samuel Franko's antiquarian concerts: "Mr. Casals is altogether Fra Angelican, Botticellian and even early English. One can fancy him walking down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in his mediaeval hand. He is so delicate of touch, so dainty of tone, that he would not be out of place at a 5 o'clock tea in a nunnery. But on the other hand,

he has a very pretty C minor indeed, and his intonation is almost as sure as that of a piano playing machine. For an encore he played one of the myriad unaccompanied things that sound like Bach, and usually are, and he played it admirably, though in a diminutive style. Furthermore, the cadenza which he supplied for the Haydn concerto was his own composition, and it was thoroughly good." Mr. Casals played at the Colonial Theatre in Boston as a member of Emma Nevada's company.

Pierre Riviere, the tenor, who was here with Mr. Savare's opera company, has been engaged by Mr. Conried for the Metropolitan. Mme. Norrell made her first appearance at the Metropolitan week before last.

The Marquis Richard d'Ivry died at Hyeres Dec. 18. He wrote the text and music of four operas that were unpublished, and then his "Les Amants de Verone," which was produced at Paris in 1878, with Capone as Romeo and Sophie Heubron as Juliet. Unfortunately, Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," though written later, for d'Ivry's work was composed in 1811, was produced earlier, and the many fine points of "Les Amants de Verone" were, for this reason, unappreciated by the crowd; yet the opera was revived in 1879. A later work, "Perseverance d'Amour," founded on one of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," has not been produced. Charles d'Ivry, who took the second grand prix de Rome in 1896, is a son of the late marquis.

Mme. Harlece, Darce, after a brilliant season at Buenos Ayres, was engaged at Rio Janeiro for 13 performances, but the manager disappeared after three of them. The company was stranded. Mme. Darce, to keep her colleagues, undertook the risk of a series of performances, but envious eyes in the company, an apathetic public, and the bubonic plague were against her. Yet she paid the singers and orchestra and sent them back to Italy at a cost of \$8000. The only appearance in Boston of this remarkable dramatic singer was with Mapleson's Imperial company, Dec. 5, 1896, when she sang with De Marchi the duet from the fourth act of "The Huguenot."

Sir Hubert Parry, a personal friend of the late Herbert Spencer, has contributed to the January number of the Musical Times his reminiscences of the philosopher. "About music he once informed me, as a thing I ought to know,

that the art was passing into such a state of extravagant complexity that it was a physical impossibility for the ear to disintegrate the confused mass of sound. I argued that a first-rate conductor like Richter, for instance, could hear every single part in the most complex piece of orchestration, and even if one little hautboy played a wrong note he could pick it out, and that if he could not he would not be worth his place. But the philosopher merely repeated that it was purely a scientific question, and that it could be demonstrated that the human ear could not identify the details or unravel the complications of more than a certain number of sounds at a time, as the apparatus was not provided for it. I answered that his theory was contrary to fact and experience."

Mr. Baughan of the Daily News (London) wrote concerning Mr. Paur, who conducted New Year's day at the Queen's Hall, in the absence of Mr. Wood: "Mr. Emil Paur is a meritorious conductor. He always has his band well in hand, and is quite a virtuoso conductor. His reading of Beethoven's C minor symphony I found wanting in central idea. Here and there Herr Paur's interpretation struck me as just, and in the Beethovenish spirit; but too often one gained the impression that the symphony had been polished up in places without the conductor having come to any decided opinion concerning it. There was also a want of glow and geniality. Herr Paur's readings of a number of Wagner's compositions were more remarkable."

Miss Maud Powell played at the last concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, Jan. 9, to the delight of many. The evening Sun thus described her: "A lady violinist, in London phrase, who was to make her presence felt in such a turbulent evening, had her work, not to say her gown, cut out for her. Miss Maud Powell's gown was a striking non-union suit cut out of pink mosquito netting, well below the waistline, and out of airy, creamy stuff above. She lacked only that white man's burden, a Paris hat and pompadour. Her neat hair done up, and not down, shook in fine frenzy through Saint-Saens' unquiet violin concerto No. 3; it was not arranged, that hair, but 'fixed,' as one Daisy Miller said long ago, and it was fixed to stay. Of Miss Powell as an artist, the remark that she is the greatest American woman violinist since Camilla Urso is perfectly true. But it is one of those truths that deserve to be crushed to earth never to rise again. Her reputation is not alone American, her work asks no favors on the score of sex. She is a greater favorite than ever, judged by New York's reception of her after another long absence abroad."

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Another critic wrote: "She looked the picture of health, with the maturing bloom of womanhood upon her rounded cheeks, and a figure which remains perfect and unimpaired. Her voice, for she sang as well as read, proved to be a fairly powerful mezzo-soprano, of expression as well as tone, and where she lost in comparison with the trained and supple powers of Miss Kirkby Lunn, who followed her, she transcended criticism easily by the brilliance and the joie de vivre with which she sang. For one thing, she

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has a very pretty C minor indeed, and his intonation is almost as sure as that of a piano playing machine. For an encore he played one of the myriad unaccompanied things that sound like Bach, and usually are, and he played it admirably, though in a diminutive style. Furthermore, the cadenza which he supplied for the Haydn concerto was his own composition, and it was thoroughly good." Mr. Casals played at the Colonial Theatre in Boston as a member of Emma Nevada's company.

Pierre Riviere, the tenor, who was here with Mr. Savare's opera company, has been engaged by Mr. Conried for the Metropolitan. Mme. Norrell made her first appearance at the Metropolitan week before last.

The Marquis Richard d'Ivry died at Hyeres Dec. 18. He wrote the text and music of four operas that were unpublished, and then his "Les Amants de Verone," which was produced at Paris in 1878, with Capone as Romeo and Sophie Heubron as Juliet. Unfortunately, Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," though written later, for d'Ivry's work was composed in 1811, was produced earlier, and the many fine points of "Les Amants de Verone" were, for this reason, unappreciated by the crowd; yet the opera was revived in 1879. A later work, "Perseverance d'Amour," founded on one of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," has not been produced. Charles d'Ivry, who took the second grand prix de Rome in 1896, is a son of the late marquis.

Mme. Harlece, Darce, after a brilliant season at Buenos Ayres, was engaged at Rio Janeiro for 13 performances, but the manager disappeared after three of them. The company was stranded. Mme. Darce, to keep her colleagues, undertook the risk of a series of performances, but envious eyes in the company, an apathetic public, and the bubonic plague were against her. Yet she paid the singers and orchestra and sent them back to Italy at a cost of \$8000. The only appearance in Boston of this remarkable dramatic singer was with Mapleson's Imperial company, Dec. 5, 1896, when she sang with De Marchi the duet from the fourth act of "The Huguenot."

"LA REINE FIAMMETTE."

"La Reine Fiammette," dramatic tale in five acts by Catulle Mendes, music by Xavier Leroux, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Dec. 23. The Paris correspondent of the Era (London) wrote as follows: "Mendes' 'conte dramatique' was successfully produced at the Odeon in 1898, and the opinion formulated by several critics on that occasion was that the poet's verses needed music. Xavier Leroux, a young composer of the new school, undertook the task, and the work in its new shape was received with marked favor. The plot is but slightly changed. The scene is laid in Bologna toward the end of the 15th century. Giorgio D'Ass, an ambitious adventurer, meets Cardinal Cesar Sparza, who offers him the throne provided he rids the country of Queen Orlanda, a flighty lady. The plot is hatched, and Danilo, a youth, is asked to strike the fatal blow. Danilo at first refuses to kill a woman, but when Sparza tells him a fabricated story of how his (Danilo's) brother was assassinated by order of the Queen, the youth seizes the dagger and starts off on his mission. Orlanda, meanwhile, under the name of Helena, is leading a joyous life in the Convent des Clarisses. There she meets Danilo, and they fall desperately in love with one another, and when soon afterward at a public fete Danilo recognizes in the Queen the woman he loves, and whom he has been ordered to kill, he stands aghast, and is arrested and handed over to the tribunal of the Franciscans. Orlanda tries to save him, and advocates her throne—a useless sacrifice, for she is arrested as a heretic, and, united in death, the same axe strikes both lovers. Leroux's dreamy and languishing music is well suited to the work. The chorus of courtiers and Giorgio's pretty cantabile in the first act are particularly striking. Miss Mary Garden, who, somehow, cannot get rid of her American accent, was a delightful Orlanda, and the other roles were also capably sung by an efficient cast." The play of Mendes was produced originally at the Theatre Libre Jan. 15, 1889. When it was brought out at the Odeon, Dec. 6, 1898, the incidental music was by Paul Vidal. An emasculated version of the piece was produced in the United States at the Theatre Lyrique, New York, in July, 1901, without success. At the Theatre Lyrique Victor Capoul, the tenor, made the rash attempt to play the hero's part.

Mr. Imbert of the Guide Musical praises Leroux's music. "The gracefully poetic side of his musical character is disclosed. The fine, carefully worked, very interesting instrumentation brings in special use of strings, harp (generously employed), and wood wind, especially flute and oboe. * * * The composer has endeavored to put in clear light the soul of the characters who move in picturesque scenes. His musical speech is supple and colored. He has firm conviction and a youthful enthusiasm"—Leroux was born in 1863. Mr. Imbert condemns the libretto as obscure, disconnected, poor in thought and expression, and he praises the performance.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., concert of the People's Choral Union, Mr. Samuel W. Cole conductor.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., song recital by Mr. David Bispham, baritone, Handel's "Naxos al Bosco"; Giordani's "Caro Mio Ben"; Arne's "Lass with the Delicate Air"; Schubert's "Dem Eindeilichen"; Loewe's ballad, "Edward"; Hugo Wolf's "Zur Ruh"; "Auch Kleine Dinge"; "Ein Ständchen euch zu bringen"; "Komm, o Tod"; "Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst"; "Auf dem grünen Balcon"; R. Strauss' "Helmliche Anforderung"; "Nachtgang"; "Breit neber mein Haupt"; "Cacilie"; "Sonnet"; Max Hehnrich's "Bright Stars"; Max Bend's "Auf Wiederseh'n"; and W. Damrosch's "Danny Deever." Mr. Harold G. Smith will be the accompanist.

THURSDAY—Potter Hall, 8 P. M., second concert of the Hoffman quartet; Duvernoy's quartet op. 46; Richard Strauss' piano quartet; Mozart's quartet in D major. Mr. Alfred De Voto will be the pianist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 12th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Gerike conductor. Overture to "Der Frischschütz"; orchestral suite, "A Carnival Time"; "Georg Schumann (first time); symphony in B flat major No. 2, Svedsen. The soloist will be announced.

SATURDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., piano recital. Mr. Carl Behr, cellist, will play pieces by Goltermann, Mascagni and Plerne, with piano accompaniment. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 12th concert of the Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

MR. WOOD AS A CONDUCTOR.

Mr. Henry J. Wood of London conducted the concerts of the Philharmonic Society of New York Jan. 8-9. Mr. Richard Aldrich contributed to the New York Times of Jan. 9 this luminous as well as analytical criticism of the conductor's interpretation of Tschalkowsky's 5th symphony:

"His reading of the symphony was apparently an epitome of many of his ideals as a conductor; it is music of a kind that gives freest play to such as he cherishes. They are toward the fullest freedom in expression, tempo, nuance; the elaboration of each single phrase to its utmost significance, the letting of dramatic blood from every vein and artery of the score. He drenches his listeners in color; he delights in extremes. Now, Tschalkowsky's symphony is written in such a spirit, and demands such a reading—but not to the extent that Mr. Wood carried it yesterday. Profoundly interesting as it was in many of its details, beautiful as some of the effects were that he produced, he missed the flow and the larger symmetry of the work, which, for all its episodic construction, inviting to such treatment as Mr. Wood gave it, is nevertheless a work of broad sweep and wide horizon. These were all too frequently lost in the multiplicity and exaggeration of the details; you were in a way of not being able to see the forest for the trees.

"He secures a great weight of accentuation, and elaborates a climax oftentimes with superb puissant breadth, as

in the second movement, which was of thrilling power, and followed by a languor of relaxation little less effective in its way. He is rather prone toward sentimentalizing cantabile melodies, and such are likely to be turned by him into linked sweetness long drawn out. On occasion he will hold a poignant note in an expressive phrase as an Italian tenor would hold a high note in an aria before the footlights. He is fond of rounding off a phrase, explosively begun, with a dying fall. He seeks the extremes of contrast, both in dynamics and in tempo, sometimes with deep impressiveness, sometimes with so obvious a sense of effort and exaggeration as to disturb the forward sweep of the music, as at the entrance of the singing syncope theme in the first movement. He routs out hidden melodies in inner instrumental voices—sometimes, in truth, when they are not there, and by bringing forward groups of notes intended only as harmonic material. He confuses the texture of the music. The cadence was taken in a very broad tempo, with much, not a little, license. There was the boisterous energy of the finale, and a somewhat labored introduction of it.

Now it is quite possible that Mr. Wood has not had time to get the full control of the orchestra that he needs in order to present in its true perspective so complex and elaborate a reading as he projects of such music as this. It may be that in impressing its points upon a strange body of men he and they have miscalculated the effects and have failed to get them into their desired relations. It may be that a greater intimacy would result in setting forth this symphony according to Wood with a much greater breadth and unity of effect. There are potentialities of a performance of great eloquence, richness and variety in what he gave his listeners yesterday. But as it was, it seemed feverish, disrupted, violent; suggesting a longing for greater spontaneity and simplicity. It must be said that the orchestra, while it followed with fidelity Mr. Wood's indications, in this and the other pieces on the programme, as to nuance and tempo, gave no very good account of itself in precision of ensemble."

The New York Evening Sun asked: "Why did Mr. Wood not play good Englishmen like Mendelssohn and Handel—who, like himself, might have been Frenchmen, Turks or Prussians, or even Eyptaleans, but remained English as long as their new leaves of absence lasted from their German family trees? Seriously, in spite of all temptation, Mr. Wood is English. He is a joyous, manly little man. He wears his dark front hair in the fashion of countless Angles before, and in Tudor style, chopped at the neck, behind."

NEW WORKS.

A new mass by Don Lorenzo Perosi was performed lately at the Church of Jesus, Rome, under the direction of Moroconi. The mass is described as "original and characteristic." It is written for contralto, two tenors and bass, an unusual distribution of voice parts in these days.

A new piano trio by Theodore Dubois was produced last month at Paris at Gabriel Willaume's concert. The work is in four movements, of which the adagio is said to be the most dramatic. The players were Lucien Wurmser, pianist, Willaume and Feuillard.

Wolf Ferrari's "Sulamite," biblical cantata in two parts for chorus, solo voices, organ and orchestra, composed in 1899, was recently performed for the first time in Germany at Brieg-on-the-Oder.

Elgar's "The Apostles," produced at the last Birmingham festival, will be performed for the first time in London at the Elgar festival to be held at Covent Garden, in March, when Richter will conduct. The oratorio will be sung by the Royal Choral Society, on April 21, under the direction of the composer.

A new piano concerto, composed by York Bowen and played by him at a Royal Academy concert, London, Dec. 2, was most highly praised. Mr. Bowen is the Steindale Bennett scholar. A symphonic poem by him, "The Lament of Tasso," was performed at Queen's Hall, London, Sept. 1, 1903.

Anna Schytte played her father Ludwig's piano concerto in C sharp minor,

op. 28, at a Gewandhaus (Leipzig) concert, Dec. 17, and the performance was spoken of as a production; but Arthur Friedheim played the concerto in New York in the early nineties, and Rosenthal played it in New York, Nov. 10, 1896. At Leipzig the critics complained of the dearth of ideas in the work. It is true that the second movement is thin, as a faint echo of Grieg, but there is much in the work to attract a virtuoso and to arouse applause.

A new symphony by W. Stenhammer has been produced at Stockholm.

A new sextet for two violins, two violas, two cellos, op. 5, by Hakon Boerresen, is well spoken of. The composer is of the modern romantic Norwegian school. The sextet is dedicated to Grieg.

A trio sinfonico, op. 123, by Enrico Bossi, was played at a Philharmonic concert, Paris, Dec. 15. "The composer has been too anxious to prove his technical skill by the abuse of dissonants in the combination of themes for violin and cello in the second movement 'In Memoriam,' and his developments are sometimes too long."

"The Prince of Judah," a new sacred cantata, book by Jessie Brown Pounds, music by J. B. Herbert, was produced at a church service in Cleveland, O., Jan. 3.

J. L. Nicode of Dresden has nearly completed a symphonic poem for orchestra, organ, and chorus.

A "Musician's Prize," to the value of 10 guineas, has been offered for the best setting of a composition of a more or less light kind to Latin and English words. The adjudicators of the prize will be Sir F. Bridge and Sir G. Martin. That such encouragement of this sort should be given to art is a sign of the times. By the devotion of many enthusiastic men, bent upon the upholding of a definite cause, we seem, despite a certain dearth of actual genius, to be regaining the ground lost from the date when Handel, with his imperial invasion, largely overshadowed, and, to some extent, annexed the provinces in the empire of music which Henry Purcell conquered for us. Handel inherited far too much—to speak in the language of the law—under Purcell's will.—Pall Mall Gazette.

An orchestral suite, "Helas" by Tiarko Richelph, son of the poet and dramatist, was performed at a Le Roy concert, Paris, led by Pierre Carolus-Duran, son of the painter. "The complexity of the sentiments in the poem finds expression in the vagueness of varied sonorities and a certain prepared monotony which are not without a languorous charm."

Vincent d'Indy's "Vierlei Choral," for saxophone and orchestra, played for the first time at the recent concert of the Boston Orchestral Club, was performed in Brussels at the Concerts Populaires, Jan. 9 and 10 (Kuhn, saxophone).

FOR SINGERS.

At a "Popular" concert, Dec. 14, "Miss Muriel Foster sang an admirable selection of songs by Dr. Strauss and Dr. Elgar, preventing thereby in contrast leading living composers of Germany and England. From the former, she selected his setting of 'All Souls' Day,' and it was impossible to hear this without thinking of Lassen's music to the same words. The comparison shows the different standpoint from which these artists severally regard their art. Lassen's music goes straight to the

heart by its pathetic melody, which echoes with singular fidelity the sigh of grief in the words. Dr. Strauss' music may be described as being melodious incidentally, and the strains appeal to the intellect quite as much as to the feelings. The former is so true and simple in expression that the song is acceptable when sung by a very ordinary singer; the latter, on the contrary, imperatively demands a cultured and finished vocalist, but when such a one is provided, as on Monday last, Dr. Strauss' music goes deeper and speaks more eloquently than Lassen's. Yet another example of difference of method was provided by Dr. Elgar's 'Song of Autumn.' In this, tenderness of expression is blended in a happy manner with a suggestiveness of the mystical, and musical students who would increase their knowledge and perception of the influence of style in music will find benefit from carefully preparing these three songs. "Lancelot" in the Referee (London).

Mr. Baughan said of Alexander von Fieltz's cycle, "Eiland," sung by Theo Lierhammer in London, Dec. 9: "The music is tasteful, sentimental and melodious in a commonplace, Christmas supplement style. No doubt, von Fieltz's songs will be popular with those who like the commonplace expressed in an artistic manner."

Singer Heard to Fullest Advantage in Songs That Demanded Strong Dramatic Intensity.

Mr. David Bispham gave a song recital last evening in Jordan Hall. Mr. Harold O. Smith was the pianist. The programme was as follows:

Nasce al Bosco ("Ezio").....Handel
Caro solo ben (arranged by Papini).....T. Giordani
"The Lass with the Delicate Air" (arranged by "A. L.").....Dr. Arne
Dem Unendlichen.....Schubert
Edward.....Loewe
Zur Ruh.....
Italienisches Liederbuch.....
Auch kleine Dinge.....
Ein Ständchen euch zu bringen.....Hugo Wolf
Komm, o Tod.....
Spanisches Liederbuch.....
Weist du zu den Blumen.....
Auf dem grünen Balcon.....
Heimliche Aufforderung.....Richard Strauss
Nachtganz.....
Breit ueber mein Haupt.....
Caecilia.....
Sonnet (Tennyson).....Max Heinrich
Pirate's Song (Stevenson).....H. F. Gilbert
Bright Star (Keats).....F. S. Converse
Auf Wiedersehen (Lewy).....Mar. Bendix
Danny Deever (Kipling).....Walter Demrosch

Mr. Bispham is an interesting apparition on the concert, as well as on the operatic stage, however one may be disposed to quarrel with his views of vocal art. A singer is generally known by his programme. Mr. Bispham, the singing or the declaiming musician, is then, of a composite nature. He reverences that which is good in the old masters, is not given to fetish worship, shuns the commonplace, has an eye toward immediate effect, is interested in the strivings of contemporaries, is not disinclined to serve valiantly as a partisan. He is, above all, consumed with the desire to be dramatic, and, in order to make his points, he is willing to sacrifice the charm of merely vocal beauty. The long melodic line is nothing to him in comparison with the suggestion of italicized effects. He insists on a mood, and is not content with the suggestion of it. It would be easy to say this and to say that about his performance if one were to judge from the purely vocal standpoint. It would be easy to call attention to his intonation, to sundry spasmodic bursts, etc., just as it would be easy to generalize concerning the destructive influence of the present Bayreuth school on singers and the art of singing; but it is also impossible to deny the sincerity of Mr. Bispham in his interpretation, his thoughtfulness in preparation, his dramatic spirit. This dramatic force is sometimes extravagant, and one wonders why the singer does not make up for certain songs. Thus the effect of Loewe's grisly ballad would be enhanced if Mr. Bispham were to appear in the full ferocity of the Scottish dress of the time, and we believe that the adaptation of Stevenson's pirate ditty would be still more terrible were Mr. Bispham to sing it in the costume and with the gestures of our old friend Alberich of "The Ring."

The programme last night was one of unusual interest. The song from "Ezio" is known to hardened listeners to oratorio, for it is often introduced in "Israel in Egypt." Tommaso Giordani is not so familiar a name as that of his brother Giuseppe. Tommaso underwent musical vicissitudes; he sang as a buffo in London, managed an opera company in Dublin, where he failed, taught and died. Among his works is a collection of "Six Songs from the Reliques of Ancient Poetry." The words of Loewe's ballad made a deep impression on Brahms, who tried to reproduce the ghastly horror in a ballad for the piano, and succeeded in plunging the hearer into a state of nervous depression. Whenever we see the name of Dr. Arne, we remember with pleasure the letter sent to him by Garrick, who indorsed the letter: "Designed for Dr. Arne, who sold me a horse, a very dull one, and sent me a comic opera, ditto."

It is like Mr. Bispham to bring forward the less familiar songs of Schubert. There was a time when he was addicted to singing "The Dwarf"; last night he produced "Dem Unendliche," composed in 1815, a year which Schubert wrote nearly 150 songs, and of this "Dem Unendliche" he wrote three versions.

The most interesting group, so far as sheer novelty is concerned, was that of the songs by Hugo Wolf, whose recent and pitiable ending in a madhouse excited sympathy even where his music is unknown. Wolf had fanatical admirers during his sane years; a society was formed to spread the knowledge of his music and to provide him with the means of composing at ease. No sooner was he dead than pamphlets of hysterical praise appeared, and his life is now being taken by Dr. Ernst Decsey in two volumes, one of which has been published. The years 1888-1891 were his most fertile in songs. How many did he write in all, 500 or 600 odd? Nor was he modest in self-appreciation. He himself wrote in March, 1888:

"March 20—Just after my arrival today I produced my master work. 'Erstes Liebeslied eines Maedchens' is out and away the best thing I have ever done. In comparison with this song everything heretofore composed is child's play. The music has such a striking character as well as such an intensity that it could rend the nervous system of a block of marble."

"March 21—I withdraw the statement that the 'Erstes Liebeslied eines Maedchens' is my best work, for what I wrote this forenoon, 'Fussreise,' is a million times better. When you have heard this last song you can have only one wish—to die!"

Songs by Wolf have been sung in Boston. Mr. Elliot Hubbard, as far back as

Nov. 30 1896, sang "Gebetner," "Verbogenheit." "Erstes Liebeslied eines Maedchens" was sung by Sembrich at the "Der Gaertner" at a concert Nov. 7, 1902, and Mr. Fran is R. ers "Gesang Weylas" on Dec. 2 of 1 year.

The society established for Wolf benefit would have acted wisely had it been restrained and not encouraged his full of creation. Wolf was not a born prodigal melodist; he often showed most contempt for the limitations of voice; he was at times perversely a melodic. It was his aim to be strikingly individual in the expression of emotion; he labored for truth of expression. In many of his songs the melodic idea is vague, and the harmonic treatment is forced. This might be said of songs by Debussy and Richard Strauss, but there is this difference: the latter establish a mood, and the impression is of either of indisputable strength or of exquisite beauty. Wolf in his endeavor to get everything out of the poet's text often squeezes out the poetic substance. Debussy and Strauss give one the idea of thinking naturally as they write. W suggests a man deliberately trying to think in a certain manner that is naturally alien to him. We speak now some of the more unusual songs for, course, in such a mass there must much that is commonplace. It is all true that some of Wolf's songs show high order of imagination. To refer the programme of last night, "Auf dem grünen Balcon" is instantly effective by reason of melodic character and peculiar brilliance; "Komm, o Tod" is fine instance of impressive declamation with a sombre harmonic background, and "Auch kleine Dinge" has an art yet engaging simplicity. The most striking song of all, however, was "D. Tambour," which Mr. Bispham addressed to the group in answer to hearty applause.

The singer was heard to fullest advantage in songs that demanded strong dramatic intensity, songs in which declamation of almost a theatrical nature permissible, as in the song by Schubert and the ballad by Loewe. Recalled at the ballad, he sang "Drink to Me Only fervently and steadily below the truth. By the display of dramatic intelligence and by enthusiasm of appreciation he often gave pleasure in other songs.

An audience of fair size was often warmly appreciative.

CHICKERING CONCERTS.

A Series for the Production of New and Interesting Works in a Moderate-Sized Hall.

A series of four concerts will be given in Chickering Hall under the auspices of Messrs. Chickering & Sons Wednesday evenings, Feb. 10, 24, March 9, 23. The concerts are arranged by committee; Mr. B. J. Lang, chairman. Messrs. Frederick S. Converse, Arthur Foote, Charles M. Loeffler.

The purpose of these concerts is to give the public an opportunity to hear new and interesting compositions in hall of moderate size; and to increase the opportunities for performers of talent to appear with orchestra. The orchestra will number between 50 and 60. Mr. Lang will be the general conductor.

The programme of the first concert Feb. 10, will be as follows: Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus"; three Nocturnes for orchestra and female voice by Claude Debussy; "The Repose of the Holy Family" from Berlioz's "In fancy of Christ," for tenor (Mr. George Deane), female chorus and orchestra. The Nocturnes by Debussy—J. Nuages II, Fates, III, Sirenes—will be conducted by Mr. Georges Longy, and they are of such an unusual character that they will be repeated as the final number of the concert.

The programme of the second concert, Feb. 24, will include Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun"; two movements of Hadley's symphony that won the Paderewski and the Conservatory prizes, led by the composer; Cesar Franck's "Les Djinns" (after Victor Hugo's poem) for orchestra and piano.

Mrs. Downer-Eaton, pianist; and a concert for three pianos by Bach played by Messrs. Fox, Gebhard and Proctor.

The concerts will begin at 8:15 and end at 9:45.

DAVID BISPHAM GIVES A RECITAL

An Unusual Programme, Including Some Striking Songs by Hugo Wolf and Loewe.

AN EVENING OF NOVELTIES

THREE QUARTETS BY HOFEMANN'S

Late Work by Duvernoy and Early Composition of Strauss Show Less Known Stages of Work.

ALFRED DE VOTO PIANO SOLOIS

Members of the Quartet Have Gained in Breadth

Jan 24 1904

klmann's "Serenade No. 3 in D minor" will be the second piece, and Mr. Krast will play the solo violoncello part. played here by Louis Lubeck with conductor Thomas' orchestra. The piece is a most masterly and varied mood of gloom and anxiety and its antiphonal passages for solo and strings, is familiar here. Mrs. Glese, Hekking and Schroeder are in their turn been the solo "cellists" in the Symphony concerts. "In Carnival," a suite by Georg Schumann of 1911, will be played here for the first time. It was produced by Mr. Nikisch in Berlin on Feb. 20, 1899. The suite consists of five movements. The first, in waltz tempo, portrays a ball room scene, and in a short programme furnished by the composer, it seems there is an attempt to characterize sundry couples. The second movement is in the form of an old-fashioned gavotte, danced for amusement at the end of the first act. The sub-title, "Humoreske," pictures the confusion at his height. The final piece is the overture to "Der Fischzeit."

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS" TO BE GIVEN BY THE CECILIA.



EDWARD ELGAR.

[Cartoon from the Weekly Critical Review.]

Elgar's Oratorio on Cardinal Newman's Mystical Poem; Description of the Work and Sketch of the Composer; Musical Comedy in London; Criticism of Emil Paur by Vernon Blackburn; Young Woman Violinists; Music of the Week, Personal; Old and New Operas, Etc.

ducted. The solo singers were Marie Brema, Edward Lloyd, Plunket Greene. The work was performed in Germany before it was made known in the United States. The first performance in Germany was at Duesseldorf, Dec. 19, 1901; it was conducted by Prof. Butts, and the solo singers were Miss Beel, Dr. L. Wuellner and Metzmaehor. The work was repeated at the 19th Lower Rhenish musical festival at Duesseldorf in May, 1902, when the solo singers were Muriel Foster, Dr. Wuellner and Prof. Masschaert.

The first performance in the United States was at Chicago by the Apollo Musical Club, March 23, 1903, H. M. Wild conductor, and these solo singers: Jenny Osborn, Evan Williams, Gwyllim Miles. The first performance in New York was at a public rehearsal of the Oratorio Society, Frank Damrosch conductor, March 24, 1903. The solo singers were Ada Crossley, Mr. Van Hoose,

ductor, on Tuesday night. The solo singers will be Miss Lucie Tucker, Mr. Van Hoose, Mr. Townsend.

This oratorio, or sacred cantata, was composed expressly for the Birmingham (Eng.) festival of 1900, and performed on Oct. 3 of that year. Hans Richter con-

The "Dream of Gerontius" poem by Cardinal Newman, music by Edward Elgar, will be performed for the first time in Boston by the Cecilia Society, Mr. Lang con-

ductor, on Tuesday night. The solo singers will be Miss Lucie Tucker, Mr. Van Hoose, Mr. Townsend.

"Composed expressly" for the Birmingham festival. Some are prejudiced against works thus written to order, but they are against compositions of a kind that take a prize, and they speak with approval the example of Verdi, who refused an order from the Birmingham festival committee, on the ground that he could not and would not agree to have a work ready at any specified time. Mr. Elgar does not see why there should be such prejudice. He said lately to a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette, with reference to "The Apostles," produced at the Birmingham festival of last year:

"You remind me of the popular error concerning composers and commissions for festivals. Some people seem to think that a composer sits waiting, like the straw-shoe men of Westminster Hall—men who, in the old time, stood about with straws in their mouths, ready to swear anything in order. It is a popular error to suppose that a composer stands waiting to be hired, like a man in a fair. A composer worthy the name never waits for an 'order' before setting to work. He is always thinking out works, always making sketches. He may complete a work for a festival. Another favorite delusion is this: that a composer cannot do his best, his most inspired work, under such a commission to complete. The contrary is the case. When he knows that his music will be produced in the most perfect manner, with the best principals, the best band, the best chorus possible, and with every accessory he may demand, the natural result is that he rises to the occasion. He is encouraged, inspired and generally, generally, 'geared up.'—'Geared up?'—'Generally geared up.' Take, for instance, the work about to be produced. It was projected before 'Gerontius.' I have been thinking it out since boyhood, and have been selecting the words for years, many years. Like many busy men of active brain, Dr. Elgar relegates an infinity of things to the shadowy morrow. The idea of 'The Apostles' originated in this way: 'Mr. F. Reeve, to whom I went to school at Littleton House, near Worcester, once said, 'The apostles were poor men, young men, at the time of their calling; perhaps, before 'the descent of the holy ghost, not cleverer than some of you here.' This set me thinking, and the work to be produced at Birmingham is the result."

Mr. Elgar's statements invite argument; but this article is to be descriptive, not argumentative.

The poem was first published in "The Month" May, June, 1855. It was published in 1856 with Newman's initials.

This poem is expository; it deals with the doctrine of purgatory, but the series of episodes, dramatic and lyrical, might well appeal to a musician, especially to a man like Elgar, who is a devout Roman Catholic and not disinclined toward mysticism. There is a story that Newman wished to have music set to it and talked with Dvorak, who did not find the subject sufficiently dramatic. The quality of mysticism pleased Elgar. It may here be said that a hobby of this composer for a long time was scientific kite-flying.

Mr. Elgar said to a representative of the Musical Times before the production at Birmingham: "This is the beginning of it," as he hands us a little copy of Newman's famous poem. "The book was a wedding present to me (in 1889) from the late Fr. Knight of Worcester, at whose church I was organist. Before giving it to me he copied into its pages every mark inserted by Gen. Gordon into his (Gordon's) copy, so that I have the advantage of knowing those portions of the poems that had specially attracted the attention of the great hero. It seems absurd to say that I have written the work to order for Birmingham. The poem has been soaking in my mind for at least eight years. All that time I have been gradually assimilating the thoughts of the author into my own musical promptings."

The story that Gen. Gordon was so much interested in the poem, that he had prepared himself for death by reading it, excited controversy. Some one wrote to Gordon's sister, Mrs. Moffitt of Southampton. Her answer was published in the Churchman (New York) in 1898. She said the Khartoum story was wholly untrue. "Mrs. Moffitt also sent," says Mr. Krehbiel, in an exhaustive article on "The Dream of Gerontius," published in the New York Tribune before the performance in that city, "her brother's markings to the writer in the Churchman (Sept. 17, 1898), who made a study of them to prove that Gen. Gordon had never approved of the book as a whole, and had marked nothing contrary to his Protestant beliefs. This is scarcely musical, but it is interesting and pertinent under the circumstances."

Mr. Krehbiel adds: "It would be so interesting could one discover what led Dr. Newman to choose the name of Gerontius for the hero of his poem. At the beginning the reader receives the impression that it is a priest or a monk who lies dying; but this is afterward dispelled, and the imagination is left free to picture him a man in any estate in life. There is a Gerontius in history, but he could not have been in the poet's mind, for he was a British general of the 5th century, who rebelled against his master, Constantine, and killed himself in the face of defeat. Henry J. Jennings, Cardinal Newman's biographer, says: 'The deathbed of a dear friend was the inspiring cause which occasioned "The Dream of Gerontius" to be written. Gerontius, who lies a-dying, dreams of his soul's transportation to the unseen world, and is reception by the ministering agents of the Almighty's will. In a sublime strain of poetic power the mysteries are pictured that lie hidden across the por-

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CARDINAL NEWMAN.

of minor importance by him have been played here at "Pop" concerts.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY - Potter Hall, 8 P. M., second concert of the Longy Club. Haydn's octet for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons; C. M. Loeffler's "Ballade Carnavalesque" for flute, oboe, saxophone (Mrs. R. J. Hall, bassoon and piano this performance); Gony's "Suite Gauloise" for flute, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilbert will sing duets from Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann." Messager's "Veronique" and also "Colombine" by Weckerlin. Mr. Gilbert will sing Martini's "Plaisir d'Amour," Amherst Weber's "La Premiere" and Massenet's "Premiere Danse."

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., third concert of the Arbos quartet. Dvorak's quartet in E flat; Gabriel Faure's sonata in A major for piano and violin (Mme. Szumowska, pianist); Schubert's quintet for two violins, viola and two cellos.

TUESDAY - Steiner Hall, 3 P. M., piano recital by Mr. G. Aldo Randeegger. Beethoven's sonata op. 31, No. 2; Liszt's Prelude, "Pastorale," and "The Bohemian Girl," and with Miss Elizabeth Tuckerman, contralto, a duet from "La Favorita." Miss Tuckerman will sing the Seguidilla from "Carmen" and Delibes' "Le Rossignol." Miss Adeline Danilova, soprano, will sing arias from "Marsch of Plegro" and "Carmen." Mrs. Morrison, contralto, a Spanish song; Mr. Pietro Gungia, baritone, Verdi's "Eri tu" and Mr. Carlo Passanante, tenor, the romanza from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

WEDNESDAY - Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., song recital by Mrs. Schumann-Heink. Recitative and aria from Handel's "Rinaldo"; Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh'"; "Wolfin"; "Der Wanderer"; Schumann's cycle, "Frauenliebe und Leben"; Franz's "Gute Nacht"; "Im Herbst"; "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt"; Hugo Wolf's "Heimweh"; Brahms' "Sapphische Ode"; Liszt's "Die drei Zigeuner," recitative and aria from "St. Paul."

Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M., third piano recital by Mr. Carl Baetjen. Overture from the 29th church cantata, Bach-Saint-Saens; Sarabande from the 4th English Suite, Bach; Bourree from the 2d violin sonata, Bach-Saint-Saens; "Auf dem Wasser zu singen" and "Du bist die Ruh'." Schubert-Liszt: Beethoven's sonata op. 106.

FRIDAY - Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 12th public rehearsal of Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Gerike conductor. Rubinstein's symphony in A minor, No. 6; Liszt's piano concerto in E flat major, No. 1 (Mr. Proctor, pianist); symphonic poem, "Minnehaha"; Hugo Kanu (first time); Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride."

SATURDAY - Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 12th concert of the Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

LOCAL.

Richard Strauss will conduct his own compositions at two concerts to be given by the Philadelphia orchestra, Mr. Fritz Scheel, conductor, at Symphony Hall on the evening of March 7, and the afternoon of March 8. Mrs. Pauline Strauss de Ahna, a soprano of widespread reputation in Europe, will then sing songs by her husband.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, will perform Dubois' oratorio, "Paradise Lost," at Symphony Hall Sunday evening, Feb. 7. The solo singers will be Miss Anna Rio, Mrs. Louise Homer, Messrs. George Hamlin, Emilio de Gogorza, J. S. Codman, L. B. Merrill. The sale of tickets will open on Monday, Feb. 1, at Symphony Hall and Schirmer's Music shop at 8:30 A. M.

The programme of the fifth Kneisel concert at Potter Hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 9, will include Mozart's quartet in D minor, Beethoven's quartet in E flat major op. 18, No. 6, and Cesar Franck's piano quintet (Mr. Busoni, pianist).

The 14th of the Steiner piano player recitals will take place in Steiner Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 3. Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto, will be the soloist.

Mr. T. H. Cabot, cellist; Mr. Karl Ondrick, violinist, and Mr. George Copeland, Jr., pianist, will give a concert in Steiner Hall on Feb. 13.

Mr. Felix Fox is giving piano recitals in cities of middle and western states. A mandolin, guitar and banjo concert is to be given in Carnegie Hall, New York, Jan. 29, under the management

of Mr. Fox. Several famous soloists will be featured, including the Boston Idyll Club.

Mr. Hunsell, under the management of Mr. Charles A. Ellis, will give two piano recitals in Jordan Hall on the evenings of Feb. 15 and the afternoon of Feb. 20.

Mrs. Helen Rhodes will give two illustrated lectures on "Parsifal" at Jordan Hall on the afternoons of Feb. 19 and 20. Manager Mudgett, of Symphony Hall, who has charge of the lecture, has found so great a desire to hear Mrs. Rhodes lecture upon "Parsifal" that he has decided to give both afternoons to this subject rather than to introduce Mrs. Rhodes in any other of her lectures upon Wagnerian topics. Seats for Mrs. Rhodes' lectures will be ready at Symphony Hall on Monday morning, Feb. 1.

Much interest is felt in the coming recital of Miss Gertrude Pepperorn in Potter Hall, Feb. 2. Miss Pepperorn is a young pianist who has been before the public for several years in England and Germany, and is considered by the foremost critics in London one of the finest pianists that London has produced. King Edward, having heard her when a child, was delighted with her, and as a woman she has appeared before him many times.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Niecka, professor of music at Edinburgh University, affirms that too much technical drilling stupifies and brutalizes the musician's mind. "If there were statistics on this point, we should have blood-curdling accounts of large numbers of pianists who had fallen into idiocy." And the most terrible feature of it all is that some of them keep on playing in public.

"Christian Thal," by M. E. Francis (Mrs. F. Blundell), is a novel of musical life, published by Longmans, Green & Co. Staetzingen is Vienna and Prof. Adlersohn is Lecheltitzki.

Terresita Carreno-Tagliapetra, Mme. Carreno's daughter, made her debut as a pianist in London Jan. 9, at a popular concert. She played Schumann's "Carnival."

Evan Williams made his debut in London at a ballad concert at the Queen's Hall, Jan. 9, when he sang Coleridge-Taylor's "Onaway, Awake, Beloved," and Hawley's "I Wait for Thee."

Elizabeth Parkinson is now singing in London as Miss Parkinson.

A sum of about \$25,000 has been offered to the Bavarian government by the conductor Erdmannsdorfer and his wife, a fund for the benefit of members of the royal orchestra at Munich. The fund will be known as "The Max and Pauline Erdmannsdorfer Fund."

Blanche Ring, who is now singing at the Tivoli and Canterbury, London, has been engaged to play a leading part in the new comic opera, "The Love Birds," to be produced at the Savoy next month.

The Commercial Advertiser (New York) says of Miss Marion Weed of the Metropolitan Opera House: "Clearly Lilli Lehmann has taught her well, and superficially she imitates her mistress admirably. But not even Lehmann can impart her own resources and authority, her imagination and power, to the diligent Miss Weed. As Ortrud she is a kind of miniature Lehmann, except that she can express little by play of face or gesture. Her invocation to the pagan gods in the second act of 'Lohengrin' she delivered precisely as Lehmann used to declaim it, minus the underlying passion that should burst through voice and action. Without this, unfortunately, there is little left."

Giula Ravogli—one of the "Revolting Sisters," as they were courteously described by certain New York critics—will give a "concert recital" of Gluck's "Orfeo," assisted by the Leeds Philharmonic choir, at the Queen's Hall, London, in June for a charitable purpose. Her home is now in Florence.

The Daily Chronicle (London) says: "Mr. Albert Visetti has arranged to go to Canada next Easter and to the United States in the autumn on a lecture tour, the main object of which will be to persuade Canadians and Americans to come to England to study voice production. Mr. Visetti remarks that 'the English or American throat can never be fully appreciated on the continent, and when student singers realize this salient fact there will be fewer broken voices to repair.'"

Miss Maria S. Brainerd, once a leading oratorio and concert soprano in New York city, is at present residing in New Rochelle, N. Y. It has been many years since she has been heard in public.



EDWARD ELGAR.

WOMEN AS FIDDLERS.

Lancelot wrote in the *Referee* (London) of Nov. 29: "The present reign of gifted violinists, who hail from all parts, is one of the most remarkable features of the musical world of today. Ysaaya, Kreisler, Kubelik, Marie Hall, Kocian, Hegadus, Macmillen, Dorothy Bridon and Marie Nichols, to say nothing of those who may be termed the old guard—Joaquin Sarasate, Saurat, Lady Halle and many others—present a company of artists that may be said to eclipse the past, but the revival of violin playing—or, rather, the present popularity of the instrument in the concert room and in the home—is but another instance of history repeating itself. One particular which has exercised a great influence is, however, that is the instrument being played by ladies. Now that the gentler sex rides bicycles, drives motor cars and frequents gymnasiums, it is difficult to imagine a time when it was not thought becoming for a lady to play the violin. Yet the prejudice existed for a long period. She might show the roundness of her arms by playing the harp, she might nurse the gentle guitar, but the violin necessitated too prominent a pose to accord with the then prevalent ideas of modesty, and so the violin remained the appanage of mere man. Underlying the artificiality of these restrictions was a fine thought which every civilised man will appreciate, and even to 20th century eyes it is not a pretty sight to see a lady coaxing a violoncello; while to behold her struggling with a double bass is to arouse a desire in every manly bosom to offer assistance. As soon, however, as Mrs. Grundy was persuaded that her daughters might play the violin without contracting curvature of the spine or being accounted 'fast,' female students of the instrument became numerous, until today our best music schools have sometimes difficulty in finding classrooms for their instruction. The stimulus thus imparted to this branch of musical art has had far reaching results, and adds another interesting page to the history of the instrument."

BLACKBURN ON PAUR.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote for the *Pall Mall Gazette* a criticism of Mr. Emil Paur, conductor of a New Year's day concert at the Queen's Hall, London:

"The Queen's Hall orchestra is so fine an instrument that it now, to all intents and purposes, responds to the personality of every great conductor who comes to deal with its powers; so that one can easily in half an hour discover the distinction between this same band playing under, for example, Mr. Henry Wood, or Mr. Colonne, or Herr Weingartner, or in the present instance, Mr. Paur. The chief interest of the afternoon centred in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, in C minor. Whether or not one altogether agreed with Mr. Paur's interpretation of that magnificent work, one must still acknowledge that its point of view was both impressive and artistic. That point of view seems to centre itself in a sense of contrasts; the conductor evidently took Beethoven, first, from his most vital and robust outlook; then, secondly and finally, from his quieter and more sentimentally romantic standpoint. The result was that too dark a shadow, at one moment, enveloped the master's music, and that, at another moment, too white a light seemed to be turned upon it. Having said so much, one may note certain extraordinary merits in this rendering. The breadth of feeling which was apparent throughout the wonderful Andante movement can only be described as magnificent; here the music, in its various orchestral parts, was dominated, under this conductor, by the finest sense of proportion; pathetic in the extreme sounded these wonderful phrases. The third movement, however, was probably the most brilliant of all. Here the necessary contrasts were wonderfully set one against the other; the pianissimo passages especially were amazingly withdrawn into the innermost distances of sound, even as a man might blow out the candles one by one in a well lighted room. The triumphant finale was played with infinite spirit. It seems to us somewhat of a pity that we have to complain so often of the breaking of strings among the first violins in this orchestra; surely, moreover, there was no necessity to create a disharmony by the distinct sound of a tuning-up, played pizzicato, on a new string, in connection with such a masterpiece; Beethoven requires no added disorders. The programme also included the overture to 'The Flying Dutchman,' which was given with great go and a feeling of orchestral excitement. For Herr Paur's work we have nothing, apart from this detailed criticism, save praise; his enthusiasm is immense, and he understands his orchestra thoroughly and completely; he is original in the best sense of the word—namely, that he has studied the masters from a most artistic, if from a very individual point of view; and, therefore, his energy, seeing that he possesses extraordinary talent, leads him to fine issues. Let it never be forgotten, however, that the sensitiveness of the instrument upon which he plays is chiefly due to the previous work of Mr. Henry Wood."

MUSICAL COMEDY IN LONDON.

Theatregoers will learn, we think, with some surprise, that musical comedy in London does not pay. The statement is made on the authority of Mr. George Edwardes, in an interview published in the *Daily Mail*. And yet there are as many as nine musical comedies running

in London at this very moment. What is the reason, if musical comedy in London does not pay, that so many plays of that class—an increasing number, indeed—are produced here? Mr. Edwardes gives us a clue. He says: "It pays, of course, to produce in London, because the advertisement given to the piece by people who have seen it gives an enormous help to the companies that I send to the provinces, America, Africa and Australia. But 'musical comedy production in London, for London alone,' he declares, 'has not paid me; and I think you cannot point to any one manager in London who has ever produced a sequence of musical pieces with success. By success, in this instance, I mean with a profit for all concerned.' After this statement, some financial particulars will be read with interest. 'A Country Girl,' at Daly's, although playing to good houses, is losing from £200 to £300 a week. 'The Girl from Kay's,' which drew capital audiences all last year, shows a loss of £200. At the Lyric the production of 'The Duchess of Dantzic' exceeded £10,000, and with full houses—every seat occupied—Mr. Edwardes' weekly profits cannot exceed £250. Now and again, of course, but very rarely, a musical comedy in London becomes a financial success, like 'The Belle of New York' and 'Florodora.' But no theatre produces a sequence of profitable musical comedies except one, and that one is the Gaiety.—*Pall Mall Gazette*."

OPERAS OLD AND NEW.

Mr. Paughan of the *Daily News* (London) wrote a couple of days before the production of 'Parsifal' in New York: "I see that Mr. Charles Dowdeswell, who for many years was secretary of the London Wagner Society, thinks that the production of 'Parsifal' in New York will be 'one of the most shocking things that have occurred in his lifetime.' Mr. Dowdeswell thinks it is 'an art sacrilege to produce it save at special festivals.' It would be hard for Mr. Dowdeswell, and those who think with him, logically to defend the position they have taken up. If a great city has the wrong kind of atmosphere for a religious drama such as 'Parsifal,' how much more antagonistic that atmosphere must be to the solemn ritual of churches and cathedrals! If the play is out of place, the communion service must be still more out of place; for the first only suggests the sacred reality of the second. The contentions of ultra-Wagnerians in this respect are not thinkable. Bayreuth is peaceful in a way, but it is full of holiday makers, who between the acts of 'Parsifal' struggle for beer and sausages; and Mr. Dowdeswell and the others entirely overlook the fact that the contrast of the seething life of a great city with the mystical atmosphere of such a work as 'Parsifal' does not destroy that mysticism, but rather accentuates it. The real 'art sacrilege' would be a poor and unworthy performance of the work, but I do not see any valid reason for the supposition that the music-drama will be badly performed at New York. It is by no means perfectly done at Bayreuth, and some of the stage management there slips over to the side of the ridiculous."

"The Cherry Girl," in two acts, book by Seymour Hicks, music by Ivan Caryll, was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, Dec. 21. The *Pall Mall Gazette* said of the book: "The book is extremely ingenious, not only in its beginning, but above all things, in its last scene. Moreover, it is coherent. * * * As to the music, it was Mr. Caryll sometimes at his best and sometimes in his purest Gaiety mood. * * * The scoring very often is distinguished both by delicacy and by a genuine sense of humor, and however one may be occasionally inclined to regard the tunes as catchy and commonplace, one has to remember that they are written deliberately for a light Christmas entertainment, and of that entertainment it is to be said that throughout it is distinguished by wit, good humor and charm." Among the comedians were Ellaline Terriss, Seymour Hicks, George Hersee, Courtice Pounds, Carmen Hill, Constance Hovm.

It is said that the Savoy Theatre, London, will be reopened this year with the production of a new musical comedy, 'The Love Birds,' book by George Grossmith, Jr., music by Raymond Roze.

"Kyriz-Pyritz," a musical play in three acts, by H. Wilken and O. Justinius, music by Gustav Michaelis, was

produced at the Royalty, London, Dec. 26.

"The Girl from Chicago" was produced for the first time in Great Britain at Maidenhead Dec. 26.

"Chaperones," a light operetta, book and music by J. A. McLaren, was produced by amateurs at Swansea, Eng., Dec. 28.

Max Schillings is at work on an opera in three acts, "Moloch," founded on a work by Hebbel.

They say that a new opera in one act, "Die Madonna von San Martino," by Otto Elser and G. Weigt, a story of an Italian fishing town, will be produced at the Royal Opera House, Berlin.

Leopold Mognone has completed an opera based on Pierre Loti's "Pecheur d'Islande." When the drama of the same name was produced at the Eden Theatre, Paris, in 1893, the incidental music was by Repart, Loti's "Mme. Chrysanthème" inspired Messager's opera of the same name (1893), and another story by Loti an opera by Hahn, "L'He des Reves."

De Lara's "Messaline," produced in Paris Dec. 24 at the Gaite, with Calve as the heroine, was ridiculed bitterly by the critics. The composer was advised to learn his trade.

A new opera, "Zlatorog," by Raucheneker, was produced at Elberfeld Dec. 18. The composer, born at Munich in 1844, was violinist in sundry French opera houses, and is now conducting at Elberfeld, where his "Don Quixote" was produced in 1897.

Giordano's new opera, "Siberia," has been produced at the Scala, Milan. Reports concerning its quality and success are contradictory.

Siegfried Wagner's new opera will be produced at Hamburg early in the year. He is at work on a fourth opera, entitled "Bruder Lustig."

"Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men," fairy play in two acts, adapted by Philip Cave from a Grimm's story; music by Charles W. Smith; the Court Theatre, London Jan. 2.

"Der Mameluck," a new operetta in three acts, by Maurice Jokal and Bernh Buchbinder, music by Ludwig Schytte, was produced at Vienna (Carl Theatre), Dec. 22, with little success. "Both plot and music are nice in their way, but one expected something better from a collaborator bearing such a name as the famous Hungarian novelist, Maurus Jokal. 'Der Mameluck' is being played every night since, but it is doubtful whether the operetta will bear repeating as often as the last piece produced on the same stage, viz., 'Der Rastelbinder,' which ran for 190 nights, and is still being produced at afternoon performances (matinees). I am informed that 'Der Mameluck' will be produced at Budapest in the course of January next," writes the *Era* correspondent.

"Unter Circuseuten," burlesque in three acts, by Felden and Levowski, music by Friedrich Junger, Jantsch Theatre, Vienna, Dec. 25. "The music is lively and sweet, but, unfortunately, the libretto leaves much to be desired, especially the dialogues of the first and third acts, which are held in rather indecent language."

Emile Mathieu, director of the Ghent conservatory, has written the poem and the music of a biblical opera in four acts, "La Reine Vasthi."

"Mignon" was performed in Jan. 3 at the Berlin Royal Opera for the 200th time at that theatre.

The answer of Siegfried Wagner to a request for "something from him to be published" in the Christmas supplement of a German newspaper was this: "I celebrate the holy Christmas feast in the confident hope that the profanation of 'Parsifal' at New York will be felt in Germany, and produce here a disturbing effect."

The music of Giordano's "Siberia" is said to be "continuous," without set pieces. The public, at first disconcerted, crowded the Scala at the fourth performance.

A new opera, "Oblio," book by Gatteschi, music by Renato Brogi, both of Florence, is preparing for performance at the Pergola, Florence. Brogi has written songs and a little opera, "La Prima Notte."

Hampernick has completed a folk opera "Heirat wider Willen," which will be produced at Munich next fall.

A new musical comedy, "The Girl in Grey," book by Alfred Murray, music by Howard Talbot, has been written for Ada Reeve, who will play in the English provinces next spring.

"The Little Cherub," a musical play which satirizes the craze for private theatricals, will succeed "Madame Sherry," at the Apollo Theatre, London. The book is by Owen Hall; the music by Howard Talbot.

The Roman correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes: "A new combination, which has amused the Romans more than anything else, is that of Maestro Franchetti and Gabriele d'Annunzio. The perfidious public here, which has always refused to have anything to do with D'Annunzio's plays, are now holding up horrified hands and asking what he when each alone is so noxious (boring) as to be positively unbearable. 'Think what they will be together!' is the general exclamation. Gabriele d'Annunzio is just about to produce his 'Daughter of Jorio,' with Signor Duse in the title role, and Maestro Franchetti has promised to set it to music without changing the text. Poor poet, poor composer, and thrice poor public!"

A new opera, "Koenig Drosselbart," by Max Burkhardt, has been produced at Cologne.

A music drama, "Das Winzerfest am Rhein," book and music by Wilhelm Bruch, has been produced at Nuremberg. Bruch is the conductor of the local opera.

"Tristan und Isolde" was produced for the first time at Rome Dec. 26. The tickets were sold at a high price, and the performance was a "social function."

CURIOSA.

Doubtless some readers have read a letter which appeared in the *Standard*, complaining of people coughing while delicate passages were being played at the recent Richter concert. I cannot say I noticed it myself, so I conclude my neighbors were more considerate—I say considerate advisedly, because coughing can be controlled in a great measure. As a matter of fact, people seldom cough when the mind is greatly interested. A clergyman once said to me, "I always know when I have preached too long by the increase in the coughing." There is a good deal of coughing in most churches.—The *Referee*, London.

We join heartily with many of our contemporaries in protest against the troublesome development of a power which certain concert-givers exercise to the annoyance and injury of their patrons, who, being patrons, deserve better treatment. At the recital lately given by Mr. Sauer, that gentleman chose to begin with a work which occupied 25 minutes in performance. All that time those who could not reach the hall before the doors were closed had to wait in draughty passages and risk catarrh. There was a worse case than this at the recital given by Mr. Plunket Greene. The artist placed a cycle of 12 songs at the head of the programme, and kept those who could not reach the concert room in good time waiting outside while he sang them all. This was absurd and unreasonable, possibly illegal also, but that has to be tested. It is all very well to say that visitors should be punctual, but in a city like London it is impossible to be sure of punctuality. However this may be, con-

certgoers, though quite ready to wait outside while a single song or instrumental movement is performed, draw line at a dozen! To say that the 'cyclic performance' is nonsense. There should be no such design, or, as an alternative, the cycle should be placed lower down in the programme.—The *Daily Telegraph* (London).

Jan 26 1904

LONGY CLUB'S SECOND CONCERT

First Performance of Loeffler's Ballade Carnavalesque, Mrs. R. J. Hall Playing the Saxophone.

CHARMING DUETS BY GILBERT

Third Concert Given by the Arbos Quartet, with Mme. Antoinette Szumowski as the Pianist.

The Longy Club, assisted by Mr. A. Mrs. Charles Gilbert, gave its second concert last evening in Potter Hall. The programme was as follows:

Octet for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.....Haydn
"Les Contes d'Hoffman".....Offenbach
Colinette.....Weber

Duettos for voices.
Mr. and Mrs. Ch. Gilbert.
Ballade Carnavalesque for flute, oboe, saxophone, bassoon and piano.....Loeffler
Plaisir d'Amour.....Maurice Strakosky
La Premiere.....M. de Massé
Premiere Danse.....M. de Massé

Mr. Gilbert.
"Veronique," two duettos.....Messiaen
Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert.
Petite Suite Gaudoise, for flute, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons, op. 90.....Gouvy

It was a pleasure to see a large and delighted audience at one of these concerts, for in spite of the artistry of the players, the concerts of preceding seasons have been thinly attended.

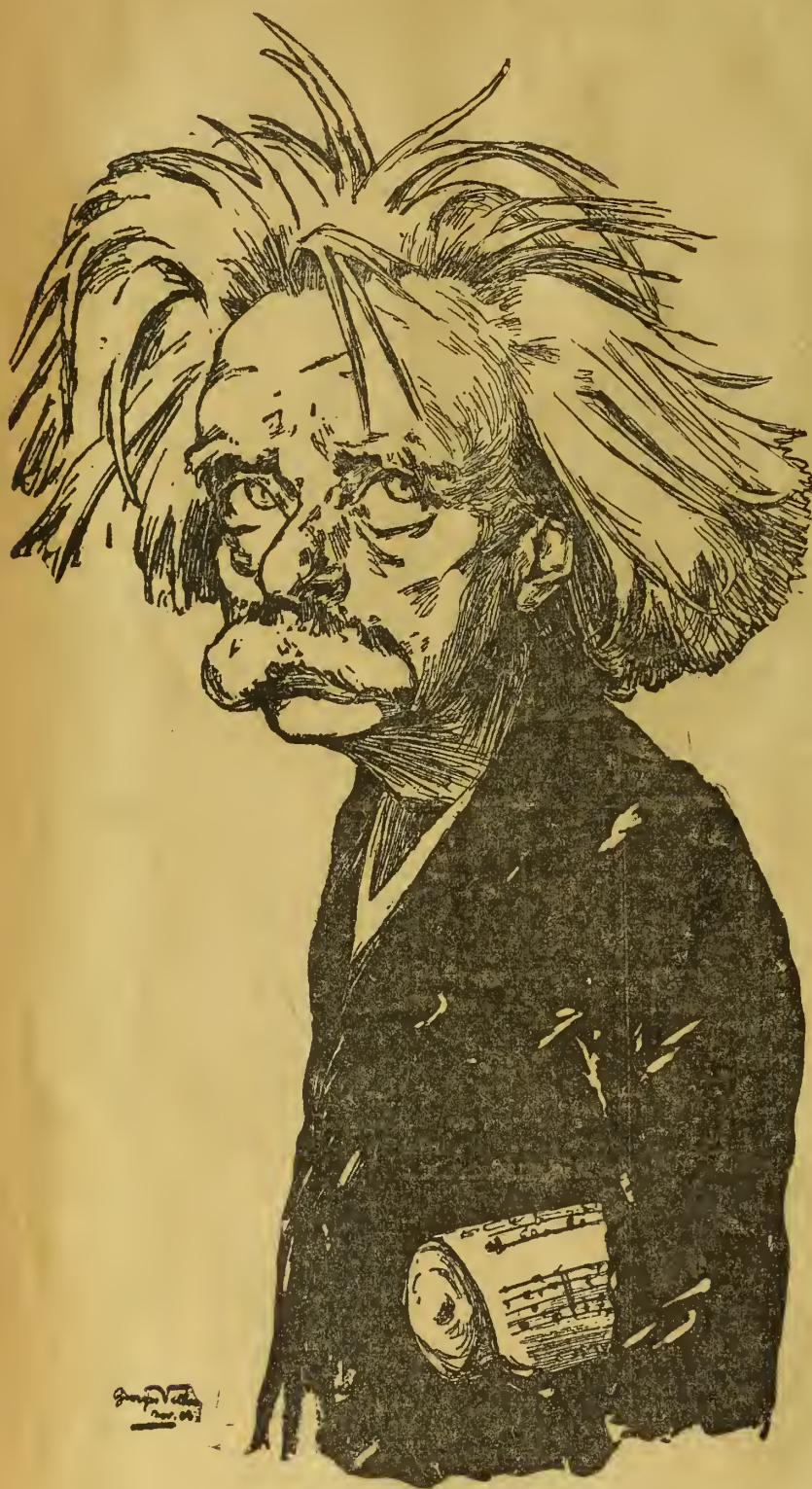
Mrs. Loeffler's "Ballade," dedicated to Mrs. Richard J. Hall, who played the saxophone part was performed for the first time in public. It was written year or so ago and in his most fantastic or, as some might say, macabre vein. We are ardent admirers of Loeffler's talent, which is akin to genius. He is a tone-painter of rare and most exquisite colors; a master of harmonic tints and of the orchestral palette. He is more than a man of genius and subtle invention; he is one of the very few composers of his imagination now living. We confess, however, that this ballade as played last night mystified us. The composition, scheme and purpose were not clearly defined in the performance, and it escaped us in the music itself. There were delightful passages, as we caught suddenly and for a moment shifting mists. But Mr. Loeffler has the habit of being cool-headed when it is apparently most extravagant in expression of fancy; he hears his own strange tonalities and he builds up eerily upon them. The ballade should be played again. Mr. Loeffler is not a composer to be dismissed with a snap judgment. The players seemed to play with thorough understanding and a precision; there was much applause from Mrs. Hall, her associates and the composer.

Haydn's octet started off in a conventional manner, and the music seemed to belong to any one of the numberless divertimenti of the 18th century play for the careless amusement of a Prince at table or of a joyous court in the night air; but the andante with variations is still interesting and the menuetto is more modern than the finale which is a return to the knife-and-fork-and-dishes music of that period.

Gouvy spent much of his life in Germany and in music he attempted to be more German than the German. Tschalkowsky met him at Leipzig 1888 at Reinecke's house—an eminent fitting place for Gouvy—and saw him a denationalized Frenchman. I gave Tschalkowsky the unpleasant impression of a man who thought himself dissimulated and injured and not appreciated by his own countrymen, and consequently "disposed to exaggerate the virtues and value of foreigners." "It was painful to me," said Tschalkowsky, "to have him extol everything German at the expense of France. I had never met such a type of Frenchman before." Yet Gouvy's music was played in France and this very Sub Gaudoise, written in 1888-89, was intended for performance at Paris in the spring of 1889. Certainly Gouvy had a reason to complain of his reception

Jan 31, 1904

HOW TSCHAIKOWSKY COMPOSED. THE ROUTINE OF HIS DAILY LIFE.



EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG.

(Cartoon from the Weekly Review.)

Biographers Should Be Portrait Painters,
Not Historians; First Appearance Here of
Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the London
Pianist; Dubois' "Paradise Lost" by the
Handel and Haydn; the Chickering Or-
chestral Concerts; Personal.



JOHN AUBREY, in the preface to his "Lives of Eminent Men," complained of the uncertainty in printed histories, "They either tread too near on the heels of truth that they dare not speak plain; or else for want of intelligence (things being anti-

quoted) become too obscure and dark: . . . I remember one saying of Gen. Lambert, 'that the best of men are but men at the best'; of this you will meet with divers examples in this rude and hasty collection. Now these 'Arcana' are not fit to let fly abroad, till about 30 years hence; for the author and the persons (like medlars) ought to be rotten first."

This Aubrey wrote in 1680 and only excerpts from his manuscript have been published. For he was exceedingly

frank. He put down the truth, the naked and plain truth, and as he himself said in his preface, there were many passages "that would raise a blush in a young virgin's cheek."

And yet what deeds and sayings are preserved! We learn from Aubrey that Fulke Grevill, Lord Brooke, was so unworthy as to forbid his butler to let Francis Bacon in his disgrace and want have any more small beer, "which he had often sent for, his stomach being nice and the small beer of Gray's Inn not liking his palate." Admiral Blake at Oxford would steal swans. The dict of James Bovey was always "fine: much chicken." A Frenchman once went from London to Cambridge purposely to see William Butler, the greatest physician of his time. Butler made his visitor stay two hours for him in his gallery, and then he came out to him in an old blue gown. "The French gentleman makes him two or three very low bows down to the ground; Dr. Butler whips his leg over his head, and away goes into his chamber, and did not speak with him. Dr. Butler would many times go to the tavern, but drink by himself; about 9 or 10 at night old Nell (his maid) comes for him with a candle and lanthorne, and says: 'Come home, you drunken beast.' By and by Nell would stumble, then her master calls her 'drunken beast' and so they

did 'drunken beast' one another all the way till they came home." This physician was visited at London by a man grievously tormented with an ague. "The Dr. orders a boat to be in readiness under his window and discoursed with the patient (a gent.) in the balcony, when on a signal given, two or three lusty fellows came behind the gent. and threw him a matter of 20 feet into the Thames. This surprise absolutely cured him." The shrewish wife of Thomas Cooper was irreconcilably angry with him for sitting up late at night compiling his dictionary: "When he had half done it, she had the opportunity to get into his study, took all his pains out in her lap, and threw it into the fire and burnt it." Richard Corbet, D. D., was "very facetious and a good fellow: one time he and some of his acquaintances being merry at Friar Bacon's study (where was good beer sold), they were drinking on the leads of the house and one of the scholars was asleep, and had a pair of good silk stockings on. Dr. Corbet (then M. A., if not B. D.) got a pair of scissors and cut them full of little holds." Erasmus, though born in a fish town, loved not fish.

Look through the approved histories of Sir Walter Raleigh's years and you will fall to find this tale told by Aubrey: "In his youthful time was one Charles Chester, that after kept company with his acquaintance, he was a bold, impertinent fellow and they could never be at quiet for him; a perpetual talker, and made a noise like a drum in a room, so, one time at a tavern, Sir W. R. beats him and seals up his mouth i. e. his upper and nether beard with hard wax"; which reminds one of a peculiarly horrible story of marital vengeance in Barbey d'Aurevilly's "Les Diaboliques."

Marcel Schwob, in the preface to his "Vies Imaginaires," praises Aubrey's methods. He compares him to the more primitive Diogenes Laertius, who informs us that Aristotle wore on his belly a leather bag filled with hot oil, and that they found in his house, after his death, a quantity of earthen vessels. "We shall never know what Aristotle did with all this pottery, and the mystery is as agreeable as the conjecture into which Boswell throws us con-

cerning Johnson's disposal of the dried orange peel which he carried in his pockets." Schwob quotes freely from Aubrey, but the quaint English suffers in translation. Mr. Schwob is a writer of singular ingenuity; but this description of William Prinne at work defies the translator: "His manner of study was thus: He wore a long quilt cap, which came two or three inches at least over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light; about every three hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pot of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank, and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night; and then he made a good supper; now he did well not to dine, which breaks off one's fancy, which will not presently be regained. . . . Upon the opening of the Parliament he girt on his long rustic sword (longer than ordinary), Sir William Waller marching behind him. As he went to the house, W. Prinne's long sword ran between Sir William's short legs and threw him down, which caused laughter. He was of a strange saturnine complexion. Sir C. W. said once that he had the countenance of a witch." Is not W. Prinne now better known to us than the dweller in the flat below, or the club fellow-member to whom we have nodded carelessly for a dozen years? And might not Aubrey's description of Raleigh—"he was a tall, handsome and bold man, but his naeve was that he was damnable proud," serve as a tombstone inscription for men now living?

Mr. Schwob justly complains that biographers take themselves to be historians, and thus deprive us of admirable portraits. "They have thought that only the lives of great men could interest us. Art is a stranger to such considerations. To the eyes of a painter the portrait of an unknown man by Cranach has as much worth as the portrait of Erasmus. The name of Erasmus does not make his portrait inimitable. The art of biography would be to give as much value to the life of a poor mummer as to the life of Shakespeare. The smile of Monna Lisa, of whom we know nothing (the face perhaps is that of a man), is the more mysterious. A grimace drawn by Hokusai induces the deepest meditation."

Modest Tschaiakowsky recognizes these principles of art in his remarkable biography of his brother Peter—a book which for revelation of character, for minuteness of detail in portraiture, may stand on the same shelf with the autobiographies of Herbert of Cherbuk, Cellini, and Casanova, and with the supreme masterpiece by Boswell.

The 12th part of the translation by P. Juon into German was published lately, and we learn from it the story of Tschaiakowsky's daily routine at Maidanowo and Klin from 1855-'85 till his death.

He took great pleasure in settling his house, in having at last his own cook, washerwoman, silver, table linen, dog. The rooms were simply furnished, for in spite of the generosity of Mrs. von Meck, who gave him a yearly allowance, his means were not ample, and then he had little interest in show. If the furniture answered his needs, that was enough. The style of the furniture was immaterial, nor was he a connoisseur. Nor was he disquieted if a table wobbled, or if a bureau drawer was refractory. He was fond of preserving the established order of things. He did not like changes in his surroundings.

Tschaiakowsky left bed between 7 and 8 o'clock. He drank tea, usually without bread, between 8 and 9, and read the Bible. After reading in the Bible he studied English or he read some serious work, not for pleasure alone, but for self-instruction. For instance, he read

In his life of Mozart, Tschakowsky and indeed looked up was unknown to him, or he read the works of Spinoza, Schopenhauer and other philosophers. Then he walked in the open air for three-quarters of an hour. If he talked while taking his tea and walked with a guest, it was plain that he did not purpose to compose that day, but to instrument, to write letters, to correct a manuscript. When he was at work on a new composition, he saw no one the whole day. In former years he required the loneliness of his room, although the presence of his servant Alexei did not disturb his train of thought. In former years he was musically communicative, he used to discuss in the evening his pieces before they were finished and ask for expressions of opinion; later he became more reserved and if he played one of his manuscripts on the piano he begged the bystander to refrain from any spoken judgment. After 1885 he never showed his manuscripts; the engraver was the first to see them.

From 9.30 till 1 Tschakowsky worked and would brook no interruption. He would complete any disagreeable task before he began any labor of love. Returning from a journey, he first attended to his correspondence, which was the most irksome task to him after correcting manuscripts or proof. His correspondence grew to be so great that in the early nineties, it busied him sometimes all day, and he would write 30 letters.

His mid-day meal was at 1, and as his appetite was excellent, everything tasted good and he would thank the cook. Modest says that as his brother was modest in his ideas of cookery, the guests were often inclined to curse. After this meal Peter went a-walking whether the weather were fair or foul. He had read in some book that a man should walk in the open air at least two hours if he wished to be well. He observed this practice conscientiously, superstitiously, as though something terrible would happen if he came home five minutes earlier. On this walk he insisted on being absolutely alone; he could not bear even the companionship of a dog. An ardent lover of nature, he could not endure expressions of appreciation. His own enjoyment was instantly cooled, the beauty of the landscape vanished the moment any one said: "How beautiful it is here!" During this walk, he worked. He found the kernel of his chief musical thoughts; he planned the architecture of a work; and he noted down the leading themes. There were many notebooks for this purpose at the house in Klin, but when he forgot to take one with him, he used any odd piece of paper, as the back of a letter, an envelope, a bill. The next morning he took these sketches and elaborated them at the piano. With the exception of two scenes in "Eugen Onegin" and some piano pieces and songs, he elaborated all his sketches at the piano; and as his memory was poor, he wrote down everything, and here and there indicated the instrumentation. In these sketches the work was customarily brought to a conclusion and when he orchestrated, the sketches were not materially changed.

If he did not compose during a walk, he would improvise. "I remember," says Modest, "how one day at Gran kino he told me on his return from a walk that he had improvised a wonderfully beautiful duet in the Italian style." I asked him to sing it to me, but he answered "the duet is so Italian that I am ashamed to let you hear it." Some days after, he said: "I have not forgotten my duet; I sang it today. What a relative. What a strettio! But there's no woman who can sing it!" Then he played it to me. I could not share his enthusiasm, but I asked him to write it. He answered: "No, no; it doesn't go."

If he was not busied with music during his walk, he declaimed and improvised aloud dramatic scenes (almost always in French). He often watched insects. In the garden at Gran kino there was an anthill to which he was benefactor, for he provided it with insects from the steppe. He poisoned the pleasure of these walks the first years at Maidanowa by giving the village children money. They became a nuisance. They watched at every corner for him, they surprised him in the most unlikely places in the forest. Furthermore, the older boys and girls, and even men and women, grew bold and begged at every step, so that at last he was compelled to keep within the boundaries of his own park.

He returned home about 4 and took tea; he read newspapers or magazines if he were alone; if there were guests, he delighted in talk. He worked again from 5 to 7. Supper was served at 8, and in summer he would walk before the meal, preferably with companions

and in the open country where he could see the sunset. In fall or in winter he would play the piano for his own pleasure, either alone or with Laroche or Kaschkin. After supper he sat with guests till 11, and was glad to play cards or listen to some one reading. His favorite reader was Laroche, not because he had a special talent, but because his enjoyment was pictured on his face in every sentence—especially if the book were by Gogol or Flaubert. If no guest were present, Peter read generally historical works which were concerned with the end of the 18th or with the beginning of the 19th century, or he played solitaire and was somewhat bored. At 11 he went to his bedroom, made entries in his diary, and read for some time. After the summer of 1886 he never composed at night.

He was most unfriendly toward unexpected guests. Toward the invited he was hospitality itself, and he often gave himself the pleasure of asking his Moscow friends, Kaschkin, Hubert, Albrecht, Jurgenson, his publisher, and Taneff to visit him. Laroche, Kaschkin and Modest were the more frequent visitors, and they tarried the longest.



GERTRUDE PEPPERCORN, PIANIST.

There is much of interest in this same part of the biography, and everything said about him or written by him feeds the admiration for his character as man and composer.

He was ready to express frankly his likes and his dislikes, his enthusiasms and his hatreds, for he, with Dr. Johnson and William Hazlitt, knew the pleasure of hating. Nor was his hatred confined to persons. He wrote in 1885 to Rimsky-Korsakoff why he was so bitter in his criticism of the latter's treatise on harmony. He hated to teach harmony, for he found all explanations of the science inadequate, and he found it impossible to invent sound principles for instruction. "For 10 years I have taught harmony, and during these 10 years I have hated my classes, my pupils, my own textbook and myself as teacher."

Temperate, as a rule, he occasionally, like an orthodox Russian, gave the reins to thirst. In a letter to his brother he wrote: "Yesterday there were guests here all day; they came Saturday night. How much wine they drank is simply inconceivable! As I have been for some time alone and occupied, it was pleasant for me to spend a day in loafing and carousing." (Among the guests was Jurgenson, who died the 6th of last month at the age of 63.) That same month he took part in a "fuerchterliche Kneiperel" at Moscow and spent much money.

He was much incensed at a novel published at Moscow. He described it as a pamphlet against N. Rubinstein and his followers. "What sort of a person must that be who is not ashamed four years after the death of one who was to him unsympathetic to throw scandals and dirty gossip after him?"

Balakireff gave him the programme of "Manfred," a symphonic poem, in 1882, but not till 1885 did he begin to compose it, and then he sweated drops of blood. "The work is so difficult and complicated that I for the time am Manfred himself." It was completed in September, 1885, and produced at Moscow in March of the following year.

His letters to Arensky are those of a true friend. In one he reproaches him for the unnecessary use of 5-4 time in a suite: "This mania threatens to become a habit." Again he frees his mind about Arensky's symphonic poem, founded on Dumas' "La Dame aux Camellias." He could not abide the subject. "It pained and wounded me and all your friends to learn that you had chosen such a subject. How can a cultivated musician pass by Homer, Shakespeare, Gogol, Pushkin, Dante, Tolstoi, Lermontoff and others to interest himself in a production by Mr. Dumas, the younger, which has for a subject the adventure of a public punk, when this adventure is described in a fundamentally false, sentimental manner and not without vulgarity, although with French skill and effect." The "orgy" in the symphonic poem lacked life, fire, brilliance—that is, "if one overlooks the fact that the orgy in reality was a drinking bout at the woman's house, where a crowd eats mayonnaise and trifles, and later dances the can-can." The influence of Liszt was too strongly marked here in the whole work. "Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Mendelssohn, Massenet, Liszt and others are naturally masters, each in his way,

but their dominating characteristic is not ideal beauty, after which Beethoven, Bach (who is truly a bore at times, yet a genius), Glinka and Mozart toiled." Of the second part, "Pastorale at Bougival," he wrote: "Oh, my God! It you knew how unpoeitic and unpastoral this Bougival is with its canoeing, drinking places, cancan, etc.!" The love melody was too cancan, etc. Liszt, "whose melody is often half Italian, but without the plasticity and the simplicity of genuine Italian folk melody." Then he praised Arensky's workmanship.

Just as Tschakowsky found Cherubini's opera, "The Water Carrier," a bore, so he complained of Zola's hold over him. He wrote Oct. 1, 1885: "This scoundrel Zola! 'Germinal' happened to fall into my hands last week; I began it, allowed myself to be absorbed, and finished it late at night. I was so excited that I had palpitation of the heart and could not sleep. The next day I was sick, and I now look back on the novel as on a frightful nightmare." But let us quote some of his opinions at random. Seldom had he been so pleased as at Schumann piano concert given by Anton Rubinstein, and he disliked Rubinstein's opera, "Nero," so much that the mere sight of the piano score made him wild. He did not understand why the Psalms in the Old Testament were valued highly as a literary work, or why they should be mentioned in connection with the evangelists. "David is wholly of this world. . . . What endless poetry and love and compassion for mankind, such as move to tears, in the words, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.' In comparison with these simple words all the Psalms of David are—nothing." On a steamer in the Mediterranean his enjoyment was marred by an Englishman who kept asking him whether he liked certain romances by Tosti, Denza and others, and by a Frenchman who talked about a piano invented by him with a key for every sign of transposition or accidental. "He speaks continually of his horrible invention, and gives me treatises to read." Tschakowsky rejoiced at the sight of translations into French of novels by Tolstoi, Turgenieff, Dostoevsky in Parisian book shops.

We have spoken before this in The Herald of Tschakowsky's amazing shyness. Anatole France once referred to a treatise "On book lovers who have been killed by falling from step-ladders." There might be a companion work on "Men of genius who feared to ring a house bell." As on a former visit Tschakowsky was afraid to call on Saint-Saens, so now (1886) he dreaded a call on his French publisher, Mackarr, who had been most generous to him. He went by his shop a dozen times. He drank a huge glass of absinthe. At last

he made the plunge. The operetta, "Josephine, Sold by Her Sisters," amused him mightily; he found "Henry VIII." worse than mediocre; Pauline Viardot told him that she helped Turgenieff in writing "The Song of Triumphant Love"; at her house he spent two hours examining the autograph score of "Don Giovanni." "It was as though I had pressed Mozart's hand and talked with him."

On his return he pulled over Anatole France's "Monsieur Gousset" by far, as sweet as to previous masters. The next day he wrote Mrs. von Meck: "I feel lost when I am alone, when trees, flowers, books take the place of human company. O God, how short life is! How much there is for me to accomplish before I can rest! When I am wholly well, as at this moment, then feverish thirst for work comes upon me, but the thought of the horrors of human life benumbs my energy." He did not like Loti's "Pêcheur d'Islande." The descriptive style reminded him of Zola. He wondered why Tolstoi spoke with contempt and hatred of all the announcements of the truth, except Christ. Tschakowsky wondered what Tolstoi thought of Socrates, Shakespeare, Gogol, Michael Angelo, George Sand, Dickens, Flaubert, Raphael, Turgenieff.

In 1886, Tschakowsky noted in his diary his opinions about famous musicians. He bowed before the greatness of Beethoven; he wondered at and feared him; but he did not love him, as he loved Mozart. He liked the Beethoven of the middle period; he hated his last quartets: "There are flashes in them; nothing more, the rest is a chaos over which floats the mist-shrouded figure of this musical god of Sabaoth." He liked to play Bach's fugues, "for it is entertaining to play a good fugue, but I do not, as many do, consider him a great genius. Handel does not entertain me; he is only of fourth-class significance. Gluck is sympathetic to me, in spite of his comparatively poor creative force." It irritated him to find Brahms, "this concealed mediocrity recognized as a genius."

Let us give two instances of Tschakowsky's thoughtfulness of others. He wrote to Jurgenson asking him to see that pieces by Glazounoff and Rimsky-Korsakoff were played at a certain concert in place of pieces by him, to encourage them. He wrote to Rimsky-Korsakoff that Arensky was blue and needed mental stimulants. He begged him therefore to play an overture by Arensky instead of his own "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia-overture at a forthcoming concert. His letters in these instances were in the nature of a personal entreaty, and he ended his letter to Rimsky-Korsakoff by saying: "Your 'Spanish Rhapsody' is a colossal masterpiece of instrumentation, and you can hold yourself to be the greatest contemporaneous master."

This "Spanish Rhapsody," by the way, has never been played in Boston. It has been played all over Europe, in New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, even at Brighton Beach—but never in Boston.

LOCAL.

The fifth concert of the Kneisel quartet will be given in Potter Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 9. The programme will include Mozart's quartet in D minor, Beethoven's quartet in B flat major, op. 18, No. 6, and Cesar Franck's piano quintet. Mr. Busoni will be the pianist. Tickets will be on sale at Potter Hall tomorrow morning.

Mr. William Kittredge of Boston, tenor, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 11, at 8 o'clock, when he will sing songs by Handel, Gretry, Bourgauff-Ducoudray, Gabriel Faure, Nivin, Saint-Saens, Cesar Franck, Hugo Wolf, R. Strauss, Miss Lang, Duparc, Norris, d'Indy, Massenet. Many of the songs will be sung here for the first time. This will be Mr. Kittredge's first concert in Boston after long study in Paris and London.

Mr. T. H. Cabot, cellist, assisted by Mr. Karl Ondricek, violinist, and Mr. George Copeland, Jr., pianist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Saturday, Feb. 13.

The fourth concert of the Arbos quartet will be given at Jordan Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 8. The programme will include Tschakowsky's quartet in D major and Beethoven's piano trio in B flat. Mr. Busoni, pianist, will make his first appearance in Boston since his return from Europe, and he will play as a solo piece Brahms' variations on a theme by Paganini. Tickets are on sale at Symphony Hall.

At the next meeting of the Thursday Morning Musical Club the chorus will sing a new part-song entitled "Collette," which was composed for and dedicated to the club by Miss Mabel W. Daniels, one of its members.

Mr. Ferrucci Busoni will give piano recitals in Jordan Hall the evening of Feb. 18 and the afternoon of Feb. 20, his only recitals here this season. The programme of the first recital will include Busoni's arrangement of Bach's adagio, toccata and fugue in C major; chorale "Awake" and chorale "Rejoice"; Chopin's 12 etudes op. 25; Cesar Franck's prelude, chorale and fugue; three etudes d'execution transcendante by Liszt; appassionata F minor "Harmonies du Soir," Mazepa. The subscription sale of tickets will be continued until Saturday evening next, and orders accompanied by check may be sent to Manager L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall. The regular box office sale of tickets will begin at Symphony Hall on Monday morning, Feb. 8.

Mr. Louis F. Gottschalk, who wrote the greater part of the music for the new Cadei show, "Cinderella and the Prince," which opens at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow evening, was here last season, as musical director for Frances Wilson in "The Toreador," and is now on the road with the new De Koven opera, "The Red Feather." He is a Californian, and made his final studies in Germany. He recently won a prize offered by a Philadelphia monthly for the best choral work for children.

The lectures upon "Parsifal" by Mrs. Helen Rhodes at Jordan Hall on the afternoons of Feb. 10 and 13 will afford a preparation for the performances of portions of the work to be given by the New York Symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Damrosch, later on. Mrs. Rhodes will illustrate her lectures by superb pictures, showing every act, scene and

character, and by excerpts from the work to be played by Mr. Adolf Glöse, pianist. Seats for these lectures will be ready at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning.

Attention is called to the programme of the Celtic concert published in Music of the Week. The pieces played by Miss MacCarthy have not been played publicly in America. Mr. Max Zach and Mr. James T. Whelan will be the accompanists. A souvenir programme will be issued, and after the concert there will be a reception in the parlors of the New England Conservatory. Tickets are now on sale at the Boston Theatre and at Jordan Hall.

An "interpretative recital" of music and literature, original compositions

and miscellaneous selections is to be given by Mr. Van Veatchon Rogers, harpist, and Mr. Charles T. Grille at Jordan Hall on the evening of Feb. 11, for which tickets will be sold at Symphony Hall, beginning tomorrow morning.

This announcement is made by Manager L. H. Mudgett of Symphony Hall regarding the New York Symphony orchestra: Arrangements have been made for this orchestra to come to Boston and give two concerts at Symphony Hall, the first on the evening of Feb. 19, and the second on the afternoon of Feb. 20. These concerts will be given under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, with Mme. Lillian Nordica as the principal soloist. The programmes will be largely composed of selections from Wagner's "Parsifal," with excerpts from Wagner's other music dramas. This will be the first visit of the New York Symphony orchestra to this city. Details in regard to the sale of tickets, etc., will be announced at an early day.

The cantata entitled "The Star of Bethlehem," by John E. West, will be given at the Winter Hill Congregational Church, Somerville, this evening at 7:30 o'clock. The choir will be assisted by a chorus of selected voices, under the direction of Mr. Edgar Jacobs Smith, who in past seasons has conducted similar concerts with much success.

Mr. Carl Faeton will play at his fourth piano recital in Huntington Chambers Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 24, Mendelssohn's Fantasia and Scherzo, Op. 16; Beethoven's sonata, Op. 109; and Schumann's "Carnaval."

Mrs. Alexander-Marius will soon give an afternoon recital of French songs in Stelner Hall.

Miss Florence Wood, soprano, assisted by Mr. Ray Finel, tenor, and Mr. Franklin Wood, bass, with Mr. Gordon Mitchell, pianist, will perform Homer Norris' "The Flight of the Eagle," in Huntington Chambers Hall on the evening of Feb. 19.

Miss Gertrude Müller, soprano, and Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, of Boston, will give a recital at the New Bedford Women's Club, Feb. 5.

DUBOIS' "PARADISE LOST."

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, will perform on Sunday night, Feb. 7, "Paradise Lost," by Theodore Dubois. The oratorio was produced by the society for the first time in this country Feb. 8, 1903, when Mrs. Homer and Mr. de Gogorza sang the parts that they will sing next Sunday.

Dubois, who is now in his 67th year and is at the head of that highly respectable institution, the Paris Conservatory, was one of 25 who competed in 1875 for the prize offered by the city of Paris. The first prize was divided between him, with "Paradise Lost," and Benjamin Godard, with his "Tasso." A first "mention" was given to Samuel David, and a second to Augusta Holmes for her "Lutece."

"Paradise Lost" was performed for the first time in public at the Chatelet, Nov. 27, 1878. Before this, there was a private performance, to which officials and some others were invited.

The librettist, Edouard Blau, founded his text on Milton's poem, as others did before him, and have done since, from Smith to Rubinstein, from Peter Ritter to Bossi. Eve has been tempted and has fallen more or less gracefully in all manner of stage plays and oratorios, from Haydn's smug Viennese bourgeois to Massenet's Parisian cocotte; from the Eve of Theile (1873), to the heroine of Serpente's comic opera (1886), in which Theo, bewitching in her costume, was Eve in Paradise, in ancient Rome, in Spain of the Renaissance and at Caudebec on the Seine.

Dubois' oratorio begins with an orchestral introduction, which, as deep thinkers say, gives "the impression of an immense calm reigning over nature; discreet trumpet calls foretell approaching discord, but the seraphim exhale their happiness in a hymn of love." Then follow the pages of "The Revolt." Satan mocks the faithful, the "servile millions"; the rebellious spirits war against the good angels, and, after the defeat of Satan and his host, there is a hosanna.

Part II is a tone picture of hell. Demons groan and lament, and Uriel, Beelzebub and Moloch curse Satan for having tempted them. Satan comforts them by telling his plot against Adam and Eve. But what is Uriel doing in this gallery? Uriel, the archangel, "one of the seven who, in God's presence, nearest to his throne, stand ready at command." But we are in a French and not in Miltonic hell, and the librettist thought Uriel might rhyme with Beelzebub.

Part III is devoted to Paradise and the temptation. Adam is a tenor-for strictly oratorio purposes. In life he was undoubtedly a shaggy bass. A chorus of celestial guards is followed by a prayer of the first couple. Satan stands by, invisible, and threatens. As soon as the prayer is over Adam sings of the grass wishing to kiss Eve's feet, and Eve, highly pleased, joins him in singing, "Let Us Love! 'Tis Our Mas-

ter's Pleasure." The snake crawls in chromatically and tempts Eve. She eats the apple; "earth feels the shock and trembles to her foundation." Eve in turn tempts Adam. Satan gives way to a long "aria of triumph."

Part IV.—The judgment. Here enters a peculiarly French touch. Adam does not reply to the Lord, "Cherchez la femme," but he gallantly exclaims, "Pardonnez-moi; 'twas I that led her astray; 'tho' I be not the sole, I am the arch transgressor." The sentence is pronounced; but the Son announces his future coming as a Saviour, and there is a final chorus of praise.

The solo singers next Sunday night will be Miss Anita Rio, Mrs. Louise Homer, Messrs. George Hamlin, Emilio de Gogorza, John S. Codman, L. B. Merrill. The sale of tickets will open Monday (tomorrow), at 3:30 A. M., at Symphony Hall, and at Schirmer's music store.

MISS GERTRUDE PEPPERCORN.

Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the London pianist, who will make her first appearance in this country at Potter Hall Tuesday night, is the daughter of a landscape painter. At the age of 13 she began to study with Tobias Matthay of the Royal Academy, where she gained five prizes (1894-1897). Her reputation is not confined to London, for she has played on the European continent; for instance, at Berlin in 1900 and 1901, where her performance excited discussion.

Miss Peppercorn landed at New York Jan. 23. She expects to be in this country three months. She is described as follows by a passionate reporter in New York: "A singularly handsome woman is Miss Peppercorn, and even before she speaks is her intellectuality disclosed. It can be discerned as soon as one enters her presence that Miss Peppercorn is endowed with the artist temperament, and soon it becomes manifest that she is brimful of enthusiasm and is passionately in love with her art. Vivacious, brilliant, the incarnation of grace, yet modest and gentle, she is admired not less for her feminine charms than her musical gifts and accomplishments. In England Miss Peppercorn has shone in the highest social circles and been courted by the nobility. Yet her head has not been turned."

CHICKERING CONCERTS.

The first of the four Chickering orchestral concerts in Chickering Hall will be on Wednesday evening, Feb. 10, and the programme will be of most unusual interest. Mr. Lang will conduct Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus" and "The Repose of the Holy Family," for tenor (Mr. George Deane), female chorus and orchestra from Berlioz's "Infancy of Christ," Claude Debussy's "Nocturnes" (I, "Nuages"; II, "Fetes"; III, "Sirenes") for orchestra and with female chorus in the last nocturne, will be conducted by Mr. Georges Longy. This will be the first performance in America, and as the pieces are of an extraordinary character in every way, they will be played twice at this concert. There will be a picked orchestra of from 50 to 60 players. The concert will begin at 8:15 P. M. and end at 9:45.

The programme of the second concert will include Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," two movements from Hadley's prize symphony (led by the composer), Cesar Franck's "Djinns" (after Hugo's poem, for orchestra and piano, Mrs. Downer-Eaton, pianist), and a concerto by Bach for three pianos (Messrs. Fox, Gebhard, Proctor, pianists).

The purpose of these concerts is to give the public an opportunity of hearing in a hall of moderate size fine classical works as well as modern compositions that should be heard, and also to increase the opportunities for performers of talent to appear with orchestra.

These concerts should commend themselves to all lovers of music, and especially to the curious seekers after something new.

PERSONAL.

Edward MacDowell has resigned his position as professor of music at Columbia University in order to devote himself exclusively to composition. His departure will be a severe blow to the university, where he was respected and beloved by colleagues and students. In connection with this news the following expression of opinion by the critic of the Deutsches Blatt is interesting:

It was with great prejudice that I examined these MacDowell sonatas (dedicated to Edward Grieg), inasmuch as the unproductivity of the Anglo-Americans is to all appearances on the increase. However, this time I was sadly deceived. An impassioned, resourceful, confident, fertile nature finds its expres-

sions. In the D minor as well as in the Celtic sonata, there are themes full of individual strength, and unquestionable originality, as well as others which are vibrant with life and genuine depth of sentiment. It is indeed difficult to decide which of the sonatas is the better; both have won my admiration. The latter, by its unusual qualities, MacDowell's singular inventiveness enables him with it to build up the most tremendous effects while keeping within the simplest form. With glowing and passionate emotion he develops his themes to brilliant climaxes, and lets them gradually die away with reminiscent flashes of the themes, as lightning blazes forth in the darkness. These two sonatas are unmistakably among the highest and worthiest examples of modern piano literature; they can be warmly recommended to amateurs and artists alike.

A Mr. John Bland made his first appearance in New York Jan. 22 at Mendelssohn Hall. The Evening Sun said of him: "When Mr. Bland grows up to be 50 years old, it may be more profitable to ask if he sings like Jean de Reszke." At present he looks 20 or 21; he has an abundance of voice, and can afford to let the musical doctors disagree as to his use of it. Mr. Bland might have said as he sang, in the words of Schumann's rhapsodist of 'The

Stumme'—'I tremble, I'm glowing with ardor all too soon.' We shall not complain if the ardor of youth is strong in the young man behind the voice, but we shall be more interested to hear the same tenor 10 years from now, when the undertones and overtones of life may be listened for." At the same concert Mrs. Adele Baldwin "a church contralto of high standing, displayed more diffidence than she had any right to feel. * * * If there was a Sembrich programme there was a Kneisel house that came in carriages. It looked like a New York Vassar alumnae reunion. Elderly tenors also were out in force, and curiosity, re-enforced by M. Charles Glibert, Mr. Francis Rogers and other table baritones and basses. The only slip in this affair was a slip of paper inserted in each programme to say that the three singers heard were pupils of a certain teacher. Why not go the whole figure and advertise where they bought their songs, give the business card of Mr. Bland's London tailor and throw in a hint as to Miss Metcalfe's millinery dressmaker and Mrs. Baldwin's passionate modiste? It's all a matter of taste."

Mr. Nikisch has been invited by Modeste Tschaiowsky, the brother of the composer, to lead a series of Tschaiowsky concerts in Moscow and St. Petersburg next spring. The Berlin Philharmonic orchestra will accompany Nikisch on his Russian trip.

Leopold Lichtenberg, violinist, formerly of Boston, played Vieuxtemps' concerto in A minor at the fourth of Wetzler's symphony concerts at New York Jan. 23.

Mr. Blackburn of the Pall Mall Gazette (Jan. 15) wrote of the late Antonette Sterling as follows: "The death of Antonette Sterling removes a singer of very striking personality from the world of English music. Opinions have always differed as to the precise value of her vocal accomplishments, to some extent because it was very difficult indeed to separate her personality from her art. In everything she did, that personality was essentially intrusive—of course we use the word in an absolutely inoffensive sense. The singular beauty of her character was evident to everybody who knew her even slightly; but it must be confessed that at times a certain element of eccentricity in her public manner provoked a good-humored smile. As to her voice it may be said that she was never inclined to cultivate sweetness of tone for its own sake; earnestness was in the last degree, sometimes so earnest that she was inclined to exaggeration; this was particularly the case in the manner in which she used her lower register; it seemed to us that she never quite subordinated her sense of power to the sense of beauty. She remains, however, in one's memory as a figure engrossing, simple and sincere; she counted an enormous circle of friends, and among musicians she was certainly regarded with much respect. As everybody knows, Sullivan's 'Lost Chord' was written for her, and her rendering of it was probably her best known artistic effort."

Mr. Charles Bennett, a bass-baritone, formerly of Boston, now of London, has been singing in "The Little Christina," with Susan Strong as leading soprano, at Daly's, London, and Mr. Baughan describes him as the possessor of a fine voice. "As I have remarked in criticising him as a concert singer, he has given promise of doing well on the stage, for which his temperament fits him."

Albani has left London for a tour of two months in South Africa.

The soloists at the Philharmonic concerts, London, this season (March-June) will be Anna de Jong, Marie Hall, Kreisler, Kubelik, violinists; Pugno, Consola, Borwick, pianists; Jean Gerardy, 'celist; and Clara Butt, Muriel Foster, Elizabeth Parkins (American), Maria Gay, Minnie Tracey (American) and Kennerly Rumford (Clara Butt's husband).

"Mr. Caruso has made an agreement with Mr. Conried that insures his return each winter to the Metropolitan for three or four years to come." His engagement ends this week. He has been re-engaged for the whole of next season, when he will add to his repertory Raoul, Ricardo, the Count in "The Barber," and he will sing the part of Faust in French.

Florizel von Reuter, as the boy fiddler is now named, gave a concert on Jan. 14 at Vienna. He is still 11 years old.

Gertrude Griswold sang at a concert in Paris Jan. 12. This American woman made her debut at the Opera, Paris, June 6, 1881, as Ophelia; Nov. 30th she sang Zerlina. Two years before she had trouble at the Conservatory, when she was dissatisfied because she took only a first accessit, and she refused to answer to her name, which was then removed from the list of competitors for the opera prize. She was afterward reinstated, and in 1880 she shared with Miss Merguillier the first prize for singing, and she took the second prize for opera. When she appeared at the Opera, her "American accent" and her enunciation were adversely criticised. "Her voice is agreeable, no doubt, but already tired and too weak for the great room." So wrote a critic; perhaps Mr. Grauert, who was then a member of the Opera company, could tell us whether the criticism were just. Miss Griswold, who was born at New York, Oct. 18, 1853, left the Opera in 1882, for an engagement in Italy, it was said. Bronislaw Hubermann, who played here as an infant phenomenon, now "a likely youth 21," has been filling in Paris with great success.

Calve will make her reappearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, tomorrow evening as Carmen. It is said that she will appear this season as the heroine in "Les Dragons de Villars" and as the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro."

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

"Parsifal" is an inexhaustible source of copy in New York. Mr. Krebhel now asks passionately: "Is it compassion that makes Parsifal knowing, or knowledge that makes him compassionate?"

Mr. Henderson echoes the question. Who will tell? Let Siegfried Wagner tell. Let Mr. Finck tell. Or, as the late Jerome Sykes remarked, let William Tell.

They say that the Czar of Russia has given the equivalent of \$50,000 to the Darmstadt Opera House to restage "Aida."

Mrs. Craigie in a lecture at the Criterion, London (Jan. 10), said that there are only two classes of natural drama—the musical comedies produced by George Edwardes, and the Drury Lane melodramas. A London reviewer adds a third, "though it may now be moribund," the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The Daily News (London) says: "Carl Goldmark has revised his opera, 'Merlin,' which, since its production in 1886, has only been performed at Vienna and Dresden. The composer has offered the new version of the work to Frankfurt." The opera was produced in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House Jan. 3, 1887, with Lilli Lehmann, Brandt, Alvary and Fischer as the chief singers.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

At the ninth concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, led by Mr. Fritz Scheel, Jan. 23, after the overture to "Der Freischuetz" was played, many of the orchestra left the stage, and Bach's suite in B minor for strings was played by a dozen violins, six violas, six cellos and four double basses. The Public Ledger said: "This work is little more than chamber music, and it is questionable whether anything is gained by presenting it at a full-fledged symphony concert, as it was originally, scored for a small orchestra. It is still music, albeit entirely melodious and lovely, and the effect of the little group of strings set down in the midst of the great Academy stage was somewhat depressing." A symphony by Haydn was played with an orchestra of approximately the size of the orchestra of Haydn's period.

The 100th concert of the Guildhall school of music, London, will given Feb. 3.

A new "melologue," "The Death of Bayard," music by Veneziani, was produced with success at Ferrara, Dec. 28.

The Musical Courier (New York) announces that Richard Strauss' new work, the "Domestic" suite, will be performed for the first time at New York at the third of the Strauss concerts.

"Alyssa," lyric scene, by Raoul Laparra, first prize of Rome, was performed St. Cecilia's day at Bordeaux.

Saint-Saens' latest work, a "Hymn to France," was produced lately at Cairo.

G. M. Witkowski is at work on a sonata for violin and piano.

Angelini Biancheri's "Soleil Couchant," an orchestral picture, was played at a Le Roy concert, Paris, Jan. 3. "A sun threatened by formidable clouds and

drowned in sonorous waves." The composer is a pupil of Widor.

A PARISIAN SCANDAL.

There is a composer in Paris richer in money than in harmonic thought. He uses with a certain newspaper the methods of advertisers. One of our excellent critics wrote a just, but severe, criticism of an orchestra episode of the little musical nabob, but he found the next morning that his article was not published, and in place of this truthful review was enthusiastic praise of the wretched piece, praise written and paid for by the composer at a higher rate than the yearly salary of the critic.—Le Cri de Paris.

The Guide Musical quotes the paragraph and asks the name of the musical sugarbowl.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY—Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M. First appearance in America of Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, pianist: Toccata and Fugue, D minor, Bach-Tausig; variations and fugue on a theme by Handel, Brahms; Chopin's sonata in B flat minor; Schumann's Romance, F sharp, Zarembski's Etude, G minor; Chopin's Berceuse; two studies on Chopin, Nos. 17 and 47; Godowsky's overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner-Liszt.

WEDNESDAY—Stelner Hall, 8 P. M. Fifteenth piano recital. Mr. George E. Lincoln as well as the regular pianola player will manipulate the instrument, and Miss Adelaide Gogorza, contralto, will sing songs by Goring Thomas, Chadwick and Altschuler.

THURSDAY—8 P. M., Jordan Hall. Celtic concert. Miss Maud MacCarthy, violinist, will play Esposito's "Irish Rhapsody" and "Irish Melodies" and Stanford's Irish Fantasies. The Boston Municipal Orchestra will play overtures by Balfe and Wallace, MacCarthy's suite, "Highland Memories," Mr. Michael J. Dwyer will sing old Irish love songs.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Gerleke conductor. Overture, "Fritthof," T. Dubois (first time); Beethoven's Violin Concerto (Miss Head, violinist); Brahms' Symphony in E minor, No. 4.

SATURDAY—Stelner Hall, 3 P. M. Mr. Harold Bauer's farewell recital. Schumann programme: Sonata in G minor, Papillons, Toccata, Trauerfeier, in der Nacht, Romance in F sharp, Nocturne in D, Carnaval.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fourteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

THIRTEENTH SYMPHONY NIGHT

A Symphonic Poem Written by Kaun Is the Novelty.

It Is Not "Hiawatha," but "Minnehaha"—A Symphony in A Minor by Rubinstein Is Disinterested—Mr. Proctor and Liszt's Concerto No. 1—Overture of Smetana.

The programme of the 13th Symphony

last night at Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in A minor, No. 6.....Rubinstein
Concerto in E flat major, No. 1.....Liszt
Symphonic poem, "Minnehaha".....Kaua
(First time.)
Overture to "The Sold Bride".....Smetana

Mr. Gerleke produced Rubinstein's symphony here in A minor in 1887, and since then it has been allowed to rest peacefully on the shelf. No doubt the composer took some pains with the work, for it was composed for that august tribunal, the Gewand Haus Society of Leipzig, and it was first played in Leipzig under the direction of the composer in 1886.

The editor of the programme book of these Symphony concerts compiled a list of works by Rubinstein that have been performed here since 1870 at concerts of the leading local societies and at concerts given here by Theodore Thomas. It is a formidable list, and it shows again how quickly the modernity of a composer passes, unless his foothold is mortised in granite, to use a phrase of Walt Whitman. There was a time when the talk was about Rubinstein; his larger works were in fashion; his chamber music was played continually; his songs were in the mouth of every singer. Today he is known in concert halls chiefly by his piano concerto in D minor, once in a while the "Ocean" symphony (first version) is performed and every one speaks approvingly of the first movement. His songs are seldom sung—the more the pity—and his "Thou Art Like unto a Flower" is known to church congregations by association with the incongruous words "Jerusalem the golden."

This symphony is like many other works of Rubinstein; there is a promising start, there are ideas, and then the music is as though the composer had sketched hurriedly a movement or two, and, waxing impatient, with fresh thoughts for another composition, had completed the work in hand perfunctorily and with an Olympian indifference. His orchestration is almost always dry and scratchy; at times it suggests sandpaper, and it grates on the nerves. The symphony in A minor is no exception; one misses the vivifying breath of imagination. The themes themselves are of slight interest, and after the first movement the composer himself seems to have lost all affection for his task. No performance, however careful and admirable, as was that of last night, could breathe into this dead body the breath of life.

When Mr. Proctor appeared for the first time at a Symphony concert he was fresh from study at Vienna. He chose a concerto by Eduard Schuett. The pianist then had the hard, brittle, unemotional touch that distinguishes so many fresh from a certain school in the Austrian city, and his style was flamboyant and bumptious. In recitals soon after he played as though he had not taken the time for preparation. But of late years he has pondered, apparently, the value of tone and rhythm, especially tone. Last season he played pieces of inconsiderable importance in a truly artistic manner. He sang and did not pound the melody; he was emotional and imaginative, so far as the character of the pieces permitted. Last night he played one of the great concertos in the literature of the piano, a superb, defiant piece that is still fresh and heroic with sentiment that still seems genuine, a piece that any pianist may well be proud to play. In his performance he showed many admirable qualities. First of all, even in the most virile passages, he did not force tone; and those who heard Liszt in his pulsant years all agree that the great pianist's tone, even in the frenzy of bravura, was always beautiful. Mr. Proctor played with a fine rhythmic feeling, with a keen appreciation of the value of the phrase. Perhaps there were moments when the hearer would have liked an exhibition of more demonstrative spirit, a revelation of the virtuoso exulting in his strength; but, on the whole, the performance was interesting, musical and highly creditable to the player.

Hue Kaua, whose name appeared for the first time on these programmes, is a Berliner who sojourned for a time at Milwaukee, and is now based again in the city of Weiss beer. The argument printed in the score of "Minnehaha" tells us that he was inspired by Longfellow's poem and by "the glorious oil painting by the American artist, Dodge, depicting the death of Minnehaha." We have never seen this painting, but something in our heart tells us that the modern school would not be enthusiastic over it; that it would be dismissed with the pictorial representations by an Englishman of a railway station and the Derby day, and with the statue of the dreaming Iolanthe in butter that awakened the wonder and the approval of thousands at the Philadelphia exposition in 1876. Still we may be wrong, we may be wrong. "Oil painting": it reminds us of Artemus Ward's definition of sardines: "Little fishes biled in oil." M. Kaua's symbolic poem—it has a companion piece "Hiawatha"—is pleasant music without any particular originality of thought or treatment. The instrumentation is sonorous, but there is not one poignant phrase, not one dramatic stroke. The poem is the work of a cultivated musician of routine.

Smetana's delightful overture brought the close. It is to be hoped that the opera will yet be included in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House; a translation into English has been made by Mr. Metzger, but the opera is not yet in rehearsal, although there was promise earlier in the season of a production.

MISS PEPPERCORN AT POTTER HALL

Handsome Young English Pianist Makes Her First Public Appearance in America.

Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, a pianist of London, gave her first recital in this country last night at Potter Hall. The programme was as follows:

Toccata and Fugue in D minor.....Bach-Tausig
Variations and Lullaby on a theme by Handel.....Bach
Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35.....Chopin
Romance in F sharp.....Schumann
Rêve in G minor.....Zarzewski
Berceuse.....Chopin
Two studies on Chopin studies, Nos. 10 and 47.....Godowsky
Overture to "Faust".....Wagner-Liszt

Miss Peppercorn is a very good looking young woman; and there was a time when a pianist's beauty was half the battle. Now some go so far as to say that the pianist or the singer should be hidden from the sight of the public, or that lights should be lowered or wholly extinguished; or that the hearer should sit with disrespectful back toward the performer. The pianist should be heard, rather than seen. Any one of these "reforms," if carried into effect, would work serious injury to many performers, and among them would be Miss Peppercorn.

For Miss Peppercorn, however fond of music she may be and however serious and indefatigable her desire for self-improvement, plays as though she were an advanced pupil at a conservatory exhibition. It is true that she took prizes at the Royal College of Music or some similar institution in London, and we can readily believe the report that King Edward VII. heard her with approval and bestowed his benediction on her, for, as Prince of Wales, he was a patron of the arts, who also had to maintain the reputation of being the first gentleman in Europe. Consider for a moment the pitiable fate of a young English singer or pianist on whom majesty should publicly frown! It is also true that Miss Peppercorn has played in cities of Germany, where, as a refreshing apparition, she no doubt excited applause.

She herself was last night without pretension. She played as though she enjoyed her task, but without undue exuberance in manner. And it must be also said that her arrival was heralded simply and modestly in these days of ingenious press agents and trumpet announcements.

It is therefore the more to be regretted that her performance does not call for warm words of praise. The programme was for the most part familiar; some might say, too familiar; yet it is natural for a young pianist to choose pieces which by sheer weight of importance will impress a hearer. To follow Tausig's disarrangement of Bach's organ piece, with Brahms' Variations on a Theme, by Handel, was heroic; to add immediately Chopin's sonata, with the Funeral March, was fatal. Only a pianist of something more than digital dexterity can make these variations by Brahms endurable. Masters of technique have attempted the task and failed dismally. Miss Peppercorn, who played the Toccata and fugue as though it were a show piece—and by so doing she took sides with the majority—played the piece by Brahms frankly, as though it were a task. The chief impression made on the hearer was that of a handsome girl bravely attempting, or rashly trying with the enviable enthusiasm of youth, to interpret that which she did not fully comprehend. We do not refer to her technical proficiency in this performance, for her technique here was often plausible, but to the interpretation that should cause technique to be forgotten. Unless there be a display of the peculiar quality that supplies in a measure the inherent lack of emotional quality in the composition itself, this music is merely a long-winded and tiresome series of difficult exercises.

While the technique of Miss Peppercorn is plausible, it is by no means ripe. It is not fully developed on all sides, and the absence of solid foundation is seen in the less exacting moments. This pianist is not a cold player; yet her gamut of emotion is limited, and in her cantabile and in her bravura there is little individuality. She does not seem to think musically for herself. She is not yet mistress of rhythm; her phrasing is neither daringly original nor traditionally excellent. She does not color in tones by variety of touch or by skilful use of pedals.

It would appear, then, that Miss Peppercorn was eminent among her mates at school; that she outstripped them; that her proficiency at her age attracted attention and universal praise; that she entered too soon on the career of a public player. She has a talent for piano playing, and it is not too late for her to consider her ways, to listen to her own performance, to realize her present condition, and to have the patience to apply the remedy by studying soberly with some master who is eager to give to the world in due time a musician-pianist rather than a glittering virtuoso.

There was an audience of good size, and the pianist was applauded and recalled.

"FRITHJOF" THE NOVELTY.

Overture to Be Played at Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The novelty of the programme of the 14th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, this afternoon, in Symphony Hall, will be an overture, "Frithjof," by Theodore Dubois, who is director of the Paris Conservatory. This overture is not a recent work, but it was published some years after the first performance. The argument is based on the well known poetical version by Bishop Tegner of the Icelandic saga of the Norwegian hero. The music portrays the love of Frithjof and Ingeborg, the rage of the hero at the refusal of the maiden's family to allow him to wed her, the lament of Ingeborg at Frithjof's exile, his return to find her married, and his settling fire to Balder's temple by attempting to snatch the armband which he had given his sweetheart from the statue of the god. The overture, however, is in classic, rather than ultra-romantic form.

Miss Olive Mead of this city will play Beethoven's violin concerto, and the symphony will be Brahms' in E minor, No. 4, the one with the passacaglia finale.

The programme of the concerts of Feb. 12 and 13 will include Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," Richard Strauss' fantastical "Don Quixote" (first time), and Beethoven's seventh symphony. There will be no concerts the week following.

DUBOIS OVERTURE HEARD IN BOSTON

"Frithjof" Given by Symphony Orchestra—First Time Here—Miss Olive Mead Plays Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

A BRAHMS SYMPHONY FOR CLOSING NUMBER

Harold Bauer Gives His Closing Piano Recital for This Season with a Programme of Selections from Schumann.

The 14th concert of the Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gerleke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Frithjof".....Dubois
(First time.)

Concerto for violin.....Beethoven
Symphony in E minor, No. 4.....Brahms

Dubois' overture, which was produced at Paris in 1880, would not bring a blush to the cheek of any high officer of a conservatory. There is nothing in it that is radical or revolutionary; there is not the slightest suspicion of treason toward the traditions; there is no dallying with corrupt chords, there is no companionship with dissipated progressiveness. No susceptible pupil will be led astray by hearing a performance of it or by reading furtively the score.

This is as it should be. It would be a pity if Theodore Dubois, director of the Paris conservatory, should be taunted in his highly respectable old age with a musical sin of his middle years. Dubois can look his professors and pupils in the eye and say with the calmness of conscious rectitude: "Gentlemen, I have never been musically bold or individual or imaginative."

The answer to any sceptic concerning the inherent worth of the overture would probably be this: "It is well made; it is clear and logical and sane." The overture is condemned by the answer.

For Dubois chose a romantic subject and wrote an argument as well as music. He chose episodes from the "Frithjof" Saga. Frithjof and Ingeborg love each other, but the maiden's brother will not hear of the marriage. Frithjof is sent away, and Ingeborg laments and is forced to marry old King Ring. Frithjof returns, goes to the temple of Balder, and there, seeing the bracelet he gave Ingeborg on the arm of the god's statue, he tries to wrench it away, and by so doing fires the temple. The subsequent proceedings of Frithjof and Ingeborg interested the composer no more.

The overture is "well made." What is meant by this? The admirers of such overtures would say: "This music has form; it follows safely the approved traditions. There is an introduction with typical motives. The themes in the main body of the overture are clearly exposed and they are skilfully developed. There is no attempt to be pic-

torial. The code may well be taken to portray the burning of the temple, but here, as everywhere, expression is modulated and regulated." And so on and so on.

This is all true. But consider a moment the saga itself, which smells of forest and sea. The lovers and their enemies are under a wild northern sky. There are elemental emotions. There is barbaric rage which defies the gods as well as men. Is there any of the spirit of the saga in this music? The music of Dubois is sleek. The love passages might be at Meudon of a Sunday afternoon. Is the first theme expressive of "Frithjof in exile" or expressive of any strong emotion? Nowhere is there a fiery hurst; and the bass drum and cymbals used after the finale formula of old-fashioned Italian opera do not console us.

It is a good thing to hear occasionally such music, for it reminds us of the great advance made in France during the last 20 years by the men of the younger school. France produced Berlioz, who was of the romantic movement that swept Europe. After his great orchestral works were produced the musicians of talent looked for years only toward the stage for glory. It is to Dubois' credit that he tried for fame in the concert hall; it is not his fault if he is without imagination.

Miss Olive Mead played last night for the fourth time in these concerts. Her first appearance was in January, 1898. Each appearance has marked her progress in technical proficiency. Her performance of Beethoven's concerto may be considered, perhaps, as a mark of graduation which should be rewarded with a diploma; and it is a pleasure to add that in this concerto she showed a fuller tone and a broader and warmer style than in preceding years.

Her performance was creditable to her in many ways. It would be untrue and injurious to her to say that her interpretation was the full expression of the contents of the work. Her limitations in this respect are temperamental and spiritual rather than mechanical. Many play this concerto; the interpreters of it may be counted on the fingers. Miss Mead was heartily applauded.

The symphony by Brahms, the least striking of the four, brought the close. At the concert this week Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote," a set of variations on a fantastic knightly theme, with introduction and finale, will be performed for the first time in this city.

MR. BAUER'S RECITAL.

Eminent Pianist Bids Farewell for This Season with a Programme Devoted to Schumann.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his fourth and last piano recital here this season in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. He played these pieces by Schumann: Sonata in G minor, "Pappillons," toccata, "Traumerel," "In der Nacht," romance in F sharp, novellette in D, "Carnaval." There are two composers of piano pieces who can stand the test of a recital devoted exclusively to the interpretation of the works of each: Chopin and Schumann. Other composers, however great they may be in other fields of musical thought, however lofty or beautiful some of their piano pieces may be, do not command in like manner the attention. There are pianists, some of them estimable persons in the main, but without sense of humor, some of them fiends in human shape, who give "Brahms recitals," just as there are too earnest souls who delight in playing four or five sonatas by Beethoven at a concert.

Mr. Arthur Symonds says, in his eulogy of De Pachmann, that Chopin's music, unlike most other piano music, "exists on terms of perfect equality with the piano." It might also be said that Schumann's thoughts, shy, sensitive, fancifully romantic, with their blend of joy and melancholy, found full expression only through the medium of the piano. His pieces need no programme, no verse as a motto; though Schumann used a motto for his great fantasia, and he himself said of "In der Nacht" that after he had composed it he found in it the story of Hero and Leander.

The varied moods, the rhythmical freedom, the frequently exquisite melody, the beauty, the whispered intimacy or the defiant spasm, the revelation of a soul, now depressed, now exultant, always very human—what wonder that music with such characteristics is heard sympathetically by the musically sensitive? The piano music of Schumann, as well as that of Chopin, is nearest our own period. It is never grandly decorative; it never suggests the cold and silent fresco; it is the reminder of days that are no more; joy is fleeting, and its delirium is vanity.

There is no comfort in nature, and beware her smile, for then she is ironic. Music of unrest and doubt and distraction; music that is most beautiful when it is most vague or contradictory. Is there a feast with drinking of wine and pomp of self-appreciation? The coffin image of the corpse is borne about and the wine is bitter in the cup. Are lovers in a rapturous embrace? The thought of death pales the lips.

Mr. Bauer has often revealed himself as a chosen interpreter of Schumann. When he is fully in the vein, he knows the secrets of Schumann, and he supplies the indefinable quality that is not in the notes; for those notes may be accurately played, they may serve in the exhibition of a surprising technique, yet without the breath that vitalizes, that humanizes, that shapes sound into peculiar and particular beauty, which is at once appreciated by the hearer and seems to him inevitable, the soul of Schumann is afar off, indifferent to the importunate appeals of the pianist. Yesterday Mr. Bauer was not always in the vein. He is a pianist of rare insight and vision; his performance is so intimate, so reproductive of fine moods and suggestions of moods, that he must be fully master of his body and his mind. The interpretation by a pianist so organized cannot be as a fixed quantity, and the pianist who "invariably plays well" is to be avoided.

'PARADISE LOST,' BY DUBOIS, AND THE CRITICISM OF MUSIC.

once forgets it

We like to think of Mr. Symons as playing the flute, a mild and contemplative instrument. Physicians are given to the 'cello, 'the voice of the young man's complaint'; but to such stylists as Mr. Symons the flute, the silver

flute. Let us assume that he has this knowledge of the art; his critical views as expressed in this volume corroborate the assumption; for he is distressed infinitely by such bolsterous fellows as Tchaikowsky and Richard Strauss.

Mr. Symons believes that, although "music is much more difficult to write about than any of the other arts, a great deal that is both interesting and valuable has been written about music, not only from a technical, but from a general point of view." A quotation from "On Musical Criticism," although it is a long one, is only fair to him. "The reason why music is so much more difficult to write about than any other art is because music is the absolutely disembodied art, when it is heard, and no more than a proposition of Euclid when it is written. It is wholly useless to the student, no less than to the general reader, to write about music in the style of the programmes for which we pay sixpence at the concerts. 'Repeated by flute and oboe, with accompaniment for clarinet (in triplets), and strings pizzicato, and then worked up by the full orchestra, this melody is eventually allotted to the cellos. Its accompaniment now taking the form of chromatic passages, and so forth. Not less useless is it to write a rhapsody which has nothing to do with the notes, and to present this as an interpretation of what the notes have said in an unknown language. Yet what method is there besides these two methods? None, indeed, that can ever be wholly satisfactory; at the best, no more than a compromise.

"In writing about poetry, while precisely that quality which makes it poetry must always evade expression, there yet remain the whole definite meaning of the words, and the whole easily explicable technique of the verse, which can be made clear to every reader. In painting, you have the subject of the picture, and you have the color, handling, and the like, which can be expressed hardly less precisely in words. But music has no subject, outside itself; no meaning, outside its meaning as music; and to understand anything of what is meant by its technique, a certain definite technical knowledge is necessary in the reader. What subtleties are required in order to give the vaguest suggestion of what a piece of music is like, and how little has been said, after all, beyond generalization, which would apply equally to half a dozen different pieces! The composer himself, if you ask him, will tell you that you may be quite correct in what you say, but that he has no opinion in the matter.

"Music has indeed a language, but it is a language in which birds and other angels may talk, but out of which we cannot translate their meaning. Emotion itself, how changed becomes even emotion when we transport it into a new world, in which only sound has feeling! But I am putting it as if it had died and been reborn there, whereas it was born in its own region, and is wholly ignorant of ours.

"Now, is there not some reason why musical criticism is not always illuminative, 'instructive,' or 'delightful'? Is it not, on the other hand, surprising that so much valuable writing about music does exist? Of music as music, perhaps no one has ever written; but theory and anecdote, these remain; and when Berlioz writes it, even a treatise on instrumentation can become as interesting as a fairy-tale."

According to Mr. Symons, musical emotion was "born in its own region and is wholly ignorant of ours." But is it not born in the region of the hearer? Baudelaire asserted that the landscape is in the eye of the beholder, and there are some who insist that to the Greeks the sky was not blue, the grass was not green, the roses were not red; that the Greeks without a sense of color saw everything gray. Can a man hear anything that is not awakened within himself?

We do not believe that any one can explain to another why a thing is beautiful. He may give reasons, clear to his own mind, why another should agree with him in finding it beautiful, but the secret of beauty is elusive. How unsatisfactory, how prosaic, how dogmatic are the books on musical aesthetics! Reading them, we wonder whether the writers ever enjoyed music; whether they were ever moved or thrilled; whether they had emotions.

A writer cannot express anything more than that which is within him. The worth of the article is in the writer's individuality which pervades it. And so we come back perforce to the opinion of Anatole France: "Criticism is, like philosophy and history, a species of romance for the use of perceptive and curious minds, and every romance is an autobiography. The good critic is he that relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." There is no objective criticism; there is no objective art. One can never get outside of one's self.

We read a criticism chiefly for entertainment, not to be converted, not to be persuaded, not to be educated. If we heard the orchestra or the singer, we knew at the time that we were pleased or bored. Let the critics prate about the faulty tone-production of a singer or the errors in the interpretation of a symphonic poem; there was something in the quality of the performance that awakened emotion within us; that emotion still haunts us pleasantly; no critical article can dispel the delightful illusion. But we may find pleasure in the article itself, through revelation of the writer's individuality, display of enthusiasm in praise or in censure, a well-turned but not laboriously contrived period, a comparison, an epigram. We do not agree with the writer, but we read him attentively, and something he has said is lodged in the mind, and works without our knowledge, so that we



Review of an Interesting Volume by Arthur Symons; the Handel and Haydn in Symphony Hall Tonight; Debussy's "Nocturnes"; Many Recitals and Concerts, Personals, Etc.

Mr. Bauer returned from an exhausting concert trip. It is not surprising then that we missed occasionally variety in subtlety of suggestion. There were many fine moments, but there were times where strength was without individual meaning and too long continued; there was a tendency now and then to bring out as under the mid-day sun that which should have remained in the twilight, and in the desire to avoid sentimentality, as in "Traumerel," there was a loss of atmosphere.

Yet this seems ungracious, when we remember the high standard of performance set here by this admirable pianist, when we recall the many hours of pleasure he has given, and always without affectation of any kind, without the thought of personal display. His visits have been welcome to all music lovers; his sojourn here has been an honor to the city. May we soon see and hear him again.

The hall was crowded and there was the heartiest applause.

MR. DE GOGORZA ILL.

Mr. de Gogorza, on account of sickness, will be unable to sing in Dubois' "Paradise Lost" this evening at the Handel and Haydn concert. Mr. Stephen Townsend will take his place.

EMILIO DE GOGORZA, BARITONE.

preface that Mr. Symons is gradually working his way "toward the concrete expression of a theory, or system of aesthetics, of all the arts." This volume deals only secondarily with music, but "it is to be followed by a volume called 'Studies in the Seven Arts,' in which music will be dealt with in greater detail, side by side with painting, sculpture, architecture, handicraft, dancing and the various arts of the stage."

Mr. Symons was first known as a poet. His "Days and Nights" (1889), dedicated to Walter Pater, "in all gratitude and admiration," did not excite attention, but in this prologue he described art as not withdrawn on some far peak, hearing, as one who dreams, the cries of men who suffer and rejoice.

Seek her not there; but so where cities pour
Their turbid human stream through street
and mart,
A dark stream flowing onward evermore
Down to an unknown ocean—there is Art.

She looks on princes in their palaces,
She peers upon the prisoner in his cell;
She sees the saint who prays to God, she sees
The way of those that go down quick to hell.

With equal feet she treads an equal path,
Nor reckes the golgas of the sons of men;
She bath for sin no scorn, for wrong no wrath,
No praise for virtue, and no tears for pain.

All serve alike her purpose; she requires
The very life-blood of humanity;
All that the soul conceives, the heart desires,
She marks, she gathers in her memory.

Thus did he make his confession of faith, and he has since adhered to it.

Three thin volumes of poetry followed. He sang of light and love; he imitated neatly the Watteau verses of Verlaine; he ranged amorously from sea coast to boudoir; he invited young women to shake their hair about him that he might feel the stir and scent of vague

odors; he was now perfervid and now jaded. At times he was cynically melancholy in his survey of womankind, as in the little poem, "In the Hay Market":

I danced at your ball a year ago,
Tonight I pay for your bread and cheese,
"And a glass of bitters, if you please."
For you drank my best champagne, you know!"

The verses smelled too often of patchouli and cigarettes. There was the too evident purpose of making the bourgeois sit up. His muse was described in the prologue to "London Nights":

My life is like a music hall,
Where in the impotence of rage,
Chained by enchantment to my stall,
I see myself upon the stage
Dance to amuse a music hall.

In spite of the affectations, the desire of being thought a devil of a fellow, the annoying pursuit of the surprising phrase, the reader felt the presence of a sensitive, imaginative poet, whose expression was occasionally irresistible, even when it was exquisite.

The Savoy—why did the admirable magazine die?—was edited by him in catholic and appreciative spirit. He published "Studies in Two Literatures," "The Symbolist Movement in Literature." He contributed to the Academy and to the Star. He travelled to unite his impressionistic sketches of cities. A curious observer with a fine sense of color values; a bewildering juggler with words; one that writes frankly when there would keep silence, that suggests shy uncertainty in that which would not startle the rarest maiden. Is he sincere; or is he a poseur, a belated poseur?

It is not surprising that he should write about music. The wonder is when any subject escapes him; quaternions, deep-sea dredging, the origin of the Etruscans, the table equipage of the blameless Ethiopians who invited Zeus to visit them.

Does he play on any instrument? Does he sing? Has he theoretical knowledge of music? It matters little. What did William Hazlitt know about counterpoint, form, tone-production? Yet he once wrote in the Examiner an article on Mozart's "Così fan Tutti."

"Mr. Braham, we are told, sings Mozart with a peculiar greatness of gusto. But this greatness of gusto does not appear to us the real excellence of Mozart. The song beginning 'Secondate,' in which he and his friend (Sig. Begri) call upon the gentle zephyrs by moonlight to favor their design is exquisite, and floats upon the air, smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles."

And Silence wish'd she might be never more
Still to be so displaced.

Mme. Fodor's music does not harmonize with the music of this composer. It is hard, metallic, and jars like the reverberation of a tight string. Mozart's music should seem to come from the air, and return to it.

"To come from the air, and return to it." No enthusiastic biographer, not Otto John, with his four ponderous volumes, no musical essayist, not even the unapproachable Vernon Blackburn, has so caught as by accident the secret of Mozart's charm. And Hazlitt does not mar the perfection of his criticism by over-elaboration. He is as a Rajah who tosses a diamond to a bayadere and at



R. ARTHUR SYMONS' "Plays, Acting and Music" is published in this country by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. We learn from the

...the critical art is a higher form of music than the composition that suggested it.

The very fact that Mr. Symons is so anxious concerning the phrase, so arduous in the chase after a subtle or striking expression of thought, may take away from the force and the influence of his criticism. A musical review should breathe the enthusiasm of belief, the joy of appreciation and the equal joy of rejection. For this reason there is much to be said in favor of the criticism written immediately after a performance for a morning newspaper. The music is surging in the writer's head; he is under the spell; or he is fully conscious of the composer's vain attempt to put him in another world, to enwrap him in a hitherto unknown atmosphere. He has no time for wary or commercial reflection. The article is within him, and it must out. As Hazlitt put it: "The stimulus of writing is like the stimulus of intoxication, with which we can hardly sympathize in our sober moments, when we are no longer under the inspiration of the demon, or when the virtue is gone out of us. While we are engaged in any work, we are thinking of the subject, and cannot stop to admire ourselves; and when it is done, we look at it with comparative indifference. I will venture to say that no one but a pedant ever reads his own works regularly through. They are not his; they are become mere words, waste-paper, and have none of the glow, the creative enthusiasm, the vehemence, and natural spirit with which he wrote

them." Add to the freshness of the enthusiasm, the silence and the concentration of the night, the knowledge that the city at large is donning its nightgown, the feeling of responsibility for the declaration at daybreak—if there is any individuality in a man, will it not out?

The criticism is for a day, and it should perish with the day. Is there more melancholy reading than volumes of collected criticisms written originally for newspapers? Look over many volumes, and you wonder at the blunt perceptions, the lack of poetic vision, the willingness to accept the ephemeral as everlasting, the inability to distinguish between orthodox commonplace and new and glorious bits of imagination. You wrong the critics, for you are not of their time and generation. Things now clear were then vague. They wrote under conditions unknown to you. The beautiful in the generation may be ugliness in the next. Their milieu was not the same as yours. You are still more unfair and you are unphilosophical if you twist them with inconsistencies in the course of 20 years. Should not a man be able to change his opinions as well as his skin once in seven years?

Yet often in these same volumes are broad observations on music in general, and when there is so pronounced an individuality as that of Berlioz we end from beginning to end with delight, although many of the titles of works discussed are as the names in a cemetery visited aimlessly, although the interpreters are not so near to us as the mummy of an Egyptian princess who has escaped the greed of mixers of colors and still sleeps peacefully in a well ordered museum.

We fear that Mr. Symons, writing about music, will stop, as Hazlitt said, to admire himself, for such has been his inclination as poet and essayist. The moment the critic stops to consider himself or the public, he is lost. He must be unconscious of self. He must wonder whether this one will disapprove or that one say "Amen." With a thought of the neighborhood or the morrow, his individuality shrinks. When a man is concerned chiefly with the matter of style, he has little to say. The style is formed by the thought. Whether the thought be subtle or straightforward, ingenious or affected, the words shape themselves to it.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

UNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Theodore Dubois' drama-oratorio "Paradise Lost," by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. Miss Ho, Mrs. Homer, Messrs. Hamlin, De Goroza, Codman and Merrill will be the solo singers.

UNDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth Arabos quartet concert. Quartet in D major, Tschai-kowsky; variations on a theme of Paganini, Brahms; (Mr. Busoni); piano trio in B flat major (Mr. Busoni pianist).

TUESDAY—Porter Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth Kiesel quartet concert. Quartet in D minor, Mozart; piano quintet, Cesar Franck (Mr. Busoni pianist); quartet in B flat major op. 18 No. 6, Beethoven.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. first illustrated lecture on "Parsifal," by Helen Rhodes. Illustrations of scenes and characters in the Festspielhaus, Bayreuth. Mr. Adolf Glose, pianist, will assist.

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M., first Chickering orchestral concert. Mr. Lang conductor. Overture to "A Life for the Tsar," Glinka; Nocturnes (Nuages, Fetes, Sirenes) for orchestra and female voices, Claude Debussy, conducted by Mr. Longy (first time in the United States); "Le Repos de la Sainte Famille," for tenor (Mr. George Deane), female chorus and orchestra, from Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ"; to end with a repetition of Debussy's "Nocturnes."

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M., song recital by Mr. William Kittredge. Aria from "Sonnambula," Handel; arie from "Pietro's Zampa," and "Auror," Boissac; "Ducoudray's 'L'Angelus,' Gabriel Faure's 'Lydia,' Nevin's 'Une Vieille Chanson,' Saint-Saens' 'Au Cimetiére,' Cesar Franck's 'Lied' and 'Le Mariage des Roses,' Hugo Wolf's 'Morgenstund,' Strauss' 'Brett ueber mein Haupt,' Miss Laug's 'Lydia,' Duparc's 'Estace,' Norcia's 'Et si le reveilant au jour,' d'Indy's Madrigal, Massenet's 'Dances d'Automne.'

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., recital of music and literature by Messrs. Charles T. Griley, entertainer, and Van Vechton Rogers, harpist. Original and miscellaneous selections.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor; overture to "Anacreon," Cherubini; "Don Quixot"



THEODORE DUBOIS, AS PRESIDENT OF THE PARIS CONSERVATORY.

fantastical variations on a theme of knightly character, Richard Strauss (first time); Symphony in A major No. 7, Beethoven. Steinert Hall, 8 P. M., Pianola concert. Mr. Van Vliet, cellist, will be the soloist.

SATURDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., concert by Messrs. T. Handesd "Cello," cellist; Gustave Strube, violinist; George Copeland, pianist. Grieg's sonata in A minor for cello and piano op. 38; piano trio, op. 50, Tschai-kowsky, Miss Josephine Knight, mezzo soprano, will assist.

Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M., second illustrated lecture on "Parsifal," by Helen Rhodes, assisted by Mr. Glose, pianist.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

DEBUSSY'S "NOCTURNES."

Claude Debussy's "Nocturnes" will be played for the first time in this country at Chickering Hall Wednesday night. Mr. Georges Longy will conduct these pieces, and as they are of an unusual character, they will be played twice at the same concert.

These "Nocturnes" are three in number: "Nuages," "Fetes," "Sirenes." The first two were produced at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, Dec. 9, 1900, and they were played by the same orchestra Jan. 6, 1901. The third, "Sirenes," was first produced with the others at a Lamoureux concert Oct. 27, 1901. At this last concert the friends of Mr. Debussy were so exuberant in manifestations of delight that there was hissing as a corrective.

The composer has provided a programme for the suite. Some who are not in sympathy with what they loosely call "the modern movement" may think that the programme itself requires elucidation. Debussy's peculiar forms of expression are not easily Englished, and it is wellnigh impossible to reproduce certain shades of meaning.

"The title, 'Nocturnes,' is intended to have here a more general, and, above all, a more decorative meaning. We are then not concerned with the customary form of the nocturn, but with everything that this word includes in the way of impression and special lights. "Nuages": The unchangeable appearance of the sky with the slow and melancholy march of clouds, ending in a gray agony tinted with white.

"Fetes": Movement, rhythm dancing in the atmosphere, with bursts of brusque light. There is also the episode of a procession (a dazzling and wholly chimerical vision) passing through the festival and blended with it, but the main idea and substance remain obstinately—always the festival and its blended music, luminous dust participating in total rhythm.

"Sirenes": The sea and its innumerable rhythm. Then amid the billows silvered by the moon the mysterious song of the Sirens is heard; it laughs and passes.

In "Sirenes," the voices of women are introduced singing a vowel that wavers between "a" and "o."

Jean Marnold contributed an elaborate study of these "Nocturnes" to Le Courier Musical (Paris), March 1.

15. May 1, Dec. 15, 1902; Jan. 15, Feb. 15, 1903. He analyzed them minutely, with the aid of many illustrations in musical notation, and dissected the tonal and harmonic syntax of the composer. He arrived at two conclusions:

(1) "The natural predisposition of the human organism to perceive sonorous combinations according to the simplest relations would only have as a consequence the introduction into our music of the interval corresponding to the harmonies 7 and 11.

(2) "After all the masterpieces which constitute the history of our music written by its greatest masters, the 'Nocturnes' and the whole work of Claude Debussy are as a flat denial to every dogmatic theory. But in the 10 centuries of the evolution of our musical art there is perhaps not an example of such an important step in advance."

Achille Claude Debussy was born at St. Germain, Aug. 22, 1862. He studied at the Paris Conservatory, where he took the second piano prize in 1877, and the prix de Rome in 1884. He studied the piano with Marmontel, and composition with Guiraud. A few early works for piano ("Doux Arabesques," etc.) and songs ("Romance," "Mandoline," "Les Angelus," etc.), were not unconventional. His individuality is seen in the opera "Pelleas et Melisande"; the "Scene" founded on Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel"; the little symphonic poem, "The Afternoon of a Faun"; a string quartet and certain remarkable songs: six "Ariettes," "Cinq Poemes de Baudelaire," "Chansons de Bilitis," "Fetes Galantes," and these piano pieces: "Pour le piano" and "Estampes." "The Afternoon of a Faun" has been played here at an Orchestral Club concert; the quartet has been played at a Kiesel concert; "The Blessed Damozel" was performed at Mrs. Hunt's concert this season with piano instead of orchestra; some of the earlier piano pieces and songs have been heard here; and of the later songs, "Fantoche."

LOCAL.

The "Wagner-Nordica" recitals will be given at Symphony Hall on the evening of Friday, the 19th inst., and the afternoon of Saturday, the 20th inst., by the New York Symphony orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, and with Mme. Lillian Nordica. Excerpts from "The Ring" and "Parsifal" will be performed. For the Friday evening programme the orchestral selections will include the prelude to "Lohengrin," introduction act 2, "Die Walkure," "Ride of the Walkyries," "Siegfried's Passage Through the Flames," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" and Siegfried's funeral march. At this concert Mme. Nordica will sing Elsa's song on the balcony from "Lohengrin," the "Cry of the Walkyrie" from "Walkure," and "Brünnhilde's Awakening."

For Saturday afternoon the orchestral numbers will be the overture to "Tannhauser," the prelude, procession of the knights of the Grail, and Good Friday spell (violin solo by David Mannes) from "Parsifal" and Tristan's "Vision and Death" (arranged for concert by Walter Damrosch). Mme. Nordica will sing "Dieu leure Hale" from "Tannhauser," Kundry's song from act 2, "Parsifal," and the prelude and finale ("Liebestod"), "Tristan and Isolde."

Tickets will be sold for these concerts at Symphony Hall beginning tomorrow morning.

The Busoni recitals, announced by Manager Charles A. Ellis at Jordan Hall, will be the first given by this artist since his return from Europe, as his appearances thus far during his tour have all been made with the orchestra of the various cities he has visited. The programme for Tuesday evening, Feb. 16, will include Busoni's arrangement of the adagio, toccata and fugue in C major, and two chorals by Bach; Chopin's 12 etudes, op. 25; Cesar Franck's "Prelude Chorale, et Fugue" and Liszt's "Trois Etudes d'Execution Transcendante." Tickets go on sale for both of the Busoni recitals at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning.

The young people of the First Unitarian Sunday school of Somerville are rehearsing a musical comedy in two acts entitled "The Incognitors." It will be performed at Unitarian Hall before Easter. The music is the work of Milbury H. Ryder and the lyrics are by Ralph D. Cleverly, both of the class of 1902, S. H. S., and members of the Sunday school. There will be soloists and a chorus of 60 voices.

A concert will be given by the music department of the city of Boston at the East Boston high school Tuesday evening. The orchestral numbers, led by Mr. Albert M. Kanrich, will be pieces by Nicolai, Macbeth, Chaminade, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Miss Clara Sexton, soprano, will sing "Micaela's aria" from "Carmen" and songs by Dvorak and Mrs. Beach. Mr. Frank Eaton will play a flute solo by German. A concert will be given at the Roxbury high school Saturday evening, when the orchestral pieces will be by Weber, Bolzoni, Thomas, Massenet, Waldeufel, Mozart, Miss Margaret E. Roche, contralto, will sing an aria from "Samson and Delilah" and a song by Lehmann. Mr. Kanrich will play violin solos by Wieniawski and himself.

The evening concerts which the Steinerts are giving with their piano player, the pianola, are proving so successful that they have decided to give more of them in the future. The next one will take place in Steinert Hall on Friday evening, Mr. Leon Van Vliet, cellist, will be the soloist.

A concert will be given in Steinert Hall Monday evening, Feb. 22, for the benefit of the Norwegian Lutheran Church. The following will take part: Mrs. Thomas Tapper, pianist; Mrs. Agot Lund Wright, contralto; Mr. Emil Mahr, violinist; Mr. George Ensworth, baritone, and Miss Olga Lyche, accompanist.

Pupils of the Faellen piano school will give a recital in Huntington Chambers Hall Wednesday evening.

Miss Julia A. Terry announces her fourth series of Lenten Chamber concerts at Chickering Hall. Tickets for the course will be on sale at Symphony Hall on and after Monday, Feb. 8, and all applications for tickets should be addressed to the Lenten Chamber Concert, box office, Symphony Hall. The concerts will be on these Thursday afternoons: Feb. 18, Miss Lena Little, contralto; Mr. Codman, baritone; Mr. Johns, pianist; songs by English and American composers. Feb. 25, Mme. Hopekirk, pianist and the Rameau Club

The Boston Symphony orchestra messrs. Birnbaum, Mahn, Zach, Martine, Keller, cellist; Keller, double bass. March 8. Mrs. Julia Wyman, contralto; Mr. Rogers, baritone; Mr. Johns, pianist. March 10. Miss Olive Mead, violinist; Mrs. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist; Miss Raymah Dowse, harpist; Miss Fanny Hamilton, harpist; Mr. Schuecker, harpist; Mr. Gebhard, pianist.

Late advices from London say that Richard Strauss, the most-talked-about composer of the present day, who will conduct the Philadelphia orchestra at Symphony Hall on March 7 and 8, is more interested in his coming American tour for his wife's sake than for his own. Mrs. Strauss-de Anna will sing her husband's songs at every concert where he conducts in this country, and the great conductor is said to expect even greater things of her in this regard than she has heretofore accomplished. Dr. Strauss' wife was his little singing pupil at the age of 15, and married the musician 10 years ago, much against the will of her father, a general in the Bavarian army and a man of high social rank. She now sings in public only her husband's songs.

Miss Bertha Wesselhoef Swift will give a song recital in Potter Hall Thursday, Feb. 25.

Mrs. Tryphosa Bates-Batchelder, soprano, will give a song recital at the Hotel Somerset, Wednesday, Feb. 24.

Miss Maud McCarthy will give a violin recital in St. Nicholas Hall on the afternoon of Washington's Birthday, Monday, Feb. 22. Mr. Max Zach will be the accompanist.

Mrs. Teresa Forrest, soprano of Boston and late of grand opera, will sing in cities of New England this winter.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery-Brackett, soprano, was the soloist at the concert given by the Dorchester Women's Choral Society, at the Dorchester Women's Club house last Tuesday evening.

PERSONALS.

The caricature of Theodore Dubois, whose "Paradise Lost" will be performed tonight by the Handel and Haydn, represents him as director of the Paris Conservatory, deaf and cold to the entreaties of comely pupils for a little more personal interest. His name has been punned by the disappointed, who say that it should not be Theodore Dubois, but Theodore de Bois.

A libel action has been settled out of court, in which Miss Marie Studholme, the well known actress, was the plaintiff, and Mr. Edward Foley, dentist, of Westbourne Grove, was the defendant. The action was brought against Mr. Foley for having wrongfully and without Miss Studholme's authority used her portrait for advertising purposes, in a manner calculated to induce persons to

erroneously believe that certain of her front teeth are missing and have been replaced by false ones. It appears that Mr. Foley saw the portrait of the popular actress on a penny post card in a shop window, bought the card, took it home and got an artist to work on it. The artist touched it up in several ways. There was no name on the picture. Half a million booklets were prepared, and on one page was the lady's picture in which the teeth were a pleasing feature. On another page was the same figure, but showing the ill effect of having several front teeth missing. Miss Studholme's solicitors obtained an injunction against Mr. Foley to prevent the distribution of the booklets, pending the action for libel in the high court. Ultimately he had to destroy the half-million booklets, representing a cost of £100,000, and pay £50 damages and all well as apologize publicly to the press. Mr. Foley did not believe, but says it was quite true. He chose this picture because the teeth were well shown. This case will probably be a warning to other advertisers to their ill-famed Era (London).

It is said that Miss Edith Wynne began her career by acting as a local comedy.

As Sarkisowa, an opera singer in St. Petersburg, was recently thrown against the door of a railway carriage and had five front teeth knocked out. The result was that her singing was considerably impaired, and she claimed \$100,000 compensation from the railway company concerned. The company offered her \$100, but she declined to accept it and sued. The court held that the loss of the five front teeth had affected her capacity as a singer, and awarded her the sum of \$50,000.

Max Darewski, a child pianist, 8 years of age, conductor, a fortnight or so ago a waltz of his own composing, entitled "Le Royce," at Bournemouth. It was played by Dan Godfrey's hand, and the child conducted.

Mr. Baughan published this paragraph among his music notes in the Daily News (London): "The municipal authorities of Berne have devised an original plan for defeating the machinations of the 'marchands de billets,' who traffic in buying and selling tickets at a profit, and for enabling the working classes to attend the municipal theatre. Twice a week all the seats in the theatre are sold at a uniform price of 50 centimes (about 4d.). Each ticket is enclosed in an envelope, and the purchaser must apply for it in person. On the night of the performance he presents the voucher at the box office, and then learns for the first time the number of his seat. No doubt this plan works well, but it would be possible for speculators to employ a small army of workmen to buy tickets by proxy, and to sell them at a profit, even though no particular seat could be guaranteed. The mere fact that some such plan is necessary gives food for reflection. If a national theatre were established in London, with cheap seats for the poorer classes, no doubt the same abuse would arise."

Miss Elvira Schmuckler, an 18-year-old violinist, who made her debut in London at a Richter concert No. 2, comes from Dusseldorf. She studied chiefly with Carl Koerner. She played in public when she was 9, but her parents allowed such early appearances only occasionally.

Arthur Schnaebel, the pianist, who will play at a Richter concert in London Feb. 16, is about 21 years old. An Austrian, a pupil of Leschetizki, he now lives in Berlin, and is esteemed as a player of the music of Johannes Brahms.

Fran Naval, tenor, will make his first appearance in this country at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, tomorrow night, as George Brown, in "La Dame Blanche," which will be sung in German. This announcement is made: "It should be perfectly understood that Mr. Naval is not a tenore robusto, but a tenore di grazia, depending for success upon the refinements of his art, and a voice particularly suited to the exigencies of lyric opera."

Mr. William Becker, "an American pianist," gave his first recital in London, Jan. 19. Mr. Baughan of the Daily News said of him: "Mr. Becker is an artist who gives his audience a good deal of pleasure, for he has a beautiful touch, a finished and brilliant technique, and a real musical temperament. No doubt his forte is bravura playing, but I liked him best in the Schubert Impromptu, for in that he did not indulge in the usual fault of virtuoso, contrasts of dynamics and tempi. These mannerisms were not so noticeable in the 'Waldstein' sonata as in the Chopin compositions; but even in the Beethoven Mr. Becker was inclined to make contrast his chief aim, and in his desire to polish up a phrase here and there he gave me the impression of self-consciousness; the music lost its force, and the climaxes were not carried out to the full. For this reason the recital left me unsatisfied, with the feeling that a pianist with so many technical excellences and with such a warm musical temperament should have made a more positive effect."

Mr. Arthur Hartmann, formerly of Boston, is now first violin of a new string quartet established at Berlin, of which Anton Hekking is the pianist. He played lately a composition by Milandre for violon d'amour and Mr. Max Steuer asked whether it is wise to take the instrument, with its "peculiarly nasal tone" which suggests its oriental predecessors, so seriously and work for it re-establishment in concert rooms.

Conrad Ansoerge played Liszt's second concerto at the sixth philharmonic concert, Berlin, Jan. 11, much to the annoyance of the local critics, who disliked the work itself and the performance. The pianist appears to look upon the performance of this concerto as his artistic mission. Furthermore, Mr. Nikisch was censured severely for his "thrown-together, accidental programme."

Mitrofan Petrowitsch Beliaeff, the publisher who did so much for the younger Russian school of composers, died at St. Petersburg Jan. 9.

Fritz Friedrichs, Wagnerian singer, and a famous Beckmesser, is now in an asylum at Koenigsplatz, Brunswick. His true name is Frederick Christofes, and he was a carpenter's apprentice.

A Russian journal, published recently a "Christmas Hymn," text and music by the Czar Nicholas II.

Miss Muenchhoff, the soprano, was named to the skies at Leipzig early last month at a Philharmonic concert. "Her tone production is clear as a bell, her upper tones are of dazzling beauty, her colorature is clear and flexible."

Silotti, the pianist, played at Berlin Dec. 30, with a St. Petersburg string quartet.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

A rhapsody entitled "Episode of a Romance," by Arthur Hinton, was played in London for the first time by Miss Katharine Goodson, Jan. 21. Mr. Baughan wrote of it and the pianist as follows: "It is a composition of frankly pianistic aims; that is to say, it owes its inspiration to the piano and to the needs of the pianist. Of genuine melodic thought, or of harmony-color as the expression of mood, it has but little. But it is well designed for Miss Goodson's style of playing, and enables her to indulge in the frenetic outbursts of energy in which she delights. Those who hold that there is a limit to the force with which a piano should be attacked without its tone becoming disagreeable to the ears may think that Miss Goodson is apt to approach her task in too athletic a spirit. She certainly has not mastered the gradations of tone which lie between a pianissimo and a fortissimo. At each extreme she is excellent—except for a hardness of touch in rapid fortissimo passages—and it is a pity that, with so complete an equipment of technical and mental gifts, she does not study the more subtle aspects of beauty and variety of tone; for without these qualities the pianist can never pluck out the heart of music's mystery."

There is complaint in London because the price of the unserved seats at the Philharmonic Society's concerts has been raised from 1 shilling to half a crown.

Mr. Blackburn wrote as follows, apropos of a performance of Mendelssohn's octet in London Jan. 9: "Of course, Mendelssohn demands a tremendous enlistment from those who, just now and then, desire to interpret this extraordinary fine work. In these days, many of us are inclined to treat Mendelssohn as if he were not among the very front rank of great musicians; surely, he is! He shows how entirely his being was given up to the very height and depth of great music, and he teaches with how great a sincerity he worked forward towards the realization of melody combined with orchestration, in a sense not before his time realized or understood by the men of his own generation. We are told every now and then that Mendelssohn's range is limited; but such a statement is only an assertion to the effect that, within certain boundaries of rule, Mendelssohn

chose a perfection of accomplishment. Many of us feel that the progress and animation which distinguish the modern art of such men as Elgar and Strauss into a certainty of greatness make for a genuine influence upon the world—that world which knows nothing, save through the impingement of a definite influence, and through the immortal teachings of the great philosophers. Mendelssohn's octet has no future feeling; it is a quiet place of peace; and though we cannot praise its interpretation of last night with a full heart, we can at all events realize the intention on the part of this St. James' Hall committee to give us excellent work, which was accomplished with excellent spirit."

Miss Agnes Witting sang three Liszt songs with considerable passion and feeling. Liszt in his "Wieder moecht ich," "In Liebeslust" and "Die drei

Zigeuner" seemed to be amazingly the forerunner of Wagner, and even at times gave one the sort of sensation that must have come over the martial spirit of England in the early 18th century, when the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp" was practically the order of the day. Miss Sandra Drouet took the solo pianoforte part in the first London performance of Glazounoff's solo for the pianoforte (Theme and Variations in F sharp minor, op. 72). We wish that it were possible to praise without hesitation this particular composition; for, indeed, it is impossible not to realize how far a certain national sentiment has gone toward building up its artistic reasonableness, and its determinate sentiment. We are bound, however, to assert that the work has no real elements of sympathy with humanity or with any great artistic claim; it strikes us in many parts as being in the condition which would be described by the old scholastic masters as 'in statu pupillari,' such being the case, it is impossible to say more than that the soloist played, with much distinction, and gave to the work all the significance which, under the circumstances, was possible. Glazounoff, it seems to us, has forgotten the modern gospel of modernity; whether that is to his advantage or to his disadvantage is a matter which cannot be settled out of hand. It only remains to say that he is a very engrossing and interesting composer, whether he be regarded from one or the other point of view. In the dim vistas of immortality, who shall assign his place?"

"Overture for a Drama," by Pierre de Breville, was played for the first time at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, Jan. 10. Some complained because the title is not more definite. The music itself was praised for beautiful clearness, elegance of ideas, charm of instrumentation and distinction of style.

The new piano pieces by Debussy, "Les Etampes," were played for the first time by Ricardo Vines at a concert of the Societe Nationale, Paris, Jan. 9. "La Soiree dans Grenade" is said to be fascinating in color and rhythm; "Les Jardins Sous la Pluie," a musical landscape of singular freshness and delicious fluidity, was encored; "Les Pagodes" is an example of most subtle and super-refined impressionism. We quote the substance of a review in the Guide Musical.

The "varied choral" for saxophone and orchestra, played at Brussels Jan. 10 (Mr. Kuhn, saxophone) seemed to the local critics rather "severe" in theme and development.

Henschel's "Requiem" will be produced at The Hague at the first annual concert of the Society for the Encouragement of Musical Art.

Elgar's "The Apostles" will be performed for the first time in Germany in Cologne May 2.

The first performance of Charpentier's symphonic work, "La Vie du Poete," in Germany was lately at Heidelberg by the Bach Society, led by Wolfram.

A new string trio in C major, op. 10 (manuscript), by von Dohnanyi, has been played by the Fitzer quartet at Vienna.

A symphony in A major, op. 30, by Martinus Van Gelder of Philadelphia, was played for the first time at a concert of the Philadelphia orchestra Jan. 30.

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

There is talk in Paris of a fourth lyric theatre to be occupied next winter by German and Italian companies.

"Das Schwalbennest" operetta by Henry Herblay was produced at Berlin Jan. 9. The story is that of the "Mousquetaires au Couvent," but the convent is now a girls' boarding school. The music is said to be light and pleasing.

Gustav Mahler has tinkered the text of Weber's "Euryanthe" for a revival at Vienna.

To a representative of the Manchester Guardian Sir Charles Stanford recently gave his views on the opera subsidy question. "We teach men to compose," said the professor, "but no one will produce their compositions. As well train lawyers for the bar when there are no law courts. There is no incentive to a young composer like that of seeing his work produced in opera. With a national opera house there would be the keenest incentive to whatever musical genius England contains." Of course Sir Charles Stanford made a point of the cheap admission as a factor in the musical education of the public—the real aim of the foreign opera subsidies.

Some practical suggestions as to the kind of opera house required in London were also given. The model should be the German theatre in Prague. Sir Charles has consulted several authorities on the subject, and he has been assured that the building could be equipped for £150,000. He would recommend that the opera season should be for six months, say from October to Easter, and during the other six months be let, as far as possible, for Italian opera, promenade concerts and the like. A subvention of £10,000 a year would be required to put it properly on its feet. It is designed to hold 2400 people.

with 1300 seats at prices ranging from 1s. to 2s. 6d., the majority being 1s. and the rest at ordinary theatre prices, would, in full, bring in £600 a performance, which (with a matinee) would mean £1000 a week. In Sir Charles' opinion theatre prices would, if full, bring in £600 a week; therefore, with only half-houses the theatre would pay expenses if the site and building were provided. With a six months' season, the company could tour the provinces during the close season. I should hardly think that Sir Charles Stanford's estimate would cover the initial cost of new scenery and costumes, to say nothing

of the necessary expenses of the orchestral scores and band parts, and the thousand and one expenses connected with operatic productions. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that a bare subvention of £10,000 a year would not be sufficient at first, and it is to cover these initial expenses that a private subscription should be raised. After a little while the £10,000 a year would be more than enough.—Daily News (London) Jan. 23.

Mr. Corried, director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will give a special matinee performance of Wagner's "Parsifal" on Monday, Feb. 22 (Washington's birthday). The curtain will rise at 11:30 A. M. The first act will end at 1:15, when there will be an intermission until 2:30, and the performance should be over shortly after 5 o'clock.

BEETHOVEN AND JOACHIM.

On Saturday afternoon the popular concerts at the St. James' Hall opened with a performance of Beethoven's posthumous quartet in B-flat minor (Op. 130). Mr. Johann Kruse, Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. Alfred Hobday and Mr. Percy Such interpreted the work. It is, of course, very much a question of—may one say?—musical instinct, as to whether or not the later works of Beethoven can be compared favorably to the works of his middle period; but there is no question, at all events, about this fact, that he anticipated nearly all the difficulties of the instruments for which he wrote, and that he realized the extreme importance of their technique when he conceived these latter and most wonderful works. The quartet in question was played extremely well, and realized Beethoven's intention and purpose with fine skill, if not always with deep thought. It is a matter of theoretical search as to whether Beethoven definitely understood the significance of these ultimate inspirations of his brain. Within those strange chambers of his mind, when his outer hearing had altogether ceased, he may well have wondered if he precisely realized the significance and meaning of every bar which he set down upon paper. Therefore it is that he gives one moments of extraordinary beauty, set against passages somewhat difficult to unravel, and more than difficult to explain. We do not, in any possible sort of way, question the supremacy of Beethoven's position in such a matter as this, but now and then the critical instinct demands that one should make some sort of research along the narrow lanes of a mind which certainly, at the end of life, was not aided by the magnificent sense of hearing which had once distinguished it.—Pall Mall Gazette Jan. 11.

Mr. Baughan said of this concert: "I am somewhat of a heretic in regard to the interpretations of Beethoven, holding that the great master's music requires more ebb and flow of expression than Dr. Joachim and his school, to which Prof. Krause belongs, are inclined to give it. Nothing, it is true, is more out of place in the playing of Beethoven than a conventional and meaningless exaggeration of emotion; there was a restraint and naturalness of feeling in Beethoven which sometimes approached the austere, and he never attempted to bolster up a poverty of emotional inspiration by theatrical exaggeration; but, at the same time, the genius had a naturally dramatic bent (how often is the feeling for the theatre confused with the feeling for drama), and though he had a keen sense of musical architecture, he always made it carry out his emotional aim. And in these 'posthumous' quartets Beethoven struggled for a more plastic amalgam of form and expression than in the music of his earlier and middle periods, so that a true performance of these latest works should be informed by a more modern spirit than would be suitable to the expression of his more formal genius. The Kruse quartet seemed to recognize this necessity, but, at the same time, the emotional expression was too measured; but, then, I am something of a heretic in the matter of Beethoven interpretations. For one thing, I have a possibly absurd love of tone (which give what painters call 'good color' in music), and to my ears a performance which has not these merits is no more a good interpretation of music than an oleograph copy of a great picture lacking the delicate gradations of color of the original is a satisfactory replica of a great example of the plastic art. The quality of tone of the Kruse quartet is not its most characteristic point, and on Saturday there were several lapses of intonation—not of a serious nature, it is true, but sufficiently noticeable to mar one's enjoyment in a measure. This was more patent in rapid passages than in slow; a fault, it may be said, of the Joachim school of violin playing in general. Prof. Kruse himself is always at his best in the playing of long-drawn-out melody—by no means a common virtue—and both he and his men gave a finely articulated performance of the Cavatina, a movement which has the sublimity of world-music, so full is it of elemental sorrow, purged of the sickness of personal regrets—sorrow, it may be said, which has become ennobled by having passed through the alembic of a great man's intellect."

'PARADISE LOST' IS GIVEN AGAIN

Second Performance by Handel and Haydn Society of the Oratorio by Dubois Last Evening at Symphony Hall.

Theodore Dubois' "Paradise Lost," a dramatic oratorio, was performed last night by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, at Symphony Hall. The solo singers were Miss Anita Rio, Mrs. Louise Homer, Messrs. George Hamlin, Stephen Townsend, John S. Codman and L. B. Merrill. Mr. H. G. Tucker was the organist and Mr. Karl Ondricek the concert master. There was a large audience and the applause, though not frequent, was hearty. Thackeray said in a fine burst of inveterate prejudice that a praying Frenchman was a most amusing sight, and indeed asserted that the Lord took more pleasure in a blaspheming Frenchman than in a praying Englishman. These comments were regarded as incomparable until some Prussian discovered that a Bavarian was the connecting link between Austrians and men. The French are not given to taking oratorio too seriously. There is Cesar Franck—thrice a honored name—with "The Beatitudes" and "The Redemption," but Franck was a Belgian by birth, and he had the mystic spirit of Belgian dreamers from Ruysbroeck to Daeterlinck. His soul could breathe in the purest air, and his eyes saw celestial visions. No doubt, Theodore Dubois is a most estimable man, but his view of the Fall, in which we sinned all, is spectacular and erotic. His theory of the apple follows in the line of Hadrian Beverland, whose book was burned by the executioner. Massenet, in his "Eve," is more than erotic; he is pornographic.

Dubois' work is musically spectacular, and it may be freely granted that it bids for the popularity of the moment. The trio of Evil Spirits in hell anticipate the trio of the devil in "Faust." There are conflicts between the angelic hosts and Satan's army, after the manner of Meyerbeer. There is love music in Paradise, which reminds one of Faust and Marguerite in the garden. There are operetta rhythms and contours of melody. It is surprising that there is not a ballet. Dubois wrote one for the Paris Opera; perhaps he might be persuaded to introduce one for the benefit of the Handel and Haydn. He owes this to the society, for it has twice performed his oratorio. As the fitting scene for the ballet would be the Garden of Eden, a serpentine dance should not be the least prominent attraction.

The music of Dubois has easy grace at times, but it has no distinction. It is now and then plausibly dramatic but in a conventionally boulevard fashion. Nowhere does the composer rise to the height of the subject. He approaches it jauntily; his librettist has turned Adam into a young lover who talks prettily of the grasses bending to kiss Eve's snowy foot, and when the dread sentence is about to be pronounced, he, like a gallant Frenchman, exclaims, "Pardon the woman! 'Twas I who led her astray," and the sisters of Eve in the audience are deeply moved and send him perfumed notes the following day. In Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost," the first man is a bass, and he loses no time in denouncing his beguiler to the Lord.

The composer has spared no pains to amuse his audience. He has pulled every melodramatic string; he is often clever with his orchestral effects; he has written choruses that are sugary, sprightly or rattling; the pair that seemed heroic to the great sculptor are painted in tones as sentimental boudoir lovers; nor has Dubois forgotten to bring in a chromatic snake. And this is his view of the tragedy surpassed only by that of Calvary! Thus did he try to make a Parisian holiday!

The performance was better than the work deserved. The choruses of revolt and conflict were sung with superb body of tone and with true dramatic spirit. The choruses that are merely pretty were sung euphoniously, although the pianissimo measures were more than once too loud. But on the whole, the performance of the chorus was more than excellent.

A year ago Mr. de Gogorza impersonated Satan. "Impersonated" is the word; for he was, indeed, a devil of a baritone, and he declaimed his aria of triumph till even the righteous in the audience shook in their shoes. Mr. de Gogorza was unable to sing last night on account of sickness, and Mr. Townsend, who replaced him, sang at short notice. His interpretation was not so commanding as that of his predecessor, nor was it so bolsterous. It was marked often by fine appreciation. Mr. Townsend was at his best in Satan's sentimental description of Paradise, where he sang with marked effect. He should guard himself from acquiring certain mannerisms, such as sliding from one tone toward another from over accentuation, from undue prominence given to consonants with the in-

vention of melodramatic distortion. Miss Rio appreciated the operatic character of her music; she sang with abandon, and with a seductive eye toward the audience as well as toward Adam. Mrs. Homer declaimed with power, but the music is too often above the true working range of her voice. Mr. Hamlin is always artistic, and the others were satisfactory. The performance as a whole was spirited, and its general excellence only revealed the inadequacy of the music.

An extra concert in aid of the society's building fund will be given on Sunday evening, March 6, when "Elijah" will be performed, with Mrs. Bradbury, Miss Spencer, Messrs. Hall and Miles.



CHARLOTTE WIEHE
IN "LA MAIN"

IS VERSATILE IN HER ARTISTRY

Mme. Wiehe Delights All in Her Work in "La Main," a Mimosdrame, by Her Husband—Three Other Pieces Given at the Globe.

Mme. Charlotte Wiehe and her company began last night the second week of their engagement at the Globe Theatre. There was a good-sized, deeply interested and appreciative audience. Four pieces were performed. The first, "Tic a Tic," a vaudeville in one act by De Ferand, proved to be a pleasant curtain-raiser of a mild flavor. Mr. de Ber played agreeably the part of a fatuous youth with an infirmity of speech, who, calling on his betrothed, whom he had not yet seen, enters the wrong flat. There is a comedy of errors between him and a lonely wife, Leonie, impersonated by Miss Nory.

Mme. Wiehe made her appearance in "La Main," a mimosdrame in one act, scenario and music by her husband, Mr. Henri Bereny. The story is simple. A dancer returns home, escorted by a Baron who offers her guilty splendor. Perhaps his suddenness disconcerts her; perhaps he bores her; whatever the cause, she bids him cool his fury with the night air, and to comply fully with her request, he leaves his overcoat behind him. She undresses partially, disdaining a lovely tone, and his facility was wonderful; certain delicate rapid passages in the variations were played with charming lightness and ease. Mr. Busoni has few mannerisms, but his habit of clipping the ends of phrases invites comment, as also the fact that in vigorous passages he finds difficulty in keeping his seat. His performance aroused great enthusiasm, for the applause was long and loud, and Mr. Busoni responded by playing the well known Polonaise.

There was an audience of good size. The quartet was in D major (op. 11).....Tschalkowsky Variations on a theme by Paganini.....Brahms (Piano solo.)

Piano trio in B-flat (op. 97).....Beethoven

The quartet was played with good effect; in spite of occasional unevenness of tone, there was a spirit that went far to condone mechanical errors; the andante especially, lovely music in itself, was played with exquisite tenderness. The ensemble was excellent throughout. Mr. Busoni then appeared with the Paganini variations by Brahms, and general interest thenceforth was centered in his performance of this number and the trio by Beethoven. When this pianist began it seemed as though his foremost characteristic were to be clarity; notes and phrases were uncommonly clean cut; but there followed confusing liberties with rhythm and with tempo. The performance was altogether distinct, but not lucid. He had often a lovely tone, and his facility was wonderful; certain delicate rapid passages in the variations were played with charming lightness and ease. Mr. Busoni has few mannerisms, but his habit of clipping the ends of phrases invites comment, as also the fact that in vigorous passages he finds difficulty in keeping his seat. His performance aroused great enthusiasm, for the applause was long and loud, and Mr. Busoni responded by playing the well known Polonaise.

There was an audience of good size.

Nothing could have been so delightfully removed from prudery, on the one hand, and from too arrogant revelation of intimate physical charm, on the other, than the scene in which she disrobes; for it was as though she were alone, natural, unconscious. In the "Soir de Noces" she was the experienced comedian who impersonated, not aped, the ingenuously of a bride. As the boy Andrea her pantomime was boyish, not that of a comely woman who could not forget her sex. It is seldom that a woman of such force and variety in this species of pantomime, which Ibsen has characterized as psychology in action, visits Boston. The theatre should be crowded during the remainder of the engagement.

She was supported in an excellent manner, especially by Messrs. Charlier, Prad and Misse Dauricourt. The former, as the burglar, and still more as the father, Fulcone, who kills his son, revealed himself as an actor of tragic intensity, as well as melodramatic power. Mr. Bereny's music requires, perhaps, a larger orchestra, but we doubt whether it would thus have the true dramatic significance, the continually explanatory meaning which we missed last night.

THE ARBOS QUARTET.
The fourth concert of the Arbos quartet took place last evening at Jordan Hall, where Mr. Busoni, as soloist, made his first appearance in Boston for several years. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in D major (op. 11).....Tschalkowsky Variations on a theme by Paganini.....Brahms (Piano solo.)

Piano trio in B-flat (op. 97).....Beethoven

The quartet was played with good effect; in spite of occasional unevenness of tone, there was a spirit that went far to condone mechanical errors; the andante especially, lovely music in itself, was played with exquisite tenderness. The ensemble was excellent throughout.

Mr. Busoni then appeared with the Paganini variations by Brahms, and general interest thenceforth was centered in his performance of this number and the trio by Beethoven. When this pianist began it seemed as though his foremost characteristic were to be clarity; notes and phrases were uncommonly clean cut; but there followed confusing liberties with rhythm and with tempo. The performance was altogether distinct, but not lucid. He had often a lovely tone, and his facility was wonderful; certain delicate rapid passages in the variations were played with charming lightness and ease. Mr. Busoni has few mannerisms, but his habit of clipping the ends of phrases invites comment, as also the fact that in vigorous passages he finds difficulty in keeping his seat. His performance aroused great enthusiasm, for the applause was long and loud, and Mr. Busoni responded by playing the well known Polonaise.

There was an audience of good size.

Three Little Maids
Feb 10, 1904

KNEISEL QUARTET AIDED BY BUSONI

Cesar Franck's Quintet for Piano and Strings, a Quartet from Beethoven and Another from Mozart Make up the Programme.

The Kneisel quartet, assisted by Mr. Busoni, pianist, gave its fifth concert last evening at Potter Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in D minor.....Mozart Quintet for piano and strings.....Cesar Franck Quartet in B flat major Op. 18 No. 6.....Beethoven

Richard Strauss, it is said, will produce his new suite, or symphonic piece in three movements at New York. It is of a domestic nature, for it tells, so the tale goes, of a day spent together by father, mother and their baby. Whether the father will be characterized by an allegro con fuoco, the mother by an amabile andante, and the baby by a scherzo with all manner of surprises, remains to be seen and heard. The quartet of Mozart played last night might also be called domestic music, and it is peculiarly chamber music, for it was written while the composer's wife was lying-in. Mozart waited on her tenderly, and he wrote with constant interruptions. It is a pretty story, and Konstanze, his wife, vouched for the truth of it. In these latter days a composer under such circumstances would create something wonderful for fullest orchestra, with a long argument

on the fly leaf of the score, that he wrote simply the word "quartet." It is pleasant to find, and it was played with exquisite finish it served to introduce the colossal quintet by Cesar Franck, which was performed in the city for the fifth time. This quintet was produced here in 1894, when the players were Ysaie, Maréchal, Hendix, Gerardy and the pianist Lachauxmo. It was played at Kneisel concerts in 1901 and 1902 with Mr. Bauer as the pianist. Mr. Fox, assisted by the Hoffmann quartet, played it at one of his concerts in 1903.

We heard Mr. Busoni for the first time last night since his arrival in this country. When he was here a dozen years ago as a sojourner, he was known and esteemed as a pianist of great technical proficiency, uncommon brilliance and high aims. He was not then an emotional interpreter, nor was he a striking colorist. He left Boston, went to New York to live, and soon made Berlin his home. During the last 40 years his fame has waxed great throughout Europe, and he is considered by many to be one of the very first of pianists now living.

Last night there was the opportunity of judging him only as an ensemble player. The characteristics of the daring virtuoso should on such an occasion be concealed in the general proficiency of the artist-musician.

The quintet itself is now so well known that there is no need of explanation, no cause for prolonged eulogy. It is one of the greatest chamber compositions in the whole literature of the musical world. It stands with the string quartet of the same composer, and with a few of the more impressive works of Beethoven. Its modernity is of such a nature that it will preserve it, and not destroy it. For wealth, beauty and nobility of ideas; for supreme worth of workmanship; for high imaginative flight that strikes the stars, yet never loses compassionate interest in humanity; for indefinable, yet all-pervading, spirit, a spirit that is love, as well as grandeur and mysticism, what work of the form and dimensions can be compared with it?

It is not given to all men, however skilful they may be, to interpret such a work. The gospel of Cesar Franck is still to some a stumbling block, just as the gospel which Franck revered and had in his heart was "unto the Greeks foolishness"; but the spirit of Franck has entered into the Kneisels; they know his secret thoughts; they speak with his voice. It appeared last night that the mystery of the Belgian-French composer has not yet been fully revealed unto Mr. Busoni. During the performance it was as though, with all his earnest endeavor and his indisputable mechanical skill, he was playing from another standpoint, and that his view of Franck's intentions was not in close sympathy with that of the Kneisels. There was not the intimate communion that is absolutely necessary in the ideal interpretation of this marvellous composition.

Certain questions concerning the present characteristics of Mr. Busoni's art may well be deferred till next week, when he will play in his own concerts. His recitals are eagerly anticipated by many.

After Franck's quintet, other music seemed superfluous. It was better to go out filled with thoughts awakened by such a genius into the night of clear air and of silent, mysterious stars.

The sixth and last concert of the season will be on Tuesday, Feb. 23.

NOCTURNES NEW TO THIS COUNTRY

Three by Claude Debussy, the Last with Female Voices, Are Given at First of Chickering "Production" Concerts.

The first of the Chickering "Production" concerts under the auspices of Messrs. Chickering & Sons was given last night in Chickering Hall. Mr. Lang conducted. There was a most attentive audience of musicians and well known lovers of music.

The concert began with a performance of the overture to Glilka's "Life for the Tsar." This overture has just now a melancholy interest. The music itself is for the most part commonplace. Although the opera was a brave attempt to found a Russian school, the composer was influenced mightily by the Italian conventionalities of his day, and his later opera, "Russian and Lull-milla," is more characteristically national.

Debussy's three "Nocturnes," the last with female voices, was performed for the first time in this country. This remarkable work was described in The Herald of last Sunday. It is now enough to say that the first movement is an impression in music of the unchangeable aspect of the sky with the slow and melancholy march of clouds; the second is the impression of a festival into which a procession enters; the third is an impression of the ocean's waves silvered by the moon, while from the billows the strange song of the sirens is heard from time to time.

It is more than probable that there was only a partial revelation of the inherent beauty of these pieces. They are of the ultra-modern school, they are as the music of the future, and their interpretation calls for a conductor of

poetic nature, of highly imaginative soul. It would be easy to point out the aesthetic defects and omissions in the performance, to discuss the lack of due tonal proportions, which at times resulted in the disappearance of a theme or of a portion of a theme, when its gentle prominence was absolutely necessary to the effect of the impression; to say that the first and the third movements should have been taken at a generally slower pace, with much more delicacy, and with a prevailing elasticity and not rigidity of tempo. But it should be remembered that the rehearsals were very few, and that unforeseen obstacles arose at the last moment. Let us be thankful to Messrs. Chickering & Sons and to Mr. Lang for the opportunity of gaining some idea at least of a marvellously beautiful composition, one that should be familiar to us all in Boston. That the performance was as good as it was speaks volumes for the musical ability of the players.

It would be a pleasure to speak of this work at length, but the demands on space are unusually heavy, and we shall have more to say concerning the "Nocturnes" on Sunday next. It may here be recorded that the tonalities heard by Debussy and employed by him, his harmonic scheme and his use of orchestral color were an unmixed delight to the ravished ear. And if some are tempted to pedagogic protest, they should remember that the now prosaic third of the common chord was once considered by the elect as an impudent and immoral dissonance. Debussy, as well as Mr. Loeffler, hears his own tonalities and harmonies, and each, in addition to uncommon technical skill, has a rare poetic soul.

"The Rest of the Holy Family," from Berlioz's "Infancy of Christ," for tenor, female chorus and orchestra, followed the performance of Debussy's work. Mr. Deane sang with taste and intelligence, rather than with fine quality of tone production. We regret that it was thought fit for him to sing in French. There are English words for this music, and they were sung without verbal remonstrance or act of violence on the part of the audience at Handel and Haydn concerts many years ago.

According to the original and highly commendable plan, a repetition of the "Nocturnes" brought the end of a concert that will be conspicuous in the annals of music in this city. The second concert will be on Wednesday, the 24th.

LECTURE ON "PARSIFAL."

Mrs. Helen Rhodes' Remarks Are Illustrated with Piano Parts by Adolf Glose.

Mrs. Helen Rhodes, assisted by Mr. Adolf Glose, pianist, gave an illustrated lecture on "Parsifal" yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a much interested audience of fair size.

The production of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, awakened the zeal of lecturers and the curiosity of many who would fain find an esoteric meaning in everything, from a cauliflower to an opera. In New York itself, preparatory lectures before the communion service on the stage were given by some prompt to see the pecuniary significance of any artistic occasion and by sincere and thrifty enthusiasts. Now that the first flush of excitement has passed, the provinces are visited by lecturers and wandering orchestras and singers. For in all cities there are many who like to have things explained to them; and they talk the more eagerly about an opera, if they are confirmed in the belief that the said opera is highly symbolical and should be discussed and heard in a spirit of reverential awe.

Mrs. Rhodes talked in a simple and pleasant manner about Bayreuth, the opera house built by Wagner, and the performance of "Parsifal" as supervised by the illustrious widow. She wisely abstained from any discussion of Cosima's politics at Bayreuth, and she expressed no opinion concerning the "rights" in the matter of the production at New York. She first spoke of the origin of the Grail legend and of Wagner's use of it. Then of the Bavarian town, the opera house and "Parsifal" as performed; so that the hearer felt as one personally conducted, without the annoyance and the discomforts of actual experience. For those who are interested in "Parsifal," Mrs. Rhodes' lecture, which will be repeated next Saturday afternoon, is an agreeable and instructive entertainment.

The pictures, thrown on a screen, were of varied artistic worth. Some were good and some led one to doubt the statement that they were taken from the actual performance at Bayreuth. The better ones served their purpose, which was, first of all, one of illustration. The portrait of Siegfried Wagner confirmed the suspicion that his father, in spite of his malicious and base attacks on the Jewish race in general, and Jewish composers in particular, had Jewish blood in his veins. Mr. Glose added to the interest of the lecture by playing motives, etc., on a piano.

MR. KITTREDGE'S FIRST RECITAL

A Varied and Novel Programme Given by the Tenor Last Night Before Friendly and Applaudive Audience in Steinert Hall.

TO BE A SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TODAY

Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" Will Be Produced for the First Time in Boston—Is on "a Theme of a Knightly Character."

Mr. William Kittredge, tenor, gave his first song recital in this city last evening in Steinert Hall. Miss Laura Hawkins was the accompanist. There was a friendly and applaudive audience of fair size. The programme was as follows: Air from Handel's "Susanna"; arietta from Gretry's "Zemire et Azor"; Breton melody, "L'Angelus," arranged by Bourgault-Ducoudray; Gabriel Faure's "Au bord de l'eau"; Nevin's "Vieille Chanson"; Saint-Saens' "Au Cimetiére"; Cesar Franck's "Lied"; and "Mariage des Roses"; Hugo Wolf's "Morgenthau"; Richard Strauss' "Breit ueber mein Haupt"; Miss Lang's "Lydia"; Homer Norris' "Et s'il reve nait un jour"; d'Indy's "Madrigal," and Massenet's "Pensee d'automne."

Some of the Songs Sung Here Probably for the First Time.

This programme was varied and some of the songs were sung here probably for the first time. Thus we do not remember hearing in local concerts the exquisitely simple Breton melody, which is better suited to a baritone; the song by Faure, which is not among his most individual compositions; the exotic melody by Saint-Saens, or the charming songs by Franck. The programme as a whole was refreshing by reason of its unfamiliarity. There were 14 songs in all, and in 11 of these the text was French. Even sturdy Handel's Susanna was turned into a French maid, as though the tree which revealed the perfidy of the leering and accusing Elders was a feature of the Bois de Boulogne. Surely it was not necessary to treat Handel in such a manner. It is a wonder that the composer, with his most pompous wig, did not appear in protest. That he did not descend in a cloud and to the music of his favorite hautboys is, as Anatole France said of the non-appearance of Flaubert at the first night of the opera "Salambo," a strong argument against the immortality of the soul.

Mr. Kittredge Sang Like One Still a Slave to Teachers.

Mr. Kittredge has evidently studied earnestly and to good purpose. His voice is not conspicuous for its quality; the tones are neither sensuous nor authoritative; but he handles the voice with considerable skill, and he appreciates and interprets the inherent sentiment of the song. When he failed technically last night to carry out his intentions, it was through physical weakness and not from ignorance or carelessness. He gave one the impression of a singer of personal and aesthetic refinement who was handicapped in a measure by bodily indisposition and partly by anxiety in remembering the precepts and admonitions of teachers to whom he is yet in bondage. Toward the end of the concert he sang with greater freedom and spontaneity than at the beginning. He should cultivate facial repose. At his next recital we hope to hear him sing in English, an excellent and expressive language that has the advantage of being understood by audiences in Boston and other towns of New England.

THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON.

Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" Will Be Produced at Rehearsal of Symphony Orchestra Today.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra, this afternoon, Mr. Gericke conductor, is one of extraordinary interest, for Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" will be produced for the first time in Boston. This remarkable composition has been played in Chicago, but we know of no other performance in this country.

"Don Quixote" is a series of fantastic variations on "a theme of a knightly character." A solo violoncello is typical of Don Quixote throughout the piece and Sancho Panza is typified by a solo viola.

The introduction portrays Don Quixote reading books of chivalry, dreaming of the ideal maiden to be rescued and of all manner of adventures. He goes mad. Then follows the announcement of Don Quixote's and Sancho Panza's themes.

Nearly a Dozen Variations In the Theme of "Don Quixote."

The variations are as follows: (1) The two set out on their adventures, and Don Quixote fights the windmills; (2) He charges the sheep and thus gains a mighty victory over the army of Alifan-faron—a remarkable example of instru-

mentation, with a chorus of "Bata-a-a" in the muted brass, while the strings portray the dust cloud, and there is a pastoral melody in the wood wind; (3) Dialogue and dispute of the knight and his squire concerning the comparative worth of the ideal and the real; (4) The adventure with the Penitents, who attacked by Don Quixote as robbers, beat him soundly; (5) The knight keeps vigil and meditates on the charms of Dulcinea; (6) Sancho tries to persuade his master that a country wench is his adorable Dulcinea; (7) Knight and squire, blindfolded, sit on a wooden horse and believe they are flying through the air in a furious gale. Here the wind machine is used; (8) The journey in the enchanted bark; the upsetting, and the prayer of thanksgiving when the two, dripping, reach the bank; (9) The fight with two monks, who to the knight are evil magicians; (10) Don Quixote, defeated by his friend disguised as the Knight of the Silver Moon, goes home determined to be a shepherd. The finale portrays the death of Don Quixote. The cello speaks his last words: he sees clearly his illusions and is willing to die.

Great Pains Have Been Taken In Preparation of This Work.

Great pains have been taken in the preparation of this work, which has excited hot discussion, and the performance has been anticipated eagerly. The other pieces, at this concert will be Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon" and Beethoven's symphony No. 7.

There will be no Symphony concerts next week. The programme of the concert for Feb. 26-27 will include Mozart's symphony in E flat; Akimenko's "Lyric Poem" (first time); Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline." Mrs. Schumann-Heink will sing Andromache's scene from Bruch's "Achilles," and two songs by Brahms with viola and piano accompaniment.

"DON QUIXOTE" AT SYMPHONY

R. Strauss' Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character Are Very Fantastic and Make the Hero a Fool.

INJUSTICE TO FAMOUS GENTLEMAN OF FICTION

Composer Essays to Make Him Into a Laughing Stock, When in Reality He Was a Pathetic and Noble Character.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Anacreon".....Cherubini
"Don Quixote," fantastic variations on a theme of knightly character, Op. 35 (first time).....R. Strauss
Symphony in A major No. 7.....Beethoven

Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote," composed in 1897, was played last night for the first time in Boston. So far as we can learn, the performance was the second in the United States. The first was at Chicago in 1899. The performance last night had been prepared with infinite care. It was read with sympathy and imaginative intelligence, as well as with the utmost technical authority, and it was played brilliantly. Mr. Krasselt was the solo 'cellist and Mr. Zach played the solo viola. There was hearty applause, and conductor and soloists were obliged to bow in acknowledgment.

Formidable Task of Putting "Don Quixote" to Music.

This music is exceedingly, enormously ingenious. Ingenuity is the distinguishing feature of the composition; but ingenuity is not the chief characteristic of the purest and the noblest art. The task undertaken by Strauss was formidable if not impossible: to typify Don Quixote and Sancho Panza by solo instruments, and to portray them as plunged into all manner of orchestral adventures. The most striking sections of the work are those in which Strauss portrays moods, as the introduction in which there is a psycho-musical representation of the giving way of intellect; the passage in the third variation where Don Quixote speaks nobly of the ideal; the finale in which Don Quixote realizes the utter vanity of his illusions and gives up the ghost. In these instances music is employed legitimately and reasonably; and in these Strauss rises to his greatest height, in this particular work, as an imaginative composer.

His musical representation of conversation between Knight and Squire is for the most part tedious. And it may

here be said that any musical representation of conversation is necessarily tedious, and that the hearer of a spectator yearns for something simple, something truly beautiful or impressive.

The variations attempt to portray in music certain adventures told in Cervantes' romance. There is no mistaking the Knight's attack on the sheep. The imitation of the haa-ing flock is surprisingly realistic; but the heaven is tempted to cry out with Agassiz who, when asked to praise a fellow who imitated a nightingale, answered: "I have heard the nightingale itself." So, too, there is no doubt in the seventh variation that there is a mighty wind abroad; yet who without a programme explanation would associate this variation with the Knight and Squire, blindfolded, on the wooden horse?

Much of this music is for a panorama, and it is a pity that it does not accompany a panorama as it moves, or comment on entertaining views thrown on a screen. How is the Knight of the White Moon to be identified? Would any one without jogging of his elbow see windmills in the first variation? These are not captious objections. The composer made his variations; he supplied the notes for them in the transcription for the piano; he accepted without protest the elaborately explanatory programme books for the Strauss festival in London, at which he was present. He wrote panorama music. Unfortunately, he neglected to provide the panorama itself, with the wind machine and other extra instruments for his swollen orchestra.

Mistake of Quixote as Fool Instead of as a Gentleman.

If the work is to be taken seriously, and fantastical persons are often the most serious of human beings—witness "Don Quixote"—there are aesthetic objections to Strauss' scheme. The variations for the most part are concerned with the ridiculous adventures of the Knight, with the grotesque pages that appeal to young readers, who see in "Don Quixote" merely an amusing book, just as children read "Gulliver's Travels" for the sake of surprise and consequent laughter, and miss the terrible irony. Don Quixote is the noblest gentleman in all fiction. Yet he is portrayed by Strauss to excite laughter.

Laughter is the lowest, cheapest expression of the superiority of him that laughs over the one laughed at. A man is guilty of awkwardness; he is foolish in speech, he cuts a silly figure at an ill-timed moment; he falls at the risk of bodily injury. There is laughter. He that laughs exults in his mental superiority or in his own inability to be ridiculous. Laughter is not necessarily the same thing as joy; there is a laugh that is kindly just as the most common form of laughter is satanic.

No music in which the laugh implied superiority is the leading motive can be beautiful or noble. It is merely ingenious, clever, diabolically clever yet induces yawning; it does not brook frequent repetition.

It is fairer perhaps to consider "Don Quixote" as a colossal joke. The music no more lessens the grandeur and taints the sweetness of Don Quixote's character than did the impersonation of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance by Mr. Barnabee, when DeKoven's operetta was produced here 15 years ago. If Don Quixote could hear this music he would regard it as another one of his illusions.

We are warm admirers of the uncommon talent of Richard Strauss. His "Don Juan," "Death and Apotheosis," "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "Hero's Life" are great and unusual works, which may pass him to posterity as a genius. We regret, therefore, the more that he wrote "Don Quixote," especially as it is the only one of his most important works that is for the most part ineffective and dull.

The overture to "Anacreon" never sounded so superbly classic and so modern; the allegretto of Beethoven never seemed so human and so spiritual in its sublime melancholy.

MR. CABOT'S CONCERT.

Miss Josephine Knight, Mezzo Soprano Sings Here for the First Time.

Mr. T. Handasyd Cabot, 'cellist, assisted by Miss Josephine Knight, mezzo soprano; Mr. Gustave Strube, violinist; and Mr. George Copeland, Jr., pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a small, but applaudive, audience. The programme was as follows:

Allegro agitato and Andante molto tranquillo, from the Sonata in A minor for 'cello and piano, op. 36.....Grieg
Songs—
"My Heart Ever Faithful".....Bach
"O Mio Dolce Ardor".....Gluck
"Ouvre Tes Yeux Bleus".....Massenet
"L'Heure Exquise".....Hahn
"La Belle du Roi".....Holme
Piano trio, op. 59.....Tchaikovsky

Mr. Cabot again showed the qualities which we discussed after his first concert. Mr. Strube proved himself a violinist of sure routine, and Mr. Copeland displayed mechanical facility and comprehensive grasp, but the ensemble was neither emotional nor authoritative.

We heard Miss Knight for the first time. She sang five songs, and one of them was with English text. In the song with English words—the language so flouted and despised today by vocal cosmopolites of New England birth—she sang with such technical understanding and ease, as an interpreter Miss Knight seemed like a memorist of painstaking instruction. She had little or no individuality of conception; she did not differentiate the sentiments of poets and composers.

in music and well known to the general public. Her Italian was not so good as her French, it was lack in her voice, and the music suffered accordingly. As a singer, pure and simple, she gave much pleasure by her true artistry. Few local singers that appear in concert are vocally as well prepared; few

PANTOMIMIC ART AND MUSIC IN PANTOMIME.



Mme. Charlotte Wiehe, the Dane, by her modest but versatile artistry has revived in a measure the interest of the curious in pantomime as it is understood and practised by the French. We have not seen pantomimes of this high rank since the production of Carre and Wormser's "The Prodigal Son" at the Boston Museum in 1893, when Mme. Pilar-Morin mimed Pierrot, the younger, and that admirable play-actor Courtes turned the heart to water by his pathos as the father of the prodigal.

Yet this very word "pantomime" deterred no doubt many from seeing Mme. Wiehe, for the word is associated in their minds with the clown of the hot poker and the string of sausages, the pirouettes of Colombine, the personal indignities offered Pantaloon, the magic lath of Harlequin, and the gorgeous transformation scene in which the lovers are transported to the Realms of Bliss. The word recalls Fox and Maffitt of joyous memory and to the oldest generation the delight in the surprises of the Ravels.

This form of pantomime, still popular in London during Christmastide, went to England by way of the masque, which was a favorite entertainment there in the 15th and 16th centuries. The first pantomime on the English stage was written by John Weaver, a dancing master. It was entitled "Tavern Bilkers"; it consisted of "dancing, action and motion"; it was produced at Drury Lane in 1702. Harlequin and Colombine appeared in 1715 at the new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, under the management of John Rich and in a piece entitled "Harlequin Sorcerer" ("after the Italian style"). There was no spoken word until 1830, when Peake introduced a speaking opening.

Even the appearance of acrobatic turns, and other specialty business, which orthodox English theatre-goers condemn as illegitimate in pantomime, is very old. The early Christian and pagan writers condemned the mimes of Greece for bringing a cistern on the stage "wherein naked women did swim between the acts"; hence the origin of the tank drama, which was not despised by Wagner, for are not aquarium nymphs in "The Ring"? Weaver was reproached for adding scenes with merry andrews, tumblers and rope dancers, and it has been said that Rich's pantomime owed much to its success to a turn of a German with two dancing dogs.

These early pantomimes of the Greeks and Romans resembled the modern pantomimes of the French in that they were often melodramatic or tragic. Much was demanded of the mimes, who were said to dance Hercules, Mad, or Oedipus, or Leda, or Orestes. Much was demanded of the mime. He was expected, as Thucydides said in praise of Pericles, "to know what was fit and to be able to express it clearly to others." In this instance by the most intelligible language of gestures. He was expected to understand rhythm and music, geometry for the regulation of his steps, philosophy and rhetoric to portray manners and move the passions, painting and sculpture to compose his part, and, as for mythology and history, he was required to know everything that had happened from the birth of the world to the story of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. Such mimes as Pylades and Bathylus divided the citizens into furious partisans and Juvenal tells only too frankly the enthusiasm of the women, noble dames and visitors from the country, for Bathylus, mime and man.

We do not purpose to write here the history of pantomime. They that are interested in the kind as known to the English should consult Mr. R. J. Broadbent's précis, and they that wish to trace the development or the revival of the nobler sort should read Jules Janin's life of Debureau, Charles Magnin's "Histoire des Marionnettes en Europe" and "Les Origines du Theatre Moderne," and Paul Huguonnet's "Mimes et Pierrots."

Pierrot is the supreme hero of French pantomime. And who is Pierrot? Not merely a clown, as some think, he may be a dreamer, a philosopher, a paracide, a blasphemer, a poet. In the latter part of the 16th century an Italian troupe crossed the Alps and entered Paris, and in 1572 these strollers played a comedy after their fashion at the court of Charles IX. Catherine de Medici called herself a Colombine that day.

As far back as 1547 the Italians named a character Pedrolino Piero (little Peter, or Peterkin). He was a valet, not a bad fellow in some ways, but a practical joker, a blowhard, a good deal of a coward. This Piero with Arlequin formed the couple known as the Zouini, silly and rascally waiting men. Time changed the character and the name of Piero. Moliere's company and Italian companies played alternately on the same stage, and Italian types were afterward found in the French comedy. The French Pierrot was at first an Italian imitation of the Neapolitan Pulcinella; his costume is the same, and the type was not known originally in France, but introduced into France by strolling Italians. Pierrot grew to be a type wholly French. Pierrot is anything. He is everything.

When de Banville was asked about the history of pantomime he replied: "It is

the history of humanity; you must begin at 20 years, and you are not sure of finishing at 60."

There are these distinctions in the French pantomime: Melodramatic pantomime, in which Pierrot, the sole player, white and dumb, walks through scenes of frightful crime; realistic pantomime created by Debureau, the elder; fairy and romantic pantomimes.

There is the terrible figure imagined by the pantomimist in Richepin's novel, "Eraves Gens": "The new Pierrot, the psychological Pierrot—dressed in a coat; not a trace of linen; face and hands white, but not of a funny white, oh no! of a pale whiteness, an alcoholic whiteness, a lugubrious whiteness. Pierrot is a phantom. Pierrot makes you shudder and meditate."

There is the incarnation of stony-hearted pride in wickedness invented by Henri Riviere in his powerful story, "Pierrot." A young man who has stolen begs him for a small sum to put back in the office cash box, for the goddammes are on his heels; Pierrot smiles sweetly and refuses. A mother begs a trifle for her hungry child and shows the convulsions of the poor little wretch; Pierrot is stroking the shoulder of a beautiful girl and does not hear

the mother's voice. A fair woman on a hospital bed appeals to him. Pierrot, dressed irreproachably as for a state reception, always smiles with grace, always has a kindly gesture, but will not lift a finger to relieve misery. The ideal Pierrot of Riviere is a superb and melancholy genius of evil, yet of irresistible charm, a cynic, and, just before his end, a buffoon. Satan, as a pale man with black eyes, tall, well built, with nerves of steel and heart of bronze, who, living in society where he exerts enormous power, works always evil, impassible, smiling.

Or there is the Pierrot suggested by the fantastical draughtsman, Willette. Pierrot is pale as a lily or a baker's boy. He is the positive incarnation of aimless desire, mad ambition, foolish freakishness, with the comic despair of a generation that has turned voluntarily its back on the ideal and is not content with the good and healthful joys of realism. Pierrot is pessimist. "When he looks at the moon, this moon in the shadow of a passing cloud is to him an enormous skull rolling in the emptiness of the sky."

To many Pierrot in conventional evening dress is more at home in these faded days than in the old traditional costume. They find, with Baudelaire, a mysterious and symbolic charm in a dress coat, "the expression of the universal equality of the expression of the public mind," for this world is "a singular procession of undertakers' men; some of them are politicians, some are amorous, some are smug and honest citizens. Each one in the procession celebrates some burial."

Look at the range of subjects. In "The Statue of the Commander" our old friend who accepts Don Juan's invitation to supper eats greedily, drinks enormously, becomes heated with wine and pays marked attentions to the girls at the feast. He remembers his mission when it is too late, for the cock has crowed; he mounts his marble horse and goes back to the grave yard.

Or Pierrot returns from the burial of Colombine, whom he murdered by tickling the soles of her feet. He falls asleep in a chair and in a dream he re-enacts the tragedy. He mimics the murderer, throwing himself on the bed, now playing Colombine, now Pierrot. He kills her, and then, drawing the bed curtains together, is joyful, and he rubs his hands together in glee. Remorse, however, comes upon him and awakes him. He wishes to undress for bed, but his feet begin to itch and tremble, as did the poor feet of Colombine. Pierrot drinks to become insensible, but remorse will not be drowned. And now he sees the portrait of Colombine coming to life. The red bed curtains grow redder, the portrait is Colombine herself, the lights grow dim and Pierrot falls as falls a dead body, and as he falls, his arms are as a cross.

We publish today a picture of Otero, the dancer in the pantomime, "A Festival at Seville," which was produced at the Theatre Marigny. Like "Carmen," it is a story of coquetry, mad infatuation, murder.

Before Otero more celebrated women have played in pantomime: Sarah Bernhardt, Felicia Mallet (who created the part of "The Prodigal Son"), Judie, Theo. In this country Ada Rehan failed dismally as Pierrot, the Prodigal.

Some musicians commented on the use of a piano in the orchestra during Mme. Wiehe's pantomimes.

There has been dispute among Frenchmen concerning the ideal orchestra for such stage art.

A man named Jules Fleury, known to the world as Champfleury, wrote delightfully concerning many things. He told stories in a fascinating manner, as "Le Violon de Palenque." "Les Enfants du Professeur Turck"; he compiled a history of caricature; he was one of the founders of the naturalistic school, he was an early Wagnerite, and as early as 1860 he testified to his faith in a little pamphlet.

Champfleury wrote about music. He also played the cello a little, and it was he who likened the music of Boccherini to "a flame-colored ribbon preserved tenderly in an old rosewood bureau."

His ideas concerning pantomime-music were these: "Formerly actors played in pantomime according to the note; the

show was then only the dance treated seriously, didactically. The actor was not inspired; his movements were counted and regulated as in a minuet. The orchestra, however badly organized, has often, at such a show, thrown me into

an ecstasy unknown at a concert of the Conservatory. Three violins, a viola, a clarinet, a horn and a double bass often play, without knowing the fact, pieces by Mozart and Gluck, which have been taken from old volumes. The cornet should be suppressed and replaced by an oboe, a flute and a cello. When you accompany mimes, you need soft music, now lively, now melancholy, which yet will not disturb this world, so full of calm."

Paul Vidal believes in the piano as sole accompaniment. When he wrote the music to "Pierrot Assassin" he was at a loss to find the appropriate rhythm for Pierrot's murderous tickling the feet which he once had so rapturously kissed. Vidal at last chose the tarantella.

Thome thinks there is no more difficult task than that of composing pantomime music. "To meditate the music and gesture, to find the exact moment when the note and the arm should fall together, to realize the union of mime and musician, exacts a world of labor." He does not see why familiar stories should not furnish the scenario, as long as they are gay or tempered with irony—fairy stories, for example, in modern dress, as Miss Thackeray treated "Bluebeard" and other delightful tales, or as Maeterlinck revived Bluebeard whose cruelly handled wives would not at the last forsake him, when they were released from prison and found him about to be killed by the infuriated neighbors.

Pfeiffer goes so far as to say that the ideal pantomime would be a subject treated impromptu by mime and composer. "Put a young fellow of talent before a piano; put on the stage a mime who is really in love with his art; then let them go ahead, and let the music follow the movements of the mime in their fantastic grace, and accentuate wittily the slightest details."

The pianist Pugno, who has visited us, believes in a piano and even in brass. "If I introduce the piano, it is for this reason: The orchestra is a little lousy for three acts of pantomime which abound

in fine details, delicate scraps of pieces, which can be more nimble expressed by a piano." It is Pugno, by the way, who said: "I have heard men who are held to be most intelligent say monstrous things about the opera. I used to go frequently to Alphonse Daudet's. When anybody played the piano Zola would go away. Edmond de Goncourt would get close to the piano and amuse himself as a child by winking the hammer. Daudet was the only one that found pleasure in listening."

Wormser, a prix de Rome, whose music to "The Prodigal Son" is a masterpiece, recommends both orchestra and piano for a pantomime of considerable length. "Let us well them and try to use them judiciously. Let a



OTERO IN THE PANTOMIME "A FESTIVAL IN SEVILLE" (From Le Theatre).

Early Pantomimes of the Greeks and Romans; Performances of Mme. Wiehe and Other Artists of High Rank; Wide Range of Subjects—Busoni to Give Two Recitals Here This Week—Other Local Musical Events, the Coming of Richard Strauss, Personals, Etc.



keep the piano, the prosaic instrument for the prose of the piece; but us save the orchestral voices as whips to the emotions of the audience in more moving situations. Is there a scene of intense interest? Then let all manner of timbres be heard, while elsewhere a violin alone or a clarinet will give color to the recitation of the piano."

Thus do musicians of more or less authority who have experimented in this field disagree, and other names could be added easily to the list.

Mr. Bereny, the husband of Mme. Wiche, wrote the music for her pantomimes. The music that we heard was not distinguished by grace, strength, illustrative or dramatic spirit. This may be said, however; it did not strengthen the effects, it did not impair them, for it was not assertive.

Pantomimes were the fashion in Paris from 1889 to 1892 or 1893, just as the marionettes that played Shakespeare's "Tempest" and modern and ancient mysteries were once the rage in Paris and provoked the admiration of poets and critics. From time to time a pantomime or mime-drama is seen with favor. Some see in pantomime with elaborate music the future form of operatic art, and Sarah Bernhardt once dreamed of a play chiefly in pantomime with illustrative music. But Sarah has dreamed many dreams, and who is bold enough to forecast the future of such a fashionable plaything as the opera?

DEBUSSY'S "NOCTURNES."

The Nocturnes of Debussy, played here for the first time in America last Wednesday night, have provoked hot discussion. Such discussion is welcome, for when there is no difference of opinion concerning a work of marked importance, art is stagnant.

These Nocturnes have been called "the despair of critics" and likened to

the microscopic flower known as "the despair of painters." Some have sought out analogy by characterizing Debussy as the Whistler of composers. Whether Whistler would have been pleased to be described as the Debussy of painters is another matter. The cynical might quote Mr. Babbitt's fine line provoked by the statement that Henry James and Edward VII. were frequently mistaken for each other when the latter was Prince of Wales: "It's seldom that two persons have such hard luck."

It seems to us that Mr. Pierre de Breuille best characterized this ineffably beautiful music when he spoke of it as a charm that passes, a perfume vibrant in the air, but evaporating as soon as one attempts to define it.

For this music is absolutely pure music, dream music, if you will. The argument of the composer should prevent some from going astray as to the meaning of these Nocturnes. The purest music has no inherent meaning. We must go back to the subtle words of Walt Whitman: "All music is what wakes from you, when you are reminded by the instruments."

In the first Nocturne there is the unchangeable appearance of the sky with the slow and melancholy march of the clouds. Do you demand architecture in music? Here is the architecture of clouds, vaporous and impalpable. And the festival, with its indescribable entrance of the procession, one of the most marvelous effects in all music—the festival is a mere cloud chimera, without the vulgarities of reality. The festival is one held by the inhabitants of the air; the procession is as a sleeping. And these voices of sirens rising from the argent billows—is there not the dream picture of the sea with its calm and its flower and its nocturnal haunting voice of seduction? What matters it how these effects are produced? What matter the tonalities, the harmonic progressions, the rhythms,

the arrangement of the orchestral palette? This music is not for blackboard use and the analytical professor. Yet Mr. Jean Marnold has shown laboriously that it may be analyzed as reasonably as any sonata by a minor German chapel master; that the second and third Nocturnes have their origin in the first; that these are generative themes; that the substance of "Sirens" is made up of the totality of the elements of "Nuages." Yes, these Nocturnes can be prostituted to consuetudinary use.

Does some one object to "a want of form"? Form, even as interpreted by plumb and line and level, is here; but there is a higher and more spiritual form. Harkened unto the words of Platonius: "Fire surpasses other bodies in beauty, because, compared with the other elements, it contains the order of form, for it is more eminent than the rest and is the most subtle of all, bordering, as it were, on an incorporeal nature."

This music is the suggestion of impressions made on the sensitive mind by natural phenomena. The phantasmagoria of nature has found an interpreter in music, and nature in any aspect is never formless, even when it is cruel, imaginative, or capricious and fantastical.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. First piano recital of Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, Adagio, Toccata and Fugue, Bach-Busoni; Chorals, "Ave" and "Rejoice," Bach-Busoni; 12 Etudes, op. 25, Chopin; Prelude, Choral and Fugue, Cesar Franck; three Etudes d'execution transcendante Appassionata, F minor, Harmonies du Soir, Mazepa, Liszt.

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. First Lenten chamber concert, Miss Lena Little, contralto; Mr. John S. Codman, baritone; Mr. Clayton Johns, Songs by Purcell, Coleridge-Taylor, Somervell, Lehmann, Cowen, Slater, Sullivan, Allitsen, M. V. White, Chadwick, Fisher, Foote, Johns, Miss Lang, MacDowell, Nevin, Whelpley.

Girls' high school, 8 P. M.: Municipal concert, Orchestral pieces by Adam, Fellen, German, Mascagni, Offenbach, Ardit, Mr. Kanrich, conductor. Mr. Passanante, tenor, will sing an aria from "Pagliacci," and a song by Mascabroul; and Mr. Mauch will play a waltz, by Belder, for cornet.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. Second piano recital by Mr. Busoni.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. First Wagner-Nordica concert by the New York Symphony orchestra, Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor, and Mme. Nordica, soprano. Prelude and Elsa's song on the balcony (Mme. Nordica) from "Lohengrin"; introduction to Act 2, Cry of the Valkyries (Mme. Nordica), and Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walkure"; Siegfried pressing through the flames, Brunnhilde's Awakening (Mme. Nordica) from "Siegfried"; Siegfried's Rhine journey and Funeral Music from "Die Goetterdaemmerung."

Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M. Mr. Homer Norris' "The Flight of the Eagle" (text by Walt Whitman). Miss Florence Wood, soprano; Mr. Ray Finel, tenor; Mr. Franklin Wood, baritone; Mr. Norris, accompanist; Mr. A. Gordon Mitchell, pianist.

Dorchester high school, 8 P. M. Municipal concert. Orchestral pieces by Nicolai, Bolzoni, Verdi, Handel, Waldfenfel, Auber, Mr. Kanrich conductor. Mr. George Deane, tenor, will sing "Lead Me Your Aid," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," and a song by Gorder. Mr. Toll will play a concert scene, by Pohl, for clarinet.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Second Wagner-Nordica concert, Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor. Overture, air "Dieu, que l'heure est belle" (Mme. Nordica), from "Tannhauser"; Prelude, Processional of the Knights of the Grail, Kundry's song, act 2 (Mme. Nordica), Good Friday spell (solo violin, Mr. David Mannes), from "Parsifal"; Tristan's Vision and Death, act 3 (arranged for concert use by Mr. Damrosch); prelude and Liebestod (Mme. Nordica), from "Tristan and Isolde."

Charlestown high school, 8 P. M. Municipal concert. Orchestral pieces by Gounod, Bolzoni, J. Strauss, Verdi, Mozart, Offenbach. Miss Mary Teague, soprano, will sing an aria from "Lucia" and a song by Cowen. Mr. Kanrich, conductor, will play Svendsen's Romance, for violin.

LOCAL.

Mr. Arthur Foote was invited by Mr. Mottl to conduct his string suite at the Metropolitan Opera House concert of

American composers this evening, but his engagements prevented him from accepting the invitation. Other composers who will be represented by their works are Messrs. Chadwick, Rubin Goldmark, Hadley, McDowell and Horatio Parker.

Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, is now playing in western cities. She will appear at Carnegie Hall, New York, the 21st, with Wetzlar orchestra. She will play in Boston Feb. 27 at a miscellaneous concert and give her first recital here on Tuesday evening, March 15.

At the performance of Gounod's "Roméo and Juliet" in concert form by the Arion Club at Providence, R. I., Feb. 8, Miss Rosetta Key was heartily applauded for her interpretation of the music allotted to Stephano. Miss Key will leave Boston March 7 to sing in western cities.

The second Chickering production concert under the auspices of Messrs. Chickering & Sons will be given in Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening the 24th. The programme will be as follows: Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Bach's concerto in D minor for three pianos (Messrs. Fox, Gebhard and Proctor); prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" (after Mallerme's poem), Claude Debussy; symphonic poem, "The Djinn," symphonic poem for orchestra and piano (Mrs. Downer-Eaton, pianist), Cesar Franck (first time); songs for soprano by Gabriel Faure; Joyous Overture, David S. Smith. Debussy's delightful pastel was produced here by the Orchestral Club led by Mr. Longy. Cesar Franck's "Djinn" is in illustration of Victor Hugo's poem in "Les Orientales" and was composed in 1884 and produced in 1885 at the Chatelet, Paris, with Dlemer, pianist. Mr. David Stanley Smith is the assistant professor of music at Yale University.

Mr. Carl Faellen will give his 25th recital in the series of standard piano works in Huntington Chambers Hall Wednesday evening, Feb. 24, when he will play Mendelssohn's Caprices, op. 16, Nos. 1 and 2; Beethoven's sonata, op. 109, and Schumann's "Carnaval."

Miss Maud MacCarthy will give a violin recital in Steinert Hall on the afternoon of Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, at 3. She will play Leclair's Sarabande and Tambourin, Bach's chaconne, two romances by Schumann, Guiraud's Caprice, Tchaikowsky's melodic nocturne in E flat, Chopin-Sarasate, and Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins." Mr. Zach will be the pianist.

Miss Laura Hawkins will give a piano recital in Potter Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 26, when she will play several novelties, among them Saint-Saens fifth concerto and pieces by Zatyewitsch and Strauss.

The Carolyn Belcher string quartet, a new organization composed of Miss Belcher, Miss Sara K. Corbett, Miss Mary Ellis and Miss Charlotte White, will give its first concert in Steinert Hall Monday evening, Feb. 29. Mrs. Suza Doane, pianist, will assist.

Orders for seats for the second of the Chickering production concerts at Chickering Hall on the evening of the 24th inst. may be addressed to the Chickering Hall box office with check.

The third and last concert of the Hoffman quartet will be given in Potter Hall Thursday evening, March 3. The programme will include Hayden's quartet in D major, op. 64 No. 5; Mrs. Beach's sonata for violin and piano (Mrs. Beach, pianist), and Grieg's quartet.

In consequence of Richard Strauss' first concert in Symphony Hall, the Arbos quartet concert announced for Monday, March 7, has been postponed till Friday, March 11. It is to be hoped that the concert of the Longy quartet announced for March 7 may also be postponed, for the programme is one of unusual interest, and many would regret the conflict between musical interests.

Mme. Hopekirk will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall Saturday afternoon, March 5.

The song recital of Mme. Alexander Marius will be in Steinert Hall on Wednesday afternoon, March 9.

At the second Lenten concert, under the management of Miss Julia Terry, in Chickering Hall, Thursday, Feb. 23, at 3 P. M., the Rameau Club (Messrs. Birnbaum, Mahn, Zach, J. Keller, K. Keller and Maquarre), led by Mr. Maquarre, will play Rameau's Petite Suite No. 1 in D flat, Beethoven's Serenade, op. 25, in D flat, and Gouvy's sextet, op. 32. Mme. Hopekirk, pianist, will play old Scottish dances, and pieces by Chopin and Debussy.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery Brackett, soprano, will sing Thursday evening for the Women's Club, Jamaica Plain.

Under New York management, a Pascha Pardon will be presented at the Tuileries early in April, with Miss Clara Barteaux as soloist, assisted by Miss Wynna Blanche Hudson and Mme. Pianilli, pianist. A novel feature will be a Jataka Cycle by Miss Barteaux, who is well known here for former successes.

ELGAR'S "THE APOSTLES."

Edward Elgar's "The Apostles" was produced, so far as America is concerned, at New York Feb. 9, by the Oratorio Society and a choir from the Musical Art Society. Mr. Frank Damrosch conducted. The solo singers were Mrs. Cumming, Miss Spencer, Messrs. Bispham, Miles, E. Johnson and E. Wheeler. The work rather perplexed the critics. (Let us hope it is better than "The Dream of Gerontius"). The Tribune in the course of a long review: "A mere hearing, without painstaking and thoughtful study of the printed page, must leave the listener in a state of perplexity and bewilderment. It is much more remote in design and mode of utterance from the conventional oratorio than The Dream of Gerontius."

It would be a gratifying solution of an embarrassing problem could one accept such remoteness as a sign of greatness and indefectibility, but to do this is to make of music a mystery and of the composer an inspired seer, amenable to no precept of reason or canon of taste. To convey a complete idea of how Dr. Elgar has built up his work its every page would need to be analyzed, and there would come the ungracious duty of blending with praise for great and moving beauties much doubt as to the artistic value of many pages in the score. It is not often that the effect of spontaneity is borne in on the hearer's attention. The thought that is too frequently uppermost is that the invention of the themes and their employment have been the work of reflection."

RICHARD STRAUSS.

Richard Strauss, the foremost musician today in Germany and one of the most striking figures in the musical world, will visit Boston to conduct the Philadelphia orchestra in his own compositions at Symphony Hall March 7 and 8. He will make his debut in this country in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Feb. 23. There will be three supplementary orchestral concerts and only one recital, when Mr. Strauss will be the pianist. Mme. Strauss de Ahna, who accompanies her husband on this visit, will interpret his songs.

Strauss is now in his 40th year. His father was a famous horn player in Munich; his mother was the daughter of an equally famous man, Pschorr, the brewer. Richard received his first musical lessons at the age of 4 from his mother. At a later period he took further piano lessons from one Tombo and also instruction on the violin from Benno Walter. At the age of 6 he composed his first selection, a polka. This was followed by a Christmas song, of which he wrote down only the music, for the words had to be written in by his mother. In rapid succession followed songs, piano pieces, sonatas and an overture for orchestra. His first professional music teacher was Hofkapellmeister Fr. W. Meyer of Munich, who took his young student through a course of strict counterpoint.

The year 1880 saw the first performance in public of any of his compositions. They were three songs, sung by Miss Meyersheim. In the following year a string quartet was performed by the Benno Walter quartet, and shortly afterward Levi produced his symphony. It was this work which drew the attention of the entire musical world to the young composer. In the winter of 1883 an overture in C minor was produced by the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, and later the same winter von Buelow, who was then director of the Meiningen orchestra, produced his "Serenade," which was written for wind instruments.

Strauss makes sketches of his compositions while walking in the woods and fields in Markwortstein, in the Bavarian Alps, where he has a villa. His chief recreation is the game of skat in his country home or during the winter season in Berlin. In Berlin he can be seen almost every day at a cafe enjoying the game.

"Strauss gives one the impression of a man of might, yet he is extremely modest. He refrains from speaking of himself or his doings unless induced to do so. The work which he does would cause a less wiry man to collapse. He recently conducted 14 different concerts in as many days in the same number of towns, with a rehearsal for each concert which usually lasted from three to five hours. At one of these rehearsals, after going through the score of "Ein Heldenleben," he told a friend that the composition of this work occupied him a year and a half from

start to finish, and that the violin solo in it is a portrait of his wife."

PAULA SZALIT PIANIST

Mr. Bauer of the Daily News (London) has heard Paul Szallt, a young Austrian pianist, twice (Jan. 20 and 28) and he is enraptured.

"It is seldom that a critic is swept off his feet by the playing of a new artist. Indeed, so often are we asked to listen to singers and instrumentalists who have nothing but a certain technical aptitude, which, it may be, has been developed to an amazing perfection, that we almost forget what the word 'artist' means. We are perforce content with the mere shell of artistry, within which we do not expect to find anything but a shrivelled kernel. We are in the habit, too, of speaking of technique as if it should consist of mere finger dexterity in the case of a pianist, forgetting that the motive force of transcendental technique is a brain sensitive to beauty of tone, variety and nuance of rhythm and harmony—in fact, a brain sensitive to all that 'music' comprises. In the case of an Szybe, a Kreisler, a Paderewski, a Bachmann, or a Busoni, we are dimly aware that technique is something higher than mere dexterity. We feel that the wonderful command of expression and the delicate appreciation of tone-color which these artists possess, quite apart from their intellectual grasp of music, is nothing less than a gift—as much a gift as the sense of color in a painter.

"It is necessary to define what one means by technique in writing of the performances of Miss Paula Szallit. She came here heralded by enthusiastic notices in the continental press, but experience makes one rather doubtful of accepting such praise at its face value. German critics, for instance, are in love with piano playing which has not much more than force to recommend it. I cannot forget that Berlin was very tardy in accepting Busoni as a great technician, and that it lauds pianists such as Rosenthal at the Miss. Therefore, I did not expect that Miss Szallit would prove more than an astonishingly dexterous player. But the new pianist is far above that type of artist. Her finger technique is extraordinary, and her brilliant style of playing would gain her fame if she possessed nothing else. Such clearness and certainty are not everyday qualities in a pianist. The young artist—she is only about 17—has force as well, a force which never degenerates into mere noise, and never cuts through the tone of the piano. She is mistress of her instrument in every respect; she understands its genius. As far as technique in the ordinary sense goes, she has nothing to learn.

"Her phrasing had that quality of inevitableness which can never be the effect of the mediocre mind in music. Then, again, the beautiful quality of her tone and her singing legato were dictated by an uncommon musical nature; so, too, the subtle gradations of dynamic expression. What, her playing has a freshness and a spontaneity which give it a life of its own. These are the technical qualities of genius," I said at the outset, we do not cover by our usual use of the word 'technique.' Besides being gifted with the super-sensuous appreciation of the tonal meaning of music, which is the motive force for the attainment of transcendental technique, Miss Szalit has also the mind that grasps the inner meaning of the art; the spirituality that sees in it more than sensuous, tonal beauty.

In this direction her nature will grow, but already her playing shows artistic temperament.

"As a composer Miss Szalit was represented by four small pieces in the style of Chopin and Liszt. All of them are well-knit and of good shape—not at all the kind of thing we expect from a young musician. I cannot say I noticed any great originality of thematic material or of treatment, but none of the compositions is of that vague pianistic character we so often groan under in the writings of pianists (such as Paderowski's 'Theme Varié,' for instance). A Capriccio, indeed, has a musical life and vivacity of its own, and a little Impromptu a vein of real fancy."

MARIE HALL, VIOLINIST.
Last night (Jan. 22) at the St. James' Hall, Miss Marie Hall, who seems at this time more than any other English violinist to attract an English audience, gave a concert, in which she was daring enough to play the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, the Beethoven Violin Concerto, and the Tschickowsky Violin Concerto. While frankly owning that such a tour de force is remarkable in the extreme, we cannot help thinking that Miss Hall would have been extra-human had she been able to play each of these

masterpieces with an equal sense of art, and with an equal accomplishment of skill. As a matter of fact, we do not reckon ourselves among the out-and-out admirers of Miss Marie Hall's violin playing. She lacks the classical manner; which is as much as to say that, despite a very fine technical accomplishment, her tone is lacking in grandeur, and that she too often plays great works as if it were merely an exercise. Miss Marie Hall is a very strange musical study indeed; she seems to understand the fringe of a composer's meaning, and therewith she sets to work to interpret that fringe with the neatest, the most exacting, and the most definite of musical temperaments. * * * The concert, then, to make a general summary, was emphatically interesting, inasmuch as it once more revealed to the public a musical temperament which does not by any means depend for its success upon the beauty and significance of the work submitted to it for interpretation. Miss Hall is, in her own way, an artist, so far as such interpretation goes, simply because she is ready to follow the dictation and the encouragement of those who consider themselves fitted to take the place of interpreters between the great art and the public. Frankly, we cannot conceive Miss Marie Hall adopting an independent attitude towards the

FOR SINGERS.

Mr. Baughan heard three young singers in London Jan. 26, and he was moved to make these remarks: "I left the concert room with the intention of saying nothing about these young artists, for the simple reason that none of them was fit to be criticised as a fully developed artist. But, on second thoughts, a little advice may be of some value to all of them. That advice may be summed up in one word—study. It is natural enough that young singers should want to come before the public as soon as possible, and perhaps there is considerable training in singing before the public even if the artist is not ready for the ordeal, but I am afraid that most young singers look on a concert appearance as the beginning of their public career. For that reason criticism should not be too kind. It should also not be too encouraging when no hope meets are shown, for there is no hope for a singer who does not possess some distinguished talent of voice or musical intelligence. In the case of the young artists who made their debuts at the Bechstein Hall on Monday there is reason to believe, however, that close and constant study will enable them to do ultimate justice to their vocal gifts. But they must not imagine that they are ready to begin their career as artists."

Is Mr. Busoni, Who Gave His First Piano Recital in Boston This Season Last Night in Jordan Hall to Applausive Audience.

Adagio, Toccata and Fugue C major..... Bach-Busoni
Twelve études, op. 25..... Chopin
Prelude, Chorale and Fugue..... Cesar Franck
Three études d'exécution—
 Transcendante: "Appassionata,"
 F minor; "Harmonies du Soir";
 "Mazena"..... Liszt

He Arranges His Programmes First of All to Suit Himself

As of old, he delights in incredible programmes. It would not surprise us to hear of his announcement of two recitals devoted to Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum," with the once celebrated sonata, "Dido Abandoned," for a climax. He arranges his programmes, first of all, to please himself; he plays what he likes, and he would be surprised if

Whether transcriptions of Bach's organ music be made by Liszt, Taubert or Busoni, they are futile things. The organ effects cannot be reproduced on the piano; the music loses in grandeur, and its characteristic essence disappears. The transcription becomes merely a tour de force, and when this impression is salient, there is little thought of the music itself or of the grand place of effect the transcriber is obliged to introduce. Incongruous shades of error creep in, and do all sorts of extraordinary things. It cannot be repeated too often that Bach wrote much excellent and some marvellous music for the piano as well as for the organ.

If Mr. Busoni is not easily classed, it is also difficult to speak authoritatively concerning his interpretation. Concerning his mechanism, his digital nimbleness and strength, there can be no dispute. His technic so far as these qualities are concerned puts him in the front rank of performers. But technic also includes the indefinable something that vitalizes the notes on the page and leads the hearer to forget notation. The notes to the truly great pianist are only as necessary guideposts to a determined goal; they are reminders and warnings. They enter into the ideal interpretation, and the great interpreter is he that surprises the secrets of each composer, and by telling them to the audience enhances the glory of these composers. Mr. Busoni has studied deeply and undoubtedly in reverent spirit, but his own individuality is so dominating that Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Franck are as so many phases of the pianist's thought; they are "Busonized."

And so Chopin seemed last night as though in certain studies he were masquerading as a man of exuberant and reckless virility, and Franck was without his peculiar mystical thought and expression. It was often magnificent in a way—in Mr. Busoni's way—but we were continually reminded of what Mr. Busoni thought of the composers when we were eager to hear the voices of the composers themselves. The performance was brilliantly objective; there was little that was subtly subjective and suggestive.

The question then is this: Whether the revelation of Mr. Busoni's individuality is a satisfactory exchange for the emotional expression or the characteristic brilliance of the composers represented? This question must be answered by the hearer according to the demands of his own temperament. The programme chosen last night was not one to furnish all the evidence for a carefully meditated opinion, and as Mr. Busoni will play again next Friday and will soon be heard here with the Symphony orchestra, it is better to wait for further revelations of his art.

On Friday afternoon he will play Chopin's sonata in B flat minor, Beethoven's sonata op. 109, Brahms' variations on a theme by Paganini, and Liszt's Legends, "St. Francis Walking on the Water" and "The Sermon to the Birds."

Feb 20. 1904

HENRY AUSTIN CLAPP.

The death of Henry A. Clapp something more than a severe personal loss to intimate friends, associates, a mingling and instructed readers and hearers; it is a loss to the city; and, more than this, it is a loss to the theatrical profession at large. For, as student of the drama, lecturer and essayist, and above all, as the critic of plays and play actors, he thought nobly of the stage. As a Shakespearian student and lecturer he was characterized by patient and individual investigation, by a sane spirit of criticism directed toward the fuller comprehension and keen enjoyment of the myriad-minded playwright, and by an elegance of style that was free from pedantry and from any affectation. His reading did not cloud thought; his knowledge made him the more tolerant toward the recreances and the opinions of others; his own individuality was not dwarfed by close communion with the mighty.

Nor did his study of the drama at the height of its splendor make him ill at ease or petulant when he was called upon in the discharge of his duty as the critic of a daily newspaper to review ephemeral pieces that serve merely to amuse. The atmosphere of the theatre was congenial! to him: he loved the playhouse, and it was his delight to dis-

ever good wherever it might be. He sought anxiously for merit in actor and in play; he believed with Goethe that criticism is the discovery of excellence rather than the censure of evident weakness. A farce by an unknown author was studied by him as carefully as a comedy by Pinero, or a drama by Sardou, or a much discussed work by Ibsen, or one of the still more modern and radical school. An actor or actress of the most modest reputation was watched by him as carefully as he would observe the methods of Salvini or Jananschek. This generous impartiality was to him more than a duty; it was his pleasure.

For he had the great and abiding gift of enthusiasm, which broadened his judgment and vitalized his opinion; yet this enthusiasm was controlled by long observation and the truly critical spirit. Perhaps one of his most striking characteristics was a natural sweetness of disposition that endeared him beyond measure to them that were so fortunate as to know him; but this sweetness did not lead him in criticism to mere honey-daubing, to borrow the once famous term of Robert Schumann. Honest, fearless, not shaken in opinion by the roar of applause or the public bestowal of the laurel, he distributed blame as well as praise; but when he censured, it was as the rebuke of Art; it was not the arrogant or capricious objection of a writer who was more anxious to make an epigram than to state clearly and forcibly the truth. There was the weight, there was the authority of precedents, and a judge spoke from the bench.

His criticism when it was adverse was not destructive; it was stimulating and helpful, whether the point at issue were a question of elocution or stage business or some detail in the composition of a part. Many an actor has profited by the kindly advice couched in strong objection. A man of clean life and thought, a believer in ideals, Mr. Clapp could not abide that which was mean or low, and he had no patience with the immorality that sneaked behind fine sentiments. He was not finical, he was not prudish. He appreciated the fact that coarseness as it is now considered was once a characteristic of old English life to which the play was as a looking-glass; and as his sense of humor—that saving gift—was strong, he could more easily endure the frankness of old comedy than Gallic insinuation or German masking of vice in plausible sentiment.

His conscientiousness was such that he denied himself the pleasure of social intercourse with stage folk. Thus was he relieved from embarrassment and prejudice. Thus was he more truly the friend and helper of actors and actresses, who looked toward him as just and sympathetic.

His essays and lectures have charmed many and widened and deepened their acquaintance with the best in dramatic literature; his book of stage reminiscences has given entertainment and made many think better of the theatre; but his most valuable and, in the higher sense, most enduring work was in his contributions as dramatic critic to the daily newspaper. He was read for something more than amusement, for the curiosity to "see what he would say." His articles, admirably written, without undue attention to style and therefore in the clear and wholesome and persuasive English of a man who had thoughts that must be said, were a power in the community and gave him an enviable reputation in the world of actors. The influence that he exerted will not die with him. The stage itself is better for his life.

**MME. NORDICA
SINGS IN BOSTON**

Opening Damrosch Concert Given at Symphony Hall—Large and Enthusiastic Audience Hears Excerpts from Wagner's Operas.

The New York Symphony orchestra, Mr. Walter Damrosch conductor, assisted by Mme. Nordica, soprano, and Mr. Edward Johnson, tenor, gave the first of two concerts last night in Symphony Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme included these excerpts from Wagner's operas: The Prelude and Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin"; the Introduction, Cry of the Valkyrie and Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walkure"; Siegfried Passing Through the Flames, the Awakening of Bruennhilde and Her Entreaty from "Siegfried"; Siegfried's Rhine Journey and Funeral Music from "Die Goetterdaemmerung."

The production of "Parsifal" in New York has led, it seems, to a revival of interest in Wagner's other music dramas, for Mr. Damrosch, with his orchestra and Mme. Nordica, is going up and down the land giving long quotations from these works as in the old days when there was need of missionary work among the provincial heathen and then that sat in darkness. The people do not stop to inquire whether such performances are artistic, whether Wagner would have approved them or his thrifty widow would approve them.

Mr. Damrosch has long been considered by the people at large, as well as by himself, as one inspired with the true Wagnerian spirit; Mme. Nordica's voice and artistry are universally appreciated; and the people smell the Wagnerian battle afar off, the thunder and the shouting, and rush to the concert hall as they would to the opera house.

Nor had they reason last night to be disappointed. The orchestra was a large one and it played with much spirit. To speak in detail of the performance is unnecessary. The excerpts chosen were familiar to all, and Mr. Damrosch's enthusiasm is like the cloak of charity. When so many were stirred and delighted, analytical discussion of tempi and nuances would be futile. It may be said that the excellent features of the performance far outweighed the omissions and objectionable commissions.

Mme. Nordica was as one among friends, and had no cause to fear foreign levy or domestic treason. She would have been a superb apparition, even without the tiara, which she deserved to wear by reason of her impassioned song. The voice was as beautifully sonorous as of old; the interpretation was broader, even more dramatic, not without subtlety in detail, generous in revelation of womanhood. She was obliged to add to the length of the programme. Her interpretation of Richard Strauss' "Serenade" was not wholly satisfactory; for she did not fully grasp the aim of the composer, and the curve of melody was too often broken without reason and without effect.

The second concert will be given this afternoon, and it will begin at 2:15, not at 2:30, as hitherto announced.

MR. BUSONI'S RECITAL.

Selections from Beethoven, Chopin and Brahms Given at Jordan Hall.

Mr. Ferruccio Busoni gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a warmly applauding audience of good size. The programme was as follows:

- (a) Variations on "Weinen, Klagen".....Bach-Liszt
- (b) Two chorals.....Bach-Busoni
- (c) Sonata, B-flat major, Op. 109.....Beethoven
- (d) Sonata, B-flat minor.....Chopin
- (e) Variations on a theme by Paganini.....Brahms

The peculiar individuality of Mr. Busoni was again revealed in the character of his programme. What other pianist would dream of playing Liszt's variations except at a meeting of some Liszt Verein or at a memorial service in honor of the Hungarian abbe? And to follow these variations with transcriptions of two chorals by Bach and then the sonata op. 109! Prodigious! but a little wearisome.

Mr. Busoni again displayed the utmost proficiency in mechanism, and occasionally there were exhibitions of the higher technique which vitalizes mechanism so that a mood is established or there is emotionally poetic thought. There were beautiful effects in Liszt's variations, and the pianist's own transcriptions were played with a clearness and a nicety that were almost exasperating.

The performance of Chopin's sonata was as though the music had been taken from its proper atmosphere. There were the notes of Chopin in the first movement and in the scherzo, but the neurotic spirit of the composer was not in them. The performance of the funeral march reminded one of the useful little dictionary of all words but familiar. Mr. Busoni is a law unto himself, and works of the composers are subject to his law.

"FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE."

The performance of Mr. Homer Norris' "Flight of the Eagle," announced for last evening, has been postponed till March 1.



WAGNER-NORDICA SECOND CONCERT

Excerpts from "Parsifal" and Other Music Dramas Given at Symphony Hall, with Lectures at Intervals by Mr. Damrosch.

The second Wagner-Nordica concert was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted the New York Symphony orchestra; Mr. Archambault sang the music of Ambortas, and Mr. David Mannes played a transcription for violin of the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal." The hall was crowded. The programme was as follows: Overture and Elisabeth's entrance aria, "Tannhauser"; prelude, Procession of the Knights of the Grail, Ambortas's Lament, Kundry's song (act 2); Good Friday Spell (violin solo); "Parsifal"; Tristan's Vision and Death (arranged for concert by Walter Damrosch), prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde."

"Parsifal" the Expression Of Wagner's Religious Faith.

This entertainment was as moral as Artemus Ward's celebrated show, for Mr. Damrosch turned Wagner's Buddhist and Schopenhauerian opera into a Christian festival play. In the course of his explanatory remarks he laid stress on the Christian symbolism, on the communion service, on the knights banded together to serve Christian purposes, and he went so far as to quote some one as saying that "Parsifal" was the expression of Wagner's religious faith. Mr. Damrosch spoke in all sincerity, and so another might argue that "Parsifal" was composed to aid the cause of vegetarianism, or another that the drama was a plea for esoteric Buddhism. For the weakest of Wagner's music dramas needs props and supports.

Then Mr. Damrosch Sentenced The Orchestra to Hard Labor.

Mr. Damrosch said that it was not his intention to turn a concert hall into a lecture room, yet his explanations suggested the practised lecturer with the stereopticon. Views of the Temple, the Grail, the babbling Gurnemanz, Amfortas, who fell by the wayside, and Kundry, who beguiled him to his fall, would perhaps have been of material assistance in creating the much talked of "atmosphere so necessary to the comprehension of the music drama." The celebrated method practised by Mr. Squeers was followed, for after the audience and the orchestra were instructed as to the "meaning of the motives," the orchestra was sentenced to hard labor.

And all this in Boston, where "Parsifal" has been sung three times in concert form, where lecturers have explained every page! Mr. Lang planted, Mr. Krebbs watered, and now the increase has been given to Mr. Damrosch, who once protested in bitter language against the impressive production of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, but sees no harm in going up and down and across the land with excerpts from the sacred work.

The Orchestra's Performance Was of the Robust Nature.

The performance of the orchestra was robust. The 60 men felt the magnitude of their task and buckled themselves heroically to it. In the accompaniments there were some relieving passages of delicacy. Mme. Nordica was again in excellent vocal condition and she sang the Wagnerian solos with marked effect. Her interpretation of Schumann's "Nussbaum" was too episodic, too deliberately expressive, Mr. Archambault, who has a naturally agreeable and sonorous voice, left no doubt in the minds of the hearers that Amfortas was in sore distress. Mr. Mannes played the Good Friday transcription with much taste. The audience on the whole was not so enthusiastic as at the first concert; and with good cause, for the programme was not so interesting.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., violin recital by Miss Mand MacCarthy; Lesclapart's Sarabande and Tambourin; Bach's Chaconne for violin alone; two Romances, Schumann; Gurland's Caprice; Melodie, Tschakowsky; nocturne in E-flat, Chopin; Sarasate; Ronde des Lutins, Bazzini.

TUESDAY—Potter Hall, 8 P. M., last concert of the Knisel Quartet.

WEDNESDAY—Hotel Somerset, 3 P. M., song recital by Mrs. Tryphosa Batchelder, assisted by Mr. Andre Maquarre, pianist, and Mr. Krasselt, cellist. Songs by Campra, Mozart, Loewe, Saint-Saens, Lefebvre, Masse, Bernberg, Miss Long, Whelpley, Henschel, Meyer-Helmund. Cello solos by Bach, Schumann, Kopper.

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M., second Chickering production concert: Overture to "Inghenla in Aulis" Gluck; Bach's Concerto in D minor for three pianos (Messrs. Fox, Gebhard, Proctor); "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; "The Djinn," symphonic poem for orchestra and piano (Mrs. Eaton, pianist); by Cesar Franck (first time); songs by Gabriel Faure (Mrs. Julie Wyman); "Joyous" overture, D. S. Smith (conducted by the composer).

Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M., 4th piano recital by Mr. Carl Faellen: Fantasia and scherzo op. 16, Mendelssohn; sonata op. 109, Beethoven; Carnival, Schumann.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., second concert of the Apollo Club. Mr. Moellenhauer, conductor. Song of the Steinn, G. H. Cox, Jr.; Forsaken, Koschat; The Stars in Heaven, Rheinberger; Italian Salad, Genée; The Lost Chord, Sullivan-Brewer; Whispering Boughs, Kremsler; Serenade, Attenhofer; There Are Large Eternal Fellows, G. C. Gow. Mrs. Bradbury will sing Elisabeth's entrance aria from "Tannhauser," Leoncavallo's "December Night," Foote's "Irish Folk Song," and Mrs. Beach's "June."

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M., 17th Steinert Piano Player concert, with Mrs. Blanche Kilduff, soprano.

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M., second lute chamber concert (Miss Terry's series). Rameau Club (Messrs. Birnbaum, Mahn, Zach, J. Keller, K. Keller, A. Maquarre) led by Mr. Maquarre. Rameau's Little Suite No. 4, B-flat; Beethoven's Serenade in D, op. 27; Gouny's sextet, op. 82. Mme. Hopckirk will play two Scottish dances, Debussy's Ballade in F, Arabesque in G and pieces by Chopin.

Potter Hall, 8 P. M., song recital by Miss Bertha Wesselschoot Swift.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gerick conductor. Mozart's symphony in E-flat; Lyric poem, op. 20, Alkimenko (first time); overture to "Gwendoline," Chabrier. Mrs. Schumann-Helk will sing a scene of Andromache from Bruch's "Achilles" and two songs by Brahms, with viola and piano accompaniment.

Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M., piano recital by Miss Laura Hawkins. Saint-Saens' concert No. 5; d'Indy's suite, "Romance des Magiciens"; pieces by Bach, Handel, Zeta; witsch, Richard Strauss.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 11th concert by the Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

HYPNOTISM IN MUSIC WITH STRANGE EFFECT



FELIX WEINGARTNER

EDWARD LASSEN.

E. HUMPERDINCK.
SIEGFRIED WAGNER'S TEACHER.

Singular Experiments in Song Control on the Paris Stage; Siegfried Wagner's New Opera; Local Concerts and Recitals; Irish Bards of Old; Personal.



SINGULAR experiment was made on the stage of the Opera Comique, Paris, Jan. 25. A woman, "Mme. Magdeleine G.," clothed in a light blue peplum with loose hanging sleeves, sat in an armchair in a condition of hypnotic sleep superinduced by the magnetic skill of Prof. Magnin.

A sonata for violin and piano was played, the hypnotic soon stood up and showed extraordinary gifts of facial mobility and gesture, to which she is a stranger. It is said, when she is in a natural state. "All her gestures," Mr. Hugues Imbert, a writer of high authority, tells us, "were beautiful and natural, and they followed with remarkable fidelity the sentiments of mystical ecstasy and vehement passion expressed in the first two movements of Franck's fine sonata." Toward the end of the second movement there are violin figures of repeated notes which make a superb crescendo. The hypnotic also made a crescendo and went so far as to imitate a tremolo by quick movements of her stretched-out hands. Whenever there was a fermata or hold in the music, she was quiet from head to foot.

Illustrative Gesturing.

A planopce by Grig in the movement of a dance was played. There was a total change in the hypnotic's mood. She followed with a rare grace the music, and she reminded the spectators of Lole Fulla, "but a Lole not of this world, more mysterious."

Joseph Hollmann, the 'cellist, played the well-known air of Bach. Mme. Magdeleine G. knelt devoutly near him, listening, "as though the song came from heaven." Miss Cesbron and Miss Garden sang, and their vocal sentiments were reproduced in gesture with astonishing faithfulness. Mr. Chapuis improvised on the piano. The hypnotic anticipated the music, her gestures often preceded the quick changes of rhythm or tempo. Mr. Bremond recited an unfamiliar poem by Louis Boulihet, the friend of Flaubert. The hypnotic's translation into gesture was so strikingly literal that the play-actor was disturbed and exclaimed after the experiments were over: "She has superb and true gestures that are wholly new to me. Here is something unexplored."

"But it was especially in Siegfried's 'Funeral March,' Schubert's 'Erl King,' and Chopin's 'Funeral March' that her art rose to supreme heights. What a marvelous attitude when the sword motive sounds proudly! What a fall of the overthrown! What an arm extended toward heaven! What largeness in her grief! One could not help fancying how this woman with her mimetic talent would be a wonderful Kundry. She was terrifying in the 'Erl King' and in Chopin's 'Funeral March.'"



SIEGFRIED WAGNER.

But Is She Unconscious?

There are doubting Thomases in Paris who are unwilling to believe that Mme. Magdeleine G. is wholly under hypnotic influence when she performs these miracles. Her admirers waive the doubt aside as one that belongs to science rather than art. "Whether she be awake or asleep, conscious or unconscious, this woman is a grand and sublime artist in her way." And play-actors and painters and sculptors are urged to study her for the broadening and the elevation of their own respective arts.

It is a pity that Col. Pond is dead, but perhaps Mr. Daniel Frohman, who has of late years been interested in music in its various forms, will bring Mme. Magdeleine G. to this country. We should like to see her and her art in Symphony Hall, where she might begin with something easy, a Haydn symphony, and then display full sweep and variety by mimetic illustrations of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," or "The Death of Tintagles." And what extraordinary things might she not do during a performance of Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote"? It is not at all unlikely that during some orchestral pieces, which have been produced here this season, she would sleep quietly, but profoundly, and thus mirror the mental attitude of the audience.

The British Insular Eye.

The Paris correspondent of the Referee was a sifter in the seat of the scornful. He wrote in a spirit of persiflage and not in a spirit of love or keen scientific investigation.

"The medium," said this correspondent, and the term recalls Artemus Ward's "trans-Mejim," who assumed to be Benjamin Franklin before an "audience mostly composed of rather pale people, whose eyes I tho't rolled round in a somewhat wild manner."—"The medium was a very pretty woman, and Miss Mary Garden sings like a nightingale; but, from a scientific standpoint, the show undoubtedly lacked body. It was, of course, hypnotic, and not spiritist, so body should not have been lacking. We were invited to the Opera Comique by M. Magnin, professor of magnetism, who introduced Mme. Magdeleine to us, and declared with four white-kidded fingers and a thumb pressed in a confidence-inspiring manner on a diamond-studded shirt front, that the lady did not know what dancing was. Then he removed the virgin kids, and waggled fingers at her, and while a pianist played Franck's sonata and a Mazurka of Chopin, the medium danced. She danced extremely well, and she danced

better still, and let her hair down, when Mary Garden sang 'the Hair Motif' from 'Pelleas and Melisande.' But I don't know. I couldn't manage to be very much impressed. Who is to say that Mme. Magdeleine's shapely understandings were hypnotized as Trilby's vocal chords were, and that she never had had dancing lessons? The white-gloved M. Magnin did not look much like an expert of the light fantastic, anyway, and somebody, upon that stage knew how to dance."

Music as a Remedy in Disease.

For centuries music has been used as a remedy in sickness, and at the Charenton asylum medical experiments have been made lately, and with some success, on persons suffering from mental maladies. These patients were passive. This is nothing new. Dr. Jean Baptiste Lamarque, in his "Essai sur la Musique, Considerée dans ses Rapports avec la Médecine" (Paris, 1815), reported cases of mental disturbance as cured, or at least bettered by music, nor did he go back to the leading case of Saul and

David. He quotes an experiment made in 1776: "Catalepsy, characterized by the suspension of ordinary relations with exterior objects through the senses, by the fixing of the organs of movement, having a decided analogy to somnambulism and ecstasy—catalepsy, I say, has often been dissipated and the sufferers restored to active life by the sounds of lively and exciting music. Dr. Duval cured a woman of 60 years by having Christmas carols, which alone could move her, sung in her presence. He had tried in vain the bugle, the clarinet, and various shrill sounds; she remained insensible, but as soon as the 'Confiteor' was intoned she arose, clasped her hands together, and began to move in rhythm with the song. They profited by this, and they induced her to dance. The sick woman at the end of four days, and under the continued stimulus of this remedy, escorted her physician to her bedroom door; the next day she saw him to the street, and in so doing went down two flights of stairs unaided."

But Mme. Magdeleine G. is said to be a woman in perfectly normal physical condition.

Dr. Beaux's Experiments.

Mr. Imbert does not refer to Dr. Lamarche's treatise, nor does he apparently know the still more extraordinary experiments of Dr. Beaux, which were hypnotic and led to incredible results. The book of Dr. Beaux exists, however, for we have read it.

"De l'Influence de la Magnétisation sur le Développement de la Volx et du Gout en Musique," by J. J. Beaux, "Docteur en Médecine," is a pamphlet of 155 pages, with bright green covers, published in Paris January, 1855, by Edouard Garnot.

The first 45 pages treat of many things, among them Dr. Beaux and his wonderful cures, but there is nothing about the influence of magnetism on the voice. The doctor had a large practice as a "female specialist"—a phrase we heard lately used in good faith.

But on page 47 we are told that Dr. Beaux treated in 1811 a Miss A., 16 years old, and that he was in the habit of magnetizing her. She was extremely vivacious, but in a trance she was amiable itself, and in the abnormal state would purr into his ear. "Ah," says the good doctor, "how stupid men are that they do not magnetize occasionally their wives and thus make them sweet-tempered!" Dr. Beaux called her, when she was amiable, Zizine, "a name derived from a romance by Paul de Kock."

Zizine had a friend, "a lady of a name," named Maria, and the good doctor began to magnetize her, but Zizine was the more interesting patient, for she began to sing.

"Her voice was true and of liberal compass, but she displayed certain affectations. These faults disappeared only in her somnambulism, when, accompanying her with my finger, I showed animation. This happened when she sang one day an air of Mme. Matheran: 'Le Reveil d'un Beau Jour,' of which she was very fond. The first time she sang it I asked her if she knew it; she said 'No.' 'Do you wish to be reminded of it when you wake?' 'Yes, indeed,' said Zizine. 'I command you to remember this air when you wake,' and at the same time I put into her upper pocket paper on which I had written the words of the song. Soon after word she put her hand into her pocket and found the song, and she said: 'Well, here's a piece of paper in my pocket; it's a song.' 'Do you know the tune?' Zizine answered, 'Yes,' and started off bravely, but she stopped in the middle of the couplet and said: 'I knew the tune a minute ago, when I read the song.' I helped her, and she went ahead. 'I cannot understand how I know this tune,' she said; 'I have never heard it sung. Did you teach it to me when I was asleep?' I said I did, and she was pleased at having learned the pretty air while she slept. Her voice was so agile and flexible that it should have been heard in one of our large lyric theatres. The fault which I have mentioned disappeared, but at the moment I drew no conclusion from the singular fact. It was only after having made like observations in another case, that I convinced myself it was magnetism which bettered the voice when the patient was awake."

Curious Case of Brillantine.

Then comes a pathetic story of a working girl, whom the good doctor calls Brillantine. He made most entertaining experiments with her alone and with Zizine.

"In one of these seances, Brillantine, vexed at the constant praise awarded Zizine's voice, announced her intention of singing a little song, for she, too, desired applause; but she sang so badly that she did not dare to finish the first verse. You should have seen Zizine and Maria whispering together. They were mightily pleased! Some one said, 'Why don't you try to give her a fine voice when she's in a trance? You might succeed, for there are persons, who, in such a condition, acquire a voice spontaneously.' I gave the command, and we talked of other things. At the end of half an hour the somnambulist asked leave to sing again. There was silence, and she sang a romance; she improvised words and melody, and poured out all her love. Her voice was so sweet, so touching, her grief was so genuine that everybody fell a-crying, and they begged me to stop her. The woman who provoked this scene and had known Brillantine for some years was thunderstruck. 'How is it that when her voice was false in her natural state she sings delightfully in a somnambulist condition? What a misfortune that she will lose such a beautiful voice as soon as she awakes.' Zizine laughed no more, and said spitefully: 'It all depends on Dr. Beaux; he has only to order her to keep it. He forbade me to eat paper, and I have never touched it since.' I swore to myself never to ask Brillantine to sing after she was awake, so that no one could mock me if her voice showed no material improvement. I said to her imperiously: 'I order you, after you have left your trance, to keep the beauty that your voice has acquired in somnambulism.' Two months went by, and I did not see her, but I was told that her voice was beautiful. A woman said to me: 'Some time ago Brillantine was at the house of a friend, and there was

singing after dinner. Without any sign of confusion she sang a romance in such a sweet and expressive manner that furious applause followed."

The good doctor heard Brillantine some time after.

"What struck me the most was the art with which she placed and managed tones. Recalling the remark of Fetis, that when there were good masters of singing in Italy the messa di voce was a study of several years, I was astonished at seeing this young girl, without any apparent vocal inclination, and without study, acquire instantly this rare talent. When I heard her, I myself felt well; my breathing was freer, my breast moved in unison with hers, so that I could repeat mentally and without effort the song of the young virtuoso, who, like an accomplished prima donna, identified herself with the situation and the sentiments of the person whom she represented."

Exit Brillantine.

Tones Bettered by Hypnotism.

Enter Mme. F., a young woman, who was suffering from a cruel oppression at the pit of the stomach.

The good doctor was at once crazy to experiment with her voice. The widow was incredulous. Instead of going to sleep, she feigned death, and frightened Beaux nearly out of his wits. Nevertheless, he developed her musical taste. He played the flute to her, and soon she yearned to accompany him. In a somnambulist condition her voice gained in compass and purity. "At the end of six weeks it had the perfection of which it was susceptible." The learned leech added: "I have often heard in the opera house and in the concert hall singers of great talent, but they rarely afforded me as much pleasure as did Mme. F. The opera singers are obliged to sing airs that too often are beneath their ability or are worthless. Concert singers choose airs that suit the voice, but the majority of these singers, like performers on instruments, dream of ex-

teaching only difficult pieces, Mme. F. made no such mistake; she chose with taste, and sang with feeling. For 13 months she displayed this perfection; which she lost in an extraordinary manner. Some one said to her: "You have not taken much trouble in acquiring your voice; you owe it to magnetism." Wounded in her pride, she answered: "Ah, but I sang well before I was magnetized," whereas she sang like a pig. One day at dinner, before there was any talk of magnetism, she sang a song of eight dreary verses, and—Lord!—with a tone and expression! It was impossible for her to have any illusion in the matter. My first thought was to punish her for her ingratitude; then I thought punishment would be too severe; yet the next time I magnetized her I could not help thinking: "You deserve to lose your voice; but I shall content myself with indifference." At the end of two or three weeks I noticed that Mme. F. could no longer sing some of her favorite songs; the four highest tones vanished; soon those that remained were impure. Yet there was no disease of the vocal organs, nor was there sickness of any kind. (From which it appears that magnetism restored equanimity at the pit of her stomach.) "By way of experiment I tried to bring back her voice. The tones that remained were a little truer, but there improvement stopped."

The good doctor added a long note, in which he quoted from many authorities, from Aristotle to Descartes, from Cuvier to the elder Garcia.

Practical Suggestions.

Dr. Segond, in his "Hygiene du Chanteur," advises plenty of sleep: "The singer not only burns up carbon; the lively emotions provoked by music, the energetic passions which he searches to portray, cause him to expend much more nervous force than is spent in ordinary conditions of life." The singer should sleep many hours, and at night. When he awakens, the mind is calm; there is depth in his observation, his spirit is receptive. He should choose that moment to study a part, an impersonation, a situation; to devise effects. The middle of the day should be given to real life, "and when the fever or night comes to exalt his imagination, to kindle in his heart lively affections, burning desires, he will perform with all his soul, that which he worked over in the morning with all his mind." But not a word about magnetism or somnambulism or hypnotism as a means of improving tone production; not a reference even in a foot note to Dr. J. J. Beaux. Ah, this professional jealousy! Yet teachers in Boston may well profit by the experiments made in Paris, both by Dr. Beaux and by Prof. Magnin. "Tone production taught through hypnotism" may soon make local teachers illustrious throughout the land. It may even drive out the "only true Italian method" that is now taught by so many.

LOCAL.

A municipal concert will be given in Faneuil Hall on Tuesday evening at 8 P. M. The orchestral pieces, conducted by Mr. Kanrich, will be by Adam, Tellam, Waldeufel, Mascagni, Ardit, Gounod. Mr. Enrico Fontana, tenor, will sing arias from "Luisa Miller" and "Carmen," and Mr. Rudolph Toll, clarinetist, will play a concert scene by Pohl.

The New England Conservatory of Music, G. W. Chadwick, director, announces the fourth public performance of the school of opera, Thursday, March 10, at 2 o'clock, in the Boston Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Oreste Bimboni, with a chorus of 60 voices and a full orchestra. The programme will consist of scenes from these operas: "Faust," "Carmen," "Aida," Bimboni's "Santuzza," "Traviata," "Rigoletto." Subscriptions will be received until Tuesday, March 1, and seats will be allotted in the order in which subscriptions are received. The public sale will open on Thursday, March 3, at the box office of the Boston Theatre. The proceeds of this performance will be devoted to free scholarships in the opera school. Mr. Bimboni's "Santuzza" is a continuation of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and it was introduced at Palermo in January, 1895. The part of Santuzza will be taken by Mrs. Cabot-Morse.

Alfred Reisenauer will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall March 5. His playing at concerts with the Philharmonic Society of New York and in recitals has awakened the enthusiasm of critics, as well as of general public. No pianist has of late years made such a sensation in New York by legitimate means. Mr. Reisenauer was born at Koenigsberg Nov. 1, 1863. He studied at first with Koehler, and then for several years with Liszt. His fame in Europe was established long ago.

The sudden illness of Mr. Wood, who was to sing the baritone part of the "Flight of the Eagle" in Huntington Chambers Hall last Friday evening, necessitated the postponement of the performance till the evening of March 1.

The organist of the Emmanuel Church, Newbury street, has arranged a series of free organ recitals to be given at the church Mondays throughout Lent, at 4.15 P. M.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, March 6, at 7.30. Mrs. Kleski-Bradbury, soprano, Miss Janet Spencer, contralto, Mr. Glenn Hall, tenor, and Mr. Gwynn Miller, bass, will be the soloists. The society will have the assistance of a large orchestra. Mr. William G. Tucker will play the organ. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer will be the conductor.

Private advices from Berlin state that the Strauss concert given there Jan. 13, at which Dr. Richard Strauss conducted some of his greatest works, was not

only the most notable, but likewise the most largely attended concert of the season. Hundreds were turned away. This is one instance of a prophet who is not without honor in his own country. Strauss and his wife will probably reach this country Monday. He will be received in New York as a semi-public guest. The shortness of this American tour is necessitated by his engagement as conductor of the Bavarian music festival, which will take place at Regensburg on May 22. This will necessitate his sailing from New York the first week in May. The coming of this eminent conductor and composer is truly an event in the musical history of this country. Now we may judge for ourselves as to the power of this revolutionist, who has thrown so many bombs

into the well fortified camps of modern music. No city which he will visit will have a better opportunity of judging him than Boston, where he will conduct the Philadelphia orchestra in two concerts on March 7 and 8. Strauss' most intimate friend in this country is Herman Hans Wetzel, conductor of the Wetzel orchestra in New York, with which Strauss is to make his first appearance. In a letter to Conductor Scheel, after hearing the orchestra in New York last season, Mr. Wetzel said: "Your orchestra is extraordinarily trained. But I was especially impressed with the nicely calculated contrast of the various numbers of the programme by which you secure a clearness of interpretation that I have seldom heard. Then it was a great pleasure to hear so pure a tone and tune in the wind and, moreover, such an excellent technique and a careful phrasing."

The Elsa Glee Club will give a concert in Association Hall Thursday evening, March 3. This club of female voices is made up of 15 well trained voices. Mrs. E. I. True is the conductor. The programme will include a variety of part songs and solos.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach has been invited to give a piano recital at one of the concerts at the St. Louis exposition.

The fifth of the Arbos quartet concerts has been postponed till Friday evening, March 11, on account of the Richard Strauss concert on March 7.

The third club will be given at Potter Hall on March 7. A small orchestra will assist, and the programme will be of peculiar interest.

A new requiem mass, written by Mr. John P. Hession, organist at St. Patrick's Church, Roxbury, will be given at the memorial services Washington's birthday, next Monday forenoon at 9.30 o'clock, in St. Patrick's Church, under the auspices of the Mt. Pleasant council, Knights of Columbus. Mr. George E. Whiting of the Church of the Immaculate Conception will be the organist, and Mr. Hession will direct the choir.

Pupils of Mrs. Etta Edwards will give a song recital in Stenert Hall on Friday evening, March 4.

Mme. Hopekirk will give a piano recital in Stenert Hall on Saturday after-

DEBUSSY'S "FAUN."

Claude Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" will be played at the Chickering production concert at Chickering Hall next Wednesday night. The music was suggested by Stephen Mallarme's fantastically obscure poem published in 1876, and the piece itself was first played in Paris, Dec. 23, 1894, at a concert of the Societe Nationale. It was played here by the Orchestral Club April 1, 1902, and at Cincinnati, under Mr. Van Stucken, a month or so ago.

The paraphrase by Edmund Gosse of Mallarme's poem may now be helpful:

"This is what I read in it: A faun—a simple, sensuous, passionate being—wakens in the forest at daybreak and tries to recall his experience of the previous afternoon. Was he the fortunate recipient of an actual visit from nymphs, white and golden goddesses, divinely tender and indulgent? Or is the memory he seems to retain nothing but the shadow of a vision, no more substantial than the 'arid rain' of notes from his own flute? He cannot tell. Yet surely there was, surely there is, an animal whiteness among the brown reeds of the lake that shines out yonder? Were they, are they swans? No! But Nalads plunging? Perhaps!"

"Vaguer and vaguer grows the impression of this delicious experience. He would resign his woodland godship to retain it. A garden of lilies, a golden-headed, white-stalked, behind the trellis of red roses? The effort is too great for his poor brain. Perhaps if he selects one lily from the garth of lilies, one benign and beneficent yielder of her cup to thirsty lips, the memory, the ever-receding memory may be forced back. So, when he has gluttoned upon a bunch of grapes he is wont to toss the empty skins into the air and blow them out in a visionary greediness. But no, the delicious hour grows vaguer; experience or dream, he will now never know what it was. The sun is warm, the grasses yielding, and he curls himself up again, after worshipping the effaceous star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstasy into the more hopeful boskages of sleep."

The programme of this Chickering concert is of peculiar interest, for Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "The Djinn," will be played here for the first time, and Mrs. Julie Wyman will sing these songs by Gabriel Faure: "Au Cimetiére," "J'ai presque peur," "Rencontre," and "Les Roses d'Isphahan." Mr. Smith's "Joyous" overture will be played here for the first time, and there are also pieces by Bach and Gluck.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER'S "KOBOLD."

A Berlin correspondent of The Herald writes, Feb. 1:

Siegfried Wagner's new opera "Der Kobold," was produced last night before a large and enthusiastic audience at the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg. Among those present were the leading senators

and merchants of the free city, newspaper representatives from all parts of the world, some of the foremost managers of German theatres and leading composers. In a front box sat Cosima Wagner, with her daughters. The eldest Countess Gräfin resides in Florence, Isolde is the wife of Musical Director Beidler of St. Petersburg; Eva, the youngest, is unmarried, and Daniela is the wife of Prof. Thode, at present the rector of Heidelberg University. The rector was also present. Among others were Humperdinck, Siegfried's teacher; Director Elmblad, manager of the Stockholm Royal Theatre; Balling, the successor of Felix Mottl in Carlsruhe. Already after the first act, if the judgment of an audience can be considered authoritative, the opera was a success, for the composer and the leading performers were called before the curtain eight times, and six times after the second act. But the greatest demonstration was after the final act, when Wagner and his players appeared eighteen times. In spite of this somewhat boisterous demonstration, the leading critics of Germany who attended the performance, say that "Der Kobold" can hardly be called a great work.

The composer in his opera has endeavored to unite the real and the fantastic; but, viewed from the dramatic standpoint, this attempt is unsuccessful. The work consists of a number of effective stage pictures, but these are hardly sufficient to make up a drama. The opera is filled with numerous obscure references which one cannot understand, unless one reads the text. A melodious prologue opens the opera. A goblin, called "Seelschen" (little soul) begs the sleeping heroine Verena, to redeem him.

Hear me, Verena!

Hear my woe,

Let me cling to thee, oh fair one!

From disgraceful pain release me.

If you had pity, if you had courage,

You would not fear blood.

My breast is cut by two knives.

Oh, if you would only draw the same,

Only then on earth can I find peace!

The goblin laments, throws a shining stone, a talisman, into Verena's lap and disappears. She is awakened by old Eckhart; she tells him her dream, and speaks of her love for Friedrich, a wandering singer and actor. Verena's mother, a bad woman, is opposed to the love match, and Friedrich, who wishes to be faithful to Verena, is drawn into the net of a countess, who robs Verena of the talisman, by which she hopes to win the love of Friedrich. The count is a scoundrel, who has become rich through bribes received from Napoleon.

He invites Friedrich and his wandering troop of actors to appear at his castle. In the second act, Verena's fate grows darker, and leads to her death. There is a performance in the count's castle. Verena appears as a nymph, who followed by fawns, is saved by Eros, personified by her lover, Friedrich. The count seeks to win Verena with money, and when he uses force, she wounds him with a dagger. Trutz, a member of the company, accuses himself of the act. In "The Ring," the ring which proved a curse to Brunnhilde, is thrown into the Rhine. In "Der Kobold" Trutz throws the goblin's talisman into a lake. A small figure dives into the deep and floats with the stone into the air. In the same moment appears Seelschen, the goblin, and laments: "Be quiet. No laughter! Oh, sorrow and pain!"

In the last act we learn the symbolism of the goblin. Eckhart describes the souls of little children, who cannot die, because they cannot find rest. The henchmen of the count look for Trutz; they wish to put him to death, but, as they are cowards, they set fire to the shanty in which the actors are quartered. Before the burning shanty a fight ensues; Friedrich is in danger of being killed, when Verena jumps between the contestants and receives the blow. Released of all her earthly troubles, her death brings deliverance to the goblin.

The music in the new opera is best in the orchestral episodes, and in the purely lyrical scenes. The best song is in the first act: "I hear the charming singing of a bird, so beautiful was never heard." "Der Kobold" has many interesting themes, but it lacks musical and dramatic intensity.

[This is Siegfried Wagner's third opera. "Der Baerenhaeuter" (Munich, 1899), and "Herzog Wildfang" (Munich, 1901) were unsuccessful. Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote of him before the performance at Hamburg: "Nothing seems to daunt, not even the production of 'Baerenhaeuter,' and subsequent criticism, not even the average view accepted by critics on his conducting powers, the determination and ambition of Herr Siegfried Wagner. A similar characteristic, of course, distinguished his celebrated father; but in the one case there was the solid groundwork of immortal art for justification, and in the other there is—well, what is there? Herr Wagner's new opera is now practically completed, and Hamburg has been selected as the place of production. Such perseverance as his should not be passed by without a word or two of praise; but it is pathetic to think that so great an energy should so often accomplish such small results. Industry, however, must always command respect and attention, and one may hope that the young artist may, in the end, do something worthy of his great name."—Ed.]

STRAUSS' "THE CHILDLIKE."

Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" was performed under Richter's direction at London Feb. 2. Mr. Blackburn wrote as follows: "It is extraordinary to consider how simple, how natural and how utterly childlike is the music of Richard Strauss. You listen to your Beethoven, and there-with you feel the amazing complexity of a great human brain, an extraordinary sympathy with the human race which was contained within that brain, and the intricacy which produced this wonderful and soul-searching music. With Strauss it is very different; his

simplicity, his absolute denial of complexity of form, his search after sheer beauty without any sort of demand upon one's intelligence, his romantic ideas, not always fulfilled in his music, but at the same time well meant, well intended, are exceedingly interesting. Last night his work was very well played. Mr. Percy Pitt accompanying at the organ. Strauss is amazingly naïf; he is simply the expression of childlike thought in music. Of course he is clever; of course, he has a most complete intention, but it is absurd to think of Strauss as a complete musician, as one who really understands the fulfilment of the art which he claims for himself so intimately. Whether he sings the song of 'The Men of the Back

World,' or of 'The Great Longing,' or of 'Joys and Passions,' or 'The Grave Song,' or of 'The Convalescent,' or of other ordinary matters, he does not do otherwise than sing the song of sheer childishness, of sheer irresponsibility, of absolute forgetfulness of the things which make this mournful life of ours tend toward the realization of that which is to be, but that which we know not yet has come to be. Richard Strauss is one of the most teasing musicians of the time. Simple we have called him, because his simplicity is so obvious and his meaning is often so clear, but his orchestration is extremely intricate, so much so that it is almost impossible to conceive how a man can combine this sheer simple inspiration of commonplace melody with an absolute complexity of accompaniment. At the same time we cannot help treasuring a feeling of kindness for one who really attacks the spirit of the world with such enterprise and with such determination as that which inspires the feeling of Strauss. That he is a great man needs no reiteration, but that a great deal of his work is absolutely as cheap as anything that music can give to mankind is a matter beyond contradiction."

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Siegfried Wagner, whose new opera "Der Kobold" is described by a Berlin correspondent; of Engelbert Humperdinck, Siegfried's teacher, but who is better known as the composer of "Hänsel and Gretel," which was produced in Boston at the Hollis Street Theatre (Jan. 21, 1896), with Maria Elba and Jessie Huddleston as the two children; of Felix Weingartner, the conductor who won the warmest praise in New York at the Philharmonic concerts Feb. 12, 13, 16—his symphonic poem "King Lear" was played there for the first time Feb. 16; of Eduard Lassen, who died recently at Weimar in his 74th year; and of Cesar Franck, whose symphonic poem, "The Djinn," will be performed here for the first time at the Chickering production concert Wednesday night. The picture of Franck is from a portrait by Jeanne Rongier and represents him seated on the organ bench in Sainte-Clotilde, Paris. Lassen, born at Copenhagen, studied at the Brussels Conservatory, where he took the prix de Rome. From 1861 to 1895 he was court conductor at Weimar as Liszt's successor. He composed operas, ballets, music to stage plays, cantatas, but he is best known by a few songs, as "It was a dream." A London newspaper considered him in 1904 as a musical prodigy, for it said: "The musical world has sustained a severe loss in the death of Eduard Lassen, which has just occurred in Weimar, at the age of 44."

Miss Otte Chew—Phoebe, what a name!—a violinist, pupil of Messrs. Gompertz, Sauret and Joachim, will make her debut in London at a Richter concert March 1. She played last fall at Berlin with the Philharmonic orchestra.

Miss Marie Schwerer, a young pianist of Oxford, who has studied under Reinecke and Weidenbach at Leipzig, made her debut in London Feb. 5. "At present," said Mr. Baughan, "she has not much style, and in general she is immature."

The New York Sun tells this story about our old and esteemed friend Calve and Aino Akte: "They do say all the opera troubles came about because a prima donna who would sing Margaret but couldn't, without Mr. Conried's consent, met the prima donna who could but wouldn't without her voice. It was at the stage door. The elder fixed the debutante with her astronomical eye. 'Aha!' she exclaimed; 'I can see you're Finnish.'"

Mr. Blackburn is the author of this subtle criticism: "The problem of Saint-Saëns is yet to be solved, although the parable which should involve that problem was set out some years ago by the composer's deliberate disappearance into the Canary Isles. The point was: Where shall we find him? And the canary is an imitative bird."

William A. Wegener, tenor, of Milwaukee was engaged by Mr. Savage for his grand opera company after he had sung "Lohengrin" on a two hours' notice. If we are not mistaken he sang the same part suddenly at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Wegener studied in Germany for Wagnerian parts.

Dohnanyi has been playing the piano in London.

De Pachmann gave a "Sonata recital" in London Feb. 6, and played Mozart's "Turkish March" sonata, Beethoven's "Waldstein," Schumann's G minor and Chopin's in B flat minor.

Mr. Naval, the tenor, who has sung at the Metropolitan as George Brown and Faust, has been unfavorably criticised by all the leading critics. The Sun said of his Faust: "His phrasing was something remarkable at times, and so was his intonation. The gentleman seems to be for others this will have to be a cultivated taste. Alas, poor Faust! Always a sentimentalist and a gallant, he has generally been well supplied with the graces of song. Mr. Naval's alternations of vocal harmonics with explosions of the glottis were novel and not

lower half.

The Prince of Wales recently invited Hubert Parry, Mackenzie and Edward Elgar to dine with him, and London newspapers are eager to know whether the guests gave their views on "state-of-the-art" to his royal highness.

Mr. Baughan, deploring the fact that Mr. Charles Clark, the American baritone, did not draw a large audience Feb. 3, remarked: "But it is useless to chide London amateurs for their neglect of great artists—among whom Mr. Clark must be numbered. Even a D'Albert, after a triumph at the Queen's Hall, did not half fill St. James' Hall at the last popular concert, and Ysaye does not draw the audience his great gifts should have attracted."

It is said that Mr. Henry J. Wood of London has been offered the position of conductor of the Pittsburgh orchestra.

Auguste Maillart has finished a tomb for Augusta Holmes. The tomb bears the Muse in mourning, who pays the last homage. "With a dolorous gesture she tries to repress her sobs, while one hand wanders distractedly over the lyre, silent forever."

Frans Coenen, violinist and composer, who visited this country with the pianist Henr. Herz in 1818, died lately at Leyden, at the age of 77.

IRISH BARDS OF OLD.

Mrs. Milligan Fox lectured lately in London on "The Evolution of Irish Folk Song." The Pall Mall Gazette gave this synopsis: "In the course of her paper Mrs. Fox mentioned that there was evidence that our Irish music had its origin in the East. The bards of Ireland ranked next to the king, and wore one color less than that worn by royalty. Their training lasted for 10 years. The pride of the bards rose at one period to such an extent that they wished to equal the king, and to wear the royal pin. King Hugh of Ulster refused this privilege, and resolved to suppress the bards. St. Columkille, however, came from Iona to obtain their pardon, and they were only temporarily banished. The bards were trained at the four great colleges—Lismore, Armagh, Ardagh and Cougher. The Irish Cruth harp had 28 strings; Brian Boru's harp was studded with precious stones. It was sent with his crown as a present to the Pope, and it was in Rome until the reign of Henry VIII., when it was sent as a present to him by the Pope. Henry VIII. did not value it, nevertheless he put it in his coat-of-arms. Queen Elizabeth suppressed the bards, but employed an Irish harper named Donald John Dowlands. The court musician at the Danish court was Irish, and it is said he supplied Shakespeare with some of his songs. He died in 1626. Both his parents were Irish, and he was born in Kildare. At the Plantation of Ulster the Scottish settlers set their psalms to old Irish airs. The Cromwellian settlers sold 8000 Irish women and children to the West Indian planters as slaves, and Mrs. Fox has found that the old Irish airs are still sung in the West Indies."

Feb 23, 1904

VIOLIN RECITAL BY MISS M'CARTHY

Gave a Varied Programme, Which Tested Her Temperament and Taste as Well as Mechanism, in Steinert Hall Yesterday.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mr. Max Zach was the accompanist. The programme was as follows:

Sarabande et Tambourin.....Leclair
Chaconne in D minor.....Bach
Two Romances.....Schumann
Caprice.....Grieg
Melodie.....Tschakovsky
Nocturne in E flat.....Chopin-Sarasate
La Ronde des Lutins.....Bazzini

There was an enthusiastic audience of fair size. Miss MacCarthy's programme was varied, if not novel, and it tested her temperament and taste, as well as her mechanism. She played the Tambourin by Leclair, at first a ballet dancer, and afterward a famous violinist, who was murdered mysteriously, with true Celtic spirit and dash, yet we should have preferred a little more delicacy in the interpretation. Her performance of the Chaconne was more than satisfactory; it was in many respects an illuminating example of serious, noble artistry.

In the lighter pieces she showed romantic feeling, which was not allowed to go into extravagance or sentimentalism. On the whole the recital was of a higher order of excellence than the one she gave last season, and it is a pleasure to record the fact that Miss MacCarthy has developed, after she had already reached a point of proficiency where some would have rested content.

A concert of such a character on Washington's birthday is unusual in this city, and it leads one to an inquiry into Gen. Washington's musical disposition. Nero and Richard III., strenuous rulers, were fond of music. Nero, as the leading virtuoso of his period, has already been discussed at length in The Herald. Richard III., delighted espe-

cially in sacred music, and instigated a revolution concerning choir boys. Napoleon sang frightfully out of tune, and was an inveterate whistler, but he was a passionate lover of music especially the operas of Paisiello. But how about Gen. Washington? Alas, we know little or nothing about him. There is a tradition in Virginia that Gen. Washington played the flute. Perhaps the thought! It is true that the royal robber, Frederick the Great, carried his native cruelty to such an extent that he not only practised diligently the use of the instrument, but also wrote pieces for it. These pieces were applauded vigorously by those obliged to listen to him, and when he played there was a general shout, "Apollo lives in Sans-Souci!"

But to associate Washington, that figure of awful, superhuman dignity with a flute; to think of those grave lips applied to a water-logged instrument with resultant tootle-tootle; this is rank blasphemy. And we know that American dentistry, when he flourished, was sadly imperfect, possibly on account of the democratic objection to crowns of any sort.

There is also a tradition that Washington was slightly acquainted with the violin. Thackeray represents him in "The Virginians" as able to distinguish "Maibrook" from "God Save the King," and wondering that a gentleman of George Washington's condition should set himself to such effeminate business as playing the harpsichord.

Washington at least was not afraid of music; for here in Boston at the Stone Chapel on Oct. 27, 1779, dressed in a suit of black velvet, he listened with heroic patience to airs by Handel, music by Selby and the oratorio of "Jonah."

Feb 22, 1904

A LETTER OF COMMENDATION.

To the Editor of The Herald.

The claim of your paper that regular readers of your editorial page secure by that reading a "liberal education" has a daily justification.

A notable instance of the ability shown in this department is found today in the article upon the character and services of Henry Austin Clapp.

It is in every way worthy of its illustrative subject. In the justice of its comment, the insight of its appreciation and the reasonableness of its eulogy it takes high rank, while its literary style and eloquent diction are remarkable in a work which must have been written "off-hand."

No matter what may later be said of Mr. Clapp in memorial service or extended biography, nothing is likely to appear that will do better justice to this gentleman and scholar in an equally graceful and convincing manner. You may be indifferent to individual opinions, but will, perhaps, allow one which calls for no acknowledgment, and is simply an inadequate attempt to express a very genuine admiration.

Feb. 20, 1904.

EDWARD A. CHURCH.

Feb 24, 1904

THE LAST KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERT

Sgambati's Quintet Given, Revealing to Boston the Composer as a Germanized Italian—Mr. Harold Randolph Was Pianist.

The sixth and last concert of the 19th season of the Kneisel quartet was given last night in Potter Hall. Mr. Harold Randolph of Baltimore was the pianist. The programme was as follows:

Piano quintet in F major, op. 4.....Sgambati
Andante from quartet in D, op. 11.....Tschakovsky
Lento, op. 25, No. 7.....Chopin-Franco
Quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131.....Beethoven

Sgambati's quintet is not familiar to the general public of Boston, but, as is the case with his later works, it reveals the composer as a Germanized Italian. What would have happened to Sgambati if he had not become interested in him at Rome? Would he have sought the bubble reputation on the operatic stage? Would he have developed the melodic thought and the southern warmth which now are sadly missed, his Italian birthright, which, however small or great it was, was apparently sold for a mess of German pottage? Such speculations are interesting, if futile.

We have a right to demand of an Italian graceful and flowing or impassioned melody, natural and irresistible rhythm and dash. It occurred to Verdi to write a quartet for strings. The work is not profound but it is put together with no mean skill, and the composer did not attempt to disguise his handwriting.

Verdi Was Too Great a Man to Affect the Style of Another.

His music is honestly Italian in contour and character of melodic thought, in rhythmic forms, in color. For Verdi was too great a man to affect the style of another, and he was content with the musical atmosphere his side of the Alps.

Sgambati's quintet gives one the impression of a musician attempting to express himself in a language that was at first foreign to him and then painfully acquired. Some have professed to discover in nearly all his more im-

portant works the influence of the Russian basileia; but it is rather as if a man that tries to rise above his natural thoughts. He considers national expression as a series of solecisms. He would fain be "intellectual" in his music, after the alleged manner of the Germans; but in his acquired speech his thoughts are labored or tentative and he is generally ill at ease. He invents harmonies, he contrives unusual rhythms, he makes all sorts of experiments; but he is seen at work even while the music is playing. His art is at the best an exhibition of ingenuity, and the exposition of it soon wearies the hearer. This quintet is as a thing manufactured solely for foreign use in the hope that the implied equipment will carry conviction.

The Kneisels exerted all their charm of tone and power of general artistry, but they could not give the appearance of beauty and strength to that which is inherently dry and artificial. Mr. Randolph played with a certain facility, but with little sentiment, color or any characteristic of marked individuality.

The Andante Never Sounded So Beautiful as Last Night.

Tschakowsky met Sgambati at Rome, and was pleased with the man and his playing, but he wrote that he could not endure his music. It was eminently fit, in view of this burst of frank opinion, that the famous andante of the Russian should follow Sgambati's quintet. This andante, based on a folksong which the composer heard at Kamenka in 1869, never seemed so beautiful in its melancholy tenderness as it did last night. The applause of the audience was spontaneous and long continued, and there was a like appreciation of Mr. Schroeder's fine performance of the 'cello solo in Franco-homme's transcription of Chopin's etude for piano. The interpretation of Beethoven's quartet brought the end of this series of concerts, which, as in years past, were among the true and memorable musical events of the season.

The Kneisels embark March 3, and give their first concert in London this season March 18 in St. James' Hall. They will give concerts in Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Bournemouth. They go to Holland about Easter, and will give 10 concerts in that country, two at Amsterdam and two at The Hague. They may possibly go to Norway. Messrs. Kneisel and Svecenski will return to this country for the summer; Mr. Schroeder will spend the summer at Paris, and Mr. Theodorowicz will visit Vienna. The quartet will give concerts in Boston next fall, and leave in January, 1905, for concert work in France and Germany.

Feb 25, 1904

A MIXED CONCERT OF WIDE RANGE

Second Chickering Production Concert Includes Ancients and Moderns—First Time Here of Cesar Franck's "The Djinn."

The second of the Chickering Production concerts under the auspices of Messrs. Chickering & Sons was given last night in Chickering Hall. Mr. Lang conducted. There was a deeply interested audience of fair size; this audience was appreciative and at times enthusiastic. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis".....Gluck
Concerto in D minor for three pianos.....Bach
Messrs. Proctor, Gebhard and Fox.
"The Afternoon of a Faun".....Debussy
"The Djinn" for piano and orchestra.
Mrs. Eaton, pianist, first time, Cesar Franck Songs, "Au Cimetiere," "J'ai presque Peur," "Poema d'un Jour," "Les Roses d'Ispahan".....Gabriel Faure
Mrs. Julie Wyman.

Joyous overture, first time, conducted by the composer.....D. S. Smith
A Variety of Compositions From Ancient to Modern.

This was an exceedingly interesting concert. There was an act of homage to the ancients; the radical wing of the modern French composers was well represented; and there was encouragement extended toward the American composer, not as an American but as a composer; for we know of nothing more injurious and absurd than the attempt to throw the mantle of protection over the young American musician as though he were in the same class with tin plates and beet sugar. The composer of any nation is inclined to show the peculiarities of the sensitive plant.

Mr. MacDowell is fundamentally right in his position; if an American's work is worth playing, it should be heard in a concert in which Europeans are represented; it should not be included in a pariah programme. The question should never be one of nationality; it should be concerning the intrinsic value of the music itself. An American composer may, like the lamented Col. Yell of Yellville, seize every opportunity to declare his undying devotion to the American flag and yet write weak, or dull, or weak and dull music.

Gluck's overture with Wagner's coda is so nobly Greek in its contour and atmosphere that it seems as though it must have been written for the ancient solemn tragedy rather than for a French court and a Parisian opera house. It breathes the antique spirit,

yet it is more modern today than many works by composers now living. "L'eternal pain!" "Eternal pain!" Yet now serene and therefore all the more intense the expression of a tragedy in which the dwellers on Olympus did not disdain to play their parts.

It is a good thing after the rage for transcriptions for the piano of Bach's organ music to hear music written designedly by Bach for a piano or for three. The concerto is not without its tedious passages, especially in the first movement, where there is so much of the routine of the period, but the finale is delightful and it was played in the true spirit.

Debussy's orchestral pastel was produced here last season at a concert of the Orchestral Club, and that performance was more delicate, more cunningly colored, more poetic, than the one of last night. The Herald published last Sunday Mr. Gosse's argument of Mallarme's extraordinary poem which suggested the music. We do not believe that the composer intended to follow the poem in detail, for he is by nature and by art an impressionist. The Faun remembers the laughing and consenting Nymphs. Have they gone from him forever? By an effort of the will he can recall their grace and beauty. The dream of an amorous Faun, the recollection of an afternoon never to be forgotten. And with what exquisite art has Debussy conveyed his impression to the hearer! This is true music in its vague charm and melancholy; in its shifting, yet ever present, beauty of form. The occasional incongruous robustness of the performance revealed to the student the more clearly the inimitable skill of the workmanship.

Cesar Franck's "The Djinn"

Is Both Bold and Original.

Cesar Franck's "The Djinn" is an illustration of Victor Hugo's poem in "Les Orientales," the poem that is a long crescendo, climax and diminuendo in meter and diction. The lonely one in the quiet night hears the approach of the evil dwellers in the air; they invade his home; they threaten his body and soul; his trust is in Allah, for he is in his hands and to him he must return; the friends leave him, and the night is again at peace.

There may be question concerning the success of the musical illustration if one peers anxiously into panoramic detail; but, as an impression, this symphonic poem is singularly effective by reason of boldness and originality of thought and command of musical rhetoric. Mrs. Jessie Downer Eaton's task was by no means easy, but she displayed both musical imagination and technical proficiency. She played with a dash and a brilliance that enhanced the effect of the valingorous virtuoso. The enthusiasm aroused by her performance was only a just tribute.

Mrs. Wyman's voice showed at times the effects of the "good, old-fashioned winter" for which some have longed, but it was, nevertheless, a pleasure to hear her. For she has more than a rich and haunting voice, more than uncommon technical skill; she has the gift of interpretation in the grand style which we are often led to think is now merely a tradition. There is no singer on the concert stage, so far as this country is concerned, who is to be compared with her for velvet quality of tone, for technic that permits spontaneous interpretation, for the indefinable quality which moves and thrills by the revelation, not so much of an individual woman's soul as of the soul of womanhood. "Au Cimetiere" and "Les Roses d'Ispahan" are songs of the very best rank. The accompaniments were at times too much in the foreground, and there was now and then an undue hastening of the movement to the detriment of composer and singer.

Mr. Smith's overture shows a certain amount of invention and fancy; it is episodic and there are passages that are merely academic padding; yet he had something to say, and he said it in his own way.

The programme of the third concert, March 9, will include J. K. Paine's overture to "The Birds," Saint-Saens' "Suite Algerienne," Horatio Parker's rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, "Cahal Mor," Hutcheson's piano concerto (played by the composer), MacDowell's "Saracens" and "The Beautiful Alda." Again an unusually interesting programme.

MR. FAELTEN'S RECITAL.

Mr. Carl Faelten gave before a large and interested audience in Huntington Chambers Hall last evening his fourth piano recital. The programme was as follows: Caprice, op. 16, No. 1; Scherzo, op. 16, No. 2, Mendelssohn; sonata, op. 109, Beethoven; Carnival, op. 9, Schumann. Mrs. Reinhold Faelten's introductory remarks were lucid and helpful. She referred briefly to Beethoven's reversion to a simpler form of composition after having carried other forms to the highest perfection. The romantic legend connected with the composition of Schumann's Carnival and the early history of how these musical gems were so coldly heard by the public added not a little to the enjoyment of the programme.

Mr. Faelten played in his well known authoritative and masterly manner and was heartily applauded.

Trophos & Bacheller's
Concert at 402 E
Somerset.

2nd & 3rd Floor
Mrs. S. B. 2nd Floor
Soloist

Feb 26, 1904
**SECOND LENTEN
 CHAMBER CONCERT**

Rameau Club's Initial Appearance
 Before a Good Sized Audience
 in Chickering Hall—Scottish
 Dances Played by Mme. Hopekirk.

The second lenten chamber concert of Miss Terry's series was given yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. There was an audience of good size. The programme was as follows:

Suite No. 4, B flat.....Rameau
 Piano solos—

Two dances from Scottish MS...17th Century
 Arabesque in G.....Debussy
 Ballade.....Debussy
 "Jardin Sous la Pluie".....Debussy
 Serenade in D, op. 25.....Beethoven

Piano solos—

Mazurka, etude
 Valse, "Berceuse".....Chopin
 First serenade for flute and strings, op. 82. Gouvy

The Rameau Club, Mr. Birnbaum, first violin; Mr. Mahn, second; Mr. Zach, viola; Mr. J. Keller, cello; Mr. K. Keller, double bass, and Mr. A. Maquarrie, flute, under the direction of Mr. Maquarrie, made its first appearance. The suite by Rameau, with the exception of the third movement, which has a delicate emotional quality, is only of antiquarian interest, although it might serve to stimulate conversation in a room filled with perfumed women and potted plants. The serenade by Beethoven for flute, violin and viola is also music of ancient days, when pieces of this kind pleased sitters at table or a petty prince's pride.

The Serenade of Gouvy was written for the Philharmonic Club of New York and played at its concert in that city, March 26, 1890. Gouvy wrote a second serenade, a more serious work, for this club. The first is without pretension, and is for the most part amiable in its routine, although the larghetto has an earnest character and the finale is not unlike that of the "Symphonie breve," by the Germanized Frenchman. The suite by Rameau might have been played with greater precision, more marked rhythm, and with more euphony. No doubt the club will improve in ensemble with practice.

The Scottish dances played by Mme. Hopekirk have the true "Hoot, Mont!" flavor, but whether they were worth the revival is another matter. The pieces by Debussy show stages of development. The Arabesque was composed in 1891 and is orthodox in form and in harmonic treatment. The Ballade, a charming piece, is more characteristic of the Debussy of today, and "Jardin Sous la Pluie," is one of the "Estampes," a collection of three pieces published lately. This "Jardin Sous la Pluie" is highly impressionistic, and the atmosphere of the piece is not unlike that remarkable song "There Are Tears in My Heart as There's Rain on the Town," one of the "Ariettes" by the same composer. The old French melody, "Nous n'Irons Plus au Bois" is introduced skilfully of this estampe.

May we not hope to hear from Mme. Hopekirk, who plays the music of Debussy with rare appreciation and sympathy, his Suite Bergamasque and the companion pieces of the "Jardin"? For this music is a welcome change and relief; it suggests beautiful thoughts; it makes one forget the materialism of so much that goes in the catalogue as music. And in these respects it is to be classed with the compositions of Chopin and Schumann at his best.

At the concert next Thursday afternoon Mrs. Julio Wyman and Mr. Francis Rogers will be the singers.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

A Lyric Poem by Pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov to Be a Feature of Today's Programme.

The programme of the 16th public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon will include an unfamiliar piece, a Lyric Poem, by Akimenko, one of the younger Russian school, a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov. The piece is a development of a theme of purely lyric character. Akimenko has written pieces for various instruments and piano, songs and a "Schurzo Phantasie" for orchestra. The Lyric Poem was composed in 1898 and published in 1903.

The other orchestral pieces are Mozart's symphony in E flat, with which the concert begins, and the overture to Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline." The overture portrays the Danish hero Harold and might be called a symphonic poem.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink will sing Andriache's Lament from Bruch's "Achilles" and two songs by Brahms with viola and piano accompaniment. The second of these songs, "Cradle Song of the Virgin," was sent by Brahms as a christening gift to the first born son of the Joachims, who was named Johannes after the composer.

The programme of the concert March 4-5, will include Schumann's B flat major symphony; the entracte from Vincent d'Indy's new opera, "The Stranger" (first time); and the overture to "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Busoni will play Saint-Saens' piano concerto No. 5, and Liszt's "Danse Macabre."

Feb 28 1904
**DR. RICHARD STRAUSS
 IN BOSTON NEXT WEEK.**



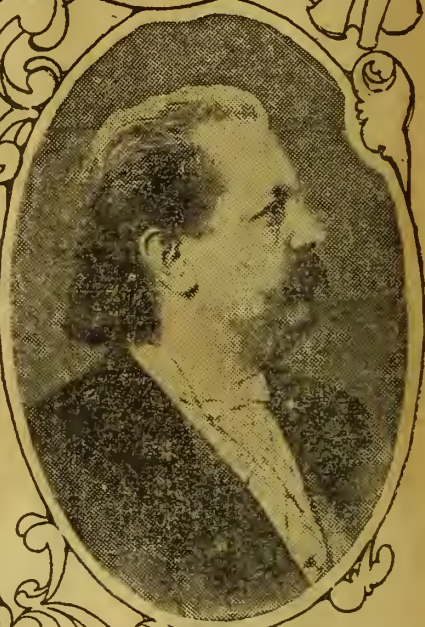
**FRITZ SCHEEL,
 CONDUCTOR.**

RICHARD STRAUSS.

**PAULINE
 STRAUSS DE AHNA.**



**LUCIENNE BREVAL,
 IN "THE STRANGER."**



**ALFRED REISENAUER,
 PIANIST.**

**Sketch of the Career of the Great German Musical
 Composer and Conductor; His Work, His
 Style, His Tone-Poems and His Personality;
 The Chickering Concerts, an Extra Handel and
 Haydn Concert; Other Musical Events.**



RICHARD STRAUSS—Dr. Richard Strauss—to add the title conferred on him last year by the University of Heidelberg, will visit Boston as conductor of his own company in concerts of the Philadelphia orchestra at Symphony Hall Monday evening, March 7, and Tuesday afternoon, March 8. With him will come his wife, Pauline de Ahna, who created the part of Freilind in his opera "Guntram" at Weimar in 1894. Composer and soprano were married that year.

His coming is more than an ordinary event. Tschaikowsky conducted in 1891 at the dedication of Carnegie Music Hall, New York, but he was not a guest of this city. Dvorak conducted his Requiem mass at a Cecilia concert (Nov. 20, 1892). Rubinstein was known here first of all as a pianist; von Bülow was a composer only by courtesy.

Bruch conducted his "Arminius" at the Handel and Haydn festival of May, 1883, and in 1879 Arthur Sullivan conducted his "Prodigal Son." There were Johann Strauss and others. But it is safe to say that no composer of such singular prominence as Richard Strauss has ever visited Boston to conduct his own works or those of another.

A Short Sketch of His Career.

Strauss was born at Munich June 11, 1864. His father Franz was a famous horn player, a member of the Court orchestra, a most conservative musician. They say that he once played a horn part in one of Wagner's operas so wonderfully well that the composer remarked: "Well, Strauss, you cannot be so much of an anti-Wagnerian as they make out, you play my music so beautifully." "What has that got to do with it?" was the grim answer. Richard's mother was a daughter of the great brewer Pschorr, and from her he took his first piano lessons. Then he studied the piano with a harpist, August Tombo, and the violin with

Benno Walter. As a boy, Richard composed dances, songs, piano pieces, sonatas, and even overtures for orchestra. He studied composition with Fr. W. Meyer, court conductor at Munich. When he was 16 three songs by him were sung in public. In 1882 and 1883 he studied at the University of Munich. The next winter was spent in Berlin. His serenade in E flat, for wind instruments, was played in many cities by the Meiningen orchestra, under von Bülow, who, thus interested in Strauss, started him on his career as a conductor by engaging him as assistant conductor at Meiningen, and when von Bülow resigned his post, in 1885, Strauss succeeded him. In 1886 he was appointed third conductor at the Munich Opera House; from 1889 to 1894 he was court conductor at Weimar. In 1892 he nearly died from inflammation of the lungs, and he spent a convalescent's year in Greece, Egypt and Sicily. In 1894 he was appointed conductor of the court opera at Munich and in the fall of 1898 he was called to Berlin as conductor of the Royal Opera House, which position he still holds. His home is in Charlottenburg. In 1896 he began his career of wandering and virtuoso conductor, for he conducted concerts, chiefly of his own works, at Brussels, Liege and Moscow. His first appearance in London was at Queen's Hall, Oct. 7, 1897.

Gradual Development of Style.

As a beginner, the composer of "Ein Heldenleben" walked in the narrowest and most orthodox path. He spoke of his early years to a representative of the Musical Times (London): "My father kept me strictly to the old masters in whose compositions I had a thorough grounding. You cannot appreciate Wagner and the moderns unless you pass through this grounding in the classics. Young composers bring me voluminous manuscripts for my opinion on their productions. In looking at them I find that they generally want to begin where Wagner left off. I say to all such: 'My good young man, go home study the works of Bach, the symphonies of Haydn, of Mozart, of Beethoven, and when you have mastered these art works come to me again.' Without thoroughly understanding the significance of the development from Haydn, via Mozart and Beethoven, to Wagner, these youngsters cannot appreciate at their proper worth either the music of Wagner or of his predecessors. 'What an extraordinary thing for Richard Strauss to say,' these young men remark, but I gave them only the advice gained by my own experience."

Strauss then, in his life, was influenced by Schumann, and, as a result, by Brahms. But Alexander Ritter (1853-1896), a violinist and composer at Munich, who had married a niece of Wagner, spurred him to individuality of expression. "Ritter," says Strauss, "was exceptionally well read in all the philosophers, ancient and modern, and a man of the highest culture. His influence was in the nature of a storm wind. He urged me on to the development of the poetic, the expressive in music, as exemplified in the works of Liszt, Wagner and Berlioz. My symphonic fantasia, 'Ans Italien' (1885), is the connecting link with the old and the new methods." The first of the remarkable series of tone poems, "Macbeth" (1887), although its opus number is 23, while that of "Don Juan" (1889) is 20.

His Works as Known in Boston.

All of the important works of Strauss or orchestra have been performed here with the exception of "Macbeth," and his new work "Symphonie Domestique," which will be produced at New York March 9. They were produced here in his order at concerts of the Symphony Orchestra: "Italy," Dec. 22, 1883; symphony in F minor, Jan. 6, 1900 (this symphony was played for the first time and a manuscript at New York, Theodore Kuchar conductor, in 1884); "Don Juan" (1889), Oct. 31, 1891; "Till Eulenspiegel" (1894-95), Feb. 22, 1896; "Death and Apotheosis" (1889), Feb. 6, 1897; "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (1894-95), Oct. 30, 1897; "A Hero's Life" (1898), Dec. 7, 1901; "Don Quixote" (1897), Feb. 18, 1904. "Italy" has been performed twice at these concerts; "Don Juan" three times; his symphony twice; "Till Eulenspiegel" twice; "Death and Apotheosis" three times; "Thus Spake Zarathustra" twice; "A Hero's Life" and "Don Quixote" once each. Preludes to acts I and II of "Guntram," Nov. 9, 1895; a transcription of the love scene from the opera "Feuersühn," March 8, 1902; Burleske in D minor for piano and orchestra (1883?), April 18, 1903, Mr. Gebhard, pianist. His sonata for cello and piano, his piano quartet and his violin sonata have been played here; his "Enoch Arden," a melodrama, was produced here by Messrs. George Riddle and B. J. Lang; Mr. George Hamlin has given memorabilia Strauss song recitals, and some of his songs have been sung by visiting and local singers.

Literature Provoked by Him.

What a commotion this man has stirred up in the whole musical world! What articles, pamphlets for and against him have been published in various languages, and yet he is only in his 40th year. Not only professional music critics have entered the lists, but such men as Mr. Arthur Symonds have nodded or shaken wise heads. And to what extremes have some gone. Dr. Erich Urban, in his "Strauss contra Wagner" (1902), was so narrow and so fulsome in partisanship and praise for Strauss at Wagner's expense that the former rebuked his unbalanced adherent and characterized his pamphlet as "execrable." The learned Prof. Dr. Karl Krebs wrote a savage review of the pamphlet for Der Tag, whereupon the enthusiastic and abusive Dr. Urban sued for damages, and recovered the sum of 5 marks.

There are these pamphlets besides the one just mentioned: "Richard Strauss," by Gustav Brecher; "Also Sprach Zarathustra," by Hans Merian, a long study of the modern programme symphony (Leipzig, 1900); "Ein Heldenleben," by Roesch and Koenig; "Don Juan," "Tod und Verklärung," "Wanderer's Sturmlied," "Till Eulenspiegel," by Wilhelm Manke; "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote," by Arthur Hahn; "Macbeth," by Hermann Teibler, and there are others.

And what do not these German commentators discover in Strauss' music? They remind us of the deep thinker seen by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver at the grand academy of Lagado. "The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with spotty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt and skin were all of the same color. He had been for eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that in eight years more he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this has been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them."

Character of Tone Poems.

Strauss is not in the habit of giving an elaborate and explanatory programme to his tone-poems. In "Macbeth" we find the annotation "Macbeth" to a vigorous motive which may therefore be considered as the personal theme of the composer's hero. At

another point in the score is the annotation "Lady Macbeth," with this quotation: "Hie thither, that I may pour my spirits in thine ear; and chase with the valor of my tongue all that impedes thee from the golden pound, which faith and metaphysical aid hath seem to have crown'd thee withal!" a quotation that is by no means familiar. There is apparently no attempt to make a condensed version in music of Shakespeare's tragedy; there is a dedication of Macbeth's character; and Lady Macbeth is introduced episodically. Strauss' "Don Juan" is a musical portrait of Lenoar's hero—the man who arches for the ideal woman, who finds her not, and, jaded and disgusted, allows himself to be killed in a duel, three extracts from the poem serve as

commentators have attempted to follow the hero step by step, and Mr. Baughman was much pained to learn that his programme was altogether inaccurate, which led Mr. Newman to remark in an excellent article on "Programme Music": "To my mind, the final subject on the four horns in 'Don Juan' is much more veritably heroic, vigorous, without a trace of suspicion of 'showing off.' Now, both Mr. Baughman and myself learn, to our surprise, that Strauss meant it to represent Don Juan staggering into the ballroom with intoxicated gaiety," and Mr. Baughman, aggrieved beyond measure, rushes to the wild conclusion that "here we have the inherent stupidity of programme music." With all respect, I beg to differ; here we have only the inherent stupidity of asking us to listen to descriptive music without giving us the key to the thing described. It is as if Mr. Baughman, having discovered a girl in the dark, and then discovered when the lights were turned up, that he had got hold of the wrong girl, should petulantly declare that this showed the inherent stupidity of the kind; nor does it show that we make a blunder here and there in our interpretations of a composer's intentions prove that programme music is a delusion and a snare."

"Death and Apotheosis" has an explanatory poem by Alexander Ritter, descriptive of a dying man's recollections and last struggle; but it is said that this poem was written after the composition was completed.

Strauss' Own Comments.

When Strauss was asked by Dr. Wuellner—who first conducted "Till Eulenspiegel"—for a short explanatory programme, he answered: "It is impossible for me to furnish a programme; were I to put into words the thoughts which its several incidents suggested to me, they would seldom suffice, and might even give rise to offence. Let me leave it, therefore, to my hearers to crack the hazel for them. By way of helping them to a better understanding, it seems sufficient to point out the two 'Eulenspiegel' motives, which, in the most manifold disguises, moods and situations, pervade the whole up to the catastrophe, when, after he has been condemned to death, Till is strung up to the gibbet. For the rest, let them guess at the musical joke which a Rogue has offered them."

And of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Strauss said: "I did not intend to unite philosophical music or portraiture, Nietzsche's great work, musically. I meant to convey musically an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Uebermensch."

Yet Strauss prefixed to each section of his score an allusion to a portion of Nietzsche's book. As Mr. Newman well says: "Nietzsche has a chapter 'On Science.' Strauss gives this title to one part of his tone poem. Does he not mean to convey to us there the musical equivalent of the philosopher's bitter complaint, and, if so, is he not emphatically writing philosophical music? As for literary ideas, with what else does the 'Don Quixote' deal? There is not a phrase in it that is not the most lifelike representation of some character or other, or some phase of that character; this is precisely the thing that makes it 'Don Quixote,' and not merely a series of 'variations on an original theme.'"

Furthermore, there are strange inconsistencies in his score of "Don Quixote," to the precise intention of each variation, but he does give the clues in his arrangement for piano, four hands.

The commentators have cudgelled their brains over the "meaning" of "A Hero's Life." The longest, deepest and thickest pamphlet is by Roesch, with 70 thematical illustrations and a descriptive poem by one Eberhard Koenig; but Strauss once said, it is reported: "There is no need of a programme. It is enough to know there is a hero fighting his enemies." Yet Strauss told an English friend that the violin solo in this tone poem is a portrait of Mrs. Strauss: "You have never met her; but now you know her quite well, and when you go to Berlin you will be able to verify this."

Absolute or Programme Music?

Is it true, as some insist, that Strauss does not follow Liszt in his theory of the symphonic poems, and therefore discards the Lisztian title, preferring the term "tone poem," wishing the world to hear his music as absolute music?

It has been said that Strauss chose the appellation "tone poem" for these compositions to mark the predominate importance of the purely musical character; that he repudiated the word "symphonic" to show that he did not fear to abandon the guiding thread when he plunged boldly into the tonal labyrinth; that his musical poems are subjective, untainted by the material objectivity into which too definite programmes lead the composer. It is true that these works of Strauss have no detailed programme, and that titles are used as hints to suggestions, not as maps, nor even as inexorable guide posts. On the other hand, the music itself is by no means music that exists through very independence of form, and is ruled by laws of development even when the subject suggests a special color or tendency. This later music of Strauss seems to be governed by a fancy that is heated by a programme which is fully and clearly in the mind of the composer, and is not given to the hearer for his advantage.

The melody of Strauss is chiefly diatonic, and melodic invention is not his strongest characteristic. As a melodist he is nearer Brahms than Wagner, Weber, Tschalkowsky, Verdi, and his themes are often commonplace. It is not cheap and vulgar; yet they have a common physiognomy, and they are in-

dividual. Strauss is not a virtuoso, rather than a virtuoso. As a developer of themes, as a polyphonicist, Strauss is a virtuoso of amazing brilliance, and whatever may be thought of his aims and recklessness, his wildest ideas are by no means without a certain utility. His inspiration is not a versatile; his thought, wherever it is directed, wears the same face. His orchestration is almost always interesting. Is his polyphonic art? Is not his genius sometimes hidden by fumes of "Dionysian drunkenness"? Such is the opinion of Mr. Jean Marnold, and we sympathize with it.

Music, or a New Art?

There are some who claim that Strauss has gone beyond Wagner; that he is the founder, not of a new school, but of a new art. Their eulogy is frenetic. Nor do they hesitate to proclaim Strauss as the hero of his "Hero's Life."

Others, as Claude Debussy of Paris, rub their eyes, question their ears and applaud Debussy's words after a hearing of "Till Eulenspiegel": "This piece is like an hour of new music at the madhouse—clarinets describe distracted trajectories, trumpets are always muted, horns foresee a latent sneeze and hurry to say politely, 'God bless you!' a bass drum makes the boom-boom that it clatters the clown's kick and gesture; you burst with laughter or howl in agony, and you are surprised to find things in their usual place, for if the double bass blew through their bows, if the trombones rubbed their tubes with an imaginary bow, and if Mr. Nikisch were found seated in the lap of an acrobate, all this would not surprise you. But in spite of all this, the piece is full of genius in certain ways, especially in the prodigious surety of the orchestration and the mad spirit that sweeps one along from beginning to end."

And thus are men divided, and thus is there wrangling in families, wordy war on account of music, which to thousands of well-to-do and estimable citizens is nothing but a succession of more or less displeasing sounds.

A Most Commanding Figure.

Beyond doubt and peradventure Richard Strauss is the most commanding figure today in the world of music. He reigns supreme in Germany; in Russia there is Rimsky-Korsakoff; in France there are d'Indy and Claude Debussy and Gabriel Faure, but they have not excited the attention of the world, although their posterity may rank Debussy higher than Strauss; the Italians are still bent on stage fame, and Verdi, seated with the Muses, smiles at the attempts of the young school; Dr. Elgar in England is applauded for pouring new wine into old bottles; Grieg, like Saint-Saens, has said his say; Loeffler, a composer of unique imagination and consummate skill, is not yet known throughout the world; MacDowell, now that he is released from bondage, may take his proper seat among the great; but Richard Strauss is at present the hero of the day, a hero with a perplexing question mark.

Strauss Programmes of Next Week.

The programmes of the two Strauss concerts in Symphony Hall will be as follows:

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 7.
Symphony in D major No. 2.....Brahms
Songs with orchestra—
(a) "Mehem Kinde."
(b) "Muttertandelet."
(c) Wiegellied.....Strauss
Mrs. Strauss de Abna.
"Till Eulenspiegel".....Strauss
(Conducted by the composer.)

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 8.
A "Faust" Symphony.....Liszt
Songs with orchestra—
(a) "Das Rosenband."
(b) "Leibes Hymnus."
(c) "Morgen."
(d) "Caecilie".....Strauss
Mrs. Strauss de Abna.
"Death and Apotheosis".....Strauss
(Conducted by the composer.)

The orchestra will be the Philadelphia orchestra of 100 men with Mr. Fritz Scheel as conductor.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Stelbert Hall, 8 P. M. First concert by the Carolyn Belcher String Quartet (Miss Belcher, Miss Sarah K. Corbett, Miss Mary Ellis, Miss Charlotte White), assisted by Mme. Suza Doane, pianist. Beethoven's quartet in C minor, op. 18, Emilie Bernard's quartet for violin and piano, op. 34, Dvorak's quartet in F minor, op. 96.

TUESDAY—Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M. Homer Norton, "The Flight of the Eagle" (text by Walt Whitman), Miss Florence Wood, soprano; Mr. Ray Finel, tenor; Mr. Franklin Wood, bass; Mr. Gordon Mitchell, pianist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Boston Singing Club, Mr. Tucker conductor. First performance here of C. H. H. Parry's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M. Third Lenten chamber concert (Miss Terry's series). Mrs. Julia Wyman, contralto; Mr. Francis Rones, baritone.

Friday Hall, 8 P. M. Third and last concert of the Hoffman Quartet; Haydn's quartet in D major, op. 64, No. 5; Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin (Mrs. Beach and Mr. Hoffman); Grieg's quartet.

Association Hall, 8 P. M. Elsa Glee Club (female voices), Mrs. E. L. Trice, conductor. FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerike, conductor. Schumann's symphony No. 1, in B flat major; Saint-Saens' concerto for piano, No. 5 (first time at these concerts); extracts from d'Indy's opera "The Stranger" (first time); Liszt's "Dance Macabre" for piano and orchestra; overture to "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Busoni will be the pianist.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. First appearance of Mr. Alfred Reisenauer, pianist. Bach's fantasia in C minor; Scarlatti's pastoral and capriccio, themes and variations, Handel's presto C major, Haydn's rondo in A minor, Mozart's sonata, op. 111, Beethoven's Schumann's carnival; Chopin's nocturne in C minor, op. 48, No. 1, value; C sharp minor, etude G flat major, op. 25, No. 3.

concert. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

PERSONALS.

The Herald publishes today portrait of Richard Strauss and his wife, Lucienne. Mr. Scheel, Mr. Reisenauer and Lucienne Breval. Mrs. Strauss is the daughter of the Bavarian general, Adolph de Abna, and was born at Ingolstadt in Bayern. Against the will of her father, she devoted herself to still very young to art, and after a still earlier study with the late Richard Strauss at Weimar. She had studied with him only half a year when she was engaged as juvenile dramatic soprano. She made her debut at Palma, after which she appeared as Elizabeth, Elza, Agatha, Santa, Isolda and Leonore. In 1891 she was chosen by Cosima Wagner to create the part of Elizabeth at Bayreuth. In 1894 she sang with the greatest success in Bayreuth. The crowning success of her career was her creation of Freilinde in "Guntram." She then withdrew from the operatic stage and has since devoted herself to the singing of her husband's songs. She has won success in Germany, Austria, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and England.

Fritz Scheel was born at Lubeck, where, at the age of 19, he conducted a juvenile orchestra. He went to Leipzig and studied violin playing under Ferdinand David, and was afterward concert master of the Bremen City Orchestra. Some years later he was made director of the Municipal Orchestra in Chemnitz, Saxony. In 1899 he went to Hamburg, and alternated with von Bülow in conducting the subscription concerts. In 1903 he came to the United States and led concerts at the World's Fair, and from there went to San Francisco. He was first called to Philadelphia as conductor of an orchestra at Woodside Park, and he was made conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra when that organization was put on a substantial basis.

Lucienne Breval, who was admired here as a member of Mr. Grau's company, took the part of Vita in the Parisian production of d'Indy's latest opera, "The Stranger" Dec. 4, 1903. The entracte from the opera will be played at the next symphony concert. The opera was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, Jan. 7, 1903.

A sketch of Mr. Reisenauer's career has been published in The Herald. It is enough to say at present that he is ranked among the great pianists of Europe, and he will make his next appearance in Boston Saturday afternoon. It is said that Jean de Reszke will become a French citizen, with an eye to the directorship of the Opera Paris.

Aino Akte made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Feb. 20, as Marguerite. Her voice is a lyric soprano, light and white. She sings with skill and without warmth. A pretty woman, she has little dramatic force.

The Chicago Journal (Feb. 20) said of Patti's "last final farewell" at the Auditorium Feb. 29: "The madame, presumably, will be as 'spry' and in as good voice as upon the last occasion that we had the felicity of hearing her. This precious heirloom of the 19th century, however, may be seen and heard at a less costly rate this time than ever formerly within the memory of the oldest grand-dad. Instead of \$5 per seat, the best sittings will be sold at \$3 each. At the 'farewells' continue, we may hear the Baroness Cederstroem's voice for what it is worth."

Mr. Blackburn blows the horn for Edward Elgar in this extraordinary fashion: "He has been true to himself; he has at no time allowed himself to falter; he has steadily worked, perseveringly realized his singular genius, until he now stands secure among the absolute great ones of this earth."

They take their mirth in the joy of the earth; They do not grieve for her pain . . . So they whistle the devil to make them sport Who know that sin is vain.

At that high board Elgar sits. He is probably (unless one sneakily remembers Richard Strauss) the greatest of living musicians, and as such he should be spoken of with much reverence whosoever musical critics do congregate."

"Dagonet" (Mr. George R. Sims) wrote in the Referee (London) of Feb. 7: "I was interested in Mme. Nordica's divorce case because the charming prima donna was for several years my neighbor. I was not only Opposite-the-Ducks but next door to the Diva. A few doors off round the corner in Sussex place dwelt Miss Anna Williams. And so it came about that I had a frequent feast of song. On fine mornings, when the windows were open, it was grand opera to the right of me and oratorio to the left of me, and somewhere close at hand an amateur cornet player, who generally practised about the same time that the ladies poured forth a flood of melody. But my fair neighbors were kind. When they knew that too much music was not soothing to my savage breast, because I found it difficult to write while 'Elfin' was going on in one ear and 'Lohengrin' in the other, they both sent me sympathetic messages, and agreed to practise at different times. So I had oratorio with my breakfast, which was pleasing, and grand opera with my lunch, which was delightful. When the handsome Mr. Zoltan Doeme was a visitor he used occasionally to take a beautiful black poodle, Diavolo, out for a walk about the same time that I took my little dog Dinkle. My dog made friends with the poodle, and also with Miss Anna Williams' Dachshund, Nappy. Reading the cabled account of the divorce, my memory was carried back to the sunny days when Dinkle, Doeme, Dagonet, Diavolo and the Dachshund used to roam to the banks of the ornamental water together. Now Dinkle is dead, the Dach-

shund is dead. Diavolo is dead. Dagonet is despicable, and Doeme is divorced.

Mary Sabilla Novello, daughter of Vincent and sister of Clara, died lately at Genoa. She began as a singer, but, obliged to leave the concert stage, she taught, and published a "Vocal school," translations of treatises on music, and a life of her father.

Felix Berber, formerly concertmaster of the Gewandhaus orchestra, Leipzig, has accepted a call to the Royal Academy of Music in Munich.

M. P. Belaieff, the Russian music publisher who died lately left a large portion of his great fortune for the encouragement and support of Russian symphony and quartet concerts. A yearly prize of 3000 roubles is offered for the best composition by a Russian, and a fund is established for the benefit of Russian musicians.

The prize of \$300 offered for the best life of Verdi has been added to that by Giovanni Bregagnolo and Enrico Bettazza, two teachers at the Turin Institute of Technology.

Mr. Baughan of the London Daily News has been vexed again by Mr. D. F. Tovey and his music. "I cannot admire Mr. Tovey's treatment of either the clarinet or the violoncello. He does not seem to understand the genius of any instrument but the piano, and each sonata is practically a piano solo with an obligato of another instrument. If Mr. Tovey ever hopes to shine as a composer he should forget his piano, and take a long holiday from composition. He should shake himself free from the pedantic fetters which bind his intellect; he should make himself see color in the world; he should get rid of a peculiarly gray monasticism, and should learn that even his model Brahms had red blood coursing in his veins. If this is anti-pathetic to Mr. Tovey's nature, he should give up composition altogether."

Achille Rivarde played Richard Strauss' violin concerto for the first time in London Feb. 18.

Dvornanyi in London was inclined, according to Mr. Baughan, "to throw aside all restraint" in playing pieces by

Liszt. "It is the usual way of playing Liszt, but Sig. Busoni has shown us that there is a better way."

Harry Evans, who has been commissioned to write a choral work—"The Victory of Garmon"—for the Cardiff festival, is the second Welshman thus honored. Of course, our old friend Frangon Davies—"the man from the hills"—will be the chief singer.

Suzanne Adams will be the soprano at the Elgar festival in London, March 16. Mrs. Kirkby Lunn will play the United States her second visit next fall. We hope that she will meet with greater success, and, incidentally, sing better.

Miss Kate Cherry is singing in London, and thus far the critics have not even made one bite of her.

Alfred Bruneau, no longer conductor at the Opera Comique, Paris, is now music critic of the Matin.

The widow of Gounod, disgusted with governmental inaction, has decided not to allow any official dedication of the monument to her husband in the Parc Monceau, Paris. The Menestrel advises the widow of Ambrose Thomas to pursue the same course.

Dom Enrico de Giovanni, once a celebrated violin virtuoso, and afterward an excellent teacher, died lately at Parma, 90 years old.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

A violin sonata by Gustav Hollaender of Berlin was played for the first time in London Feb. 2 by Miss Ethel Barns and Mr. R. St. Quentin Downer. Mr. Baughan wrote of it: "The four movements have more musical value than the ordinary run of capellmeister compositions, although the sonata is by no manner of means an epoch-making work. Mr. Hollaender, however, has a real gift of melody, and he evidently does not share the prevalent opinion that uncleanliness and eccentricity make for profundity. The work, too, is remarkably well laid out for the violin. The scherzo is full of charm, and the thematic material and treatment of the slow movement are decidedly above the level of mere music making."

Three movements of a "Poeme" for orchestra by F. Le Borne were played at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, Jan. 24. The work is not a new one, for portions of it were played at Berlin over 20 years ago.

Debussy's "Rapsodie Wallonne," produced lately at Liege, is said to be a delightful tone-picture of Walloon poetry and humor. Old folk songs are used as thematic material.

"Prelude for a Passion play" by Dyuens, a Belgian, produced at an Ysaye concert, Brussels, Jan. 24, did not please.

Fr. Hartmann has completed an oratorio, "The Lord's Supper," in two parts: "The Passover" and "The Institution of the Holy Communion." He has introduced several ancient church melodies.

"Oedipus at Colonnos" with music by E. Oserbeck was performed at St. Petersburg Jan. 22. The hall was half dark; the place for the orchestra was given to the audience, and the orchestra was behind the scenes. The public was more astonished than charmed."

A sonata in F major, for violin and piano, by Wilhelm Berger—he was born in Boston—was played for the first time in London, Jan. 23. The Daily News said that it proved to be a work of little real invention, weak as to its melodic inspiration, and not in any way uncommon in its harmony or treatment. "So little has the composer to say that there was something almost ludicrous in the seriousness with which he and Prof. Kruse performed the sonata. Its only merit is that the composer does not attempt to be profound, but there is an academical lightness which is almost more difficult to bear."

A concerto in E minor, for piano and orchestra, by Camille Zeckwer of Philadelphia, was produced at a concert of the Philadelphia orchestra, Jan. 6. The local critics praised the work, although the inquirer said it would gain by concentration in the use of the themes, "for the restless manner in which they are handled produces an impression of incoherence. In this respect the closing movement, which moves straight to its resounding climax, is distinctly the best of the three. Yet the concerto in its entirety is a strong and striking piece of work which which it was well worth while bringing out."

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

The New Orleans newspapers say that the French opera company of that city will go to New York in March for two or three weeks, and that it will perform there Massenet's, "Cendrillon."

Mr. John Hare's attitude toward musical comedy is very conventional. Because it is neither drama nor opera, this branch of art is, to him, the superior person, who is, apparently, does not see in the public's taste for it the germ of a taste for higher things. It is usual, for instance, to take it for granted that he low comedian is the making of a musical comedy, and it is quite a commonplace of dramatic criticism to say that when the comedian has worked up his lines the musical play will gain in strength and brightness and will be quite a different thing. The music is too often taken for granted, and is dismissed as a necessary, but not very important, factor in the whole. No graver misunderstanding of the public's attitude could very well be made. The low comedian's jokes and physical contortions are, it must be admitted, an important feature of these entertainments, and the show of beauty, the grace and grotesqueness of the dances and the magnificence of the scenery, all are integral parts of the entertainment. But these things are as nothing to the music. Unless a musical comedy has striking tunes it is not a success. The type of music may not be of

a very high standard—though it is easy enough to belittle it—but it is the music that makes the play. From this love of the art, undeveloped as it may be, who shall say what will ultimately grow?—The Daily News (London).

The royal opera season will begin in London May 2 with "Romeo and Juliet," conducted by Mr. Mancinelli.

It might have been thought that where an opera like "Tannhaeuser" was concerned criticism had spoken its last word. Clearly, however, this is not the case. In any circumstances a fresh critical impression of a work so well tried might be expected to yield interesting reading, but there is something unusually piquant in a notice which has reached us of a performance of Wagner's opera at the Khedival Opera House, in Cairo. The familiar overture, it appears, evoked "a perfect storm of applause," which led to the conductor, M. Ferdinand Rey—chef d'orchestre to the Societe Artistique d'Egypte—"bowing his acknowledgments." But then we read that "the opera itself did not come up to expectations—a fact for which one gathers that the rendering was partly accountable. Yet the Tannhaeuser, according to the writer, possesses a voice of great range, and when he 'fairly lets himself go' the result is very fine indeed." Finally came the opinion, conveying a dubious compliment to the Bayreuth master, that "the very remarkable commotion Wagner's compositions have made in the world of art is solely due to the opposition of one writer." But the matter is clinched by the assertion that "his recent death has left judgment free as to his merits." And a very few years will determine the permanence or evanescence of his productions, of which "Tannhaeuser" and "Lohengrin" are the best."—Daily Telegraph (London).

THE PERSONAL NOTE.

The editor of the Bosworth Star-Sentinel received a complimentary copy of a new song entitled, "When First We Met," the other day. Thinking it was up to him to say something about it, he wrote: "As the editor of this paper does not know a demisemiquaver from a diapason, or a bass clef from a bone tumor, he will not be expected to give an extended notice of the production. We can say, however, that the type used in printing the song was clear and plain, and the paper seems to be of the best quality of rag. The design on the front page is artistic, and the words are as tender as a veal steak, and as poetic as a song of a meadow lark on May morning. The melody is sound and all right, with no wind galls or collar marks. The harmony seems to be in a healthy condition, with no patent defects or noticeable blemishes. The tonality is clear and resonant and rests on harmonic relations and melodic elements. We will sing the song to any subscriber of the Star-Sentinel who will pay his subscription three years in advance, throwing into it all the tender pathos and unctuous emotion of our cabbage-flavored soul."—Kansas City Star.

SONG RECITAL PROGRAMMES.

Mr. Henderson makes these sensible remarks through the New York Sun: "A word to the listener. It is now the custom to provide hearers at song recitals with pamphlets containing the texts of the songs, and also translations of them into English. The translations are almost invariably bad. Sometimes they are so bad as to misrepresent the sense of the song entirely. Nevertheless, the texts must not be neglected."

It is hardly credible that every one of the persons who sit with their textbooks folded in their laps understand perfectly Italian, French and German. If they do not, they cannot understand all the songs offered at the typical song recital of today. And if they do not

know the meaning of the text they cannot appreciate the music.

"The key to the music of a good song is the text. It is in this as it is in the Wagnerian drama. The object of the composer is to make what Wagner, in his cumbersome way, called word-tone-speech. In the works of contemporaneous song writers of the Wolf and Strauss class this effort is carried into every detail. It is absolutely necessary for the hearer to know the aim of the music before he can enter into its spirit. 'Sitting at a song recital in these days' and simply listening to hear a voice in song without words, as if it were an instrument, is the height of foolishness. It is like the familiar custom of going to the opera and remaining in utter ignorance of the story which is being enacted, while waiting for a bit of melody in the old aria form. The modern song demands intelligent listening. People who go to hear such singers as Sembrich, and applaud them for the sake of a few sweet tones in their voices, pay them the same sort of compliment they would pay a Corot by telling him that they liked the shade of green he uses in his trees."

LOCAL.

The Handel and Haydn will give an extra concert for its building fund Sunday night, March 6 (7:30). The oratorio will be "Elijah," with these solo singers: Mrs. Kileiski-Bradbury, Miss Fontarive, Miss Spencer, Mrs. Pearson, Mr. Hall, Mr. Miles. There will be a full orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer will conduct and Mr. Tucker will be the organist. Tickets are on sale tomorrow morning at Symphony Hall and at Schirmer's.

Mme. Alexander-Marius, at her song recital in Steiner Hall Wednesday, March 9, at 3 P. M. (Mr. de Voto, accompanist), will sing songs by d'Indy, Berge, Duparc, Debussy, Chausson and H. M. S.

Mme. Helen Hopekirk will give a piano recital in Steiner Hall on Saturday afternoon, March 12.

Miss Maud MacCarthy will give her second violin recital in Steiner Hall on Thursday, March 10, at 3 P. M.

The Longy Club concert announced for March 7 has been postponed to Monday evening, March 28, on account of the Strauss concert the 7th.

The programme of the fifth Arbos quartet concert in Jordan Hall, Friday evening, March 11, will include Chadwick's quartet in E minor, No. 4, Cesar Franck's sonata for piano and violin, Brahms' sextet in B flat, op. 18, Messrs. Gebhard, pianist; Zach, viola, and Barth, cello, will assist.

Arrangements have been made by Manager Mudgett for the appearance of Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, in a recital at Chickering Hall, Tuesday afternoon, March 15. Miss Nichols will be remembered as a young Boston musician who gained prominence here some years ago. Since she has heard in Boston Miss Nichols has passed a number of years in study and concert work abroad, and just previous to her return to America she met with pronounced success in concert appearances in London and Paris. Miss Nichols will be assisted by Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., baritone. The sale of tickets will begin at Symphony Hall Monday, March 7.

Mr. Carl Faellen will give his fifth piano recital in Huntington Chambers Hall Wednesday evening, March 23, when he will play pieces by Hummel, Thalberg, Henselt, Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven.

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich conductor, will be heard in Trinity Church on Friday evening, March 11. The programme will include Palestrina's "Stabat Mater" for two choirs and solo quartets, Palestrina's "Improperia" for two choirs, Mozart's "Ave Verum," Mendelssohn's motet "Judge Me, O God," Verdi's "Laudi alla Vergine Maria" for female voices, G. L. Osogood's "Parvum quando," Tschalkowsky's "O Praise Ye God" and Cherubim Song, Cornelius' "Thron der Liebe."

The Elsa Glee Club, which will make its first appearance at Association Hall on Thursday night, is composed of 14 members, some of them soloists of recognized ability.

Several of Mr. Clayton Johns' songs will be sung at the Lenten chamber concert Thursday afternoon, and Mr. Johns will accompany the singers in these songs.

Mr. John A. O'Shea, organist, will give an organ recital at the Washington

Street Baptist Church, Lynn, Thursday evening, March 3, when he will play pieces by Guilmant, G. E. Whiting, Wagner, Spark, Wely, Dubois, Simonetti, Weber.

CHICKERING CONCERTS.

The Chickering "Production" concerts have already in addition to the pleasure they have afforded patrons gained important results for the cause of music not only in this city but throughout the country. The programmes already presented have been reproduced by newspapers in all the large cities and the association of such names as those of the executive committee with the works presented has attracted attention to their merits. The third concert of the series will be given at Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening, March 9, and the programme will be one to attract still more pronounced interest in musical circles. First comes Prof. John K. Paine's overture to "The Birds of Aris-tophanes," which will be played under the direction of its composer. This prelude was first played by an orchestra under Theodore Thomas at Chicago, Feb. 28, 1903. With incidental music it was composed for the performance of the comedy at Harvard University May 6, 1901. The other orchestral pieces will be Saint-Saens' suite Algerienne, which was played here—and for the first time in America—March 24, 1881; and Mac-dowell's "The Saracens" and "The Beautiful Aida"—scenes from "The Song of Roland"—were first played here at a

Philharmonic concert Nov. 3 last. Ernest Hutcheson, the Australian pianist, now of Baltimore, will play his piano concerto (produced at Berlin in 1898). Mr. Hutcheson is already known in Boston as a pianist. Horatio Parker's "Cahal Mor," a rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, will be sung by Mr. Townsend. It was produced here at a Symphony concert March 30, 1895, when Mr. Max Heinrich was the baritone, but the accompaniment has been rescored. Mr. Lang will conduct.

It should be borne in mind that these programmes are chosen after careful consideration of the merits by Messrs. F. S. Converse, Foot, Loeffler and Lang; that the artists are engaged with their approval, and that the orchestra includes some of the best men in the city for such work. Messrs. Chickering & Sons have by this enterprise done much not only for the pleasure of the hearers but for the reputation of Boston as a musical centre.

BANDS AT ST. LOUIS.

The Universal exposition at St. Louis will hold a band tournament, commencing Monday, Sept. 12, and ending Saturday, Sept. 17, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. of each day.

Should there be three or less bands, which, at 4 P. M. on Saturday, Sept. 12, shall not have been summoned to compete, the session will be continued and finished that same day. Should there be four or more bands, which, at 4 P. M. on Saturday, Sept. 17, shall not have been summoned to compete, the session will be continued on Monday, Sept. 19, at 10 A. M., and daily sessions from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. be held until all bands enrolled for competition shall have been heard.

Nine cash prizes will be offered. Class A prize for bands of 20 members will be \$7250, divided into three prizes, \$3250, \$2500, \$1500. Class B, for bands of 28 members, \$10,000, divided into three prizes, \$4500, \$3500, \$2000. Class C for bands of 35 members, \$12,750, divided into three prizes, \$6000, \$4000, \$2750. The contest for class A will be on Sept. 12, 15; for class B, Sept. 14, 15; for class C, Sept. 16, 17. The contests are open to all bands except those employed by the exposition, and those enlisted in the national service of the United States, Canada and Mexico. The general rules and regulations and all other information may be obtained from Mr. George W. Steward, manager bureau of music, St. Louis exposition.

RUSSIAN MUSIC NEW TO BOSTON

Akimenko's "Lyric Poem" at the Symphony Is a Great Disappointment—Mozart's Old-Fashioned E Flat Symphony Given.

CHOPIN AND LISZT PLAYED BY BUSONI

Remarkable Pianist Is a Little More Human Than Before, but He Is Full of Technic and a Little Shy on Soul.

The 16th Symphony concert, Mr. Gerlicke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in E flat.....Mozart
Andromache's Lament from "Achilles".....Bruch
Lyric Poem, op. 20.....Akimenko
(First time.)
Two songs with viola and pianoforte accompaniment, op. 91.....Brahms
(a) Longing at Rest.
(b) Cradle Song of the Virgin.

Overture to the opera "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Of the three famous symphonies composed by Mozart in 1783, the one in E flat is the most old-fashioned, and readers of the fantastical and blood-curdling Hoffman, who was the first critic in Germany to appreciate fully the romantic genius of Beethoven, may well wonder at his rhapsody over this symphony. It is true that symphonies by Hayden and Mozart should be played by a small orchestra and in a small hall, where the bite of the strings is keenly felt, where the musical fluid quickly enwraps the hearer. Wood-wind instruments may be doubled in the modern full orchestra, and yet there is an absence of the proportion, which is everything in Mozart's music. The symphony in G minor has been so highly praised that it has met the fate of Aristides the Just; but how superior it is to this symphony, which in the first and second movements is square-toed in its formulas! The performance was precise and euphonious.

Akimenko's "Lyric Poem," composed in 1898, and published last year, was played here for the first time. The composer is a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, but no matter how great a teacher may be he cannot put broad or beautiful musical ideas into a pupil's head. Akimenko has written little for orchestra; his works are chiefly piano pieces, small

chamber and the piano. The poem is both a sentimental and a commonplace theme, and the development of it is interesting only in a few passages of orchestral color. The manner in which material from the contrasting episode is afterward employed is amateurish and at times ugly.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang Andromache's lament over the body of Hector from Bruch's "Achilles." The music itself recalled the old story of the Frenchman whose wife died. Complimented on his grief at the funeral ceremonies at the house, the bereaved one asked anxiously: "Did you go to the grave?" "No," answered his friend, "but every one thought you would go crazy at the house." "Ah," said the widower, "you should have seen me at the grave." Bruch's music has neither the noble antique spirit nor true modern intensity. Mrs. Schumann-Heink was in much better voice than at her late recital, and she sang with a far greater display of vocal artistry. Her mannerisms and failings were not in evidence, and on the whole her performance was the finest she has given here, either in opera or in concert. The two songs by Brahms were made endurable by the exquisite tone and sympathy of Mr. Ferré, who played the viola. The "Cradle Song" has a pretty refrain, but "Gestillte Sehnsucht" is without melody or mood. The singer was recalled again and again.

The orchestral feature of the evening was Chabrier's magnificent overture, which was played with appropriate fire and brilliance. The untimely death of this highly original composer was as great a loss to France as that of Bizet. He had superb ideas; he knew how to express them. His language was varied and supple in its eloquence; in his passion there was beauty as well as strength. For daring and successful rhythmic effects, he has never been surpassed, if equalled, and his orchestral palette blazed with gorgeousness. Would that we could hear more music like this overture! Would there were more music like it!

MR. BUSONI'S RECITAL.

A Programme Composed of Works by Chopin and Liszt Is Given in Jordan Hall.

Mr. Busoni gave his third recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an applause of fair size. The programme was as follows: Chopin's sonata in B minor, Ballade in G minor, Nocturne in C minor, Polonaise in A flat; Liszt's sonata in B minor, and six studies on the Caprices of Paganini.

This remarkable pianist was a little more human than at his preceding recitals; and yet he nearly achieved the feat of making Chopin a formalist, so precise was he in the exposition of the articulation of the compositions. There were none of the then charming twilight effects, as in the Largo of the sonata, which on the whole was too precise and mannered. The one criticism to be made, as on former occasions when Mr. Busoni played pieces by Chopin, is this: the pieces were generally without atmosphere.

And while we heard this pianist we were reminded irresistibly of what Mr. Arthur Symonds wrote about him in London: "Now Busoni can do, on the piano-forte whatever he can conceive; the question is, What can he conceive? As he sat at the piano playing Chopin, I thought of Chopin, I thought of Busoni, of the piano, of what fingers can do, of many other extraneous things, never of Chopin. I saw the pianist with the Christ-like head, the carefully negligent elegance of his appearance, and I heard wonderful sounds coming out of the piano; but try as hard as I liked, I could not feel the contact of soul and instrument. I could not feel that a human being was expressing himself in sound. A task was magnificently accomplished, but a new beauty had not come into the world."

For Mr. Busoni seems to us as a man who has gained the whole of technique and lost his own soul. The means of expression are his, and there with he is content; but is he not unhappy because there are no more pieces for him to conquer? Fortunately, he has not yet followed the example of Mr. Godowsky; he does not perform the deplorable feat of playing two pieces by Chopin at the same time. But does he realize the fact that technique is only a means to an end? The truly great pianist is an interpreter. Yesterday Mr. Busoni often tried to interpret Chopin's moods and speech; but the endeavor was apparent.

He was more successful with the music of Liszt. The sonata has been called, even by a wild-eyed admirer, dogmatic in expression of thought, yet there are fine moments in it, especially in the second section, and Mr. Busoni's performance was admirable in many ways. To play one after the other with uncommon mechanical dexterity the studies based on Paganini's caprices is a tour de force in which he delights. It is surprising and wonderful and out of all whoping; but there is this mischievous result: the hearer is led to forget that Paganini himself was more than a wizard virtuoso; he was a compelling master of emotion. The evidence of the great contemporaneous musicians is unanimous on this point.

MCA 1, 904
CAROLYN BELCHER
STRING QUARTET

Young Women Who Play with Accuracy, Dash and Fire, Give Concert in Steinert Hall Before Large Applaudive Audience.

PERFORMANCE SHOWS DILIGENT STUDY

Ensemble Musically Intelligent and Refreshing by Reason of Its Well-Controlled Enthusiasm—Programme Good.

The Carolyn Belcher String Quartet (Carolyn Belcher, Mary Ellis, Sara K. Corbett, Charlotte White), assisted by Mme. Suza Doane, pianist, gave a concert in Steinert Hall last evening. There was an applause of good size. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in C minor, op. 18.....Beethoven
Suite for piano and violin, op. 34.....Bernard
Quartet in F major, op. 96.....Dvorak
There was a time in England when a young woman of family was not supposed to be of fine breeding unless she were skilled in the use of the viola da gamba or some other member of the "chest of viols." Years afterward the harp became a favorite instrument with young women of rounded arms and languishing eyes. The harp was driven out by the piano, and the piano has now given way in the houses of the rich to bridge whist. Yet the violin is played in this country by many maidens, for it is no longer considered by staid matrons as an immodest instrument. The rows of young women violinists in the Orchestral Club gives one an idea of the number studying the instrument in this city. But string quartets, composed of women, young or old, are not common.

It is a good thing for women who are truly musical to play a stringed instrument, to seek the opportunity of playing in orchestra or quartet. The piano is not of itself a musical instrument; it is at the best a compromise, a convenience or a mere instrument of percussion, unless it be played by a master of touch, by one of both strong and delicate emotions. How many men or women entered in the list of pianists could tune accurately a violin? How many, even had they been caught young, could have been taught to play a violin acceptably?

The members of the Carolyn Belcher quartet studied, as we are told, in Berlin; it is plain by their performance last night that they studied diligently and seriously; and what is more to the purpose, they have studied carefully together as quartet players. Their performance last night was characterized by many excellent qualities. The ensemble was not only good in its accuracy, precision, sense of proportion, unanimity of expression; it had the appearance of spontaneity. There was a freedom, a dash to the interpretation that some quartets composed of more experienced musicians might well envy. Perhaps there was occasionally undue accentuation of comparatively unimportant points, but on the whole the performance was musically intelligent and refreshing by reason of its well-controlled enthusiasm. Euphony in a quartet depends somewhat on the nature of the instruments, and it is not given to every one to own an instrument of high price.

The suite by Emile Bernard was first played here by Messrs. Kneisel and Perabo at a Kneisel concert in the fall of 1895. It is a pleasant work, without pretension; a work of facile if not highly original melodic thought, of sound workmanship, and of an elegance that puts it above mere salon music of ephemeral popularity. Miss Belcher played fluently and effectively, in the fitting spirit, and with true distinction. Mme. Doane, it seemed to us, attempted to give the suite a character to which the music itself does not aspire; for it is not a passionate work, nor is it deep, nor is it too serious. Mme. Doane has a marked emotional temperament, which is of advantage to her in music of a stronger character; but the Suite demands first of all a display of lightness and elegance.

MCA 2 1904
HOMER NORRIS'
CANTATA SONG

"The Flight of the Eagle" Performed by Miss Wood, Mr. Finel and Mr. Wood, with the Composer as Accompanist Last Night.

Mr. Homer Norris' "The Flight of the Eagle" was sung last night at Huntingdon Chambers Hall by Miss Florence Wood, soprano; Mr. Ray Finel, tenor.

Mr. Norris' cantata has been sung here at least twice, and its peculiarities are more or less familiar to musicians. The composer picked his text from various unrelated poems of Walt Whitman and by his omissions and juxtapositions at times did injustice to the great and irregular genius who for sweep of bardic vision and sublime expression is first of American poets, just as Poe is easily the first as master of subtle melody, haunting rhythm, and what may be called the poetic essence. Mr. Norris defended his action in the preface to the cantata, by saying: "The lines here introduced lose nothing standing quite alone, without context, explanation, or correspondence." But let the lover of Whitman—and who that has read him with unprejudiced mind is not his lover—look at Mr. Norris' text, and answer the question for himself.

There are some fine and unusual musical thoughts in the cantata, as in "I Am He that Walks," in "Is It a Dream?" But as a whole the music is forced and uninteresting. It is singularly uneven. A few measures may give the promise of a noble page, but there is suddenly a quick descent to the commonplace; and often when the composer would be most striking the music is vague and inconsequential, or ugly, or conventional.

The cantata demands singers of marked dramatic force and authority, otherwise it is for the most part dull. The singers last night were impressed by the seriousness of the task and in sympathy with the composer, but they were musically and vocally inadequate.

MCA 3, 1904
SECOND CONCERT
BY SINGING CLUB

Boston Organization Gives Bach's "Passion According to John," Sullivan's "In Memoriam" and "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

The second concert of the third season of the Boston Singing Club, Mr. H. G. Tucker, conductor, was given last night in Jordan Hall. The club was assisted by Miss Gertrude Miller, soprano; Mr. Albert Denghausen, baritone; Mr. B. B. Gillette, organist, and an orchestra. There was a large audience that was moderate in applause.

The concert began with the first chorus from Bach's "Passion According to John." The performance was sturdy; that is to say, the chorus sang with undeviating loudness, the orchestra vied with it, and the organist succeeded easily in overpowering both chorus and players; so that the music might be described as a composition for full organ, with accompaniment by chorus and orchestra.

The orchestra then played Arthur Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam." Why, pray, did Mr. Tucker take this piece from the dusty shelf, when there are so many overtures that might better be played? Sullivan was a genius in a little field—the field of comic opera. When he tried to be serious, his failure was complete and dismal. The "In Memoriam" overture belongs to the period of black-walnut furniture, family photograph albums bound in Russia leather, and hair jewelry—bracelets, breast-pin, ear-rings and watch-guard, woven by a maiden aunt.

The "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," by Sir Hubert Parry, was written for the Leeds festival of 1893. It is composed for soprano, baritone, chorus, orchestra and organ. The text is Pope's poem. The performance was the first in Boston, and it does not require a prophet's vision to say that it will be the last.

Some find pleasure in the rehearsal of any choral work. There is an opportunity for amiable conversation on topics of the day. The physical exercise of singing is excellent for the development of lungs, the hardening of the throat against exposure and the strengthening of the diaphragm. Then there is the satisfaction of conquering different intervals, of accomplishing a task. In the present instance there might have been profitable discussion concerning the comparative merits of the odes by Pope and Dryden. But to sing such music in public is another matter. Sir Hubert Parry is a learned musician, and he has been knighted for his eminent respectability.

This ode, however, is without a trace of inspiration, without the semblance of beauty. Pope sang

Melancholy lifts her head
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes;
but Melancholy, Morpheus, Sloth & Co. do nothing of the kind when they hear Parry's music; on the contrary, their characteristic habits are strengthened and confirmed.

BIMBONI'S "SANTUZZA."

First Performance of the Opera in United States to Be Given Next Thursday at Boston Theatre.

Mr. Oreste Bimboni's opera "Santuzza," book by Di G. Currier, will be performed for the first time in the United States at the Boston Theatre next Thursday afternoon at the public exhibition of the New England Conservatory Opera School. The opera is in one act and it may be considered as a sequel to "Cavalleria Rusticana."

When Mr. Bimboni was conducting an opera company in London he was invited to give a performance of Mascagni's opera, and Queen Victoria expressed her sorrow for Santuzza left in such pitiable plight. She wished to know if something could not be done for her. Mr. Bimboni thereupon wrote "Santuzza," which was produced at Palermo in January, 1895, with great success. The *Gazzetta di Venezia* reported that the composer was called before the curtain 20 times.

The story is simple, for the opera is practically a long scene for Santuzza. She is without the church the day of Turiddu's funeral. She is tortured by remorse and reproaches herself bitterly for her confession to Alfio. She begs Lucia to forgive her. And then her mind gives way. As the body of Turiddu is borne from the church, she cries out that he calls her and she falls dead.

The part of Santuzza will be taken next Thursday by Mrs. Cabot Morse, and that of Lucia by Miss Mabel Stanaway.

Five scenes from other operas will be given next Thursday afternoon. The subscription sale of tickets has been much larger than before. Tickets may be now obtained at the Boston Theatre.

MCA 4, 1904
LAST HOFFMANN
CHAMBER CONCERT

Works by Haydn, Grieg and Mrs. Beach Are Given in Potter Hall, Mrs. Beach's Violin and Piano Sonata Being Performed.

FRENCH SONG RECITAL
AT CHICKERING HALL

Mrs. Julie Wyman and Mr. Francis Rogers Sing Productions of Clayton Johns—Notes of Today's Symphony Rehearsal.

The third and last concert of the Hoffmann quartet was given last night in Potter Hall. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in D major, op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn
Sonata for piano and viola, op. 34.....Mrs. Beach
Quartet in G minor, op. 27.....Grieg

The quartet by Haydn was played in the becoming spirit. There was no attempt to extend its boundaries, to charge it with emotion. The music was played frankly, with the right degree of vivacity in the quick movements, with graceful sentiment in the adagio. The players were heard to their marked advantage. The advance in breadth and sweep of interpretation made by the Hoffmann quartet during the last year was shown more clearly in the performance of the first movement of Grieg's quartet. Unless this music is played with romantic feeling it is well nigh unendurable. It is music of the northern landscape and of the northern mythology; it suggests lonely and grand scenery, now cold under a delaying sun, now mysterious as visited by the northern lights. There is passion, but it is the passion of some tall, fair woman with heartless eyes, some "belle dame sans merci," found in forest or by a spring; pitiless passion that is without human sensuousness and the more dangerous to man. This first movement was not played with the full romantic frenzy that gives unearthly distinction to the music; yet the performance was by no means dry or merely painstaking. There was the Scandinavian feeling; there was sympathetic interpretation of moods.

Mrs. Beach was welcomed warmly, and she and Mr. Hoffmann were applauded heartily after each movement of her violin sonata, which was played with gusto. The sonata was first heard here at a Kneisel concert in January, 1897. There are interesting pages in the scherzo and in the finale, but the first movement is the most spontaneous. The largo is the least successful portion of the work; it seems too deliberately worked and without genuine emotion.

There was an audience of good size, which gave unmistakable signs of appreciation and approval.

LENTEN CHAMBER CONCERT.

Mrs. Julie Wyman and Mr. Francis Rogers Sing French Songs by Mr. Clayton Johns.

The third of Miss Terry's lentes

chamber concerts was given yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. Mrs. Julie Wyman sang Saint-Saens' "La Solitaire," de Fontenailles' "Si j'Etals Dieu," and eight songs by Clayton Johns with French texts: "Chanson d'Automne," "Apaisment," "Un Grand Sommeil Noir," "Il Pleure dans Mon Coeur," "En Sourdine," "l'Histoire d'un Coeur," "Roses Mortes" and "A Saint-Blaise." Mr. Francis Rogers sang Grieg's "Die Alte Mutter" and "Eln Schwan," Weingartner's "Post im Walde," R. Strauss' "Nachtgans," Homer's "Prospice," and four songs by Mr. Johns: "Let Me Not Wait," "Sing to Me, Sing," "Moon of Roses," "Les deux Amours." Mr. Johns accompanied his own songs and Mr. Zach those by other composers.

Mr. Johns set himself a difficult task when he attempted to write music for Verlaine's exquisite poems. There are nuances of expression, there is a subtle and elusive melody in them that may easily escape a French composer. Furthermore, some, if not all, these poems have served as text to such musicians as Gabriel Faure, Debussy, Charpentier, not to mention lesser lights, as Hahn. Mr. Johns, who has shown amiable melody in some songs with English words, did not catch the spirit of Verlaine's poems, and we pass by the question whether he reproduced their metrical and rhythmic form. His melodic line is not distinguished; there is an absence of the suitable color; there is no suggestion of a mood. What is still more to be deplored, the music, without reference to its fitness to verse or sentiment, is dull; the accompaniments are aimless, and, if the text be considered, they are seldom sympathetic, and they are at times contradictory.

Yet it was a pleasure to hear the voice and to recognize again the inimitable art of Mrs. Wyman, who is able to glorify the commonplace, so that one might say, "I care not who writes the songs, so long as Mrs. Wyman sings them." She sang Saint-Saens' "La Solitaire" most artistically, and she breathed into it a passion that is not in the song itself. She gave, in like manner, a fictitious value to the song by De Fontenailles.

Mr. Rogers' first group was not effectively chosen, so far as variety of expression was concerned. The song by Weingartner was introduced here by Mr. Blden, we believe, and we regret to see that Mr. Rogers is still faithful to Sidney Homer's "Prospice," which is pretentious and preposterous declamation. Mr. Rogers was in good voice, and his interpretation of Grieg's "Eln Schwan" was effective.

There was an appreciative audience of fair size.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The programme of the 17th public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall this afternoon includes Schumann's familiar symphony in B flat major and the equally familiar prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The orchestral novelty is the prelude to the second act of Vincent d'Indy's latest opera, "The Stranger," which was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, early in 1903, and has since been performed at the Opera. Paris. The Stranger is a wanderer with mysterious power, who goes about doing good. Against his will he falls in love with Vita, who is betrothed to a coastguard in a fishing village. She loves him, but he tells her that he must leave her. This prelude or entr'acte is supposed to portray his conflicting emotions. In the attempt to save men from a shipwreck, the Stranger and Vita, the only one that dares to accompany him in the boat, are lost.

Mr. Busoni will play Saint-Saens' piano concerto No. 5, which was composed for the 50th anniversary of Saint-Saens' debut as a pianist. The second movement, written in Egypt, is of an extremely oriental character. Mr. Busoni will also play, with the orchestra, Liszt's "Dance of Death," a paraphrase of the "Dies Irae," which was first played here by Mr. Bauer at a Symphony concert.

The programme for the concerts of March 11-12 will include Strube's Fantastic overture (first time); Lalo's Spanish symphony for violin (Mr. T. Adamowski, violinist); Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture and Sibelius' symphony No. 2 (first time).

A MUSICAL TREAT IN SYMPHONY HALL

Concert of the Symphony Orchestra Wins Hearty and Continued Applause from the Large and Delighted Audience.

The programme of the 17th Symphony concert in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gerleke conductor, was as follows: Symphony in B flat, No. 1.....Schumann Piano concerto in F, No. 3.....Saint-Saens Entr'acte to "The Stranger".....d'Indy (first time.)

"The Dance of Death".....Liszt Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner

This concert was one of unusual interest. The symphony has the freshness and the enthusiasm of youth. Whether the work were inspired by the passion of spring felt by all, or by the thought of Clara Wieck, is immaterial. The music makes its irresistible way, whatever may be said about its instrumentation. In these days, when so many score their works in an amazingly brilliant fashion and so few have ideas that are worth the gorgeous orchestral dress, it is a good thing to be reminded that ideas themselves have abiding value.

Saint-Saens' concerto was first played by him at the concert given to celebrate the 50th anniversary of his first appearance in public as a pianist. It was played here without orchestra Feb. 26 by Miss Hawkins, with Mr. Lang as the player of the second piano; but such a performance, however excellent it may be, is not a production.

A modern concerto, without an orchestral accompaniment, is as cold veal. The second movement, composed in Egypt, and of an extremely Oriental character, exerts an exotic fascination, and the instrumentation is piquant. The finale is brilliant and the most melodious of the movements, according to western ears. The first movement is skilfully put together, but it has little spontaneity or true musical charm.

Mr. Busoni played the concerto in a delightful manner, for its brilliance, its glitter and its cool sentiment, with its demands on a supreme technic for suitable interpretation, appealed to his peculiar musical individuality. His performance was one long tour de force. He was recalled again and again, and two wreaths were given to him.

Liszt's "Dance of Death" was played here by Mr. Bauer at a Symphony concert in 1902. The piece is a wildly fantastical paraphrase of the "Dies Irae," inspired, it is said, by the fresco, "The Triumph of Death," in the Campo Santo of Pisa. And yet is there one genuine shudder in the music? We do not ask whether there is a new shudder, but whether there is one already known.

The music is pretentiously spectacular, but it is not truly macabre. There is neither the stroke nor the rush of horror. It is not a question of sincerity. You see Saint-Saens smiling as he listens to his own Danse Macabre, but you hear with him Death fiddling and the skeletons in glee knocking their bones against the tombstones. Or think of Berlioz in his Fantastic symphony, with those bassoons chattering as ghosts in the March to the Scaffold, with the wild rout worshipping Satan in the obscene finale. Again Mr. Busoni worked miracles of technic, but 'twas all in vain. The music itself is curiously boring.

The entr'acte from "The Stranger" no doubt loses in effect when it is taken from its place in the opera. As absolute music, without reference to what has been enacted on the stage and without expectation of what is to happen, it seems unemotional, austere.

The performance of the orchestra throughout was worthy of its highest reputation, and Mr. Gerleke was obliged to respond more than once to the hearty and long continued applause after the symphony.

REISENAUER'S RECITAL.

A Musician-Virtuoso of Uncommon Versatility and Power, of Thought and Imagination.

Mr. Alfred Reisenauer, pianist, made his first appearance in Boston yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. He played Bach's Fantasia in C minor, Scarlatti's Pastorale and Capriccioso (E minor, E major); Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," variations; Haydn's Presto in C major, Mozart's Rondo in A minor; Beethoven's sonata, op. 111; Schumann's "Carnaval"; Chopin's Nocturne in C minor, op. 43, No. 1. Valse in C sharp minor, Etude in G flat major, op. 25, No. 3, Mazurka in E minor, op. 33, No. 4, Polish song in G major; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody in G major.

Mr. Reisenauer's programme was a very long one, and it was designed no doubt to test him in every way. As he, fortunately for Boston, is to play here again, it might be more prudent to defer extended comment on his character as a pianist; yet here is an instance when enthusiasm must out.

He is certainly a great, a remarkable pianist. Technic is now taken for granted; but with Mr. Reisenauer technic is not the end, but the means of interpretation. His tone is beautiful in cantabile passages, and he sings a melody with ineffable charm. He is brilliant in bravura, but his brilliance is not ostentatious; he is merely employing the natural speech of the beginning was rhythm—is strongly marked. He is something more than a master of black and white; he is a colorist, one that is skilled in nuances. But more than all this he has the rare art of differentiation. When he played the pieces by the older composers he gave each piece the atmosphere of its period. His Bach, Scarlatti, Handel and Haydn were all in the antique spirit, but how they differed in the individuality! His performance of the Rondo by Mozart was one of the most beautiful piano performances that have been heard here for years.

His playing of the sonata was noble in the reproduction of the architecture, in the simplicity of the coloring, and in the indefinable spirit which we associate with the greater works of Beethoven. And then Mr. Reisenauer was a romanticist in the interpretation of the changing moods of Schumann.

His performance of the valse and the etude by Chopin was too mannered, and the same charge might fairly be brought against his conception of the mazurka; but the interpretation of the Polish Song was, indeed, a marvel of most exquisite piano playing.

All in all, Mr. Reisenauer is one of the truly great masters of his instrument. With his great technical gifts and acquirements, he has versatility in style, and he has judgment, which rules his imagination in the full exposition of artistry.

ment. With his great technical gifts and acquirements, he has versatility in style, and he has judgment, which rules his imagination in the full exposition of artistry.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE CHURCH SOPRANO

Her Trials and Tribulations, Friends and Foes, Ambition and Possible Future in the World of Song, a Study of Much Interest.

N. E. CONSERVATORY OPERATIC SCHOOL

Grand Opera Season—Coleridge-Taylor's "Atonement"—Facts and Gossip About Men, Women and Works—Local Concerts.



FIFTY years or so ago short analytical sketches of certain familiar species of humanity were in fashion. Thus Albert Smith wrote "The Natural History of the Gent,"

"The Natural History of the Ballet Girl," "The Natural History of the Flirt," "The Physiology of the Medical Student," etc. And in Paris there were many "Petites Physiologies," as the "Physiologie du Musicien," by Albert Cler; "Physiologie du Tailleux," by Louis Huart; "Physiologie de l'Employe," by Balzac. These little books, both English and French, were illustrated by well known men; at Paris, Gavarni and Daumier did not disdain to aid in the satire or in the tragedy. For these sketches were never so satirical as when they were pathetic or tragic.

Let us today consider the Physiology of the Church Choir Soprano. We choose the soprano rather than the alto, tenor or bass, because she is the storm centre of the yearly musical disturbance in a church.

The Troublesome Days of March.

In the almanac of singers may be found printed against the days of March "About this time expect changes in church choirs." These days are days of trouble and distress, days of waste and gloominess, days of clouds and thick darkness, like unto the day prophesied by Zephaniah, the son of Cushi. The idle pleasure or the absurd caprice of the music committee is too often a death sentence to the singer.

Comparatively few women, young or old, sing for hire in church because they enjoy the labor or look upon it as an educational advantage. They sing in church because they need the money, however small the salary may be. We are speaking now of women who devote their talents, knowledge, energy and health to singing as a profession, not an amusement. We do not refer to the parlor singer, who in comfortable circumstances uses her voice, which has been trained without personal sacrifices, as a means of social advancement, or to gratify self-interest. The long and tragic history of music establishes the fact that the great majority of famous singers were obliged to fight for success as with the beasts at Ephesus; they sprang from the plain people; they knew poverty; their life of preparation was a daily sacrifice; their courage was more heroic than that of the soldier on the battlefield, for it was without intoxication, and it was solitary, not contagious.

What Is Required of Her?

The church soprano is expected to be, in vocal condition every Sunday, whatever be the state of the weather or her own general health. She is obliged to sing at a morning hour, when the voice naturally rebels at the task. She is expected to be emotional suddenly, as at the voice of command; to entreat, to express hope or resignation, to be jubilant in praise, or to be mystical in adoration.

The truly emotional singer needs some external stimulant; the sight of the footlights, the smell of the theatre, the waiting audience, the roar of applause, the rivalry of colleagues, the dramatic situation. How seldom does a great operatic singer move or thrill in the concert hall! The impassioned one is generally cold and ill at ease in church, even when the music has some dramatic significance. The bodily or the cerebrally temperamental singer is only at home in the opera house. The successful church singer is first of all a singer of routine. She is what is known as "a reliable singer," which, being interpreted, means that she sings the notes accurately and keeps strict time. This class of singer is popular with her

church companions of doubtful proficiency and with organists who take rehearsal easily.

There are often two services on Sunday; there is the rehearsal, and there are often outside calls. There is a church socable once a month, or there is some other chapel meeting at which the soprano is expected to entertain the company without recompense. She seldom lives near the church; and in sunshine or in blizzard she is expected to make her way to the service. For her work she receives in Boston \$250 to \$300 a year. We are speaking of the average soprano; it is not probable that, if the salaries of all church sopranos here were averaged, the rate would be over \$300 a head; the salary of \$250 a head is no doubt nearer the exact sum.

Her Friends, the Committeemen.

The church soprano is at the mercy of the music committee and the congregation.

The music committee, with the hypothetical assistance of the organist, chooses the singers. Perhaps there is a competition, and each soprano enters the loft with "Fear ye not, O Israel!" or some other battle piece. The personal appearance of the singer has much to do with the decision, for music committees are, after all, human, and the story of Phryne before the judges is of eternal application. Even the clergyman delights in looking on a comely face. The tenor and the bass are at once prejudiced in favor of beauty; and the alto, the traditional foe of the soprano, is reconciled to the possibility of an engagement if she discovers that the handsome applicant is vocally inferior to her.

One of the committee prefers "a powerful voice, one that can lead"; another is in favor of "a sweet voice." This applicant is too "operatic"; that one does not appreciate at once the fatherly interest shown in her by the chairman, who has been called a man of distinguished bearing; another applicant has influential friends in the church who sit on the doorsteps of the committee. It is seldom that the best singer, considered as only a singer, receives the appointment.

For how should the committee be able to judge concerning vocal art? Mr. X has a daughter who plays glibly selections from comic operas, and in her more adventurous moods the waltz in A flat by Moszkowski, therefore he is a competent critic. Mr. Y has a "fine baritone voice, which should have been trained, but he never had the time to study." Mr. Z is a "safe man" on any committee, and he is not afraid of music. Occasionally a committee, especially when it is represented by one man, has knowledge and taste; but such committees are almost as rare as the phoenix.

The Congregation as a Critic.

A church congregation is the severest of critics. Its criticism includes examination of the soprano's dress—especially her hats—deportment in and out of church, as well as opinions concerning voice and vocal art. One member blames the soprano for the music she sings, although the organist selected it. A woman objects to her method, because they have not the same teacher. One finds fault with her high notes, another with her lower register. The soprano is too operatic. Or she is too lethargic; she screams, or she cannot be heard. If all the members like her for a time, they wish a change at the end of the year; they would like to see a new face, hear another voice. Restless, curious, capricious, they assert as

a pretext that another voice might blend better with the other singers. They let a soprano go, and are surprised to learn that she at once secured another position at a higher salary. There are churches which change sopranos every year and are never suited. And some of the discarded, let go without due warning, are long idle.

A Clergyman's Solemn Duty.

In Episcopal churches the rector, with a few skilled in music, is supposed to have charge of the music. In other Protestant churches the clergyman, if he be a prudent man, who would fain move along the line of the least resistance, does not interfere with the workings of the music committee, nor does he take any especial interest in the life of the soprano. It is natural that a sincere clergyman should wish the choir singers to be communicants, but when their behavior is respectable, should he appeal to them to join the church? He may make this appeal in the pursuit of his duty, but is there not in this an implied threat of discharge?

Let us suppose a case. A soprano of irreproachable life, a life helpful to her family, which she assists out of her small earnings, is not a member of any church. Her singing is devotional in that it comforts many by the expression of hope and consolation. The singer is the gentlest, the purest of women.

And all her body was more virtuous than souls of women fashioned otherwise. Nobly ambitious, she works bravely to reach the goal, but she rejoices in the success of others. She knows not selfishness or envy; she is incapable of malice, even in thought. But she is not a member of the church, and the clergyman practically insists that she should make a public confession of faith if she wishes to retain her position. Such a confession is to her a most solemn act, one for which she is not yet prepared. Is not this appeal a temptation to hypocrisy? For the singer cannot afford to be without a position. The

MEMBERS OF THE CONSERVATORY OPERA SCHOOL.



ADAH C. HUSSEY,
CONTRALTO.



JOHN J. MOGAN,
BASS.



ROBERT SEAMAN,
BARITONE.



MRS JEAN SHERBURNE,
SOPRANO.

Injustice of it all! For this same singer may be more alive with the essential spirit of Christianity than is the clergyman who lays a snare for her.

Her Trials in Church Service.

Nervous or self-confident, the church soprano should be ever tactful. She should support the organist in his belief that he is always right. If he make a mistake in accompaniment, she should blush prettily and ask pardon for her carelessness. If he, in solo playing, make strange wild noises on manuals and pedals, she should ask if the voluntary is not of the ultra-modern school. She should be ready with a compliment for the alto's wonderful lower tones and for her new costumes, and she should lend a sympathetic ear to the tenor's tale of woe—how the Boston climate affects his throat, how he is not appreciated, and the reasons why he is not engaged for all the leading concerts. She should not start as one about to say "Sir-r-r!" when a committeeman pats her encouragingly on the shoulder or shows an inclination to whisper his interest. Her smile should be of the hair trigger order and her eyes should show thankfulness for such favors.

Even when the church "hears applicants" for three months so as to save the expense of paying a regularly engaged soprano, she should not say a word of vexation; she should thank the committee for the experience, for the pleasure of singing in "such a beautiful church and for such pleasant people." Nor should she complain when the organist puts before her music written for boy sopranos and with the stress on the naturally inexpressive tones of her voice; or music written by another organist for the phenomenally high-pitched soprano of his choir; or music written by a radically modern composer who takes no account of the capabilities of a voice and despises its limitations.

Her Life of Modest Heroism.

There is something pathetic in this annual uneasiness of choir singers. The lady means so much to many of them! And clergymen, music committees and congregations speak so lightly, so capriciously of these changes! Think for a moment of the life of a young soprano, who is often far from home and obliged to live by herself in one room, of which she wearies as though it were a prison. She supports herself by her voice, earns with it the money for board and lodging, lessons and dress. She is the most economical, sometimes at the expense of health as well as reasonable comfort. Sickness, even a cold, cuts to her a loss of income. She has a church position; she sings, now and then, in towns about Boston, for small sums, from \$10 to \$25, and she exposes herself to storm and risk of throat trouble. Her life is full of petty annoyances and disappointments. Living alone, she is exposed, if she be personally attractive, to contemptible gossip. She is a singer of unbounded assurance and she art do unworthy things to gain a ring. One coaches with a person of high repute and pays a large sum, not for full instruction, but for the sake of engagement which is in the power of a man to give. Another, wholly unfit, without voice or art, plays the parasite, works the social graft. Yet, undisturbed, indomitable of purpose, the singer keeps on her way, sustained by subconscious confidence in her voice, in her musical intelligence, in her dramatic instinct. She at last triumphs, but in a high town, her name blazes in the music armament, and the city in which she was merely the playing of the committees or petty managers, sees itself on the fact that she was a sojourner within its gates. Or dies, worn out with the struggle, naturally old, with the bitterness of



MAUD ABRAMSON,
SOPRANO.



SARAH F. FISHER,
SOPRANO.

the thought that she, too, might have been famous, if her path had been made only a little smoother, if her genius had

been recognized by those whose duty it was to recognize and help.

Triumphant Even in Defeat.

Yet such a failure is more to be envied in the endless procession of transfers and promotions than the cheap, easy, ephemeral success gained by foolish means for the gratification of vanity; more to be envied than security of position due to fawning and intrigue. At least no merchant trafficked in the heart of the dead singer; and of such unknown heroines as well as of defeated heroes did Walt Whitman chant: With music strong I come—with my cornets and my drums.

I play not marches for accepted victors only—I play great marches for conquered and slain persons.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?

I also say it is good to fall—battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.

I beat and pound for the dead; I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have failed! And to those whose war vessels sank in the sea! And to those themselves who sank in the sea! And to all generals that lost engagements! and all overcome heroes! And the numberless unknown heroes, equal to the greatest heroes known!

LOCAL.

The 19th of the Steinert piano player concerts will be in Steinert Hall Wednesday evening, March 16.

A concert will be given by Mrs. B. Guckenberger, contralto, and Mr. Guckenberger, pianist, assisted by Mr. Rudolf Nagel, cellist, at Huntington Chambers Hall Wednesday evening.

There will be a local Municipal concert at the South Boston high school on Thursday at 8 P. M. The Boston Municipal orchestra, Mr. Kanrich conductor, will be assisted by Mrs. James G. Ryan, soprano, and the South Boston evening high school choral class. The vocal pieces are by Winter, Sullivan-Lewis, Cowen, and Gounod's "Gallia" will be sung. Orchestral pieces by Weber, Tchaikovsky, Grieg and Chaminade.

A Municipal concert will be given at Curtis Hall Wednesday at 8 P. M. The orchestra will play pieces by Schubert,

Volpatti, Strauss, Chaminade, Wagner. Mrs. Louise Whitaker, contralto, will sing songs by Saint-Saens, Nevin, Coombs, and Mr. Kanrich will play Nachez's "Gypsy Dance."

Mr. P. J. Malley, after 12 years' service as organist and choir director of St. Anne's Church, Dorchester, begins his duties today at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Salem.

Miss Maud MacCarthy's second violin recital at Steinert Hall has been postponed to March 23 at 3 P. M. The programme will include Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawathian" selections.

CONSERVATORY OPERA SCHOOL.

The Opera School of the New England Conservatory will give a performance in the Boston Theatre Thursday afternoon. Mr. Bimboni will be the conductor, and his "Santuzza," an opera in one act, libretto by Di G. Corrieri, will be produced for the first time in the United States. The story, a sequel to that of "Cavalleria Rusticana," has already been published in The Herald. Scenes from "Aida," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "Carmen" and "Faust" will also be given.

The Herald publishes today portraits of some of the pupils of the Opera School who will appear on Thursday for the first time at these exhibitions. Mrs. Jean Sherburne of Lowell will appear as Aida and Marguerite. She has had experience as a church and concert singer. Miss Maud Abramson of Boston, who will take the part of Gilda, is best known as a concert singer. She appeared once in a small operatic performance as Lucia. Miss Sarah Fisher of Boston will take the part of Violetta in "La Traviata." This is her first year in the Opera School. Miss Adah Hussey of Boston, the contralto at the Eliot Church, Newton, is well known as a singer in concert and oratorio. She will take the part of Carmen in the last act of Bizet's opera. Mr. Robert Seaman will take the parts of Valentine and Escamillo, and Mr. Anthony Carlson, who comes from Utah, that of Mephistopheles. Mr. John J. Mogan of Boston has sung in church choirs and coached musical entertainers.

The programme will be as follows: "Traviata," Act I.—Violetta, Miss Fisher; Flora, Miss Nordahl; Alfred, Mr. Perry.

"Faust," Act IV.—Marguerite, Mrs. Sherburne; Siebel, Miss Nordahl; Martha, Miss Westgate; Faust, Mr.

Perry; Valentine, Mr. Seaman; Mephistopheles, Mr. Carlson. "Rigoletto," Act II.—Gilda, Miss Abramson; the Duke, Mr. O'Connor; Rigoletto, Mr. Codman; Sparafucio, Mr. Mogan.

"Aida," scenes from Act I. and Act II.—Aida, Mrs. Sherburne; Amneris, Miss Stanaway; Radames, Mr. O'Connor; Ramfis, Mr. Mogan.

"Santuzza"—Santuzza, Mrs. Morse; Lucia, Miss Stanaway; Curate, Mr. Mogan; the Sacristan, Mr. Storer. "Carmen," Act IV.—Carmen, Miss Hussey; Don Jose, Mr. Dean; Escamillo, Mr. Seaman.

A chorus and orchestra will assist.

THE GRAND OPERA SEASON.

Monday evening, April 4, is the date selected for the beginning of the annual season of grand opera at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House company. The engagement this year, as usual, is for two weeks, and embraces 12 evening and four afternoon performances.

According to the circular announcement just sent out by Manager Lawrence McCarty to season ticket subscribers, "the repertory will be selected from the works which have met with the most favor in New York this season," and all the operas to be heard in Boston will be cast with the same artists and staged in the same elaborate and artistic manner as at the Metropolitan Opera House. The operas, too, are, as usual, divided among the Italian, French and German schools.

Included in the list of singers are many of last season's artists, while the places of a few who were in the Grau aggregation have been taken by newcomers, such as Mmes. Ackte, Ralph and Marion Weed, for sopranos; Mmes. Bouton, Fremstad, Pohlmann and Edyth Walker, for mezzo-sopranos and contraltos; Messrs. Kraus, Masiero and Guardabassi, for baritones. Others in the aggregation whose names are more familiar to Boston music lovers are Calve, Sembrich, Gadschl, Ternina, Bauermeister and Seygard, for sopranos; Louise Homer, contralto; Jacques Bars, Burgstaller, Dippel and Reiss, for tenors; Begue, Campanari, Dufliche, Muehlmann, Scotti and VanRooy, for baritones; Blass, Journet, Plancon and Rossi, for basses.

The conductors this season are Messrs. Alfred Hertz, Gustav Hinrichs and Felix Mottl. Mr. Nahon Franko is general music director, and Mr. Frank Rigo is stage director.

Needless to say, the entire Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, chorus and ballet will assist at every performance.

The circular announcement to season ticket subscribers cites the same prices as last year—\$50 for the orchestra, orchestra circle and first two rows in balcony; \$48 for third, fourth, fifth and sixth rows in balcony, and \$32 for second balcony. This embraces all the performances. The prices for the 12 performances (evenings only) are \$50, \$36 and \$24.

Orders for season tickets may be sent (inclosing check to the order of Lawrence McCarty) to the Boston Theatre, and seats will be allotted in the order in which the applications have been received. This season subscription sale is by letter only, and will close Saturday, March 19. The box office season ticket sale and the single ticket sale follow.

PERSONAL.

Emma Eames will sing at a concert given by Arturo Tibaldi at London June 8.

Matilda Bauermeister has announced her approaching withdrawal from the operatic stage. She will sing at Covent Garden in May for the last time. She said to a reporter of the New York Sun: "I want to retire now, because I think the American public still like me

a little, and I don't want to wait until they stop liking me. I have cried more in the past week than I ever did before to think that this is good-by. It is 16 years now since I first appeared before an American audience, and every year it was a renewed pleasure. Friends want me to come back here and teach; others want me to go back to Europe and teach. But I haven't made any definite plans yet. Anyhow, I hope the American public will remember me for a little while yet, and say, 'Well, after all, she wasn't a bad little artist.'

Mideste Tschakowsky in the life of his brother Peter tells this story about Mr. Safonoff, who conducted the Philharmonic concerts in New York last week. Peter had recommended Safonoff as head teacher of piano playing at the Moscow Conservatory, through Arensky's advice, but he wrote to Anton Rubinstein for information about Safonoff. Rubinstein answered: "I do not know him"; yet Safonoff had taken the gold medal at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and was a teacher at that institution. In spite of this curious answer of Rubinstein, Safonoff went to the Moscow Conservatory in 1885.

A concert in memory of Frederick Grout Gleason was given by the Manuscript Society in Chicago March 2, when works by the late composer, Adolf Weidner, Arne Goldberg and Chopin were played.

Walter Damrosch, who seems to be making quite a lot of money out of a "Parsifal" hash with his orchestra in concert form, is going to try it over here for the Brooklyn Institute on March 25. Mr. Damrosch thinks it is

wicked for Mr. Conried to give "Parsifal" as an opera; perhaps because Mr. Conried can make so much more money that way than Mr. Damrosch can with the same music in concert! Mr. Damrosch's press agents send out a yawp to the effect that Mr. Damrosch's concert version "does not share Mr. Conried's implety," which is enough to make an honest man sick.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mileo Horszowski, a 9-year-old pianist, gave a concert at Leipzig Feb. 10. He played Beethoven's "Pathetic" sonata, Schumann's "Klenderszenen" and other pieces with "a certain inborn elegance."

The Verdi monument committee has raised the sum of \$20,000, and decided to keep the subscription list open.

The 50th anniversary of the operatic debut of Antonio Cotogni, baritone, has been celebrated with great pomp at Rome.

The competition for the Rubinstein prize for the best piano composition played by the composer, between 20 and 26 years old, will be held at Paris in 1905. Busoni took the prize at the first competition in 1890. The competition is held once in five years.

The death of Mme. Malvina P. Schnorr von Carolsfeld at Carlsruhe is reported. She was 72 years old. She created the part of Isolde at Munich, June 10, 1855, but after the death of her husband, July 21, 1855, who created Tristan, she left the stage. Her maiden name was Garrigues, and she was said to be the great grand niece of David Garrick. Born at Copenhagen, she studied at Paris with Manoel Garcia and made her debut at Dresden at the age of 18. In 1855 she was called to Munich. Wagner thought at first of giving the part of Isolde to Tietjens.

Massenet, sojourning at his winter home on the Spanish coast, is at work on his new opera, "Cherubin."

Mrs. Lillian Eldee, who died at London, Feb. 14, was for 18 months a pupil of Mme. Marchesi, and for three years a pupil of Henry Russell. She made her debut in 1899 at the Stockholm Opera House, and in May, 1900, she appeared as Musetta in Puccini's "La Boheme" at Covent Garden. She sang several times at the St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts, where she introduced two years ago her own monologue, "The Eternal Feminine," with music by Liza Lehmann. Her voice was bright and flexible.

Arthur Schnabel, a pianist, 21 years old who studied at Vienna, made his first appearance in London on Feb. 16 at a Richter concert. Mr. Blackburn said of pianist and the concerto chosen: "The second number was Brahms's pianoforte Concerto in B flat (op. 83), a work seldom played; the technical difficulties are certainly great, but for pianists of the present day such things scarcely seem to exist. Some of the music is dignified, some poetical; yet somehow or other, the element of virtuosity seems too prominent. Herr Arthur Schnabel was the soloist. His technique is admirable, and there is life, wonderful crispness and intelligence in his playing. He met with a most cordial reception, but we must hear him in music of more emotional character before finally judging him."

A lawyer, who is intimately acquainted with the circumstances of the Patti tour, explained yesterday why the public

see so many dispatches to the effect that Mme. Patti "did not sing" at such-and-such a city. The reason is that if a concert is cancelled Mr. Grau does not have to pay the \$5000. This guarantee is not made for every appearance scheduled, but for every one that really takes place. So, when the man in the box office reports that the amount received is \$3000, or \$2000, or any such discouraging sum, Mr. Grau decides to cancel the date and let the money be refunded to the purchasers. That is considerably cheaper than going down into one's pocket for \$5000.—New York Times.

Marie Tempest gave a song recital at the Waldorf-Astoria Feb. 25.

Mr. Ben Davies, the tenor, starts for South Africa this month to give 15 concerts. He said to a London reporter: "I have another offer to visit the United States next winter, but should very much prefer to remain here." Asked what he thought of the future of English opera, he answered: "A great deal, if managers will only give the public

a sufficiently light fare. The heavy old stuff that was played out 20 years ago is neither popular nor fashionable. 'Ib and Little Christina,' with Leon's delightful setting, is just my ideal of light opera; and evidently the public think the same, judging by the way in which they support us. What this composer has done other musicians can surely do if only they have a market for their wares, and the matinee we propose to give next winter should be the means not only of bringing such works into public notice, but should also give employment to the number of young students who, having finished their course of instruction at the various schools of music, are anxious for experience."

"THE ATONEMENT."

Coleridge-Taylor's cantata, "The Atonement," was sung for the first time in America Feb. 24, by the Church Choral Society, St. Thomas' Church, N. Y. Mr. R. H. Warren conducted. The text is not wholly biblical, for there is a libretto by Miss Alice Parsons. Leading motives are used freely, but they are melodies, not fragments of melodies. The New York Sun said: "The result is that they are marshalled before the hearer after the manner of the ideas of Berlioz rather than woven and interwoven in a glittering web of polyphony. This method has the advantage of enabling the composer to treat the voice parts also with all the resources of lyric style. They have no declamatory character at all. * * * The method has its disadvantage, too, for the steady flow of mellifluous song gives the composition as a whole an unmixt sweetness which cloy upon the intellectual palate. This is the one fundamental shortcoming of the cantata, which is admirably made over the selected pattern. The choral part begins with the scene in the garden of Gethsemane; then follow a choral

prayer of the holy women and the apostles, also choral, one of the most melodious and musically numbers of the work, but marred by some unfortunately cheap thematic ideas. The scene with Pilate comes next, and Pilate's wife intercedes for Jesus, and causes her husband to sing a love song to her. Christ is handed over to the mob and a rhetorical march to Calvary dies away in the distance. The final scene is the Crucifixion, which ends with a chorus celebrating the achievement of the plan of salvation. In this chorus the composer employs with fine skill the themes originally heard in the prelude. The cantata is a serious and earnest effort, and it discloses in the composer a rich fund of sweet melody and a high ability in the use of chorus and orchestra. It must be confessed, however, that there are some pretty dull moments, and some others which stand perilously close to effeminate sentiment." Mrs. Theodore Toedt, Bessie Tudor, Helen Corbin Warren, Kelley Cole and Arthur Phillips were the soloists.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn said of "The Atonement," when it was performed in London by the Royal Choral Society, Feb. 17: "We see no reason whatever to change the opinion which we formed of the work when it was first performed last autumn at Hereford during the Choirs festival. We regret to think that, so far, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has distinctly proved himself to be a man of one work. That work, 'Hiawatha,' was distinguished by singular freshness and originality, even though its dearest admirers were compelled to own that at times it erred on the side of monotony. In 'The Atonement' Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has clearly changed his style, but we fear not by any means for the better, while, at the same time, the monotony which seems to attend his larger endeavors is here once more singularly apparent; but, whereas 'Hiawatha' struck an entirely new note, 'The Atonement' is not distinguished by any peculiar individuality, even though (as we have said) at the same time it has no great variety. The libretto, to begin with, is distinctly against the work, as we observed on the occasion of its first production. To weaken the magnificent scriptural narrative is not precisely the way to inspire a composer to do great things."

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

The three operas chosen in competition for the Sonzago prize of \$10,000, Franco de Venezia's "Domino Azzurro," Gabriel Dupont's "La Cabrera," Lorenzo Fillas's "Manuel Menendez." They will be performed in May at the Lyric Theatre, Milan. Campanini will be the conductor. There will be performances for the jury alone; then the operas will be performed in public, one opera an evening; and finally the three will be performed in one evening before the public. The jury will then make known its decision.

Massenet's "Werther" was performed at Corfu lately. We are still unacquainted with it in Boston.

"Tristan and Isolde" will be produced at the Opera, Paris, in November. Gluck's "Alceste," which has not been performed at Paris since 1861, will be revived at the Opera Comique in April with Miss Litvine as the heroine.

Gluck's "Armide" will be performed in the Amphitheatre at Beziers Aug. 28-30.

A new and short ballet divertissement "Cigale" by Massenet was performed for the first time Feb. 11 at the Opera Comique, Paris, for the benefit of the employees of the theatre. It was composed some years ago for a scenario by Henri Cain. The subject is the fable of the ant and the grasshopper, modernized. The music is highly praised. Miss Chasles was the chief dancer.

Rubinstein's "Demon" was performed for the first time in the United States at the Grand Theatre, New York, Feb. 29 by an amateur company, although Herman Kaminsky was 20 years ago a member of the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg. "The story is that of the daughter of a Russian prince whose lover is killed on the eve of his marriage day. Demon, a fallen angel, con-

demned to eternal wandering for disobedience, follows the princess to a convent and finally compels her to accept his love. One guilty kiss, and she falls dead at his feet; but the angels appear and knowing that her soul is unblemished, bear her to paradise, while Demon is left to his eternal wandering." L. Dalfin-Samuloff was the Demon, Mrs. Rombo Krantz the princess Kaminsky the heroine's father, and H. M. Barenblatt the bridegroom. The story is by Lermontoff.

Claude Debussy has written the incidental music for the French adaptation of "King Lear," which will be brought out at the Theatre Antoine, Paris.

In Otto Taubmann's "Saengerwache" at Elberfeld the chorus placed in the rear of the audience, "translates" the sensations and the enthusiasm of an ideal public to guide in this manner the end of each act, at the dramatic climaxes, and during dramatic inaction.

Hans Sommer has completed an opera, "Ruebezahl," which will be produced at Brunswick next season.

"Mirandolina," an opera in two acts, based on a comedy by Goldoni, music by Antonio Lozzi, which was crowned at the Cimarosa competition, was produced with success at Turin Jan. 25.

An operetta in three acts, "Monna Wana," a parody of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," music by W. Walentynoff, was produced at St. Petersburg Jan. 27.

Puccini's new opera, "Mme. Butterfly," was produced at the Scala, Milan, Feb. 17. It was received rather coldly.

The Bayreuth season will begin with "Tannhaeuser" on July 22. "Parsifal" will be played the next day, and "The Ring" will be produced the following week. Isadore Duncan of San Francisco, the dancer of Chopin and Greek legends, will be the chief dancer in the case scene of "Tannhaeuser."

"Amorelle," a comic opera in three acts, by Barton White, lyrics by Ernest Boyd-Jones and music by Gaston Ser-

pette, was given for the first time in London at the Comedy Theatre Feb. 18.

"The plot suffers from a complication of incidents to such an extent that one frankly gives up the idea of following it, save as a succession of humorous chapters. * * * The music was throughout gay; if sometimes a trifle monotonous and lacking in orchestral ingenuity, it nevertheless supported the various situations of the piece with ample sufficiency. Now and then, in the mere tune, one was reminded of Sullivan by no means at his best; but the orchestra was rather reminiscent of Offenbach and of these famous jig writers to whom tune was everything and orchestration but little." The chief comedians were Mabelle Gilman, Claire Romaine, Daisy Le Hay, Willy Edouin, Sidney Barracough, Evelyn Vernon and Charles Wilbrow. Serpette conducted.

Saint-Saens' new opera in one act, "Helena," was produced at Monte Carlo Feb. 18, with Melba and Alvarez as the chief singers. The work is described as a cantata rather than an opera, and there are various opinions concerning the music. A description of the opera must be deferred till next Sunday.

FOR SINGERS.

They are having no end of a time at La Botte a Fursy, in Montmartre. La Botte a Fursy, as you know, is one of the few places which have contrived to copy the Chat Noir and live. They sing there and they act little plays in Bohemian style, but, above all, they charge a high price for admission and go in for clean-shirted Bohemianism, as opposed to the dirty, long-haired kind, which does not attract the best class of the public. And now Fursy has started a song competition for ladies. Not lydes, d'ye take me? and, above all, not professionals. You (not Fursy) pay your money, and you sing your song. Of course, the new contest draws audiences, for madame's friends must go and hear madame sing. And so has the penny reading at length taken a hold in Montmartre.—The Referee (London).

Mr. Edward German has set to music 12 of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Just So" stories (Macmillan and Co.). Many of Mr. Kipling's verses seem to me to present many difficulties to a composer, especially in regard to their peculiar humor, and it would be absurd to expect Mr. German to be successful in catching the spirit of each with equal success. But the album (it is entitled "The Just So Song Book") contains many very happy musical illustrations of Mr. Kipling's verses. For unforced humor I would specially mention "When the Cabin Boy Takes a Holiday," "The Riddle," in which a curious effect is produced by the monotony of the vocal part against an accompaniment full of variety. "Kangaroo and Dingo" is also a clever musical realization of the verse. "Rolling Down to Rio," the last song in the book, is full of Kipling's spirit. One of the songs is difficult either in the vocal part or the accompaniment.—Daily News (London).

Vittorio Ricci's "Four Forest Scenes" were sung by Mr. Charles Phillips in London for the first time Feb. 2. "They are effective compositions and they have a certain measure of fancy. But that fancy does not rise above the commonplace. The poems of Alice Chambers Buntin, it is true, sound no real note which could inspire a composer. 'Noon in the Forest,' 'Twilight in the Forest,' 'Midnight in the Forest' and 'Dawn in the Forest' in their titles, and the composer has done his best to create an atmosphere which does not exist in the verses."

Mr. Landon Ronald improves, it seems to us, with every new composition that he publishes in the realm of song. There have been times when we have found fault with him for deserting his own most individual and particular talent, but in his "Six Love Songs," just published, the words of which have been written by various hands, he has, with,

perhaps, the exception of the dramatic scena, "Adonais," reached his high-water mark. He has essentially the touch of the lyricist in music; there may be many who would refuse to regard with great seriousness a writer who centred his devotion to art upon little gusts of passionate emotion, and yet this form of art is no less effective and no less beautiful than is the more sustained flight of the writer of opera, oratorio or of cantata. The world would willingly surrender 12 books describing "The Pleasures of Idleness" in return for Herrick's "Daffodils" or Lovelace's

"To Anthea, from Prison." It is an old story, which, in commercial life, is translated into the common fact that one piece of gold is worth a great many pieces of silver. In "April's Here!" Mr. Ronald has composed a most charmingly delicate and exquisite song. He gives you the sentiment of spring in the early freshness of its soft winds, a freshness which seems to pervade the accompaniment throughout, an accompaniment full of meaning and full of that gentle effectiveness which one associates with a spring day in the south. The melody is as sweet as the violets of which he sings, and, if one must be hypercritical, the only fault which we have to find with this otherwise perfect little song is its fortissimo ending. The gentle emotion of the melody, the words and the accompaniment throughout should not have culminated in anything approaching a shriek. It seems to us that the words should have died away upon the breath of the spring whispers and that a rather substantial emotion should not have been provided ad lib. for the average singer.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Rousselle appeared successfully for the first time as Siegfried at the Opera, Paris, Feb. 10.

Miss Lydia Eustis, an American, was praised for her singing of songs by Gabriel Faure, Gounod, Brahms and others at Paris Feb. 9. Mr. Imbert wrote: "Her voice is not large, but how well she uses it! Her diction is perfect; and how admirably she bears herself! A Greek statue vivified by Praxiteles!"

Aino Akte has been heard at the Metropolitan, New York, as Elsa and Juliet as well as Marguerite, but her voice is still described as cold and thin, and her action is extremely conventional.

Dr. Theodore Liebermann gave his first recital in this country at New York Feb. 29. The New York Times said of him: "His voice is not remarkable; it is not a large one, nor is it of great beauty. Its range of color is of itself limited; but he uses it in excellent style, and his singing is marked by much taste and refinement. He has the ability, indispensable in the singer of songs, of identifying himself closely with the sentiment, the mood, or the passion that most significantly characterizes the music he is singing, and of making it dominate his interpretation."

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

The New York Evening Post said of Elgar's "Apostles": "A more unutterably dreary, monotonous, tiresome work has surely never been placed before the public. * * * The strangest thing about this oratorio is the seeming lack of plan and coherence in the music. It appears to mander along aimlessly, meaninglessly. If the present writer were asked to give a literary equivalent or analog of the impression made on him by this score, he would suggest the following as an example: 'See that man climb a tree downstairs over rocks in the ocean plus buttermilk and fresh water pearls around the corner at last year's concert in Arizona'—and so on for page after page, with an occasional lucid interval."

A symphony (No. 4, op. 40) and a cello concerto by Julius J. Major, a Hungarian by birth, were played from manuscript at a Winterstein concert, Leipzig, Feb. 10. The works were praised for native simplicity, melodic flow and sound workmanship, although the influence of Volkmann was observed in the cello concerto, and there were reminders of Scandinavian and Italian composers.

Georg Henschel's Requiem was produced in Hamburg Jan. 11, in company with Richard Strauss' "Talliefer."

Suk's latest work, a fantasia for violin and orchestra (Mss.) was produced lately and successfully at a Czech philharmonic concert at Prague.

Bruckner's 8th Symphony (unfinished) has been performed at Munich for the third time this season.

New works produced at a concert of the National Society, Paris, Feb. 6: Three organ pieces by Ch. Tournemire were condemned for lack of inspiration. A violin sonata by Childe Welly was praised, although the finale is too much spun out and too elaborate. A piano trio by R. Caetani seemed long and boring, with the exception of the opening.

The finale from a "musical cycle" in five parts, "Les Houles," for orchestra, by Albert Doyen, was produced at Paris Feb. 7. "Certain pages are of a high inspiration, and the peroration is intensely poetic. There are abuses of dissonances, too well known devices in orchestration, and an occasional lack of clearness, but Mr. Doyen is surely a composer of the future." Such is the opinion of the Guide Musical.

Dohnanyi's sonata for cello and piano, op. 8, was played at Chicago Feb. 23 by Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Stendel.

A tone poem, "Scena from Dante's 'Inferno,'" for violin and piano, op. 46, by Clarence Lucas, was played by Miss Bignardi and the composer at Whitney Tower's concert in London Jan. 26. Mr. Blackburn wrote of it: "We cannot exactly say that Mr. Lucas has more than a somewhat conventional attitude toward the subject which he makes his inspiration. A succession of minor scales, a clamor of minor chords, and finally a sort of unused but quite familiar melody to those who love to play with scales for their own sake, do not in combination create a novelty. Yet Mr. Lucas is a clever musician, and we trust that by less obvious ways he will finally complete the success which his talent undoubtedly deserves. Perhaps

March 8, 1908

STRAUSS CONCERT IN SYMPHONY HALL

Composer's 'First Appearance in
Boston as Conductor of His Own
Works—Superb Performance by
Philadelphia Orchestra.

DELIGHTED AUDIENCE
LOATH TO LEAVE HALL

Fritz Scheel Conducts — Mme
Strauss-De Ahna Sings Her
Husband's Songs and Is Ac-
cording a Number of Recalls.

Dr. Richard Strauss made his first
appearance with Mme. Strauss-de Ahna,
soprano, in Boston, and the Philadel-
phia Symphony orchestra (Mr. Fritz
Scheel, conductor) last night at Sym-
phony Hall. The programme was as
follows:

Symphony No. 2 in D major..... Brahms
Songs with orchestra..... R. Strauss
Mein Kinde.
Wetterleiden.
Gutenlied.

Tone poem, "Till Eulenspiegel".... R. Strauss
The coming of Strauss was eagerly
anticipated by his admirers and by
many who are always curious concern-
ing the face and the body and the bear-
ing of any celebrated person, male or
female. Bismarck had this curiosity to
see Gen. Grant, and he spoke in his
cynically humorous way of the natural
desire to see "any famous animal."

It is not given to every composer to
conduct his own works. There have
been composers who killed their dear
children with a stick. Some of these
musicians knew their weakness; others
were possessed with the mania of con-
ducting. But Strauss is distinguished
throughout Europe as a conductor in
opera house and concert hall. Con-
ducting is his profession.

Many were disappointed when they
learned that he was not to conduct
one of his own works with the Boston
Symphony orchestra at a Symphony
concert. This city, however, has al-
ways welcomed visiting orchestras, and
it has been quick to recognize the pro-
ficiency of the orchestra, and the ability
of the conductors.

That Boston is denied the privilege of
seeing Strauss conduct one of his works
at a Symphony concert, while western
cities are to know him as a leader of
their local orchestras, was a disappoint-
ment; but the programme as announced
were to some a still more severe disap-
pointment. It was hoped, it was expected
by them that he would conduct "Ein
Heldenleben" and "Also Sprach Zarat-
hustra," or at least one of these colos-
sal compositions. It was also expected
that he would show his command over
an orchestra and his views concerning
interpretation by conducting some im-
portant work of another. Beethoven,
Liszt, Mozart, Wagner, Tschalkowsky,
Brahms—it mattered not.

These feelings of regret were surely
forgotten at the close of the memorable
concert of last night. The performance
of the orchestra, under Mr. Scheel, was
admirable. It would be easy to find
fault with Mr. Scheel's interpretation
of the symphony, but the faults were
those of extreme thoughtfulness. There
was such minute attention to detail,
there was such endeavor to make every
measure of moment, that movements
seemed episodic; the long sweep of
phrases, especially in the first move-
ment, was cut into fragments, each var-
ying in dynamic force; but as a result
there was a lack of irresistible contin-
uity of melodic line and thought,
and the undercurrent of rhythm was
checked. Too much stress was put on
that which is comparatively unimpor-
tant.

On the other hand, there was much
that was interesting in Mr. Scheel's
reading of the third movement and the
finale, and the very errors in interpre-
tation served to display the conductor's
control over his orchestra and the ready,
intelligent and effective response of the
players to his wishes. Mr. Scheel was
repeated several times.

Mme. Strauss-de Ahna sang three
songs with orchestral accompaniment
conducted by her husband, the composer.
Her voice is light and without color, a
voice that would no doubt be more
effective in a small hall. The songs
themselves are of an intimate, one
might say a domestic native. They are
by no means among the most striking
of Strauss' melodies, and they might
have been written by a commonplace
composer. But Mme. Strauss-de Ahna
over, by personal charm and appeal, rather
than by any display of vocal art, gave
them certain distinction. The audience
was quick to appreciate the essential
element of her diction and applauded
her most heartily so that she was
obliged to repeat the prettily sentimental
"Gutenlied" and to add two songs,
the last the familiar "Serenade." Those
additional songs were accompanied de-
lightfully on the piano by Dr. Strauss.
There is nothing but unalloyed praise

who desire criticism a word of
advice. We should therefore recom-
mend Mr. Lucas most carefully to at-
tempt the understanding, not so much
what popular music may mean for
him, but what his own real sentiment
musical drama decides to be best
for him. With that we may leave the
subject.

The "Request Program" of the Cin-
cinnati orchestra, Feb. 26-27, was as
follows: Beethoven's overture, "Leo-
pold"; No. 3; Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic"
symphony; Van der Stucken's Idyl;
Liszt's Liebestod, love scene from
Richard Strauss' "Feuersnot"; Liszt's
happedy No. 6. The symphonies that
showed Tschalkowsky's in popularity
were Schubert's "Unfinished" and
Beethoven's seventh; Tschalkowsky's
overture, "1812," followed the "Leo-
pold."

Old chamber music by Purcell, Le-
clair, Tartini, Vercelli, Giovanni Gar-
rielli and Felice dal l'Abaco was played
in London the 23d ult. Would not two
or three concerts of this nature give
pleasure in Boston in the course of a
season? In New York there are Mr.
Sam Franko's concerts of antique mu-
sic, chiefly orchestral. Mr. Charles M.
Jefferies would be the man to give
concerts of like chamber works.

Organ pieces by N. de Grigny, organ-
ist at Rheims and composer of a col-
lection "published in 1711" have been
performed by Gullmant in Paris, and
they are said to be of an "exquisite
quality." Petis gives 1700 as the date of
publication.

A "Symphonic Legend" in two move-
ments by Ernest Schelling, the pianist,
produced at Berlin, Feb. 1, showed high
purpose and careful workmanship, but
little originality of invention.

Robert Kahn's new piano quartet in
C minor, op. 41, produced at Berlin Feb.
1, is said to be academically perfect,
without offence and without interest.

An Italian priest, Don B. Fornaris, has
completed an oratorio, "Nebuchadnezzar."
Is the grass motivo a pastoral
or choral?

A new overture, "In Italy," by Gold-
mark, was produced at Vienna Jan. 24.
The work consists of two allegros full
of warmth, which inclose a slower epi-
sode. The overture was most warmly
applauded.

The "Request" programme of the
Philadelphia orchestra concert at Phila-
delphia, Feb. 27 included Tschalkow-
sky's "Pathetic" symphony, the over-
ture to "Tannhauser," Liszt's First un-
garian rhapsody. The programme was
chosen by balloting.

There will be a complete reproduction
of the music used at the coronation of
King Edward VII. in Westminster Ab-
bey, 1902, at the Academy of Music,
Philadelphia, March 19.

"Four Poems" for mezzo-soprano and
orchestra by Percy Pitt were sung by
Mrs. Kirkley Lunn at a Queen's Hall
symphony concert, London, Feb. 13. The
reference said: "They are settings of poems
by Pierre Louys, Paul Verlaine and Al-
bert Samain. They may be described
as poetical orchestral pieces, the mean-
ing of which is explained by the vocal-
ist. In other words, the instrumental
part excites more attention than the
vocal. At a first hearing the opening
song, entitled 'Chanson de Billitis,'
struck me as being the strongest. Bill-
tis, it will be remembered, was a famous
Greek lady, who may be described most
charitably as partly virtuous, but there
is nothing improper in the text of the
song, which is idyllic in character.
There is a delicate suggestion of eastern
influence in the orchestral portion of
'Mandoline,' and 'Souvenir' is very
graceful."

"The Love Song of Hlathatha and
Minnehaha," music by Herman Fluck,
was sung at the Palace Music Hall,
London, Feb. 15. There was a "beau-
tifully executed scene of the lake of the
Dacotahs."

An overture by Edward Elgar based
on his recent Italian experiences will be
performed at the Elgar festival this
month at London. His symphony will
not be ready for production.

A short cantata, "The Song of the
Silent Land," by Harry Alex. Matthews
of Philadelphia, a setting of Longfel-
low's translation for tenor solo (Nich-
olas Douthy), chorus and orchestra, was
produced by the Mendelssohn Club,
Philadelphia, March 3. Published in
a fortnight, it will be produced there in a
fortnight.

Philadelphia, March 3. Published in
a fortnight, it will be produced there in a
fortnight.

ORATORIO AND APPLAUSE.

Lancelot wrote for the Referee (Lon-
don) of Jan. 10 concerning the incon-
gruity of applause during the perform-
ance of oratorio:

"I claim no originality for this, for
about 1856 Hanslick, the celebrated Ger-
man writer on musical aesthetics, pro-
tested against following sweet music
with discordant sounds, and in the sum-
mer of 1856 considerable controversy was
aroused by Prof. Warr of King's Col-
lege printing on the programme at a
concert he gave at Prince's Hall, Picca-
dilly, the words 'No applause,' Wagner,
as we all know, forbade it, and Rubin-
stein, with a similar object in view,
wished that his 'Tower of Babel' and
'Paradise Lost' should be known as sac-
red operas and performed in a specially
built theatre which he proposed to call
a church of art. The idea underlying
this desire that there should be no ap-
plause until a work or act is finished is
reverence for art, and since we yield
this reverence to Wagner's music
dramas it is certainly inconsistent that
we do not treat sacred music with like
deference. It was with great satisfac-
tion, therefore, that I read a letter in
the Standard from a music lover, and
subsequently a leading article in that
journal, protesting against the applause
which interrupted the performance of
The Messiah on New Year's day at the
Albert Hall. At cultured Kensington
Gore more regard to the proprieties
might have been expected, but after so
long an experience there is little likeli-
hood that London will become fully con-
scious of its misdoings in this respect
unless attention is called to them by
printing a protest on programmes of

the oratorio, and the Referee, I believe,
to the effect, 'No applause.' I believe
it may be old law, the Referee ap-
plauds the performance, and this is a left-
handed compliment to the music, and
does not remove the painfulness of hear-
ing an imperious delivery of 'He Was
Desire.' I have never heard this done at
the performances I have attended in
the midland. The solo vocalists, if not
blatantly, are not blameless. The
'wretched smiles' of certain popular
singers, particularly ladies, tell plainly
that in their personal gratification they
have forgotten their mission as minis-
ters to the true in art. The great sym-
pathetic heart of the British public is
led to applaud them by their exhibition
of pleasure from a kindly feeling to
show its appreciation; but artists, when
taking part in an art work of impor-
tance, should take a higher position and
exact a more deferential homage than
that rendered to the darling acrobat. An
artist shines by a reflected light; the
source of that light is the music, and its
intensity depends on the respect paid
to the work interpreted, and to break
the continuity of a composition is to less-
en its power to impress and excite
esteem."

Here in Boston there is varied ap-
plause at oratorio performances. The
chorus acts as fugue and it applauds
the solo singers when they trope their way
to their seats. It applauds the conduc-
tor before he has his stick in hand, as
a fount of good faith. It applauds
with equal vigor each solo singer after
an aria, whether the aria he well or
poorly sung. It is surprising that the
chorus does not applaud itself. It might
say with the English governor in India,
who was accused of looting: "I am sur-
prised at my own moderation."

Mr. Ernest Newman, a brilliant writer,
has examined into the causes of ap-
plause when it seems most incongru-
ous:

"How is it we do not applaud when
we see a picture? When people find
themselves in front of a Whistler in a
gallery, why do they not begin clapping
their hands and stamping their feet,
and pounding on the floor with sticks
and umbrellas? Partly, I suppose, be-
cause the impression here is not so ner-
vous; it does not communicate the elec-
tricity that strikes through us when we
see people—an orchestra, a singer, an
actor, or an orator—in the flesh, putting
themselves to obvious physical exertion
on our behalf. Their muscular efforts
provoke sympathetic musical efforts in
us. But there is another reason why
we applaud at concerts, but not in pic-
ture galleries. There is a collective con-
sciousness in the former that is absent
from the latter. In the gallery we
are and remain individuals; in the con-
cert room and at the theatre we cease
to be individuals; we become a crowd,
and the laws of the psychology of the
crowd immediately come into play.
There is nothing, as Masterlinck has
acutely said, of which a crowd is so
afraid as of silence; the silence of a
mob, silence multiplied, is really an
appalling thing. Now to sit in silence
after a performance makes an audience
absolutely uncomfortable. It begins to
think, becomes self-conscious; each in-
dividual misses the support of the mass
and imagines the mass is criticising
him. A common impulse of cowardice
causes every one to applaud; it is the
true instinct of the mob, to find courage
in numbers. Yes, the psychology of
applause is extremely curious and ex-
ceedingly subtle; and if our actions are
hopelessly irrational it is not because
we are musicians, but because we are
human beings—the most irrational of
all the creatures that have reason."

D'ALBERT AND BEETHOVEN.

D'Albert played Beethoven's sonata in
C major, op. 53, in London, on Feb. 1,
and Mr. Blackburn indulged himself in
these interesting reflections:

"Beethoven has become nowadays a
classical master, so absolute a person-
ality in music, that one feels it almost
a matter of frivolity to separate his
moods, and to consider them as a man
of his own generation might have con-
sidered them, without the huge tradition
which has gathered around the great
name of the great master. Herr Eugen
D'Albert, however, seems to take Beeth-
oven rather in the light of a modern
composer; that is to say, he attempts
to realize, nay, in fact he realized the
feeling, of such an intense emotion and
such a modern sense of extreme
feeling as that which filled Beethoven
when he composed this magnificent
sonata. It is well that now and then we
should realize exactly that 'unclassical
sentiment,' to quote De Quincy, that
sinking and immediate feeling, which
made the man of the time realize the
sentiment of his period in its full and
complete culmination. Many musicians
grieve sometimes when they realize that
Beethoven has become a classic in the
dullest sense of the word; but we rejoice
to find that Herr Eugen D'Albert takes
away all that dullness, and brings Beeth-
oven to us in the glory, wherein there is
no heaviness, no hesitation, no conven-
tion, no feeling of commonness—that
here, indeed, the master is displayed to
us in the youth and the splendor of his
great genius not to be surpassed, though
times may come and go, and though he
may, in many chapters of art be
equalled here and there, equalled by Moz-
art, equalled by Wagner, equalled by
Richard Strauss, equalled by Edward
Elgar. So fine an interpreter as Herr
D'Albert leads one to such definite con-
clusions."

"Equalled by Edward Elgar!"

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M.: Extra
concert of the Handel and Haydn Society in
aid of its building fund. Mendelssohn's
"Elijah," with these solo singers: Mrs.
Kileski-Bradbury, soprano; Miss Pauline Fon-
tarive, soprano; Miss Janet Spencer, con-
tralto; Mrs. Mabel Le Favor Pearson, con-
tralto; Glenn Hall, tenor; Gwilym Miles,
bass. There will be a large orchestra. Mr.
Mollenhauer will conduct; Mr. Tucker will be
the organist.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M.: First
Richard Strauss concert. The Philadelphia
orchestra of 100 players (Fritz Scheel, con-

ductor) will have on the programme:
Symphony No. 2, D major
(Mr. Scheel, conductor); Strauss' songs with
orchestra, "Mein Kinde" (Mrs. Strauss-
de Ahna), "Till Eulenspiegel" (conducted
by the composer).

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.: Sec-
ond Richard Strauss concert. Liszt's "Piano"
symphony (conducted by Mr. Scheel); Strauss'
songs with orchestra, "Das Rosenkranz-
lied," "Hymnus," "Morgen," "Gutenlied"
(Mrs. Strauss-de Ahna); Strauss' "Death and
Apocalypse" (conducted by the composer).

WEDNESDAY—Stelbert Hall, 8 P. M.: French
songs recital by Mme. Alexander-Marlin,
d'Indy's "Choir de Laine," Irene Bergo's
"Chansons des Oubliés," Duparc's "Thylde,"
Debussy's "Mer est plus Belle," "Mundo-
line"; d'Indy's arrangement of folk songs of
Vivants; "La das dans la Prairie," "An
Liszt's "Chanson de Billitis," Angiela
Holme's "L'Appel du Printemps" and
"Chemin du Ciel." Mr. De Veto will be the
accompanist.

Thursday, 8:15 P. M.: Third Chickering
production concert, R. J. Lang conductor.
Prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes
Palno (conducted by the composer), first
time; Ernest Hutchinson's piano concerto in E
major (played by the composer), first time;
"The Saracens" and "The Beautiful Aida,"
MacDowell; "Chal Mor," rhapsody for bar-
itone and orchestra (Stephen Townsend, bar-
itone); Salut-Suens' "Suite Algérienne."

THURSDAY—Boston Theatre, 2 P. M.: Exhibi-
tion of the New England Conservatory opera
class, Mr. Blumond conductor.

Chickering Hall, 8 P. M.: Last Lenten
chamber concert (Miss Perry's series). Miss
Olive Mead, Violist; Mrs. Heinrich
Schuecker, Miss Raynab Dowse, Miss Meta
E. White, Mr. Schuecker, harpists; Mr. Geb-
hard, pianist; Mr. Zach, accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.: Eight-
teenth public rehearsal of Boston Symphony
orchestra, Mr. Gerleke conductor. Fantastic
overture, Strube, first time; Lalo's "Spanish
Symphony," for violin and orchestra (Thur-
day, Adamowski, violinist); overture to
"Coriolanus," Beethoven; symphony No. 2, in
D major, Shubert, first time.

Choral Church, 8:15 P. M.: Choral
Art Society, Wallace Goodrich conductor.
Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," for two choirs
and solo quartets; Palestrina's "Impropria,"
for two choirs; Palestrina's "Ave Maria";
Mendelssohn's motet, "Judge Me, O God";
Verdi's "Land Alla Vergine Maria," for fe-
male voices; G. L. Osgood's hymn, "Parvum
Quando"; motet, "O Praise Ye God," and
chierulim song from Tschalkowsky's liturgy;
Cornelius' motet, "Thron der Liebe."

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M.: Fifth concert of
Arbos quartet. Chadwick's quartet in E
minor, No. 4; Cesar Franck's sonata in A
major, for piano and violin; Brahms' sextet,
for strings, in B flat, op. 18, Messers, Geh-
hard (piano), Zach (viola) and Barth (cello)
will assist.

SATURDAY—Stelbert Hall, 8 P. M.: Piano
recital by Mme. Helen Hopekirk. MacDow-
ell's "Celtic," sonata in E minor; Schu-
mann's "Kludersenen," fantasistueck in A,
"The Bird as Prophet"; Debussy's suite,
"Pour le Piano," and "Jardin sons la
Pluie"; Scherzer's "Marianettes" and
"Choir de Laine."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.: Eighteenth con-
cert of the Symphony orchestra. Programme
as on Friday afternoon.

MISS LEWIS'S MON 7/19 "ELIJAH" ENJOYED BY BIG AUDIENCE

Sung in Symphony Hall by the
Handel and Haydn Society to
Aid Building Fund—Mr. Mol-
lenhauer Is Warmly Recalled.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr.
Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave last
evening at Symphony Hall a per-
formance of Mendelssohn's oratorio,
"Elijah." Besides the chorus and a full
orchestra, there were the following so-
lists: Mrs. Kileski-Bradbury, soprano;
Miss Pauline Fontarive, soprano; Miss
Janet Spencer, contralto; Mrs. Mabel
LeFavor Pearson, contralto; Mr. Glenn
Hall, tenor, and Mr. Gwilym Miles,
bass. Mr. H. G. Tucker was the or-
ganist.

The object of the concert was to in-
crease the building fund of the society,
whose purpose is to provide itself with
a hall suitable for rehearsals and va-
rious necessary rooms and offices. This
fund was started two years ago, and
the society plans to add to it yearly
until the end can be accomplished. The
independent movement of the organiza-
tion to aid itself has aroused apparent
interest, and there was large audi-
ence last evening—large, but it is a pity
that every seat should not have been
filled.

The performance itself was good
throughout. The chorus was in excel-
lent condition, and sang with respon-
sive enthusiasm, good volume and true
intonation. From first to last there was
evidence of careful training and con-
scientious study. Mr. Mollenhauer was
warmly received with favor; Mr. Miles'
manly singing aroused great enthusi-
asm. The work itself is familiar, and
seems always popular; but the insensate
repetition of passage after passage
grows intolerably wearisome, and, more-
over, makes the entire programme of
quite unreasonable length. However
beautiful the music, the ceaseless man-
dering of the text palls as the evening
wears on. But the audience drank it all
in and listened with unabated ardor
to the end.

for Dr. Strauss as conductor of his tone poem "Till Eulenspiegel," and for the marvellous performance of the orchestra under his impassioned bat. No one left the hall, however enthusiastic an admirer of Strauss he had been, without additional respect and heightened wonder for the composer-conductor. It is not necessary at this late day to discuss the contents of the tone-poem itself. As interpreted last night, it was a gigantic Scherzo, not without a pathetic, yea, a tragic touch. Till, the rogue, played his pranks, exasperated the honest citizens, mocked at the law, and at last judgment was pronounced against him. And then there was the concluding thought: "Once there was this Till, whose strange story I have now told you." As absolute music, without a suggestion of programme, it is extremely fascinating.

Strauss, tall, slight, dignified, with hands that must tempt painters, conducted without the slightest affectation or thought of vainglorious display. He played on the orchestra as on a keyboard. No sudden rhythmic change, no extreme dynamic contrast surprised the players. Their performance was not only technically superb; it was full of elasticity and life, of sentiment, humor and eloquence.

The enthusiasm of conductor and players was contagious. The conductor held audience as well as orchestra under his sway. And when the music was over—all too soon—the emotions of the hearers found relief in applause that must still ring in the ears of the tone-poet who now honors Boston by his presence. The audience was loath to leave the hall, and its reluctance was a still more flattering tribute than the roaring and the weath.

To speak of any members of this excellent orchestra may seem invidious, yet it is impossible to refrain from mentioning the excellent work of the first horn, the kettle-drums, the trombones, the first oboe—the list might be extended. It is only justice to say that in "Till Eulenspiegel" the men played as though they were inspired.

Symphony Hall should be crowded this afternoon. Such a composer, such a conductor is not often within the city gates.

RICHARD STRAUSS' SECOND CONCERT

Noted Virtuoso Gives a Marvelously Effective Reading of His Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration," at Symphony Hall.

PERFORMANCE LONG TO BE REMEMBERED

Mme. Strauss Again Sings from Works of Her Husband—Several Encores Demanded by the Large and Well Pleased Audience.

Dr. Richard Strauss, assisted by Mme. Pauline Strauss-De Ahna, soprano, and the Philadelphia orchestra (Mr. Fritz Scheel, conductor) gave his second concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was as follows:

"Faust" Symphony.....Liszt
Songs with orchestra.....Strauss
Das Rosenband.....
Liebes-Hymnus.....
Morgen.....
Caelelle.....
Death and Transfiguration.....Strauss

There is no doubt that Mr. Scheel is an accomplished drill master. His patience and intelligence in rehearsal were shown not only by the fine performance of the supple orchestra under his own direction, but by the readiness with which the players responded to Strauss' appeals. Mr. Scheel has been more, than the forerunner of Strauss: he smoothed the orchestral way for him; he regulated and tuned the instrument on which Strauss was to play.

Mr. Scheel's choice of a symphony for the concert of yesterday was not a fortunate one for the occasion. No sane person will deny that Liszt's "Faust" has many beautiful as well as striking passages. (Wagner evidently knew it well and showed this knowledge in some of his own pages.) But the first movement is intolerably spun out, and many great effects are thus frittered away. The second movement is indisputably beautiful, yet it too might have been edited by a judicious counselor. The "portrait" of Mephistopheles, or the portrayal in tones of the Fiend's mock, is the least successful of the movements so far as mood is concerned, yet there are sombre and haunting passages and the appearance of the

Gretchen theme is of exquisite charm. Mr. Scheel again displayed his passion for minute dissection, his zeal in over-elaboration. Here is a conductor to be respected for many qualities, for his mastery of mechanism, for his genuine and poetic feeling. If he were only not too thoughtful!

Mme. Strauss sang four of her husband's songs with orchestral accompaniment, and she sang "Morgen" and "Caelelle" twice. She was more successful in "Morgen" than in the others, for the song did not display pitilessly her faults of voice and of method. Nor are "Das Rosenband" and "Liebes-Hymnus" among Strauss' interesting songs. The audience was kindly disposed toward the singer. What sort of treatment would any local soprano have received at the hands of this same audience had she come before it with worn voice and with such grievous vocal faults? No doubt the audience wished to be hospitable toward the stranger; it also remembered that she was the wife of the great composer and conductor and wished his joy to be without taint.

Dr. Strauss gave a marvellously effective reading of his noble and lofty tone poem. The performance will long be to many as a rare personal experience, one that moved them to the very depths. If there be realism in this composition, there is also the highest idealism. After the depiction of the death bed agonies, after the reminiscences of the joys and the emotions of the life so near an end, after the final struggle and the release of the weary soul, how consoling, how uplifting the final pages! The conductor not only brought out with irresistible force the agonies of death and the fleeting thoughts of poor humanity before the great change; he prepared the apotheosis, the putting on of immortality with consummate art. The introductory passage to the finale was as the slow rolling away of the clouds that obscured the celestial vision. And then the sonorous, triumphant chant that told of victory in death!

Again was there the revelation of the persuasive power of genius over an orchestra. There was thought neither of orchestra nor of Strauss, the man. The orchestra was the voice of Richard Strauss, the composer. And no one who has felt the mighty influence of his leadership can now doubt his artistic sincerity, or the importance of his musical message. For the man as conductor there must be henceforth only praise and wonder in this city. His simplicity, his modesty, his dignity before an enthusiastic public were characteristic of true greatness.

He nothing common did, or mean.
Upon that memorable scene.

The audience was a large one, yet it will be left to the historian of music in Boston to write that Richard Strauss, the foremost composer in the musical world of the early years of the 20th century, visited in 1904, for the first time, this city, where his works were already known, and yet the concert hall was not crowded to the doors with the people of a town that has long plumed itself on its musical taste and claimed the distinction of being a musical centre.

THIRD CHICKERING CONCERT GIVEN

Unfamiliar Pieces by Paine and Hutcheson Heard in Chickering Hall—Concerto of Latter Played for First Time in Boston.

AN UNINSPIRED WORK AND WITHOUT EMOTION

Mme. Marius Gives a Song Recital in Steinert Hall—Selections from D'Indy, Debussy, Dupare, Chausson and Holmes.

The third of the Chickering "Production" concerts under the auspices of Messrs. Chickering & Sons was given last night in Chickering Hall. The programme was as follows:

Prelude, The Birds of Aristophanes.....John K. Paine
Conducted by the Composer.
Concerto in E major for Piano and First Time.....Ernest Hutcheson
Played by the Composer.
Two Fragments (The Saracens and the Beautiful Alda).....Edward MacDowell
Rhapsody, Canal Mor of the Blue Red Hand.....Morris Parker
For Baritone and Orchestra.
Sung by Mr. Stephen Townsend.
Suite Algerienne.....Saint-Saens

Prof. Paine wrote music for the performance of "The Birds" by Aristophanes at Harvard University in May, 1901. There was then, we believe, no orchestra, but the overture in its present form was played at Chicago by Thomas' orchestra, Feb. 28, 1903. Ancient plays have been produced with music at English universities for some years and Sir C. H. H. Parry wrote music for "The Birds" at Cambridge in 1883. There was a performance of this same play at Vassar in May, 1902, and chorus

music by G. C. Gaw was sung and there was an unseen flute player, Prof. Paine's overture would sound better in Symphony Hall. It is an eminently festive piece, and there is more than once the suggestion of the sweep of the Aristophanic chorus. We should like to hear it in a hall where it would have more elbow room.

Mr. Hutcheson's concerto was also played here for the first time. It is not a new work, for it was performed in Berlin as far back as October, 1898. The music is what is known as highly respectable, and this description is held by some to be a compliment. The composer has evidently studied in the orthodox school, and he has not wandered after the strange gods of France, Russia, or even Germany. There is more thematic development in orchestra than in the solo instrument, and there is much passage work for the latter. It is an uninspired composition, without thematic material of marked interest, without any striking feature of development or instrumentation. The music is all so snug and slick and without emotional quality. There is not even one strange chord that would bring a blush to the cheek of a professor at Stuttgart. Mr. Hutcheson played fluently and clearly.

Mr. MacDowell's two pieces were played here at a Philharmonic concert Nov. 5, 1891. They were intended originally for a symphony or suite founded on "The Song of Roland." The first is the sinister music of Saracens, when, 'mid the feasting, Gannellone swore to betray the good knight, Roland the fair and gentle dame. Roland's betrothed. The first of the fragments is by far the more imaginative. It is highly picturesque in an original manner. It is, indeed, romantically poetic. The second is less orchestral; it is as though it were thought for the piano, and the musical thought itself is of slight importance.

Prof. Parker's rhapsody on the wild poem of James Clarence Morgan was produced here at a Symphony concert March 30, 1895, when Mr. Max Heinrich was the baritone. It is a romantic work, and on the whole it is the most originally imaginative of Prof. Parker's compositions. The opening is the least dramatic and least picturesque portion, but after this the poet's vision is seen sympathetically by the musician, and there superb passages occur in pages of a uniformly heightened style. Mr. Townsend sang effectively. It is a wonder that the poem had not attracted the attention of musicians before Prof. Parker set music to it.

Saint-Saens' "Algerian" suite was first played here 23 years ago. The concert as a whole gave much pleasure to a small audience. Mr. Lang conducted the pieces, with the exception of the overture.

The fourth concert will be on Wednesday, March 23, and the programme will include: Fragments from "Castor and Pollux," Rameau-Gevaert, three symphonic sketches composed and conducted by G. W. Chadwick; Iphigenia's monologue by Gustav Strube (Miss Josephine Knight, mezzo-soprano); "Jenka Razine," symphonic poem by Glazounoff; and a violin concerto by Bruch, played by Miss Nina Fletcher.

MME. MARIUS' RECITAL.

Selections from Works of Unfamiliar Authors Given Before Small but Applaudive Audience.

Mme. Alexander-Marius, soprano, gave a song recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a small and applaudive audience. The programme was as follows:

Clair de Lune.....D'Indy
Chansons des Champs.....Irenee Berge
Phidyle.....Dupare
La Mer est plus belle.....Debussy
Mandoline.....Debussy
La-bas dans la Prairie.....D'Indy
Ma Jactance.....D'Indy
Les Papillons.....Chausson
Le Chemin du Ciel.....Holmes
L'Appel du Printemps.....Holmes

Mme. Marius, according to her custom, produced several songs hitherto unknown here to concertgoers. D'Indy's "Clair de Lune" for voice and orchestra was composed in 1880. The text is the grim poem by Victor Hugo which moved MacDowell to write one of his finest works for the piano. D'Indy's song, even with piano accompaniment, is full of vitality and color. Admirable, too, is Dupare's "Phidyle," which was composed about 1878 and now has an orchestral accompaniment. The melodic line is of uncommon beauty and there is a wealth of interest in the harmonic detail. Chausson's "Papillons" (1881) is one of his earlier vocal pieces and is without the dismal melancholy that weighs down so much of his later work. The accompaniment is exquisitely fanciful.

The songs by Debussy were of special interest to students of his development, for "Mandoline" (1890) is one of his earliest compositions, and "La Mer est belle" (1899) shows the great change in the composer's methods of thought. The songs by Irene Berge are of little worth and the folk songs arranged by D'Indy seemed artificial in their simplicity.

It would not be pleasant or profitable to speak at length concerning the interpretation of these songs. It is enough to say that Mme. Marius was more successful in one or two songs in which the diction was the all-important matter than in those that required beauty of tone or mastery of vocal art. Mr. de Voto played the accompaniments in a most delightful manner.

LAST LENTEN CONCERT.

The fourth and last of the lenten chamber concerts (Miss Terry's series) in Chickering Hall was given yesterday afternoon. There was an applaudive audience of fair size. The programme included Grieg's violin sonata in C minor, op. 45 (Miss Olive Mead and Mr. Gehard); Foote's "Romance" and Sara-

ate's "Baptado," played by Miss Mead; these piano pieces, played by Mr. Gehard; Chopin's "Impromptu," in F sharp, a gavotte by Bach, arranged by Saint-Saens; a transcription of Loeffler's song, "Les Paons," Gabriel Faure's terzetto in F minor, Helen Hopekirk's "Allaban," Foote's "Yon Rising Moon" and Liszt's "Waldesrauschen," harp solos by Mr. Schuecker-Saint-Saens' "Fantaisie," an andante by Rossini, E. Schuecker's "Mazurka," and these harp pieces—Andante from Bocha's "Grand Duo Concertante" and Gounod's "Missa Solenne" (Miss Raymah Dowse, Mrs. Schuecker, Miss Meta E. White, Mr. Schuecker). And thus a pleasant series was brought to an agreeable close.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

There will be two novelties at the 18th rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon: A Fantastic overture by Gustav Strube, a violinist of the orchestra, well known here as a composer and conductor, and Jean Sibelius' Symphony No. 2. Mr. Strube's overture was composed in May, 1903, and is dedicated to Mr. Gericke. It has no programme other than the title. Jean Sibelius is a Finn by birth—he was born in 1865—and he studied at Helsingfors and at Vienna. The symphony, in four conventional movements, is without programme, but it is supposed to have a certain exotic flavor. The other pieces will be Lalo's Spanish Rhapsody for violin, which has been played twice at these concerts by Mr. Loeffler and twice by Mr. Adamowski, who will play it today for the third time, and Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus."

There will be no concerts next week. The programme for March 25-26 will include Brahms' Tragic Overture; Liszt's Concerto No. 2 (Mr. Joseffy, pianist), the Prelude to Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" and Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 4.

OPERATIC SCHOOL PLAYS AN OPERA

Conservatory Pupils Present Sig. Oreste Bimboni's "Santuzza" at Boston Theatre, for the First Time in America.

ALSO PRODUCE SCENES FROM OTHER OPERAS

Chorus and Full Orchestra Perform—Sig. Bimboni's Opera Is a Sad One, a Sequel to "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The New England Conservatory of Music, Mr. G. W. Chadwick director, gave the fourth public performance by members of the school of opera, with a chorus and full orchestra under the direction of Mr. Oreste Bimboni, yesterday afternoon, at the Boston Theatre, which was crowded with an interested and most friendly audience.

Mr. Bimboni's opera in one act, "Santuzza," book by Di G. Corrieri, was performed for the first time in this country. The opera, a sequel to "Cavalleria Rusticana," was produced at Palermo in January, 1895.

The great success of Mascagni's opera brought with it direct and indirect sequels or imitations. Mr. Bimboni's opera is not the only one entitled "Santuzza." There is the one, for instance, by Edmund von Freyhold, with this dismal plot: Santuzza has a son, Massimo, and Lola, Alfio's wife, has a daughter, Anita. The children love one another, and they are betrothed, but the revelation is made that Anita's father was not Alfio, but Turiddu, and therefore Anita is the half-sister of Massimo. Alfio, crazed by retrospective jealousy, rushes at Lola with a knife, but Santuzza turns the weapon and stabs him. She, too, dies. Several of the bystanders fall in a faint, and Massimo, without undue emotion at the sight of his mother's corpse, takes a walking stick and goes a wandering.

Bimboni's "Santuzza" Is Much Simpler Than Mascagni One.

The story of Mr. Bimboni's opera is a simpler one. There is a long scene for Santuzza. Tortured by remorse the day of Turiddu's funeral, she begs his mother, Lucia, to forgive her. Her mind gives way, and as the body is borne from the church she cries out that Turiddu calls her, and she dies.

The music does not call for extended comment. It should be remembered that Santuzza and Lucia were impersonated by amateurs and that the performance of the orchestra was by no means flawless; nevertheless it was possible to form a fair idea of the music itself. There is a short prelude with funeral march. The opening scene with

Singers at the Conservatory Operatic School Performance, Sig. Bimboni, Whose Opera, "Santuzza," Was Presented



MRS.
ALICE CABOT MORSE
SOPRANO.

MISS MABEL STANAWAY,
CONTRALTO.

ONESTE BIMBONI.

chorus recalls the architectural form of the opening chorus in Mascagni's opera, but the music is changed in mood and spirit, as becomes the situation. This scene is imaginative and it is the strongest section of the work. Mr. Bimboni uses effectively a little later a hint at Lola's ditty, which is as a dagger-thrust to Santuzza, who is the earlier part of the opera has one warm burst of true Italian song. The music given her after this has little genuine dramatic force, and the choruses are without distinction. The instrumentation is occasionally effective, but it is for the most part thick and without contrast. Mrs. Morse has a warm voice of emotional quality, and she was applauded heartily for her brave endeavor in a part that would tax a singing woman of temperament and experience. Mr. Bimboni was recalled with the chief singers, and several times alone, and a wreath was given to him. We understand that a village dance was necessarily omitted. No doubt the time will come when the Conservatory will be able to put its own ballet on the stage, and surely there is need of ballet schools in this country, if only to furnish dancers of youth and grace to the more pretentious opera companies.

Scenes from Other Operas Performed by the Students.

And what is to be said of the performance of the scenes from other operas? If the point be raised that the singers were amateurs, students, and that their attempts should be dismissed with vague and indiscriminate praise, there is this answer: The performance was in a theatre and not in a private hall, prices were charged for admission, and the exhibition was advertised in the newspapers as a public entertainment. On the other hand, it would be ungracious to go through the list and praise one or disparage another. Nor would such criticism be fair; for in such exhibitions, it is not uncommon to find good singers placed at a disadvantage by inevitable nervousness. A woman is called upon to play a tragic part, before she has gone through the long and dreary routine work which must be the foundation of all dramatic action, before she has learned the use of arms and legs, before she has mastered the rudiments of facial play and is thoroughly acquainted with the simplest gestures, and only when walking and sitting and acting play and gesture and general bearing are, as it were, instinctive with her is there an opportunity for the display of individuality in the composition and in the impersonation of a part. The spectator may see naturally dramatic instinct or taste, and he may prophesy on earning the future; nevertheless, the singer is at the best an amateur, a beginner, or a rash experimenter. And in the anxiety to be at ease on the stage, in the attempt to remember the stage directions given at the school, the singer, unfortunately, forgets what he of song she had acquired. She is restless or explosive or otherwise ineffective, or her intonation is false, or her tones are weak or far back in her throat, when without the thought of necessary dramatic action she might have charmed or moved by beauty or power of song alone.

Opera Schools Benefit Even Those Not Going on Stage.

We believe in these operatic schools of serious purpose. We believe they should be encouraged and supported, the study, when it is wisely directed, is of benefit to the student even when she does not dream of an operatic career. Furthermore, such schools in a few years will undoubtedly send students into opera companies, for we are so ungulate as to think that there will yet a local opera in English in the larger cities of this country. We are a notoriously good-natured people, and we pay foreign singing men and women far

higher salaries than they can obtain in European cities. To them the United States is still Tom Tiddler's ground where they can pick up gold and silver. There are signs that the people at large is becoming tired of this reputation, and Mr. Conried made a step in the right direction when he refused to entertain the preposterous demand of Jean de Reszke—with brother Edouard.

But there is this to be said to teachers as well as to students: Is it not necessary first of all that a singer's voice should be placed so that she can use it in a dramatic scene as if by instinct? After all, there is song as well as action in opera, and there should at first be more attention paid song than action. For the voice is the most emotional of all instruments when the tones are skillfully employed and when a brain as well as a soul directs their use.

There were fine, natural voices heard yesterday. Two or three of the singers showed a natural inclination toward the stage. There was a too general tendency, however, to forget some of the elementary principles as well as the fineness of song. And it may here be said, that Miss Adah Hussey in a trying scene, where she, as an amateur actress of no experience had many things to remember, sang with the charm and the finish that she would display on a concert stage and in an excerpt from a cool cantata by Bach. She showed the results of long and patient vocal training; she sang therefore, without apparent effort and with true effect. We single her out because she was a conspicuous proof of the statement that even in a dramatic situation, it is better that the player should know how to sing.

Mr. Bimboni conducted with the skill that has long made him famous, and the audience was impartially generous with applause and at times enthusiastic. For the sake of the record we add the casts:

"Traviata," act I.....Verdi
Violetta.....Sarah F. Fisher
Flores.....Hilda Nordahl
Alfredo.....Elisha P. Perry
"Faust," act IV.....Gounod
Margherita.....Mrs. Jean L. Sherburne
Faust.....Elisha P. Perry
Valentino.....Robert A. Seaman
Mefistofele.....Anthony H. Carlson
Siebel.....Hilda Nordahl
Marta.....Heleu F. Westgate
"Rigoletto," act I.....Verdi
Gilda.....Mrs. Jean L. Sherburne
Duc.....John J. O'Connor
Rigoletto.....John S. Codman
Sparafucile.....John J. Morgan
Marullo.....Robert A. Seaman
"Aida," acts I and II. (selected scenes).....Verdi
Aida.....Mrs. Jean L. Sherburne
Amneris.....Mabel Stanaway
Radames.....John J. O'Connor
Ramfis.....John J. Morgan
"Santuzza," one-act opera.....Bimboni
Santuzza.....Mrs. Alice Cabot Morse
Mamma Lucia.....Mabel Stanaway
Curate.....John J. Morgan
Sarcastano.....Eugene H. Storer

CHORAL ART SOCIETY.

Concert in Trinity Church—"Stabat Mater Dolorosa" Given with Much Smoothness.

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Walla Goodrich, conductor, sang last evening in Trinity Church. The programme was as follows:

Stabat Mater Dolorosa.....Palestrina
For two choirs and solo quartets
Improperia.....Palestrina
Mozart, "Ave Verum Corpus".....Mozart
"Judge Mr. To God".....Mendelssohn
Laudi Alla Vergine Maria.....Verdi
Hymn, "Parvum quando Cerno Deum".....G. L. Osgood
Motet, "Thron der Lohes".....Cornelius
Cherubim song.....Tschalkowsky
Motet, "O Praise Ye God".....Tschalkowsky

The society had the assistance of the choirs of Emmanuel Church, the Church of the Advent and Trinity Church, and of Mr. Albert W. Snow, organist. All the works were unaccompanied except the motets by Mozart and by Mendelssohn, which had organ accompaniments.

The work of last evening was generally better than that of the preceding concert, but the acoustics of the church are so faulty that it is difficult to place certain defects. The society's purpose in choosing a church for the presentation of sacred music is to be commended. In a concert hall these works, or at least a series of them, however beautiful their form, become tedious, and the hearers grow restive; but the subtle and imperceptible influence of surroundings makes their performance in a church of quite different effect. Last evening's audience was a large one, which filled the place to the very doors, and every one listened with unflagging interest to the end.

The most beautiful in the series of works presented were the two by Palestrina. Perhaps nothing went with more smoothness than the "Stabat Mater," and the effect of its first pages, when people were fresh and eager to listen, was indescribably beautiful. The "Improperia" were sung antiphonally, the choirs being in opposite galleries. This placing the singers higher up (at the previous performances in the church they have been near the altar) is an improvement in the way of acoustic effect. The intonation sounded truer, and there seemed a better volume of tone.

The more modern numbers that closed the programme showed careful preparation, but in themselves they lack that ineffable, remote beauty of Palestrina's music; the mystic quality so necessary to religious traditions.

Nov 12, 1904

Fifth Concert by Arbos Quartet Given in Jordan Hall Last Evening

Brahms Sextet, Franck Sonata and Chadwick Quartet the Programme Numbers—
Choral Art Society's Concert.

The fifth concert of the Arbos quartet was given in Jordan Hall last night. Mr. Gebhard, pianist; Mr. Zach, viola, and Mr. Barth, cellist, assisted. There was a small but warmly appreciative audience. The programme was as follows:

Quartet in E minor, No. 4.....Chadwick
Sonata in A major for piano and violin.....Cesar Franck
Sextet for strings, E flat, op. 18.....Brahms

There are pleasant and effective pages in Mr. Chadwick's quartet, which has certain elements of immediate popularity, as revealed especially in the second and third movements. Yet we should have preferred to hear again his fifth quartet, which was produced here by the Adamowskis, for, as we remember it, it was frankly and unpretentiously Chadwickian. The quartet in E minor too often reminds one of the Americanized Dvorak. After the Czech composer had been persuaded by friends in New York that he had a divinely appointed mission to found an American school of musical composition with thematic material obtained from negroes, Indians, Creoles and other true American citizens, he wrote his well-known symphony and two pieces of chamber music. There was much talk at the time, there were pamphlets and lectures about the coming school and the duty of all American composers to use these Congo-Indian-Creole tunes and rhythms. Either Mr. Chadwick was unconsciously affected by the talk and by Dvorak's example, or he wished to show that he could do the business as well as any Czech imported to make a New York holiday.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not for a moment hint at plagiarism. The resemblance between this quartet and certain music by Dvorak is one of mood, and this mood is suggested by rhythms, by cadences and by thematic character that are common to certain folks in their primitive or pseudo-primitive melodies and at the disposal of any composer. It is in the use of these and in the effects of rhythm and color that we find the general resemblance, and are led while hearing Mr. Chadwick's music to remember Dvorak and his experiment which was the talk of a season. We prefer Mr. Chadwick when he is most himself, as in his "Melpomene" overture, in the symphony with the truly American scherzo and in certain songs of genuine and passionate beauty. This quartet was played last night with care and finish.

It is always a pleasure to hear Franck's sonata when it is played in an appreciative spirit, however interpretations may vary in detail. It is a rare work, which sounds the gamut of emotions, and poor must be the performance that does not move the hearer. That of last night was thoughtfully

considered and of excellent proportions. Violinist and pianist were in sympathy with each other and the composer. Mr. Arbos gave in some respects the best exhibition of his art of the season, and the performance of Mr. Gebhard was generally excellent and at times admirable.

Brahms' sextet is one of the most genial of his chamber works, and no wonder that it did much to make him popular. A list of first performances in this city of works by Brahms would be interesting reading for students of the growth of a composer's vogue. The first version of his famous piano trio was produced here as far back as 1855 by William Mason. But this sextet, although it was composed in 1850, was not performed here until 1885, when Messrs. Kuntz and Mingers assisted at a Kniesel concert.

The last Arbos quartet concert will be on Monday evening, the 28th, when the second piano quartet by Gabriel Faure will be on the programme.

STRUBE OVERTURE GIVEN IN BOSTON

Initial Performance of the Work at the Symphony Concert Last Evening Conducted by Composer—
Music Not Impressive.

The programme of the 18th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Fantastic overture.....Strube (First performance.)
Spanish symphony.....Lalo (Mr. T. Adamowski, violinist.)
Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 2 in D major.....Sibelius (First time.)

Mr. Strube conducted his overture with spirit and authority; his colleagues played as though eager to put the music in the best light; the audience was generous with applause, and a wreath was handed to the composer-conduc-

COMPOSER, VIOLINIST AND SINGER.



CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS
(FROM THE WEEKLY CRITICAL REVIEW)



MARIE NICHOLS,
VIOLINIST.



ELLA KIRMES,
SOPRANO.

tor. Yet we were disappointed in the work itself. Mr. Strube is a thoroughly grounded and versatile musician. He has written music that is highly creditable to him, music that has qualities which we do not find in this overture.

We do not object to the ultra-fantastical passages because they are ultra-modern, but because we find them for the most part ineffective. The overture is constructed on a large scale; it is scored for the full modern orchestra; but the results are not great or impressive.

There are pretty patches of orchestral color, there is ingenuity enough in development, but the music has no determined goal toward which it hastens, nor is there a series of striking episodes. There is neither the mastery continuity of thought that holds the attention, nor is the music kaleidoscopic. And in spite

of the orchestral resources there is seldom true and rich sonority; there is little of musical thought or concentration of orchestral tone. We beseech Mr. Strube, in whose work we are interested, to look over again the earlier scores of Saint-Saëns, or the scores of Auber's better operas, and to observe with what apparently small means these Frenchmen produce delightful or impressive orchestral effects.

The symphony of Sibelius is a thoughtfully considered work. The composer was in most serious and earnest mood. The music is sombre, lonely and often tedious. Is the discouraging atmosphere due to the presence of Finnish "local color," or to the neutral dryness of the composer's thought? The symphony was interesting as music in a country as yet little known to us, and after hearing this work there is curiosity as to whether the pervading gloom be the expression of a folk of an individual. Mr. Gerike and the orchestra did their best for Jean Sibelius, but the composer should have done more.

The nearly century old overture of Beethoven stood boldly out in tragic and compelling grandeur.

Mr. Adamowski played Lalo's delightful concerto—for this Spanish "symphony" is in reality, a concerto, or a suite, if one must speak unequivocally by the card—and he played it with sentiment, dash and brilliance. He was applauded heartily and deservedly.

MME. HOPEKIRK'S RECITAL.

A Varied and Pleasing Programme
Given in Steinert Hall Wins
Generous Applause.

Mme. Helen Hopekirk gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. She played MacDowell's sonata in E minor, "Celtic"; Schumann's "Kinderscenen," fantasia-estueck in A, and "Eld as Prophet"; Debussy's suite "Pour le Piano" and "Jardin Sous la Pluie," and Stcherbatcheff's "Marionettes" and "Clair de Lune."

Mme. Hopekirk has of late years been in the habit of arranging unusual programmes. She has had the courage to bring forward the less familiar pieces of known composers and pieces by moderns known to the great majority only

by name. The programme of yesterday was one of peculiar interest.

She plays MacDowell's more characteristic music with the sympathy that comes only from a fellow-understanding and appreciation of national color and spirit, and so there was much that was highly admirable in her performance of his "Celtic" sonata. The work itself is beautiful in its legendary feeling and atmosphere. There is no trace of the routine sentimentalism that is found in some of MacDowell's latest piano pieces; the sentiment is here poetic after the early and hard manner, and there is elemental grandeur, as well as tender lyricism, in the music. Mme. Hopekirk might perhaps have brought out more forcibly the quiet and suspicious intensity of the first pages of the finale, pages that are as the mutterings of impending vengeance and doom.

In Debussy's "Pour le Piano" the Prelude is charming, but the Sarabande and the Toccata are forced even for Debussy. His impressionistic harmonies, his melodic suggestion in his orchestral pieces and in "The Blessed Damsel," are as his natural thought; but in these two piano pieces he gives one the impression of a determined wish to make the bourgeois sit up.

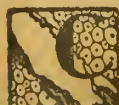
Stcherbatcheff's "Marionettes," from a delightful and original suite, was played in the appropriate spirit, and it was a pleasure to find the composer's "Clair de Lune" on a programme. Mme. Hopekirk's performance throughout gave much pleasure and she was warmly applauded.

SAINT-SAENS' NEW OPERA, "HELENE"

In His 70th Year He Sees It Produced at Monte Carlo—The Work Described and Some of the Criticisms.

QUALITY OF DRAMATIC PASSION IS LACKING

Singers and Their Plans—New Productions and Their Authors—Attractions of the Concert Stage—Personal Notes.



CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS in his 70th year sees at Monte Carlo the production of his new opera, "Helene." Verdi in his

old age put away the temptation to write music for the lovers of Verona and said to those urging that a man of his years could not invent passionate strains. The French composer years ago was never so happy as when taking the part of Calchas to Blzet's or Regnault's Helen in Offenbach's delightful version of Troy's fall, and he is still her slave. He might say with Dryden:

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet."

The Composer's Classicism.

Saint-Saëns has not been satisfied with the making of music or the career of a virtuoso. Organist, pianist, caricaturist, dabbler in science, amateur of art, curious concerning mathematics and astronomy, comedian, feuilletonist, poet, traveller, critic, playwright, archeologist—truly a restless man. Irritable, whimsical, ironical, paradoxical, a man who, as the story goes, left his wife because he was not satisfied with the domestic cookery, a Parisian by birth and from crown to sole, and yet a confirmed nomad, this extraordinary apparition in the musical world has always respected the classics in literature as well as in music. One of his most singular pamphlets is a note on stage scenery among the ancient Romans, in which he makes use of mural paintings found at Pompeii and discusses pages of Vitruvius. His classical sentiment is shown in the clear line of his melodic thought, in the cool tints of his orchestration, in the serenity of emotional expression, in the decorum of his harmonic progressions, in the action that suggests paradoxically repose.

Then there are the classic legends that he has told in music: "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," "Phaeton," "The Choice of Hercules," and such subjects as "The Marriage of Prometheus."

Choice of Operatic Heroines.

Saint-Saëns has looked kindly with his artistic eyes on the "petites dames" who have made such pother and confusion in their wish to emurgle the routine of life. In his first opera, "Le Timbre d'Argent," the true heroine is Flammetta, the dancer, who lures men to their ruin. There is Delilah, one of the most delightful women of all time, but known in Boston chiefly as an ora-

torio singer with a too celebrated solo Saint-Saëns' Proserpine is by no means the young botanist who attracted Pluto's attention. She is a superb courtesan of the Italian Renaissance. Then there is our old friend Phryne, who did not dread exposure in the court room. She has been called naughty names, but her name is high on the list of women that one would have gladly known, Sappho, Cleopatra, Sophie Arnould, Rosalind, Viola, Jane Austen, Marguerite of Burgundy, La Belle Dame sans Merci, Christabel's strange friend—the list may be extended or possibly varied, but it will always include the name of Phryne. And with what appreciative and gentle irony did Saint-Saëns write music for Phryne's amorous caprices!

The First Lady of Old Greece.

But Helen of Troy is a woman of a far higher class. From Homer's description of her and from his report of her conversation we know that, to speak the word so abused that it is now intolerable, she was the rarest lady of all antiquity. Neither in life nor in literature is there a heroine of such exquisite delicacy and general breeding as the Helen of Homer.

What were the characteristics of her beauty? Homer tells us that when she walked toward the Scaen towers, where Priam and his counselors sat like cold, spiny, weak-voiced, chirping grasshoppers on trees, "these wise and almost withered men found this heat in their years, that they were forced, though whispering, to say: 'What man can blame the Greeks and Trojans to endure for so admired a dame so many miseries and so long?'" But Homer gives no itemized description. The scholars in Marlowe's "Faust" determined that the learned doctor should raise from the shades "the admirablest lady that ever lived" "that peerless dame of Greece," and music sounded and Helen passed over the stage; and Faust himself addressed her later in immortal words:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

Helen does not speak in Marlowe's play, nor is there any clew to the precise characteristics of her beauty.

"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

But this is vague.
Old Heywood in his chapter "Of Fair Women" gives the roll of her 40 suitors, and the wily Ulysses was among them, but he says nothing as to the color of her hair and eyes, her height. Was she sumptuous of body or was she a "fausse maigre," that pleasant surprise.

Characteristics of Her Beauty.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti makes a step in the foot path of ancient gossip. He tells of carven cup moulded like her breast and offered by her at the shrine of Venus. Brantome says this cup was of gold, but Pliny declares it was of electrum. It is a pity that there can be no agreement concerning such all important matters.

We must go to the celebrated Mr. Bayle for more intimate information about the superb and noble dame whose list of adorers is the envy of the restless woman in every decade. Mark how solemnly Mr. Bayle begins: "Helen, daughter of Tyndarus, King of Lacedaemon, was the most beautiful woman of her age, but otherwise without honor and without virtue, and of a life filled with unhappy adventures. There have been authors who described in such detail the perfections of her body that they cannot be excused even when they expressly say that they did it only by way of sport." This is discouraging to the earnest seeker after truth, to the members of the Society for Physical Research, but the kindly Bayle quotes from these authors at length in his interminable foot notes, and there are fragrant flowers in the jungle.

Thus we learn from Constantine Manasses that Helen's beauty owed nothing to art and her complexion had no occasion for washes, but was of a noble lustre. Her legs were shapely, her mouth was small, her neck was white and long, so that Lucian thus explained the legend of the swan: her eyes were large. Certain old French writers speak of the 30 qualities necessary to ideal beauty—it is a curious list—and Helen could have passed the most rigid examination. Her beauty did not lie solely in her hair; for once she cut it off to the roots, in order to show her sorrow for the death of Clytemnestra, her sister, and she was still very beautiful; but one diligent investigator is of opinion that she cut off only the ends, as is done sometimes to hinder them from branching.

Helen's beauty was confirmed by abundance of outdoor exercise; for, when Venus counselled Paris to run away with Helen she told him she was well acquainted with the Spartan games of skill and strength.

Her Precise Appearance.

Yet there is no satisfactory answer to the question, "Just how did she look?" There was a portrait of her to be seen

in the time of Caligula, but no description of the portrait has come down to us. Landor says her hair was golden, but the courage of his imagination goes no further.

There is no need of faithful photograph or portrait. The surpassing beauty of Cleopatra has been challenged, even denied. Lady Macbeth was undoubtedly a lithe, wheedling, clinging blonde; a woman that would have lured a man to do bloody deeds; for the brass-voiced virago that tramps and stamps and shouts and bares a massive arm would have frightened Macbeth into separation or divorce long before he met the bearded woman three upon the blasted heath. The type of Helen's beauty exists even in these degenerate days.

...heretofore, and she had never before been so praised as she is now, and do not blame pursuing youth.

Unpleasant Gossip About Her.

Helen lived in comparatively rude times, when there was little talk concerning the emancipation of women, and she was reproached for her live hands, and Lycophron was outraged by her attitude toward her in his cryptic and tenebrous poem. It is said that she was 50 years old when Paris ran away with her; others insist that she was nearly 100 years old; but these are matters of insignificant detail; the rare beauty counts not years. It is also said that she died; and in an unpleasant manner, although the accounts vary. An envious and revengeful man sent servants dressed like the girls who took Helen from her bath and hanged her. Or she strangled herself, and near the oak that bore her fairly an herb grew afterward, and they ate it were quarrelsome. Or she was crucified by order of Iphigenia. In some say she was choked to death by the swan-necked by maids of Thelemus' widow. She met, at any rate, a dismal death, although she worked miracles before and after it. She lured the eyes of a poet who had adored her; she gave great beauty to a most ugly woman who was brought into her temple.

Had She Mental Distinction?

Her beauty was her eloquence, and a beautiful woman should be generally silent and suggestive. We do not agree with a gallant Frenchman, the Chevalier de Merc, who thought to enlarge her time by ascribing to her a pretty wit; there is great probability, madam, that her beauty was not her sole gift, since the gods interested themselves to give beauty to them they favored; and Helen had received only her face and her figure, the gifts would have been mediocre. I imagine that what they esteemed in her was of higher value; it was her art of pleasing and gaining affection by her conversation. No, we refer to think of Helen as quiet with her tongue.

As Queen in Lyric Dramas.

In how many operas has this marvellous woman queened! She has been sung, he has been praised in operas of three centuries, and the irony of it all is that he is now known to opera goers by the libretto of Melhac and Halevy, to which Offenbach set his mocking music. It is true that she is introduced in Bolto's "Mephistopheles," but Marguerite is the only woman in that opera that is alive. And now will Saint-Saens' lyric work bring Helen nearer to us? Shall we know her as we know Donna Anna and Zerlina, Alda and Ammerlis, Santuzza, Valentin and other women of the operatic stage?

Saint-Saens' Libretto.

Saint-Saens wrote his own libretto. It is in one act, and he characterizes it as a lyric poem. The subject is the last hour spent by Helen on Grecian soil before her flight with Paris.

One of the most striking scenes in Flaubert's "Temptation of St. Anthony" is the appearance of Simon with the woman Ennio, who, as the magician insisted, had once been Helen of Troy. The recites, as in a trance: "The sail was filled with wind, the keel cleaved the foam. He said to me: 'What matter I vex my country, if I lose my kingdom; you will belong to me, in my house.' How sweet was the high room of his palace! He lay on the ivory bed, and as he caressed my hair, sang amorously."

Saint-Saens represents Helen wandering at daybreak on deserted cliffs, seeking to forget her passion for Paris, cursing her beauty, ready to find death in the waves beneath. Venus appears. What madness it would be to resist her! What glory awaits Helen! Helen resists, however, the glowing entreaties of Paris; she speaks of her honor, she invokes Zeus, her father; but she is unable to conceal her love, and she avows it. In vain does Pallas, sent by Zeus, tell Paris of his premature death and of Troy in flames; the hero defies prophecy. The sun arises and Helen and Paris, in each other's arms, sing a hymn of love; and soon the billows from afar will send back the echo of their song on the vessel that bears them to Troy. Mr. de Curzon characterizes the poem as thin in texture and too short for effect.

It will be seen that Saint-Saens follows the theories of certain ancients who excused Helen for her follies by saying that she was pushed toward them by Venus. Thus Euripides represents Menelaus as pardoning his wife by declaring that she was unwilling in her elopement and in her subsequent amorous adventures; that she was merely the plaything of the deities.

Objections Made to the Work.

Mr. de Curzon finds that situations in "Helen" remind one of situations in other operas. Thus, the apparition of Pallas recalls that of Bruennhilde to Siegmund; that of Venus the appearance of the goddess in her cave. But these objections seem to us far-fetched. Mr. de Curzon adds that the ensemble is nevertheless conceived and written with a masterly hand; that the instrumentation is picturesque and colored; that the lyric phrase is broad and energetic in declamation, pure in the portrayal of sentiment, warm and vibrant in passionate outbursts, always melodic. The performance of Melba (Helen), Heglon (Pallas), Blot (Venus) and Alvarez (Paris) was highly praised. Mr. Jehin conducted.

...the work of the poets of the theatre than of pure poetry. But, given with a very effective mis-en-scene, and represented by essentially dramatic artists, the poem seems to aim at action, which it does not require. Hence a certain uncomfortable feeling.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote before the performance, "Saint-Saens is so allusive a musician, writing now in this style, now in another, that it is very often difficult to prophesy how his work will appeal to a popular audience. He is the prince of musical masqueraders, and none knows how to masquerade more daintily, more beautifully, more effectively than M. Saint-Saens. It is true that when he attempts to write what the amateur would call heavy music he is not by any means at his best, a fact which was very noticeable in his 'Henry VIII.' produced two or three years ago at Covent Garden. But take him in lighter moments, in such a delightful composition, for example, as the 'Rouet d'Omphale,' or in his 'Dance Macabre,' and you have the most perfect combination of dainty invention combined with admirable musicianship and a singular sentiment for delicate effectiveness. Whether or not his best qualities are to be found in the new opera we shall have to discover later, though, so far as we are aware, there is at present no negotiation pending for its production this year in London."

But Saint-Saens has never shown in his serious operatic works the one essential quality for stage success—dramatic passion. If he should in his later years throw aside his irony and elegance and shake the scene, it would be one of the most remarkable transformations in the surprising history of the fashionable amusement known as opera.

The caricature of Saint-Saens, published today in The Herald, is by Georges Villa and it appeared in a recent number of the Weekly Critique Review (Paris). The satirical and oriental instincts of the composers suggest the motive of the kindly cartoon.

LOCAL.

The programme of the second concert of the Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy, conductor, on Monday, April 11, will include Widor's Spanish overture, a ballet suite from Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes," Berlioz's "Death of Ophelia" and Funeral March for Hamlet; Mozart's concertos for two pianos and orchestra (K. 365); a suite by Ten Brink; march from Massenet's "Cinderella."

The annual subscription benefit concert at Berkeley Temple will be given Thursday evening, March 24, by Mr. B. J. Lang, organist, assisted by Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, and Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist.

Mrs. Flora Provan Varney, soprano, and Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, will give a song recital at St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, Park street, Brookline, on Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

The programme of Mr. Carl Faellen's fifth piano recital at Huntington Chambers Hall, Wednesday evening, the 23d, will include pieces by Hummel, Thalberg, Henselt, Chopin, Liszt and Beethoven's sonata, op. 110.

Miss Elsa Sherwood, pianist, assisted by Mr. Hoffman, violinist, and Mr. Louis G. Stanton, pianist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, the 23d.

The programme of Miss Maud McCarthy's second violin recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 23d, will include pieces by Corelli-Leonard, Bach, Wieniawski, Tschalkowsky, Cole-ridge-Taylor ("Hiawathan Sketches") and Sarasate.

There will be an organ recital of the Denison Teachers' Club at the Arlington Street Church, Tuesday, at 5 P. M. Mr. Charles H. Whittier will play pieces by De la Tombelle, Wolstenholme, Batiste, Mendelssohn, Bach, Whittier, Cesar Franck, and Mr. Ivan Morawski, bass, will sing songs by Rossini and Faure.

Mr. H. N. Redman will give a concert of his compositions in Jordan Hall Friday evening, the 25th, when two sonatas for violin and piano, a string quartet, "Creole," and songs will be performed. Mrs. Kiluff, soprano; Mr. Ondricek, violinist; Mr. de Voto, pianist, and a string quartet composed of Messrs. Ondricek, Fiumara, Rissland and Barth will take part.

A Richard Strauss recital will be given in Symphony Hall Monday, the 28th, at 2:30. Mme. Pauline Strauss-de Anna will sing these songs by her husband: "Ich trage Meine Minne," "Ich Schwebel," "Freundliche Vision," "Jung Hexenlied," "Du Meines Herzens Knechtchen," "Ach, Lieb Ich Musse Nun Schelden," "Ach, All Meine Gedanken," "Winterwellen," "Staedchen," "Ein Oedach," "Gefunden," "Traum Durch Die Daemmerung," "Heimliche Aufforderung." Mr. David Bispham will recite "Enoch Arden," with music by Strauss. Dr. Strauss will be the pianist.

The Longy Club gave a successful concert in New York at Mendelssohn Hall March 8. The Sun said, in part: "The Mozart quintet demonstrated anew the extraordinary fecundity of the glorious boy, who, if he had been asked to compose a concerto for two Jew's harps, Chinese fiddle and brass band, would have discovered a method of making pretty tunes and displaying the capacities of the solo instrument to say and in the hands of the four members of the club and Heinrich Gebhard, the pianist, said it fluently. A. Marquar, the first flute, and Mr. Gebhard gave a capital performance of the Reinecke sonata. The flutist disclosed a remarkable technique and a rare command of dynamic shading. He made the flute sound almost temperamental, a thing which is much like animating a statue. The Handel sonata for two oboes and bassoon is a little gem of composition. What a deft old wizard the cross-

...granted six was to be a... of miniature... three red instruments... study, after the fashion of... before "Tristan und Isolde." At any rate, it was a treat to hear it performed with such clear technique as that of the Longy men. The Caplet suite, too, the best of which instruments least successfully of all. The oriental color soon became monotonous for want of contrapuntal treatment of the theme ideas."

A piano recital will be given by M. Steinert & Sons Company at Steinert Hall Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Carl Pelree will be the violinist and Mr. Leon Van Vleet the cellist.

The third and last Longy Club concert will be at Jordan Hall Monday evening, the 28th. The programme will include d'Indy's "Chansons et Danse," a sonata by Bach for violin and piano, the prelude to act 3 of "Tristan" (Mr. Longy, English horn), with a small orchestra led by Mr. Gericke, and Caplet's Persian suite.

Mr. William Heinrich, tenor, will give recitals at the Tulleries March 23, 30, April 13, 13 Mrs. Wyman, Miss Fogg, Miss Hall and Mr. Meyn will assist.

The programme of the Symphony concerts for March 25-26 will include Brahms' tragic overture, Liszt's concerto No. 2 (Mr. Joseffy, pianist); prelude to "The Dream of Gerontius," Elgar; Tschalkowsky's fourth symphony.

The programme of the fourth Chickering production concert at Chickering Hall Wednesday evening, the 23d, will include selections from "Castor and Pollux," Rameau-Gevaert, three symphonic sketches, Chadwick; Bruch's violin concerto, op. 26 (Miss Fletcher, violinist); Iphigenia's Prayer, Strucka (Miss Knight, mezzo soprano); "Senka Razine," symphonic poem, Glazunoff.

A municipal concert will be given at the Dorchester high school Tuesday evening at 8. The orchestral pieces will be by Thomas, Volpatti, Bizet, Herbert, Gounod. Mrs. Greely, soprano, will sing songs by Del' Aqua and Bunnell and Mr. Porter will play a cello solo by Saint-Saens.

BOSTON'S SEASON OF GRAND OPERA

The first week of the season ticket sale by letter for the season period of grand opera beginning Monday evening, April 4, at the Boston Theatre, demonstrates conclusively the fact that there is to be, if anything, a more generous patronage this year than ever, and all signs point to a brilliant and prosperous engagement.

The productions will be on the same elaborate, artistic and sumptuous scale as has been the case at the Metropolitan Opera House. The list of singers includes such favorites as Calve, Sembrich, Ternina, Gadsby, Seygard and Bauermeister for sopranos, Louise Homer, contralto; Burgstaller, Dippel, Kraus, Reiss, tenors; Campanari, Scotti and Van Rooy, baritones, and Plancon, Journet, Blass and Rossi for basses, and also newcomers, Olive Fremstad, Edyth Walker and Marlon Weed, sopranos and contraltos; Masiero and Naval, tenors; Goritz and Guardabassi, baritones.

The repertory for the Boston engagement will be selected from such works as "Fidelio," "Carmen," "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Huguenots," "La Boheme," "The Barber of Seville," "Il Trovatore," "Aida," "La Traviata," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Tosca" and the Wagner operas.

The season subscription sale by letter will close Saturday, March 19, and meanwhile orders for season tickets may be sent (inclosing check to the order of Lawrence McCarty) to the Boston Theatre, and seats will be allotted in the order in which applications have been received.

Following this letter subscription sale comes the box office sale of season tickets on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 22 and 23. It is for the entire 16 performances (12 nights and four afternoons). That for the 12 evening performances only is announced for Thursday and Friday, March 24 and 25, and the single ticket sale for Tuesday, March 29, at 9 A. M.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Sunday: St. Alphonsus Hall, 80 Smith street, Roxbury, 8 P. M., concert by Miss Maud MacCarthy, violinist, and others.

Tuesday: Chickering Hall at 3 P. M., violin recital by Miss Marie Nichols. Bach's concerto in A minor; Tartini's sonata in G minor; Guldstrand's "Caprice"; and for the first time in Boston, Bruch's Trauermarsch, Lalo's "Guitar" and fantasia-ballet. Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., bass, will sing songs by Ronconi, Lully, Handel, Widor, Witzig, Gabriel Faure, Gounod. Mrs. Eaton will be the pianist.

Chickering Hall at 8 P. M., concert by the Dartmouth Glee, Mandolin and Guitar clubs.

Saturday: Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M., second piano recital by Mr. Alfred Reisenauer. Beethoven's sonata, op. 23, Schubert's "Wanderer," Fantasia and pieces by Schumann, Liszt and Chopin.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today the picture of Miss Ella Kirmes, soprano. She was born and educated in Melrose. She studied singing in Boston, and appeared here in operatic recitals last May. She is at present in Naples, studying for the stage with Carlo Sebastiani, who is director of the Bellini Theatre. She has already sung with success at musicals in Naples and the vicinity, and is now at work on parts in "Gloconda," "Tosca," "Trovatore," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Mignon."

Suzanne Adams will appear as Donna Elvira and as the Countess ("The Marriage of Figaro") at the special performances of Mozart's operas, to be conducted by Richter at Covent Garden.

Melba will be in London in May and June for charity concerts. Ella Russell is in Italy, and may be heard in some lyric theatres.

New York Sun and Mail, 4 of Mr. George Pepperoni, who, of no place, played King Lear. According to the legend, there were two Lays, the second being known as Lays of the White Hind. But surely there were three, or else a new one has arisen, who must be named Lays of the Heavy Hind. Our lady of the pensive preface comes from England. She believes in a power of sound, and she made the wires rattle in the "Sonata Appassionata." She was not always solicitous about striking the notes written by the composer. Other notes could be made to sound just as loudly. Her Chopin playing had moments of comparative quiet, but turbulent temperamental periods were also frequent, and the false, fleeting, perjured finger too often uttered notes not nominated in the bond. In short, it is impossible to take Miss Pepperoni's piano playing seriously on this side of the Atlantic. In London, where from seven to ten concerts are given daily, all piano playing is serious.

There is a rumor that Emma Eames will give concerts in the United States next season.

Important royal family have recently shown a new interest in music. As the Princess of Wales, her majesty often attended the Popular concerts in the old days, but until recently the Queen had given up concert going. The last two Richter concerts, however, have been graced by her presence. There is a probability that royalty will attend the first Philharmonic concert, and I learn that the King and Queen have taken the royal box for the Elgar festival at Covent Garden.

Although she was known only as mademoiselle and miss in the later days of her long career, Matilda Bauermeister was one of the singers who might rightfully have been called madame or Mrs. She was married first during the early days of her stage life to the son of a wealthy Swiss hotel keeper, who had gone to London to learn English. The young couple returned to his home in Geneva, but were not happy long, and parental opposition to the marriage

eventually led to a separation. Mme. Bauermeister returned to London and to her work, and her husband stuck to his hotel in Geneva. He came into notice last when the Empress Elizabeth, who was a guest at his hotel, was assassinated on the quay at Geneva. Mme. Bauermeister sang with success in her profession, and after a few years married a singer who is now a vocal teacher in New York. They made several attempts at management, which exhausted the soprano's savings and led to their ultimate separation.—New York Sun. Mme. Bauermeister said "good-by" to the Metropolitan Opera House on March 5, as Martha in "Faust."

Mr. Blackburn wrote of Dohnanyi in London (Feb. 25): "His playing was more or less distinguished; he was variable in manner; perhaps this was entirely due to the fact that his creative work needs the same description to do it justice; he cannot be described as having, either in his playing or his composition, a very keen sense of delicacy, although, at the same time, it may be said that his work does not contain many moments when it errs on the side of commonplace. In a word, there is no doubt that Dohnanyi is surely an artist of some distinction; but that he has run ahead of his significance by reason of efforts that are rather excessive. We have the utmost admiration for any artist who desires to show the public the full extent of his 'dream and desire.' In this instance, however, we are confronted with an artist who justifies that 'little less' which is part and parcel of the work of any artist who strives to do a little too much."

The Referee (London) said of Mabelle Gilman in "Amorelie": "Miss Gilman does not give the grass time to grow under her feet—not that the young blades could feel any hurt from so light a touch. Dancing, singing, acting, whatever it may be, Miss Gilman keeps the thing going. But she does herself an injustice by the manner in which she dresses her hair, and her costumes are not always well chosen. Of all colors, red is the most trying for stockings."

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a review of Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians," remarks: "The portraits with which the work is decorated are, unfortunately, reproduced in a style which borders upon caricature. When we say that Handel looks somewhat like Mr. Courtenay, and that Liszt looks as if he had sat for the part of Gounod's Mephistopheles, that Mendelssohn appears as though he were just on the point of drinking a cup of tea, that Bach has a most definite squint, that Mozart simpers, that Chopin has the aspect of a shopwalker, that Verdi looks like a crossing sweeper, and that Brahms is the only distinguished looking musician among the whole batch, it will be readily understood how deliberately curious is the scale upon which this book is produced."

Mr. Blackburn heard Arthur Schnabel, the pianist, in London (Feb. 29):

"On the whole, Mr. Schnabel proved himself to be an interesting player, who gives one the impression of a rather cold personality, and in whom what one would call the daintiness and brightness of the musical temperament was rather conspicuous by its absence. The subtle rapport which should exist between player and audience did not seem to us to be very apparent on the occasion of this concert; his style is, perhaps, a little repelling, and his distinction clearly lies on the side of the stronger and rhetorical manifestations of the musical temperament." We note in connection with this criticism that Mr. Schnabel's specialty is piano music by Johannes Brahms.

Franz von Vecsey, the boy violinist, whose deeds have already been chronicled in The Herald, will make his first appearance in London May 3.

FOR SINGERS.

Mme. Gaski, who will not sing with Mr. Conrad's company next year—and all for a matter of money, not art—said to a reporter of the Sun: "Mr. Savage has asked me to sing Kundry in an English production of 'Parsifal.' It is not to be given at Daly's Theatre or anywhere else this year, but will be sung first next fall. He is to engage artists of the very first rank. He has promised me that the production shall be in every way as artistic as that at the Metropolitan. I am required to sing four times a week, and will earn three times as much as I could at the Metropolitan." Gaski sang for the first time the part of the countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," March 4.

Campanari will have his own concert company and give 40 concerts in this country between October and January. Ruby Savage, soprano, Dorothy Hoyle, violinist, and Ward Stephens, pianist, will be with him.

The London News thus speaks in advance of the Knelsel quartet concert in London March 27: "This combination of instrumentalists gave a series of chamber concerts here some six years ago. Their ensemble was then extraordinary, and they were particularly successful in Beethoven's music."

MARIE NICHOLS.

Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, will make her first appearance in Boston since her long sojourn in Europe next Tuesday afternoon in Chickering Hall.

Miss Nichols was born in Chicago. She came to Boston in 1885. Her first teacher was Wilhelm Rhode, but when she was about 8 years old she became the pupil of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, to whom she feels indebted for any success that she has achieved. It was due to his advice and encouragement that she determined to become a professional player, and though she afterward studied in Europe she considers Mr. Mollenhauer as her teacher and she plays as his pupil. She made her first appearance in public with the Boston Festival orchestra at a municipal concert at Music Hall during the season of 1899-1900, when she played Lalo's Spanish Rhapsody, and in 1901 she was solo violinist of the company managed by Mr. George W. Stewart, and she played in cities of the West and Southwest.

In September, 1902, Miss Nichols went to Berlin, where she studied six months with Carl Halir. She gave a highly successful concert with the Philharmonic orchestra in Berlin Oct. 19, 1903, when she played Max Bruch's Serenade and a concerto by Vieuxtemps. She studied in Paris for 10 months with Joseph Debraux. She gave concerts in London (Nov. 2, 1903) and in Paris (Dec. 14, 1903), and won the approbation of the leading critics. Since her return she has played at New York, Washington, D. C., St. Louis and in smaller cities.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Max Bruch's new cantata, "Damajanti," op. 73, for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, was given for the first time in England at a concert of the Royal College of Music, London, Feb. 15. Lancelotti said of it in the Referee: "Damajanti is the name of an Indian princess, the bride of Prince Nala. This prince is an unsatisfactory kind of a man, since 'under evil influence' he has left his dusky bride alone in a forest—a thoughtless procedure which suggests that the 'influence' must have been very bad indeed. Under these circumstances the only possible thing for the dusky lady to do is to sing a long solo. The music is tender and expressive, but indefinite, perhaps purposely so to indicate the lady's state of mind. Much cheered by her song, Damajanti explores the forest and ultimately discovers a 'Grove of Penitents.' Why they are penitents and why they are in a grove is not revealed, but they sing a solemn chorus which is impressive. When they perceive Damajanti they take her for a goddess, but she quickly dashes aside the compliment, and in passionate strains implores them to give her news of her husband. They, however, can only give her sympathy, but after they have gone a chorus of genti prophesies that her search will ultimately be successful. With this assurance Damajanti declares her willingness to rove, and she is left roving. The music is conceived in serious vein; so serious, indeed, as at times to be gloomy, but the cleverness of the part-writing holds the attention, particularly as the music is not overdeveloped. The choral numbers did not seem to interest the choristers, but the solo part was sung with notable dramatic perception and vocal skill by Miss Nannie Tout."

The Worshipful Company of Musicians has been offering a prize for the new musical setting of a Grace. The result of the competition is now announced, and the prize goes to Mr. Charles Wood, Mus. Doc., of Cambridge, while an extra prize has been awarded to Mr. A. H. Brown of Brentwood. The news is interesting to find that throughout the academic bodies of England there is a distinct tendency of an art that, even in its higher manifestations, has had to endure a great deal of indignity.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Paderewski has composed a pianoforte concerto in honor of Lord Curzon, and in the course of his eastern tour will play it at Calcutta!

A manuscript symphony in A major

Mr. John F. Runciman, who is constantly surprising his most faithful readers, said lately in the Saturday Review: "Italian music is not vocal, and never has been vocal. With their wonderful voices and genius for singing, the Italians have always been able to make effects with music better adapted to some instrument than to the human voice; but for generations they have paid no attention to expression, and the effects they get are curious, rather than artistic (for instance, the silly mad scene in 'Lucia'). The true vocal music is that of Bach, when he is not writing fugues; of Mozart, when he is most truly Mozart, and of Wagner—music which, while beautiful, makes the emotional effect of the voice of one who speaks under the pressure of powerful feeling. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks, and Mozart found a mode of utterance because he had a great deal in him to say, because he felt intensely all the things that happen in this unfathomable world. If he did not load every phrase with meaning, as Beethoven did afterward, it was not because his feelings were less acute, his brain narrower, his art less consummate, than Beethoven's; it was simply because he quitted this life just at the moment when the real artist in him had conquered the mere decorator. He had an intellect as vast as Shakespeare's, and he wrote with Shakespearean ease; and had he lived 10 years longer, the other musicians—including the mighty three, Handel, Bach and Beethoven—would have stood in the same relation to him as the other poets stand in relation to Shakespeare." Mr. Runciman is not arguing; he is telling us.

Mr. Blackburn heard a new song cycle by Hermann Loehr, in London, Feb. 23. "Entitled 'The Little Sunbonnet,' it was interpreted by Miss Percival Allen, Miss Florence Daly, Mr. Gregory Hast and Mr. Whitney Tew. The first set of stanzas, entitled 'The Little Sunbonnet,' was altogether delightful, while the seventh section, entitled 'The Rose and the Nightingale,' was sung with an enthusiasm which was well deserved. Now and then, one may definitely say, there were weak moments, but we do not know of any successful song cycles which do not possess at certain times moments of monotony, and of a certain sense of persuasion that merely to write 'right on' is sufficient for the matter in hand."

A singer who purposed to sing Brahms' "Sapphic ode" at the concert of a society in Hamburg was told that the song could not be sung for the sentiment of the poem would shock the sensibilities of some of the society! And this in Brahms' birthplace.

Mr. Alfred Kalisch of London writes about Miss Muriel Foster, the English contralto, who will sing in New York this week: "Up to a certain point her singing of Lieder is, of course, admirable, for she is a genuinely interpretative artist. But her gifts are not specifically lyrical, and even if they were, circumstances have not favored their full development in the direction of song. She is better in songs of sustained elevation or pensive melancholy; in the two extremes of lightness and strong passion there is just something which interferes with complete enjoyment. Still her beauty of voice, her fine method, her real musicianship and unflinching taste made her recital one of the most enjoyable of recent months; but take it all in all her art requires the larger background of great festival and great works to be fully appreciated."

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

"The Elopers," a musical comedy in three acts, by Cadets Copp and Grube, was produced at West Point by cadet actors March 5.

The Metropolitan Opera House stage, according to Mr. Coned, is the palace of deportment, as well as the home of music. For he himself has said it: "I bid the stage sacred. I allow nobody on it who does not have business there. I always take my hat off whenever I am on it, and I insist on others doing the same. Once on the stage I know no difference between the humblest chorus man and the most exalted star. I treat them both with the same courtesy, and I demand courteous demeanor and politeness in all stage affairs. No profanity, no browbeating or loud talk. Also, I do not allow artists to receive visitors in their dressing rooms. Even the husbands of the singers are not welcome. That rule has created some friction, of course."

The Mozart performances at the Prinzregenten Theatre, Munich, will last from the 1st to the 11th of August, and in connection with these the Richard Wagner festival is to be given at the Prinzregenten Theatre from Aug. 12 to Sept. 14. Besides General Music Director Mottl, Conductors Felix Weingartner and Nikisch have been engaged as guests, which fact alone explains the great interest of the international public. Fully explanatory programmes in three languages are now published and may be obtained gratis and post free from the tourist office of Schenker & Co., Munich, Promenadplatz 16, where all orders for tickets should be sent.

Stone walls do not a prison make. In Sing Sing prison a convict has contributed to the paper 'the Star of Hope,' an article on 'Parsifal,' in which he calls the 'sacred' work "a degenerate opera by a degenerate."

The Milan correspondent of the Musical Courier (New York) wrote Feb. 23: "This year at La Scala has been a most unfortunate one for new operas. 'Siberia' was anything but successful, and, sad to relate, after many grand triumphs of Puccini, a genuine fiasco must be recorded of his 'Mme. Butterfly,' as the result of this first night's performance. Fiasco in every sense of the word, and fiasco so profound that the opera has been withdrawn after its first and only performance. And withdrawn not only off the bills at La Scala, but most likely at the Costanzi of Rome also, where it was to have been produced. There had been the greatest possible expectations; Puccini had repeatedly expressed the

fact that 'Butterfly' was his favorite work and that to it he had given all that his brain and heart had to give of music. And the public judged it harshly—because it has too many reminiscences of his 'Bohème,' 'Tosca' and 'Mascagni's 'Iris.' The opera commences with a four-voiced fuguetta for strings, well written, which forms the accompaniment to the scenes between Pinkerton and Goro, Suzuki and Sharpless, and whose theme is heard here and there throughout. After many small gracious movements with quite a variety of rhythms, and played by the orchestra, comes the very first melody, an allegro sostenuto in G flat, sung by the tenor, with the closing words 'America forever,' rendered very effective by a high B flat. After that comes an allegretto moderato of the tenor, followed by a shred of Butterfly's theme. Other good numbers were the entrance of Butterfly, a very delicate, poetic piece of music; the recitative which follows; an aria of the tenor (the theme being Butterfly's entrance); a rhapsody of Butterfly; the love duet, one of the best things that Puccini has written; a beautiful duo with violin accompaniment; the aria of Butterfly, 'Un bel di vedremo,' the music in the letter scene; the canticle of Butterfly to her son; and the duo of Butterfly and Sharpless. The music is not at all moving. When the curtain fell there followed an absolute silence." The part of Mme. Butterfly was created by Rosina Storchio.

KREISLER AND BRAHMS.

Last night, Herr Kreisler, in Brahms' concerto in D (op. 77), showed how well he could interpret the German composer, who, above all men, is still a bone of contention, and demonstrated at the same time how utterly uninteresting is the work of that same composer, so far as the ordinary world of music is concerned. It is easy to understand that music so arranged, so thoroughly made complete, so definitely understood, should by the ordinary observers of the time be considered as great and as quite outside the common life of music. Brahms remains to our imagination as one who knew every detail of the great possibilities of music, but who at the same time was not capable of realizing those possibilities in his own personality. It is perfectly useless for critics who consider themselves as almost apostles of Brahms to continue their determinate epithet of certitude in regard to his career. There were some, we believe, who did not quite accept Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony; they are now wiped out of consideration, and the fact remains that Brahms does not longer appeal either to the general public or to the critic of the time. Why should such a conclusion be saved that it realizes all the points which we in these columns have emphasized now for many a long year. If Mr. Arthur Roberts were permitted to realize in his own way of thinking the influence which Brahms exercises over a somewhat ready congregation, he would be able to make more than a subtle appreciation of that which in the art of music needs occasionally the correction of parody to make it serious, and, in Henley's phrase, unashamed.—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 24.

HEROINE IN ROXBURY.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, the Irish Violinist, Cordially Received in St. Alphonsus Hall.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, the Irish violinist, was accorded one of the most cordial receptions in her career last evening, when she played at St. Alphonsus Hall, Tremont street, Roxbury. The hall, one of the largest in the city, was packed to the doors, and after the concert Miss MacCarthy held a reception in the clubhouse of the Guild of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

The concert was given under the auspices of the Guild, and among the other artists were John J. Mogan, Dr. D. M. Staley and Clarence B. Shirley. Miss MacCarthy played old Irish airs. The first act of "Pilate's Daughter," composed by the Rev. F. L. Kenzel, C. S. R., of the Mission Church, was presented by young women of the parish. The St. Alphonsus orchestra played, under the direction of Vincent Akeroyd.

MRS. McALLISTER IN SONG RECITAL

A Light and Flexible Soprano Voice Best Suited to Gentle and Lyric Emotion, Guided by Refinement and Taste.

Mrs. Hall McAllister, soprano, assisted by Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Potter Hall. Miss Jessie Davis accompanied. There was a very friendly audience of fair size. Mrs. McAllister sang Schubert's "Lachen und Weinen," Franz's "Widmung," Schumann's "Intermezzo," Bunting's "Die Lorelei," Wolf's "Der Gaertner" and "Er lilt's," Pfeiffer's "Malgré Mol," Delibes' "Elogus," Widor's "Rosa," Miss Lang's

"Somewhere" and Nevins' "Before Daybreak." Mr. Rogers sang songs of Schubert, Schumann, Stielert, Hahn, Widor, De Fontenailles, Homer and old Scottish and English songs. There were duets by Gounod and Walthew.

Mrs. McAllister's voice is a light soprano without much color, but of an agreeable quality in the middle register. The extreme upper tones are inclined to be shrill when force is demanded, and the lowest tones have little true body. Her interpretation yesterday was generally intelligent in both vocal and aesthetic respects. This may be said with the allowance due the natural nervousness of a first appearance here in a public concert. There was a certain emotional quality in the singer's performance of Bunting's unfamiliar and charming song and in the other songs there was a display of refinement and taste. While the singer may not at present be prepared for concert work of a taxing nature—as oratorio or dramatic cantata—she may give pleasure in songs of an intimate or lightly sentimental nature, and she is evidently a woman of musical understanding.

Mr. Rogers, as well as Mrs. McAllister, was warmly applauded, and the commonplace music of Sidney Homer to Robert Louis Stevenson's "Requiem" was encored. We cannot agree to Mr. Rogers' interpretation of Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht." The song is one of less boisterous intensity. One might answer to the singer's statement: "I do not complain." But you do complain and that loudly."

Mar 16, 1904

VIOLIN RECITAL BY MARIE NICHOLS

An Appreciative and Applaudive Audience Greeted the Artist at Chickering Hall—Her Tone Pure, Full and Varied.

QUALITIES OF HER ART REAL, SUBSTANTIAL

Early Training in Boston Rounded Out by Study in Berlin and Paris—Experience of the Concert Stage Still Lacking.

Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, gave her first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon, in Chickering Hall. Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., bass, assisted. Mrs. Jessie Downer-Eaton was the accompanist. There was an appreciative and applaudive audience of good size. The programme was as follows:

Concerto in A minor.....	Bach
Miss Nichols.....	
"L'Espresso Nocciolo".....	Bononcini
"Bois Epais".....	Lully
"Nasee al Bosco".....	Handel
Mr. Whitney.....	
Sonata in G minor.....	Tartini
Caprice.....	Gaillard
Miss Nichols.....	
"A Told".....	Widor
"Poeme de Moi".....	Witzig
"Serenade Toscana".....	Faure
"Couplets de Vaucanson".....	Gounod
Mr. Whitney.....	
"Trauermarsch".....	Bruch
"Guitare".....	Lalo
"Fantasie-Ballet".....	Lalo
Miss Nichols.....	

Miss Nichols was taught in Boston. It is true that she has also studied in Berlin and Paris, but her foreign teachers expressed surprise and admiration at the thoroughness of her preparation, and they had little or nothing to do with the formation of her technique or the cultivation of her taste. She began to study here when she was a child, and it was here that she was trained soundly and admirably. After playing in Berlin, London and Paris, she came back some weeks ago to the city of her adoption and that of her artistic birth, and yesterday she showed us that her foreign reputation was deserved; that the critics of Berlin, London and Paris had not been unduly kind to a visiting maiden; that the cablegrams were not merely an expensive manifestation of friendly but acute hysteria.

For the qualities of her artistry are real and substantial. A newspaper is not a weekly journal for musicians, and in the discussion of art the terminology of technique should be avoided when it is possible. It is enough to say for the benefit of the general reader that the technique of Miss Nichols is roundly developed so that she is not too anxious in the interpretation of works by old or modern composers. Her tone is pure, full, authoritative, without monotony of intensity; varied to suit the sentiment of period and the individuality of the composer. Her bowing is free. Song passages are sung and not declaimed, and bravura is as it should be, apparently an inherent part of the composition and not something extraneous to excite the wonder of idlers. Her phrasing is that of a musician; it is not accidental or experimental.

by Heinrich XXIV. Prince Reuss was produced at a Philharmonic concert, Leipzig, Feb. 15. The composer was congratulated for his escape from the bondage of Brahms.

Heinrich Zoellner's cantata "Bonifazius" for double male chorus, solo voices and orchestra was produced at a concert of the Leipzig University Singers' Society, Feb. 15. The work is described as highly dramatic, and the instrumentation is picturesquely colored.

...will grow
...of the concert stage
...experiences of life. To use a
...phrase, there were occasions
...day when she did not let herself
...No doubt there was the fear of
...extravagant in emotion, the re-
...of close communion with teach-
...although they would perhaps have
...her more emotional. The pro-
...with the exception of the slow
...ants in the pieces by Bach and
...did not call for long continued
...lay of deep or intense feeling. The
...has now come for Miss Nichols to
...to feel for herself; to put into
...pretation, thoughts and hopes and
...ions, which she would not express
...to any one; but there is safety
...revealing the soul to an audience,
...if the revelation be beautiful or
...ful or moving each one in the
...ance will take this revelation for
...personal confidence or appeal.
...esterday Miss Nichols was nearly
...ays interesting, more interesting
...any violinist of her sex who has
...ed here this season. We believe it
...thin her power to be engrossing.

...tain this is her own task. No
...her can assist her in this.
...be played by Bruch and Lalo were
...ch here for the first time. The
...ch by Bruch is of slight worth, and
...ot for concert use. "Guitare" is a
...ty trifle, but the publisher of the
...ntaisie Ballet" is not to be blamed
...ly because he left the work so long
...is portfolio.
...Whitney did many things well.
...ing fluently and with much techni-
...understanding. His control of breath
...led him to phrase musically and
...matically. Yet in the singer's stor-
...of breath the hearer was at times
...ainted with the effort that should
...been kept secret. Mr. Whitney
...at his best—and his vocal average
...a high one—in the songs by Handel
...Witiz. The performance of the
...asures of the latter song was
...monly artistic. Throughout the
...ert there was a differentiation of
...ment, and each song had its ap-
...iate atmosphere.

DARTMOUTH CONCERT.

...onable Audience Fills Chickering
Hall to Hear College
Clubs.

...enthusiastic and fashionable audi-
...axed Chickering Hall last even-
...at a concert by the Dartmouth
Mandolin and Guitar Club. The
...mmee was as follows: "Swords
...or Charlie," Glee Club; march,
...Leader," Mandolin Club; song,
...et. Messrs. Herr, Moseley, Felt
Ayers; instrumental trio, Messrs.
Blatner and Hobart; waltzes,
...i Marian," Mandolin Club; read-
...dr. Weyman; Hanover winter song,
...Club; "En Sourdine," Mandolin
quintet, Messrs. Agry, White,
...er, Varick and Ralph; baritone
...Mr. Hobart; reading, Mr. Way-
... "Cradle Song," Glee Club; cello
...Mr. Blatner; "Evangeline," Man-
...Club; Dartmouth song, Glee Club.

...mch 20. 1904

MR. REISENAUER'S SECOND RECITAL

A Remarkable Exhibition of the
Finest and Most Poetic Qualities
of Piano Playing Given in Jordan
Hall to Good Audience.

Alfred Reisenauer gave his sec-
ond piano recital yesterday afternoon
in Jordan Hall. There was a fair-sized
appreciative audience. The pro-
gramme was as follows:

...A-flat major, op. 26.....Beethoven
...er Fantasia, G major, op. 15.....Schubert
...Abends, In der Nacht, Warum?
...omeswitten.....Schumann
...rne, No. 1, A-flat major.....Liszt
...Imprromptu, A-flat major.....Liszt
...rne, D-flat major.....Chopin
...nd Valse Brillante, E-flat major.....Chopin
...ska, C-sharp minor.....Chopin
...F minor.....Chopin
...alse, A-flat major.....Chopin

...R. Reisenauer is given to long pro-
...grammes, programmes which are too
...a recital that lasts over an hour
...a half is a weariness to flesh and
...spirit, and the recital of a little over an
...hour is to be commended. Mr. Reise-
...nauer might have omitted the "Wan-
...t" fantasia without personal loss
...without injury to the hearer, for
...as dead as King Pandion in the
...em. The variations in the sonata
...erved to display the pianist's shades
...of color, but there is little of interest
...in the Scherzo and the Finale, and we
...should have preferred in the Funeral
...march a more insistent, inexorable
...hythm. Mr. Reisenauer began to show
...in the pieces by Schumann the charac-
...teristics that make him remarkable and
...let him apart from celebrated col-
...eagues. From the performance of "In
...er Nacht" on, his performance was a
...velation of the finest and most poetic

...question of piano playing
...Mr. Reisenauer's tone, or touch as
...some prefer, is of exquisite and varied
...beauty. It is never merely lush, and
...so it does not quickly tire. His nuances,
...though carefully considered and em-
...ployed with a rare sense of fitness and
...proportion, seem spontaneous and in-
...evitable. The tone may appear to one
...for a moment too delicate, yet a fol-
...lowing passage, still more ethereal,
...shows that the gradations were con-
...sistently adjusted. The tone is persuasive
...in the appeal of song; and in bravura
...it is brilliant, but not metallic, and
...there is no suggestion of a flash that
...is hard and repellant in its glitter. The
...beauty of tone is revealed without the
...use of pedals, yet the pianist obtains
...extraordinary effects with the pedals.
...We insist on the uncommon beauty of
...Mr. Reisenauer's tone, for unless a
...pianist be thus conspicuous, his bril-
...liance, his "thoughtfulness," his "intel-
...lectuality" are as dress. No such mas-
...tery over tone has been known in this
...city since Mr. de Pachmann turned the
...box of jingling wires and impassive
...keys into a musical and emotional in-
...strument.

And again there was a revelation of
differentiation in the mood and in the
spirit of the composers. The roman-
ticism of Schumann was not the elean-
gance of Liszt, nor was it the now-
roteicism of Chopin. The poetry of
each was finely distinguished. Even
the arabesques, the lace work of Liszt
and Chopin, were characterized, and
could not be confounded. How marked,
for instance, was the difference in
the salon spirit of Liszt's Valse Im-
promptu and that of Chopin's too
familiar waltz which yesterday
seemed fresh and novel in consequence
of the marvellous interpretation.

And all the consummate feats of
technic were achieved with such
quietness and modesty! In the most
dazzling run, in the swiftest flight,
there was the thought of the pianist's
inward repose. There are pianists
who in setting off rockets become
excited and go up with the stick. Mr.
Reisenauer does not wonder at his
own proficiency. He is an interpreter
whose brain and soul as well as his
fingers serve the composer, whether he
be Bach, Scarlatti, Mozart or a
dreamer like Schumann, or Liszt, the
man of the finest breeding, or Chopin
of the hectic flush and melancholy
speech.

It is said that this recital was Mr.
Reisenauer's last. We hope the rumor
is not true. There are many pianists
in this vexed world, great captains
with their drums, rivals of the most in-
genious pieces of mechanism, deep
thinkers, wonderful fellows of various
kinds, who stun the ear and cheat the
eye, and rasp the nerves, and confuse
the brain, and do everything but play
the piano. Mr. Reisenauer is a pianist
by virtue of tone, sense of proportion,
poetic feeling, and high imagination. He
can not be heard here too often, for he
is a protest against materialism in in-
terpretation.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mme. Beale Morey will give a lecture
recital in aid of the Home for Aged
Women at Jordan Hall, Tuesday eve-
ning, March 29. A string quartet from
the Symphony Orchestra, soloists, harp
and a chorus of 50 voices will assist.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF VOCAL ART

Theories of Victor Maurel—Why
There Is Disagreement Concern-
ing Singers—Various Kinds of
Hearers.

MUSIC TO MAETERLINCK'S "SISTER BEATRICE"

Notes on the Coming Opera Season
—Local Events of Interest—
Other News and Gossip of the
World of Music.



...VER two hundred and
fifty years ago Thomas
Beard, once the school-
master of Cromwell,
wrote a book for the sol-
litical advantage of the in-
habitants of Huntington,
where, according to his own words,
he "painfully preached the Word
of God and led life without Scan-
dall." This book is entitled: "The
Theatre of God's Judgements, wherein
is represented the admirable justice of
God against all notorious sinners, both
great and small, but especially against
the most eminent persons of the world,
whose transcendent power breaketh
thorow the harres of humane justice."
And in the chapter "of notorious of-
fenders in all kinds of Sinne" is the
following agreeable and instructive an-
ecdote:
"There was another King of the Scots

...called Atherto, in the year of our
Lord 160, who hewed him life also in
like manner a most vile and abominable
wretch, for he so wallowed in all
manner of uncleane and effeminate
lusts, that hee was not ashamed to goe
in the sight of the people playing upon
a flute, receiving more to be accounted
a good Player than a good Prince."

It might be interesting to inquire into
Beard's use of the word "fiddler," or to
discuss the question whether the instru-
ment used by the wicked king were not
in reality the bagpipe, with which, as
grave Scottish divines assure us, David
soothed the vexed soul of Saul. We
quote the anecdote, however, merely to
show the change in attitude toward
players on musical instruments, toward
singers, both male and female. The
Emperor William, and the czar of nil
the fustlers are enrolled in the list of
composers; princes of Germany write
symphonies or play the fiddle in the
orchestra; King Edward VII. last week
contributed his august and beneficent
presence to the glory of the Elgar festi-
val at London. And where and by whom
is music in its essence, details, and
ruminations not discussed?

There are certain questions concern-
ing music that are classified loosely as
"psychological." A woman asked the
other day: "Why will Miss X, a singer
with a beautiful voice and uncommon
skill, and a woman of attractive
face and figure, leave you unmoved
after a song, while Miss Y, whose
voice, art, and personal appearance are
inferior, will thrill you or bring tears
to your eyes?"
One answered: "But Miss X moved
me, and Miss Y left me cold."

Theories of Victor Maurel.

When Victor Maurel was in Boston
the last time he was never weary of
talking about the psychology of the
singer. His remarks excited the amuse-
ment of some of his amiable colleagues
who were in the habit of singing by
main strength, or, as it is sometimes
called, "by the grace of God." It may
here be remarked that singers "by the
grace of God" are those who are per-
mitted to sing by an all merciful Deity.
A tyrant Jove would quickly dispose of
them by lightning, the forerunner of
the more clumsy and messy electrocu-
tion. Mr. Maurel knew the malicious
artlessness of his colleagues, and, like
a true philosopher, kept on talking about
the "psychology" of song and the
singer. The subject obsessed him, and
after his turn to Paris he wrote and
lectured. One of his most curious ar-
ticles was one entitled "The Vocal Gift."

Our Friend of Bolsterous Voice.

The great and subtle artist begins by
observing tone production in the talk
of men, who are at the moment free
from any restraint, obedient only to in-
stinct, to the law of least effort. A
type well known and seen everywhere
is the man who in church or restau-
rant, theatre or street, at home or in a
crowd, always speaks with a loud voice,
which he thinks necessary, as well as
highly appropriate to his character.
You try vainly to persuade him that
vocal moderation is agreeable and a
symptom of good breeding. He per-
sists in speaking passionately about
simple matters. But if circumstances
compel him to speak quietly, you then
can hardly understand him, for his
words jostle each other in his throat
and a sentence is as gibberish. Maurel
explains first the physiological reasons
for this transformation, which are
easily recognized, and he then asserts
that this type of man, noisy, with a
hair-trigger laugh, naturally coarse and
at the same time pretentious, must per-
force express himself in brutal tones.
His body is master of his mind. His
voice is the exact image of his tem-
perament, his character.

The Mild-Mannered Type.

Then there is the type of man who
is in all places vocally sympathetic to
you. His voice is frank, gentle yet
without effeminacy, and it is the ex-
pressive organ of his thoughts. It may
not be brilliant, it may not be powerful,
but it has distinction and charm, and
when he talks you listen gladly, and if
he argues you are willing, often eager,
to agree with him. Yet if a bore or
some rude person should come between
you, or cause serious offence, this same
man, with a violent effort to show his
just displeasure, will utter either strident
tones or he will sputter impotently.
For this man, more occupied in watch-
ing life than in living animally, em-
ploys habitually his vocal organs in a
different manner from that of the noisy
man. They are more under the control
of intelligence. The charm of his voice
comes from incessant precautions, from
care in expressive modulations. The
moment his mind is jostled, his will is
disturbed and he loses control of finesse
in tone. The infections are subject to
the despotic control of good breeding
and intelligence; his normal acts are
as a rule calm and reflective. When he
is shaken from his habit, he no longer
has his individual voice.

Impressive Tonal Beauty.

Mr. Maurel concludes that the vocal
organs are agents, indispensable in re-
lationship with life, and the difference
is in the particular nature of the
moral temperament. Between the types
he presents are infinite varieties of vo-
cal characters. The ease or the diffi-
culty experienced by students of song is
in consequence of the particular dispo-
sition of the vocal organs. The two ex-
treme types make sonorities within
cavities almost always of the same di-
mensions, sonorities alike in timbre and
intensity. This uniformity in vocal ex-
pression is incompatible with the de-
mands put on the singer. Every lyric

...situation calls for a vocal effort that
corresponds to the musical purpose of
the composer.

If it be said that the beauty of a
voice is due in the first place to a pecu-
liarly fortunate disposition of the vocal
organs, thanks to which this voice
seems endowed with special gifts, it
does not follow that vocal expression
in its many shades is the direct result
of this disposition. A singer's mode of
expression will manifest itself by a
particular vocal tendency, one that
suits the singer's temperament and
character. If the situation or the senti-
ment portrayed by the music suits the
mode of expression that is vocally easy
to the singer, all will go well. Tem-
perament and character will put only
insignificant difficulties in the way, or
they may serve the true expression.
"This case," says Maurel, "is rare. In
the course of a long and busy career
I have never heard one of the great
artists with whom I have habitually
sung say, 'This part has no difficulties
for me.' I have often heard from such

masters as Faure, Ohn, Graziand,
Calzolari, Patti, Nilsson, Molin-Car-
valho, Adil Lehmann this confession:
'How hard I had to work over the dif-
ficulties in this passage.' Maurel states
that his most successful interpretations
were those which forced him to the
most severe study.

More Necessary Qualifications.

Suppose that the singer is obliged to
impersonate a character at loggerheads
with his own physical and mental tem-
perament? What then becomes of the
famous "vocal gift"? Will the singer
by it rise superior, will he have an
exact intellectual comprehension of
musical accent, appropriate varieties of
tonal color in dramatic expression?
Maurel thinks that only the most pains-
taking and intelligent teaching will
save this singer with the great or beau-
tiful voice; though the sonority may be
impressive, it will be inexpressive, and
the singer will cut a sorry figure when
he should shine brilliantly. For the
exact worth of vocal gift put into the
service of art depends on particular
conditions. You may say of a man:
"He has a fortune in his throat," or of
a woman, "She was born with a golden
voice; nature gave her tones of angelic
sweetness." What does it all mean?
The tenor may hurl high A's and B's
and C's that make the chandelier rattle;
the soprano may have tones of velvet
that put the women in the audience
into a fashionable trance; these tones
are only auditory sensations, and they
are of value only under determined
conditions where they carry out the
meaning of librettist and composer; but
elsewhere they shock the judicious
hearer and the composer who finds his
purpose wantonly contradicted.

The Truly Gifted Singer.

The importance given to the value of
the "vocal gift" as a means of expres-
sion is grossly exaggerated according to
Maurel. "I believe that, with rare ex-
ceptions, singers of talent striving with
the difficulties of their art do not al-
ways produce the tones which they
strive to produce, but those which they
are at the time able to produce. The
art of singing is not the production of
beautiful sonorities produced at will by
inborn faculties, for these sonorities
are often without expression; it is the
production of vocal sonorities which re-
specially by their shades of color are the
true expression of the emotion por-
trayed by the music. If a modern lyric
interpreter be provided with a good
larynx, good lungs and a predisposing
physique—beautiful, necessary, indis-
pensable even as these qualities are—
he is in possession of only a part of his
art, the material part. A man thus en-
dowed will become the singer, 'a Colpo
de Gola,' as the Italians say, an acro-
bat of vocal sonority; he will not know
the art of interpreting faithfully the
fine works of musical geniuses of time
past, present, or to come."

Such is the substance of three articles
by Victor Maurel which were published
late in the Courrier Musical of Paris.

De Quincey's Fondness for Tone.

If there be the temperament of the
composer and the temperament of the
singer, there is also the temperament of
the hearer. How seldom are the three
in perfect sympathy! There is the
hearer who is contented by the simply
sensual beauty of a tone. He recalls
by his attitude and delight a passage
in which De Quincey described his
pleasure at the Opera House, when
opium had increased the "particular
mode of mental activity by which we
are able to construct out of the raw
material of organic sound an elaborate
intellectual pleasure." A friend object-
ed: "A succession of musical sounds is
to me like a collection of Arabic char-
acters. I can attach no ideas to them."
De Quincey answered: "Ideas! there is
no occasion for them; all that class of
ideas which can be available in such a
case has a language of representative
feelings."

And then the Opium Eater described
how in chorus of elaborate harmony dis-
played before him, as in a piece of
 arras work, the whole of his past life,
"not as if recalled by an act of mem-
ory, but as if present and incarnated
in the music; no longer painful to dwell
upon, but the detail of its incidents re-
moved or blended in some hazy ab-
straction and its passions exalted, spir-
itualized and sublimed," and he also
said: "And, over and above the music
of the stage and orchestra, I had all
around me, in the intervals of the per-
formance, the music of the Italian lan-
guage talked by Italian women—for the
gallery was usually crowded with Ital-
ians—and I listened with a pleasure such
as that with which Weldon, the trav-
eller, lay and listened, in Canada, to the
sweet laughter of Indian women, for the
less you understand of a language the
more sensible you are to the melody or
harshness of its sound."



EDYTH WALKER.
CONTRALTO.

Colors, Music and Perfumes.

There is this simple hearer in the audience today enamoured of sound. What is it to him whether the singer be ignorant of the elements of sound tone production and careless of poet's or composer's purpose, whether she sing in tune or phrase with any understanding? He hears the "luscious" tone, and that is enough. He applauds till he is red in the face; he speaks enthusiastically of the "heaven-born singer" and he is so irritated at the breakfast table when he finds that the critic of the Boomerang wrote harshly about the singer that he writes a letter of indignant protest to the editor.

This love of sensuous color is found also in well-equipped and sensitive musicians. The fantastical E. T. A. Hoffmann put into the mouth of Johannes Kreisler these words: "Not only in dreams, but in the delirium that precedes sleep, especially when I have heard music, do I find an intimate relation between colors, music and perfumes. It seems to me that all these things were engendered by the same ray of light, and that they must unite in a wonderful concert. The odor of blood-red pinks affects me strangely; I fall into a profound reverie, and hear as from a distance the low tones of the 'basset horn.'" Thus did he anticipate the sentiment of Baudelaire's "Correspondances":

Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent
Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unite
Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,
Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent.
Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfants,
Doux comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies,
— Et d'autres, corrompus, riches et triomphants
Ayant l'expansion des choses infinies,
Comme l'ambre, le musc, le benjoin et l'encens,
Qui chantent les transports de l'esprit et des sens.

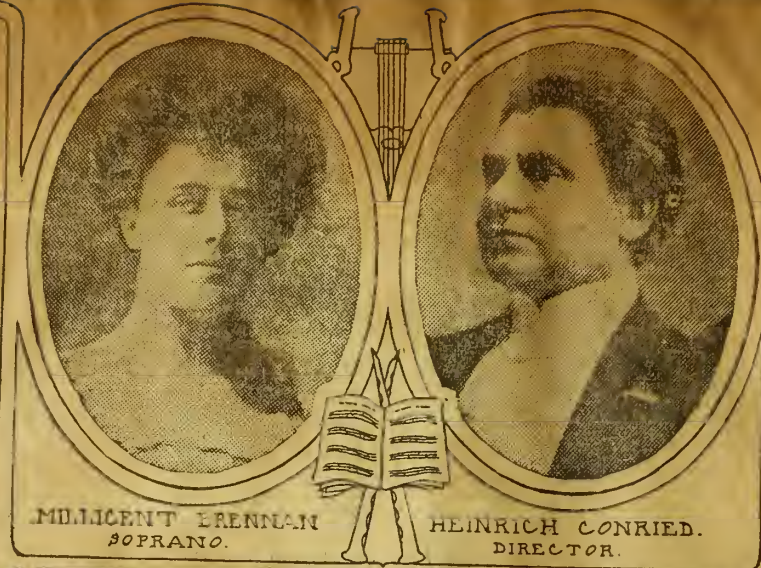
But we are dangerously near the fascinating subject of color audition. Let us be content with saying that, if some are color blind, some are color deaf.



Pedagogue and Partisan.

Then there is the singing teacher in the audience whose attention is directed chiefly toward the mechanism of the singer. The teacher is the more inclined toward applause, the closer the resemblance between his method of tone production and that of the singer. The teacher is too often curious concerning mint and anise and cummin, and does not consider the weightier matters of the law. The effect was irresistible and indisputable, but the singer should not have made the effect in that particular way; therefore the effect was null and void. The spirit of the interpretation is as nothing. If there be a little flaw in a phrase, if there be a use of a chest tone instead of a head tone, although the singer wished this precise effect, the teacher had been taught otherwise; therefore there was no effect, and the singer is as one ignorant.

There is the "lover of music" who is more or less of a partisan and judges all singers in comparison with her hero or heroine. Because Mr. Jean de Reszke was formerly an admirable singer with sculpturally irreproachable legs, she has met Emma Eames "in society" there is no soprano like Emma, and she attributes to her all vocal virtues, even emotional intensity, whereas even unprejudiced admirers of this singer cannot detect warmth in her impersonations even by the use of the bolometer, an instrument some 20 times more sensitive than the thermopile, for the bolometer, as we are assured by a scientific friend, is capable of indicating a change of temperature as minute as 1-100,000th of a single centigrade degree. To this enthusiastic per-



MODEST BRENNAN
SOPRANO.

HEINRICH CONRIED.
DIRECTOR.



MARION WEED.
SOPRANO.



AINO ACKTE.
SOPRANO.

son the geese of her friend the singing teacher are swans who should be prominent in all local musical ponds. She is an active member of the clique that applauds mediocrity when the word is passed by a "social leader." This type of music-lover, like Alexander the coppersmith, has done much harm.

Limitations of Some Hearers.

There is the partisan whose eyes see only a contracted horizon. The songs must be by Brahms, Schumann, Schubert or Franz; the operas must be by Wagner—or Mr. Walter Damrosch; all other composers are foreigners and singers who sing their music need not

apply. This hearer has much to say about the "intellectuality" of the singer, and yet, if you should ask her for an explanation of the German song just sung, she would be at a loss for a reply, and if you should ask for a description of a situation in a Wagnerian opera, she would hurriedly refer you to a book by Mr. Krebhiel or some other earnest commentator: "The story is told there so much better than I could tell it."

Nor is it easy for a New Englander, however musically intelligent he may be, to appreciate the spirit of the ultra-modern French song unless he has some acquaintance with the general tendency of ultra-modern French literature, for much of this music is an attempt at transfiguration into tones. To the ignorant the very art of the singer in such music may be a stumbling block. And to some accustomed to the couplet form of a song, the song which is impressionistic or the suggestion of a mood, is vague and perplexing, and the singer is to them an affected woman: "If she would only sing something we could understand!"

There is the hearer that looks first for a display of force, to whom an aria or a song is as a lung-testing machine. There is the hearer that insists on agility, on rocket runs and pin-wheel trills. Another wishes to hear nothing sad; another dislikes the singer that is aggressively gay. Each listens and judges according to his temperament, his bringing-up, his prejudices, his environment, his stomachic and nervous disposition. Is it a wonder that there is disagreement concerning the voice and the art of any singer, although her fame may have struck resoundingly the roof of the musical world?

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Wednesday: The Tulleries, 11 A. M. First of William Heinrich's "Easter Season" recitals. Mr. Heinrich will sing a group of German sacred songs composed before 1800 and Strauss' "Mädchenblumen," four songs. Mrs. Julie Wyman will sing Schubert's "The Nightingale," "All in a Garden" and "Forest Song"; Foote's "Men Rose" and "Constancy"; Verini's "O That We Two Were Maying" and "Nightingale's Song." Three songs by Gabriel Faure and four songs by Brahms. Mr. Heinrich will close with Richard Strauss' "Heir Lenz," "Die melnes Herzens," "Einkkehr" and "Zehnung."

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Maud MacCarthy's second violin recital. "La Folia," Coell-Leonard; Bach's sonata in E major for violin alone; Romance and a la Zingara from Wienlawski's concerto in D minor; Tschakowsky's Chanson triste; Nocturne, Humoresque; Coleridge-Taylor's "Hilawathan Sketches"—A Tale, a Song, a Dance; first time; Sarasate's "Playera" and Zapatero.

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fourth and last Chickering Production concert. Mr. Lang

conductor. Selections from "Castor and Pollux," Rameau-Gevaert (first time), Symphonic Sketches—Jubilee, A Scherzo, A Vagrom Ballade, Chadwick (conducted by the composer, first time); Prayer from Goethe's "Iphigenia at Tauris," Strube (first time), Miss Josephine Kulgat, mezzo-soprano; Bruch's concerto for violin op. 26 (Miss Nina Fletcher, violinist); Symphonic poem, "Stenka Rasine," op. 13, Glazounoff (first time).

Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M. Mr. Carl Faellen's fifth piano recital. Larghetto from op. 18, Hummel; Thalberg's concerto study op. 24, No. 6 and Theme et étude, op. 45; Henselt's "If I Were a Bird," and Love song; Chopin's études, op. 25, Nos. 3 and 7; Liszt's study, "Rustling of the Forest"; Beethoven's sonata, op. 110.

Thursday: Berkeley Temple, 8 P. M. Annual subscription benefit concert given by Mr. R. J. Lang, with the assistance of Miss Modest Brennan, soprano, Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, and Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist.

Friday: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gerike conductor, Brahms' Tragic overture; Liszt's concerto in A major, No. 2, for piano (Mr. Joseffy, pianist); Prelude to "The Dream of Gerontius," Elgar; symphony in F minor, No. 4, op. 36, Tchaikowsky.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of compositions by Mr. H. N. Redman. Mrs. Kilduff, soprano; Mr. Oudrick, violinist; Mr. De Voto, pianist; and a string quartet, Messrs. Oudrick, Elmara, Rissland and Barth. Sonatas in D major and C minor for violin and piano; string quartet in A major ("Creole") and ten songs.

Saturday: Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 19th concert of the Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

LOCAL NOTES.

Reinecke's trio, op. 264, for piano, clarinet and viola, was played at Mr. C. L. Staats' clarinet recital at the Harvard Musical Association's rooms March 11 by Mr. Staats, Mrs. Eaton and Mr. Eaton for the first time in this country.

The programme of the last concert of the Longy Club at Potter Hall, Monday evening, the 28th, will include D'Inoy's "Chansons et Danse"; a sonata by Bach for violin and piano; prelude to act 3 of "Tristan and Isolde"—Mr. Longy, English horn, and a small orchestra, led by Mr. Gerike; suite persane, A. Caplet. Mr. Armand Forest, violinist, will assist. Mr. Forest was born at Brussels, Jan. 29, 1874. As a pupil of Borchgrevink at the Paris Conservatory he took the second violin prize in 1896, and he has been connected with the orchestra of the Opera Comique and with Colonne's orchestra.

One of the most important musical announcements of the season is that of a song recital on Tuesday afternoon, March 29, in Steinert Hall, by Dr. Theodore Lierhammer of Vienna. Dr. Lierhammer will then make his first appearance before a Boston audience. His reputation in European cities and in New York is of the highest.

Mr. John Manning, pianist, will give a recital for Thursday evening, March 31, in Steinert Hall. He will be assisted by Mr. Henry Elcheim, violinist.

A new musical society has been established in Boston. It is to be known as the Massachusetts Choral Society, and is chartered under the laws of the state. The new society is intended to cover a field hitherto not attempted by any other organization. The membership is made up of trained singers in chorus work and those who have taken



OLIVE FREMSTAD.
CONTRALTO.

part in amateur operatic events, and the society is the natural result of a demand for a permanent musical organization having for its principal object the study of both light and grand operatic works. The membership at present is limited to 100 active members and is already nearly full. The society holds regular rehearsals, and it is the intention of the directors to give three public concerts each season, one of which will possibly be a revival of one of the old standard operas. The musical director is Mr. Herbert F. Odell. The officers are: President, A. Merrill Bowser; vice-president, Edgar L. Raub; secretary, Miss Minnie F. Scott; treasurer, William L. Brely; librarian, J. Henry Rohnstock; directors, Miss Gertrude C. Oliver, Frederic Shackley, Dr. H. S. Roberts, Miss A. B. Fitzpatrick, W. T. Wingfield, Miss C. A. Rohnstock, Hiram McKay and W. C. Mooney.

Mr. William Heinrich's recitals at the Tulleries begin next Wednesday. The second, the 30th, will be devoted to French song, and Miss Fogg, soprano, will assist. The third, April 6, will be an English song recital, and Miss Marguerite Hall will be the singer. At the fourth, April 13, Mr. Meyn will assist in the performance of Hungarian and gypsy songs.

The programme of the last Chickering production concert Wednesday night, under the auspices of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, is of peculiar interest. The symphonic poem by Glazounoff is one of his earlier and more original works, and it portrays incidents in the life of the wild hero of the Volga. Mr. Chadwick's and Mr. Strube's works will be heard here for the first time, and there is interest in the debut of Miss Fletcher, the violinist.

The performance of Richard Strauss' music to Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," at Symphony Hall, Monday afternoon, the 28th, promises to be one of the striking events of the season. There is the natural desire to hear Dr. Strauss play his own music, and Mr. Bispham will read the poem. The public is familiar with the beauties of this music and there will undoubtedly be a large audience. Mme. Strauss de Anna will sing three groups of her husband's songs with Strauss as accompanist. Tickets are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

The last of the Arbos quartet concerts will be in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, the 28th.

Pupils of Mrs. Avonia Bonney Lichfield will give a concert at the Hollis Street Theatre, Thursday afternoon, April 21. There will be selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Dinorah," "Othello," "Lakme."

Sousa's band, conducted by J. P. Sousa, will give two concerts in Symphony Hall on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, April 7. These will be the only appearances of the band here this season.

Free municipal concerts will be given Friday, March 25, at Turn Hall, 29 Middlesex street, with Mr. A. D. Babcock, baritone, and Mr. Frank Porter, cellist, as soloists; Saturday, March 26, at the East Boston high school, with Mr. John J. Mogan, bass, and Mr. Frank Porter, cellist. The Municipal orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Karich, will be assisted by the choral class from the East Boston high school. The Municipal orchestra will also take part in a concert to be given by the school department, Thursday, March 24.

The 20th of the Steinert piano player concerts will be given in Steinert Hall, Wednesday evening.

COMING OPERA SEASON.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mr. Heinrich Conried, director of the Metropolitan Opera House company, and of Aino Ackte, Marion Weed, Edyth Walker and Olive Fremstad, who will sing here for the first time in opera.

Mr. Conried was born at Bielitz, in Austrian Silesia, Sept. 3, 1858. As a boy

...where he studied. When he was 15 years of age he received the position of the organist of the Resilenz church, and he was engaged later at the Burg Theatre. He afterward played the piano and at Bremen, and in the year 1876 he was chosen manager of the company when the director, Franz Krupp, Mr. Conrad managed the season successfully, although the company was playing at its own risk. In 1877 he came to this country and was the stage manager of the Germania Theatre in New York. Two years later he joined Max Kretschmer at the Thalia, and in 1881 he managed this theatre in partnership with Carl Herrmann, with artistic success and pecuniary loss. Mr. Conrad was stage manager at the Casino, and in 1892 he became the manager of the Irving Place Theatre, which soon became famous for excellent performances and produced important results. He brought over distinguished artists and produced important results. In 1903 he was chosen director of the Metropolitan, and his production of "The Mikado" made him world-famous. He received many honors and distinctions. The Duke of Saxo-Meiningen named him a knight, the Kings of Italy and Prussia have given him gold medals, Harvard and Columbia universities have made him an honorary member of arts.

Alma Kretschmer, soprano, was born at Stockholm, Finland, April 23, 1876. She studied at the Paris Conservatory, and was a pupil of Duvernoy and Giraudet, and as a result of the latter took the first prize in opera in 1897. She made her first appearance at the Opera, Paris, as Marguerite, Oct. 8, 1897. She has also sung as Juliet, Herwine ("Clocio du monde"), Elsa, Benjamin (Mehul's "Jocelyn"), Elisabeth, Alceste, Nedda and in other operas. Last fall Mme. Kretschmer made a tour of Scandinavia, and sang at Warsaw and Dresden. Her husband, Emma Strommer-Achte (for so her name is spelled in Finnish), was a famous singer, and her father was a doctor. Mr. Kretschmer's husband, Mr. Ronald, is a lawyer and a teacher of political economy at the University of Heidelberg. She is described as "blonde, slender, a woman of a crystalline purity." She made her first appearance at the United States at the Metropolitan as Marguerite, Feb. 20, 1904.

Marion Weed, soprano, a New York girl, studied with Lilli Lehmann, and sang at Bayreuth in 1896 as Freia and in 1898. She then became a member of the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg. Her first appearance at the Metropolitan was as Gilda in "Die Walkure," Nov. 1, 1898. Miss Weed sang in this city as Freia at the Metropolitan, Dec. 13, 1891, with the Philharmonic Club of New York, and with great success.

Egypti Walker, another American, was born at Ajlaja, Orgheni of Dresden, and sang in Prague and other cities, and finally became a member of the Vienna Opera House. She sang in London as the part of Amneris (May 16, 1900), and as Amneris she made her debut at the Metropolitan, Nov. 30, 1903. It is said that she left the Vienna Opera House, where she was a favorite, on account of the tyranny of the conductor, Gustav Mahler.

Edvard Fromstad was born in Norway, but his parents came to this country when he was 12 years old, and settled in Minnesota. She went to New York to study music, and made her first appearance there in a concert led by Anton Seidl. She studied with Lilli Lehmann, and appeared at Bayreuth in 1895 as Freia, and of the Rhine daughters and as Freia. She has been a member of the Vienna and Munich opera companies, and has sung at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Munich, and at the Garden. She is now 32 years old. She appeared in her native country as Freia at the age of 16. She sang in Boston the contralto part in Bruch's "Arminius" when it was performed at Tremont Temple by the New Bedford Society, May 9, 1892. She made her debut at the Metropolitan, Nov. 25, 1898, as Sieglinde.

The season of grand opera for Boston is now only two weeks distant, and while it is yet early to predict with certainty the precise popularity that will attend it, one may nevertheless assume, in view of the conditions of the season subscription sale by letter which closed last night, and which Manager Lawrence McCarty declares to have been most satisfactory, that the patronage will be fully as large, if not larger, than ever before. This letter subscription sale will be followed on Tuesday and Wednesday next by the box office subscription sale for the entire season of 12 nights and four afternoon performances. Then, on the two following days, will occur the box office subscription sale for the 12 evening performances only. This, in turn, will give place on Tuesday, March 29, at 9 A. M., to the single ticket sale.

The list of singers includes the names of Calve, Sembrich, Ternina, Galski, Aekte, Marion Weed, Seygard, Edith Walker, Fromstad, Homer and of these men: Burgstaller, Kraus, Dippel, Naval, Reiss, Scotti, Van Rooy, Campanari, Goritz, Muehlmann, Ross, Plancon, Journet, Blass and others known and unknown to Boston opera goers.

The entire Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, chorus and ballet will assist at every performance in Boston, and the various operas will receive the same elaborate and artistic presentation here as at the Metropolitan Opera House.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Miss Millicent Brennan, soprano, who will sing Thursday night for the first time in Boston at Mr. Lang's concert at the Berkeley Temple. Miss Brennan was born at Ottawa, Can., and she lived there till 1900, when she went to Paris, where she studied singing with Edward Hayes and Rose Caron. She

...was with Sir Alexander Mackenzie in his concert tour through Canada. She came to Boston early this winter, and has sung in performances of "The Golden Legend" at Providence in November and of "Elijah" at Taunton in January. She will sing Thursday night sacred songs by Dvorak and Beethoven.

Mr. Herman Klein lectured in New York on Feb. 15, and the New York Evening Sun published the following account of the performance: "David Bispham, the shining light of his teacher, W. Shakespeare's, New York lectures a few years ago, kindly posed as the 'horrible example' for Mr. Herman Klein's lecture at the New Lyceum yesterday afternoon, on 'How Not to Sing.' His example of enunciation—'Sweetheart, Thy Lips' by Chadwick, and tone-color colorless and slovenly, 'Where'er You Walk,' by Handel—as the programme described them, were applauded as high art. In fact, the audience insisted on liking whatever Mr. Bispham did wrong, and looking politely bored when he did it right. Mr. Klein was a brave man to talk down to a full house of American girls and tell them none of them could answer back—without betraying an American twang. They kept still. In the presence of one who once held the child Adam's rattle on his knee—or did she hold this?—this was natural. Mr. Klein threw in remarks about the English-speaking voices of King Edward and the late Queen Victoria, which must have surprised even himself. He knew the German Kaiser would have throat trouble the first time he heard him speak in London. Luckily he made no similar prediction about King Edward, whose famous operation was not in a quarter mentioned in the chapters of Mr. Klein's published book, but, instead, in the appendix.

The London News recalls the fact that in the days when "Tristan" was conducted at Covent Garden by Manonelli, Miss Bauermeister was invariably the Braegene.

Miss Alice Cummings, pianist, of this city, will play in New York the 31st with the new Russian Symphony orchestra, a concerto by Rachmanoff.

The New York Evening Sun quotes a "clever man" as saying that the Longy Club at a private concert in New York sounded like "wood violets smothered in caviar." There is an old music hall song in which an impossible person boasted that he was "so awfully clever, so deucedly clever." This New Yorker is his rival—but, pray, in what is the precise application of his comparison.

Italian newspapers speak highly of Miss Marcella Cratt's (Marcella Cratt's) interpretation of Gilda in Rigoletto at San Remo last January. They say it was characterized by sentiment and passion, and praise the beauty of her voice and the purity of her tone production.

Amalia Farraris, a once famous ballet dancer, died lately at Florence at the age of 72, and left her fortune, something over \$100,000, to the poor of that city. A pupil of Carlo Blassis, she made her debut at the Scala in 1844. She then danced at the San Carlo, Naples, and in other theatres, and Aug. 11, 1860, she appeared at the Opera, Paris, in "Les Elfes," music by Count Gabrielli, and made a sensation by her agility, elegance, grace and dash. Applauded throughout Europe, she married the poet and librettist Giuseppe Torre.

Miss Alda, an Australian and a pupil of Marchesi, has made a successful debut at the Opera Comique, Paris, as Manon. Edmond Veignet, a distinguished tenor, died lately at Nice. Born at Montpellier, July 4, 1850, he began as a violinist and orchestral player. He studied at the Paris Conservatory with Bax and made his debut in a minor part at the Opera in 1873. He created the leading tenor parts at the Opera in "Le Roi de Lahore," 1877; "La Reine Berthe," 1878; "Le Mage," 1891; "Salambo," 1892; "Samson et Delila," 1892, and he created important parts at the Opera Comique, Paris, the Monnaie, Brussels, and at Turin and Milan. Seven or eight years ago he was appointed professor of singing at the Paris Conservatory, but through caprice he resigned after he had served three years or so. He visited the United States in 1885 with Nevada's concert company.

Adam Muenchclaus, violinist, composer, and for a time director of the Warsaw opera, died lately at Warsaw, where he was born Dec. 23, 1830. He had much influence over the musical conditions in Poland. He wrote operas, of which "Mazeppa" is, perhaps, the best, ballets, overtures, church music and songs.

Miss Alexia Bassian, a young Armenian soprano, has been singing with the Carl Rosa company at the Camden Theatre, London, and her impersonation of Santuzza was highly praised for dramatic intensity. "Miss Cecile Talma has also a good voice and an attractive appearance, but marred her efforts by what appeared to me to be self-consciousness, both with regard to her singing and acting. Mr. Edward Davies pleased me greatly. His personations were sincere and consistent, and he used his musical talent to good effect with much vocal skill. A feature of the week was the first appearance with this company on Feb. 24 of Mme. Sobrino, who made her debut as Elsa. The pure and sympathetic quality of this artist's voice made her peculiarly acceptable in the part, and, although at times her acting lacked movement, her personation was intelligent and very pleasing."

The New York Tribune said, apropos of the performance of "Carmen" by the New Orleans opera company, at the Casino, New York, Feb. 15: "The representative of the cigarette girl was Mme. Bressler-Glanoli, who huddled forth a low and wicked vulgarism, such as the dramatists conceived her to be. She would have been out of place among the scenes which the love for sumptuousness has built up at our aristocratic home of the lyric drama, but she was very much in place in her homely surroundings at the Casino, and therefore she gave the audience a new and stimu-

...and in original character. It was all in all a delightful and dramatic performance which she exemplified transferred to the Metropolitan Opera House, that they might visualize Bizet's exquisite music adequately performed."

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

The Public Ledger (Philadelphia) says apropos of the recent visit of the Philadelphia orchestra to this city: "The great beauty of visiting a community like Boston lies in the fact that the Bostonians are always ready to hold out a hand of welcome to newcomers, and to give them courteous and worthy consideration, and it is worthy of note that a city which is so justly proud of its own organization can give so much praise and expend so much appreciation upon a visitor."

Mr. Kreisler played in London, Feb. 23, D'Erlanger's violin concerto, which was first performed in England at a London Philharmonic concert last March. "Its essential characteristic is refinement, and in this particular it is peculiarly suited to the Hungarian violinist. Moreover, the solo part has been carefully devised to afford the executant many opportunities for legitimate display, but the work lacks backbone and strength of frame, and this becomes increasingly apparent as the music is unfolded. It may interest some readers to know that the composer was born in Paris, but is a naturalized British subject. His first opera, "Jehan de Saintré," was produced at Hamburg in 1894. His second effort, "Inez Mendo," which many of my readers will remember, was mounted at Covent Garden in 1897."

Boss's "Paradise Lost," a symphonic poem in a prologue and three parts, for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ, book by L. A. Villan, after Milton (German text by Bernhoff and Weber), was produced at a Gewandhaus concert, Leipzig, Feb. 25. Milton's poem is said to be much more modern than the libretto, which is without human interest, for Adam and Eve are pitiable secondary characters. The book is too episodic, and so is the music. There is scarcely one great musical scene, but there are brilliant episodes. As a landscape, Boss is weak. The prayer in the second part, the scene between Adam and Eve in the third, and some of the "Hell" music are the most striking portions of the work. The "Voice of the Lord" with endless progressions in fifths bored. The choral performance was not good.

Grieg's new orchestral work, "Old Norwegian Romance, with Variations," was produced at a concert at the National Theatre, Christiania, Feb. 21.

Raoué Pugno played Mozart's concerto in A for the piano at a Queen's Hall (London) Symphony concert, Feb. 27. Mr. Blackburn wrote that the performance was irresistibly engrossing. "His extreme refinement of accomplishment, his beautiful, sensitive and silvery touch, his fine artistry, were obvious in every passage of that beautiful work as interpreted by him. It is a composition of the greatest exquisiteness, and requires the most masterly delicacy for its right rendering. Mozart, brilliant, tender, pathetic, appealing, essentially gay, and yet full of the thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears, was here realized in absolute perfection. M. Pugno is among the peculiar, the special brand of pianists in the world who never work save for the absolute love of art. He never, by the smallest chance, permits himself to challenge a point by any but the most legitimate of methods; and yet he is nothing if not to the last degree personal. He is never cold; he always appeals by a sort of remote loftiness of perfection which in his Mozart playing assuredly and especially—good Mozart playing, by the way, is a very rare accomplishment, indeed—gives him a prestige in his art which, in its own, its especial way, is quite inimitable. To understand Mozart rightly is to be able to lay claim to a very comprehensive appreciation in music; and M. Pugno understands his Mozart perfectly, for he plays him perfectly. It would be superfluous to add further superlatives over so fine a performance."

"Psyche," a symphonic poem by Alpaerts of Antwerp, was produced in that city Feb. 17. "It smells a little of the conservatory, but it displays technical skill and an inspiration full of poetic promise."

"Quatre-Vingt-Treize," a symphonic prelude for Victor Hugo's drama, by Fr. Casadesus, was produced at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, Feb. 14. The work was criticized severely. Jean d'Udine wrote: "An andante with instrumentation in compartments, without any blend of instrumental groups, and then a tragic waltz, such is this piece. The best theme is taken from the Rakoczy march, and the Marsch-laise and the Carmagnole are the only things that justify by their presence the date that serves as title." And D'Offici said: "While the young should not be discouraged, I hold it is wrong to lavish praise on an important composer."

Georges Marty's "Nuit d'Ete," orchestral poem suggested by verses of Paul Bourget, was produced at a Colonne concert, Paris, Feb. 21. The work was highly praised for its poetic quality. "The flute, hovering over a mysterious murmur of strings, sketches the delicate and melancholy theme which, after the appearance of a second motive distinguished by languorous violin figures, returns at the end sung passionately by strings."

A piano concerto by Leon Moreau was played by Rene Billia at a Le Roy concert, Paris, Feb. 14. "It is an interesting work. Built in the classic mould, with connection of andante and finale, this sincere work is in four sections, the second of which, a scherzo, is of charming distinction. The piano part, well treated in the ensemble, does not

...and gave it the character of a symphony with the piano as a central instrument. Under the composer's thumb and the master's movement are here and there detracted by certain long-winded passages and by brusqueries that cost the supporter much labor." Moreau visited Boston as the pianist of Emma Nevada's company when it appeared at the Central Theatre.

A sonata for violin and piano by E. Dalerud was produced at the 11th concert of the Societe Nationale, Paris. "The last movement is especially well made and interesting; the two preceding are less connected, and the composer has not taken advantage of the characteristic timbre of the violin. Two charming songs by Pierre de Breuille, one of them, 'Les Petites Laitières de Joux,'—were produced at the same concert."

A symphonic prelude to Byron's "Manfred" by A. von Ahn-Casse was produced at a Philharmonic concert, London, March 2. Mr. Blackburn said: "The work is written upon an orchestra of an ambitious scale, and deals obviously and designedly with what is to be the subsequent unfolding of the character of Manfred in Byron's play. Without in the least impugning the originality of the composer, we may say that if 'Manfred' had never been written, this music, in just this form, would not have been composed. Wagner is a most excellent, but a most dangerous, model. It is so easy to discover where he is the paramount influence, a point which makes it all the more difficult to recognize with liberality a fervent disciple's own individuality. The ending of the new prelude reminds one in some remote way of a dim religious light, of thuribles, incense and altar candles. This all, nevertheless, should go to show that the work has been carefully conceived and carefully elaborated. At the same concert Miss Elizabeth Parkinson (Miss Parkinson of St. Louis) made her first appearance at these concerts and sang for the first time in England Charpentier's 'Depuis le Jour,' a song which curiously reminds us of certain pages of De Lara's 'Messaline,' not so much in its actual phrasing as in its effectual spirit and sentiment. She sang it very prettily indeed, with a voice that reminded us a little of that of Mme. Calve; and there can be no question about its absolute purity." The comparison between the sentiment of "Louise" and "Messaline" is a curious one, but Mr. Blackburn and Mr. Runkelmann have been inclined to boom De Lara and his music. This reminds us that Mr. Jean Marnold wrote a savagely scornful attack on "Messaline" for the February number of the "Revue de France," in which he said: "By knowing thoroughly Massenet, Wagner and Mascagni, and even Boito, the composer became possessed of the idea that it would be no harder for him to write operas or 'lyric tragedies' than to change his name from 'Cohen' to 'De Lara.'"

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

A new opera by Enrico Bossi, director of the Lyceum at Bologna will be produced at the Scala, Milan, this season.

A new opera in three acts, "Oello," book by Pio Roberto Gatteschi, music by Renato Brogi, was produced at Florence Feb. 4. The book is of a tragic nature. The music is said to have certain good qualities in the workmanship, but neither style nor individuality. The opera was received favorably, chiefly on account of the excellent performance.

Hans Pfitzner's romantic opera, "Die Rose vom Liebesgarten," which was produced at Elberfeld in November, 1901, was revived in Mannheim in January last, and at Munich Feb. 21. It excited various opinions at Mannheim, but at Munich it was highly successful.

"Kosische Hochzeit," an opera in one act, book founded by J. Hoch on a novel by R. Tedmann ("Blind Love"), music by H. Spangenberg, was produced with great success at Wiesbaden Feb. 8. The story is as follows: A Corsican, Angiolina, saw her father killed, the victim of a vendetta, in a storm. She saw the murderer, but he did not see her, and she was blinded by the lightning. Some years afterward she was wooed and she married. Her husband, eager to restore her sight, called in the aid of an oculist. Angiolina, as soon as her eyes were opened, recognized in her husband the murderer of her father. She fell senseless, and when she came to herself she was again blind. The husband killed himself.

"Opera Foreday of the Referee (London)" gives this depressing glimpse of account of Saint-Saens' "Helene." "Whereas Paris has no novelty this week in things theatrical, Monte Carlo, I hear, is wishing that it hadn't, for Saint-Saens' new opera 'Helene' appears to be anything but a success artistically. Helene is Mrs. Menelaus of the Graeco-Trojan war, and one would fancy that the book had scope. But no. My correspondents in the South describe the opera as far more fitted for a pantomime or ballet, and one of them suggests Miss Louise Frear and Mr. Daniel Leno in a comic interlude to vary the monotony. In the first scene a hidden chorus sings of beautiful Helene's snow white arms. The scene on which no people have appeared then changes to the seashore at daybreak, and Helene comes along and waves them. She is very much upset because Paris is causing her to forget home and mother, and melodiously suggests that an early death would be far preferable to sin. This is the sort of thing one often hears suggested, but even upon the stage resultant suicide is pretty rare. Then Helene has a vision of Venus and Cupids and Graces—and, of course, disgraces—and she is told, in some extremely pretty numbers, that love Paris she must and will. I would point out that this conveyed no startling novelty to the expectant audience. Scene 3, the same old seashore. Helene in an agony of tears and most becoming draperies. Enter Paris, who sings propo-

ature which no nice-mannered would dare to voice in public and rose. Helene appeals to Poppa and enters Miss Zeus-Pallas Athene—who shows Paris some lurid living pictures of what will happen if he does not let the lady go. I've made up my mind to sail away, and Helene's coming, too, he says, and off they sail on the poop of a delightfully stage-managed boat which Mr. Arthur Collins ought to have a look at. The play is over and the curtain drops. Et voilà tout! Somehow such gifts as those of Melba, Heglon and Alvarez seem wasted in a pantomime show like this, and though the mounting and the singing are superb, the music good for those who like Saint-Saens, the book, or absence of book, kills the show. These, you will understand, are the opinions I have garnered from accounts of the Monte Carlo pantomime to me by those who saw it.

The New York Evening Sun quotes, or invents, this "managerial announcement": "The production of 'Parsifal' to be given next season by Mr. [redacted] with a cast of highest excellence and a wealth of scenic splendor rivaling Bolossy Kiralfy in his golden prime, will include many features of high novelty. There will be two Kundrys, and Parsifal will make his escape over the ice, pursued by both Kundrys and real bloodhounds. The moving scenery will be run by electrical clockwork, and at the conclusion of the performance old Uncle Gurnemann will jump 40 feet, landing in a net."

"Gitter Olaf," an opera in two acts, after Helene's ballad, by Baron Erlanger, was produced at Prague without success, early in February. "The opera is impossible for the stage. The composer Erlanger should look for a better librettist than the poet Erlanger. And yet the music is not distinguished; it is as a rule sweet, too sentimentally lyrical, without dramatic force; yet it has a certain romantic feeling, and there is clean workmanship, especially in the choruses."

"Die Nonne von Ghioeni," a comic opera in three acts by Konrad Schroeder, has been produced at Schwerin. August Enna has completed an opera in two acts entitled "Heisse Leibe."

FELIX WEINGARTNER.

Prof. Kruse is a most indefatigable musician, and he purposes to give his second musical festival in April, for which Weingartner has been engaged to conduct. This is as much as to say that Prof. Kruse once more enters into the competitive lists of contemporary music, not only as artist, but also as patron; and, indeed, it would be difficult to think of one more worthy of his patronage than this amazing conductor, who is so modern in his ideas of interpretation, and who is yet so imbued with the finest classical tradition.

Weingartner, like all men who have been compelled to work their original way along the paths of the world, has constantly found himself in opposition to those who at all periods deny the truth of Galileo's philosophical summary, "Eppur si muove!" He gave up his position in Berlin on account of the opposition which was organized against him, and he determined therewith that he would make an attack upon the world, instead of one upon a single city. The result is known to everybody. Weingartner now ranks among the great musicians of today, and his appearance in connection with Mr. Kruse's festival will be looked for with eager interest.

Weingartner has discovered what it is to fight the elder fashions which do not really belong to any fine tradition,

but which are simply the leavings of great schools of art, which are, in a word, the camp followers of those armies which have gone forth in battle array to do the artistic work of the world. The critic of the older school, for example, is worthy of all respect; but those who think it possible to live by the mere personality of a great writer of his own time are woefully mistaken. It is for that reason that Weingartner has broken away from ancient history, without impugning the artistic character of those who made that history. Even so, in one's own circle, it is possible to look with respect upon the greater men of an earlier time with whose views one is, very often, in profound disagreement.—Fall Mall Gazette, Feb. 27.

YOUNG VIOLINISTS.

Miss Otie Chew, violinist, studied at the Royal College of Music, London, under Mr. Gompertz. In 1897 she became a pupil of Sauret, and in 1902 she went to Joachim. She played in Berlin last October with the Philharmonic orchestra, but her first appearance in London was on March 1, at a Richter concert. Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote of her performance of Bach's concerto in E and Beethoven's Romance in F: "Miss Chew has this combination of instruments, that she never swerves, one way or the other, from the pitch. She is deadly in time at all times, but she seems to us to have laid so much stress upon this necessity (a necessity, be it said, that is sacred at all times and at every point) that she has sacrificed a certain amount of individuality to a desire which she could easily have accomplished without making so very much trouble about it. We have given all her industry toward the necessity of playing in time, when half at industry would have accomplished the same feat, is obviously to waste a portion of her artistic temperament. For the result was undoubtedly monotonous; nearly every note had precisely the same value, completeness and vol-

ume; that is to say, when we use the word volume, in this sense, every relation between these three qualities never differed by a hair's breadth. One admired such a careful outlook upon art, but it was not very moving. We know not in which chapter of art she was less moving than another, but the general verdict of artists, we rather imagine, would be against such a treatment of Bach's rather than of Beethoven's artistic purpose, although, incidentally, we are inclined to lean to the contrary opinion. We rather think, too, that she suffered somewhat from nervousness, and therein lies ample excuse for a portion of her colorlessness. She seemed bent upon being perfect within definite and well-ascertained limits, rather than upon posing as a wanderer among the exciting and emotional phrases of her art."

Georges Enesco, the young Roumanian violinist and composer, who has been made much of in Paris, made his debut in London Feb. 29. Mr. Boughnan wrote of him: "We hear so many violinists in London that one mildly wonders what a newcomer means to do unless he is one of the splendid virtuosi. M. Enesco is not of the great masters of his instrument. His tone is rich and pleasing, except in the upper registers; he evidently has a naturally musical temperament, inclined to the more sentimental side of the art; he phrases well in music that does not call for much depth of feeling, and his technique, allowing for nervousness, is fairly fluent. At present, however, he has to attain a greater surety and brilliance. He was at his best in cantabile passages. Rapid music which demanded precision and finish of playing found him hardly prepared for the task. M. Enesco did not impress me as an interpretative artist in Beethoven's Romance in G and Bach's Chaconne. His reading was only good in parts. On the whole, the young violinist, who was enthusiastically applauded, if without much discretion should have a future before him provided he does not imagine that he is yet a master of his instrument."

OLD PIANO MUSIC.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote apropos of Miss Adela Verne, who gave in London the first of seven historical piano recitals: "This is clearly an ambition which is, naturally, much to be encouraged, for, indeed, the music of the past is so important an item in the music of the present that it is well that a forgetful generation should be reminded of how much it owes to its forefathers. Miss Verne's concert was exceedingly good, in every possible way; particularly excellent were her renderings of Rameau's 'Le Rappel des Oiseaux' and Haydn's 'Variations in F Minor.' In these selections she showed precisely how broad is her sympathy and how capacious is her mind for appreciating in act the music of another generation. Yet even with such distinction as this, one has to complain of the inability of the modern player to do more than, in Macaulay's phrase, 'wear the garb of the ancients.' Miss Verne wore the garb, as it were, of Scarlatti, of Bach, of Haydn, even of Purcell, though her primitive manner in this respect was, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated. One may say that it was exaggerated to such a degree that, had it not been for the fact that we realized the genuine sentiment of these elder masters, she might have persuaded us to think that she really understood their meaning. It is true that the piano, which was unknown to the writers of the 17th century, may have had much to do with her falling short of the ideal which was in the mind of these great composers. Here, indeed, the admirable artist, such as Miss Adela Verne undoubtedly is, does not quite realize the meaning, the significance of precisely the effectiveness which these old composers intended for the right interpretation of their work. The modern piano cannot be compelled to interpret the work of the 17th and 18th centuries, however deftly that instrument may be played, and however carefully that work may be realized. Yet it would seem that certain composers had a certain sense of our own modernity, in so far that 'Haydn's Variations in F Minor' went quite perfectly under this most delicate and exquisite touch of Miss Verne on a modern Erard. Bach, also, who died in the middle of the 18th century, was well interpreted upon the modern instrument with which Miss Verne identified her performance. Scarlatti, of course, was a man of his time, and his sonata in A major was not played by her with that curious flexibility or that intention of vitality which belongs to this composer's best work. Scarlatti would seem to have had fingers that remind one of the rapid flight of a bird rising out of the dawn, a bird stretching its wings with the sudden inspiration of daylight and flying eastward to meet the warmth of the future day. Miss Verne caught some of that exquisite feeling, even though, on the whole, she was inclined to exaggerate that feeling, and the meaning of the great Italian master who surely desired not so much persistence, not so much exaggeration, in the interpretation of his work as she chose to give it. It remains to add that Handel's 'Menuet in F,' which was very beautifully played, was encored."

CURIOSA.

The ship's fiddler is as old an institution in the navy as the grog-tub. When tars wore their hair in pig-tails, and such a thing as a steam winch was never thought of, the ship's fiddler sat on the capstan and played while the crew hove up the anchor. In third-class cruisers and ships that carry no band the fiddler still exists, and as an officially recognized institution. His duty is to play lively tunes while the men hoist in boats, and to provide music during skylarking time in the fore-castle. Now,

however, the admiralty have given their consent to a piper being carried in place of the fiddler where the officers so desire, and have altered the fiddler's official designation to that of "ship's musician," in order to fit it to the innovation. Pipes aboard warships are not altogether unknown, as Scotch commanding officers frequently carry a piper in their entourage. But a stalwart piper striding up and down the deck, extracting fearful wails from an inflated skin, seems rather an incongruous figure on shipboard, and it is just doubtful whether his messmates would appreciate his presence there.

March 22, 1904

"SERGEANT KITTY" INVADES BOSTON

"Sergeant Kitty," a "new and original military comic opera," in two acts, book and lyrics by R. H. Burnside, music by A. Baldwin Sloane, was performed last night for the first time in Boston at the Globe Theatre by the Virginia Earl Opera Company, Mr. George R. White, manager. Mr. Carl Burton conducted. The cast was as follows:

Geu. Dubois.....Sylvain Langlois
Henri de Marillac.....Harry Stone
Lucien Valiere.....Albert Parr
Jacques Bonhomme.....Junie Moore
Jean Cornicheon.....Charles Reuwick
Pierre Pouchet.....Harry Brum
Celestia Bird.....George E. Mack
Louise de Marillac.....Estelle Wentworth
Mme. Angeline.....Carrie E. Perkins
Nipon.....Grace Belmont
Suzette.....Neile Emerald
Babette.....Ethel Lloyd
Kitty La Tour.....Virginia Earl

This operetta was produced at Brooklyn, N. Y., in March, 1903.

The hardened theatregoer is inclined to shy at the thought of a "military comic opera." There have been so many of them, and they have been so much alike. He remembers the heroine as a captain of a colonel marching with drawn sword at the head of female soldiers, proud and exultant in Callipygian luxuriance. He is tired of these war-dolls, and would not live in Dahomey, where life is a military comic opera with tragic finales. The heroine may brandish a sword, or beat a drum, or wave a flag; he heads her not, for he goes back in memory to the glorious early days of "The Black Crook," and he sees again the grand march of the Amazons, and again he feels a thrill. What were the words the leader sang? "I am Stalacta." The song began something like that, and he hums the tune. Ah, those were nights!

Fortunately, there is little of the too familiar military spirit in "Sergeant Kitty." Kitty, it is true, enters in position of a soldier, and toward the end of the piece she dons a sergeant's uniform, but she is for the most part in woman's dress, and looks the better for it; and the chorus girls are not masquerading in military uniforms. There is a camp, there are officers and soldiers, but the discipline is commendably lax. Nor is there any undue glorification of war. If the general sings a song in which he shouts his love of battle, and incidentally argues that "war is the making of a nation," on the other hand, Lieut. de Marillac and Louise sneer at the fidelity of the soldier and of the girl he left behind him.

This may be said of "Sergeant Kitty": there is a plot that abounds in complications which lead to amusing situations; this plot does not steal away at the end of the first act abashed by the pranks and gags of the comedians, but it grows stronger through the second act, and the interest is genuine and maintained to the fall of the curtain. The hearer is for once curious to know the construction nor surprisingly original in detail; similar complications have served ingenious Frenchmen; but as it stands it is an agreeable relief from the spineless and impotent books that are as boards on which acrobatic comedians disport themselves. The dialogue is not brilliant, but it is intelligible.

The music, for the most part, is strongly rhythmic jingle, which is taken at a rapid pace, and it sounds like the jingle of many other modern operettas. These tunes are woven after a common pattern, and they are manufactured by the yard. Last night the songs of a more serious nature that met with particular favor were "War," "Love" and "Oh, Kitty." The book is better than the music.

The performance was spirited, and it gave pleasure to a large audience. The heroine of a comic opera in these days must be a personality rather than a singer whose diction has distinction, or a comedian of any subtlety. Miss Virginia Earl has many friends, and they applauded her last night. She is a wholesome looking woman, attractive by reason of her amiability in all manner of stage situations, and through her sympathetic and not aggressive bearing toward the audience. She is neither fresh nor arrogant in her demeanor. The hearer may at times wish that she were more moderate in song, for in ensemble her sense of responsibility loads her to shrill or boisterous vocal indiscretion. She has little finesse in dialogue, and her facial play is limited, but the face itself gives pleasure. She was supported by the men rather than by the women of the company. Mr. McCree was often amusing in a droll and quiet way, and Mr. Langlois and Mr. Parr were effective. The chorus has been well drilled; the piece was prettily mounted; there was much laughter; there were many encores.

"MEDAL AND MAID" AT THE BOSTON

Mervyn Sunningdale.....Ruth Vincent
Josephine.....Cecil English
Miss Ventnor.....Geo. Caine
Mrs. Habbicombe.....Emma Carus
Miss Habbicombe.....Edna McCree
Simon Pentwistle.....James T. Powers
Admiral Lord Belton.....W. T. Carleton
Alceu Blythe, R. N.....W. P. Carleton
Levanier.....Ignacio Martinetti
Darien.....Stanley H. Foote
Lionel Habbicombe.....Tom Terriss
Ida Somerset.....The McCoy Sisters
Lillian Waterbury.....
Kulan.....M. M. Johnston
Bill-Bill.....Harry E. Bradome

The book is by Owen Hall, author of "Florodora" and "The Silver Slipper," the music by Sidney Jones, composer of "The Geisha" and "San Toy." Such a combination, logically, should have produced a remarkably good work, but it is neither as pretentious nor as tuneful as the works above mentioned, and it is due to the efforts of the participants that it made such an unmistakable hit with last night's audience, which

March 24, 1904

"STENKA RAZINE" GIVEN IN BOSTON

Feature of the Concluding Chickering Production Concert—First Rendition Here of Glazounoff's Symphonic Poem.

PRAYER FROM GOETHE'S "IPHIGENIA AT TAURIS"

Second Violin Recital by Miss Maud MacCarthy at Steinert Hall—Mr. Faelten's Recital at Huntington Chambers Hall.

The fourth and last of the Chickering Production Concerts was given last night under the auspices of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, at Chickering Hall. There was an audience of good size. Mr. Lang conducted, and the programme was as follows:

Ballet music from "Castor and Pollux".....Rameau-Gevert
Symphonic sketches.....Chadwick
1. Jubilee-Allegro Brillante.
2. A Scherzo-Vivacissimo.
3. A Vagabond Ballade-Moderato.
(Conducted by the composer.)
Prayer from Goethe's "Iphigenia at Tauris".....Strube
Miss Josephine Knight.
Concerto for violin, Op. 26.....Bruch
Miss Nina Fletcher.
Symphonic Poem, "Stenka Razine".....Glazounoff

The concert was interesting, but too long. The ballet music from Rameau's opera, "Castor and Pollux"—the Heavenly Twins—might easily have been spared, although the Tambourin and the Menuet have an antique charm.

The feature of the concert was the first performance in Boston of Glazounoff's "Stenka Razine," an early work of the period when the composer had ideas and not merely brilliant formulas. One of the most striking pages in Turzengoff's extraordinary "Apparitions" is the description of the man's flight in air with the strange and unseen Ellis at night over the Volga. His companion told him to shout the old war cry of the river pirates, "Saryn na Kitchou." He gave the cry and there were answering shouts, and there were groans and yells, lamentations and indescribable tumult. At last the voice of Stenka was heard giving a horrible command. There was the knowledge of bloody deeds—and then the vision faded. This hero was a Cossack who long ago ruled the Volga, led an insurrection, took Astrakhan, devastated provinces, and, a prisoner, was broken on the wheel.

In the legend chosen by Glazounoff, he presented the captive Persian princess with whom he had long sailed the Volga as a gift to the river, and when she disappeared beneath the water the pirate crew cheered madly about to fight against the Tsar. The symphonic poem is based on three themes. The first is the melancholy song of the bargemen, a folk-tune that has been sung here by an alleged Russian choir and was used by Mr. Loeffler in one of his chamber works. In Glazounoff's piece it is typical of the Volga. The second theme, savagely bizarre, portrays the pirate himself. The third, of flowing and exotic melody, is typical of the Persian princess. These themes are modified and combined with the daring of imaginative youth, and often with extraordinary

...The instrumentation is highly ...
The work is from beginning to end un-
commonly picturesque and impressive,
and it is well worth hearing more than
once. Glazounoff has been represented
by his later compositions, which are
so often merely the indifferent fruit of
tal facility. Would it not be well to
reduce the earlier works, which gave
such promise? Mr. Lang conducted the
symphonic poem with much spirit, and
the passages that were sinister, and
that he let the composer have his
way.
Mr. Chadwick, who was far from well,
conducted his symphonic fragments. He,
too, were new to Boston, and
it was a pleasure to hear them. It
could also be a pleasure to know the
composer's programme. The jubilee,
with its swing and recklessness and
ecular cadences, smacks of the plan-
tation. The scherzo is less Dvorakian
in color, and it is interesting and char-
acteristic, but the Vagrom Ballade
seemed to us the most individual and
festive of the three fragments. Is the
allusion of prayer or of the battle field?
Is it grim and daring, and the instru-
mental expression is often admirable.
Mr. Strube's "Prayer" from Goethe's
romantic poem, is elaborately con-
structed and without thought of classic
simplicity. There are rich orchestral
passages, but the song itself, if one can
judge fairly from the performance, has
little dramatic distinction or intensity.
Is this impression due to the music it-
self or to the singer? Miss Knight, who
has been an alto, is now a mezzo-so-
prano, and some weeks ago she sang
well in a recital. Last night she was
overweighted by the task. Her voice
is lyric and not dramatic, and she was
repeatedly covered by the orchestra.
Miss Nina Fletcher, young violinist,
who has played for the Orchestral Club
of this city, made her first appearance
as the solo player of an important
work. She has been exceedingly well
taught by an acknowledged master of
the instrument. Her mechanism, her
intonation, her phrasing, would have
been creditable to a player of estab-
lished reputation. More than this, the
lrl has sentiment and passion. Her
performance last night justly aroused
enthusiasm and gave promise of a
brilliant future; for, although she nat-
urally suggested at times in her in-
terpretation the immediate presence
of a teacher, she has, besides mecha-
nism, hot blood and a soul. Messrs.
"Pickering & Sons are to be con-
gratulated on the brilliant ending of
an interesting series of concerts. Works
that should have been heard here before
his season have been produced, and the
musical horizon of the town has been
broadened.

MISS MACCARTHY'S RECITAL.
Leasing and Varied Programme Given
Before a Large Audience in
Steinert Hall.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, violinist, gave
her second recital yesterday afternoon
in Steinert Hall. There was a large
audience. The programme was as fol-
lows:
a. Folia (variations seriales). Corelli-Leonard
sonata, E major (for violin alone). Bach
romance and a La Zingara, from D minor
concerto. Wladyslaw
hanson Triste.
Tchaikowsky
furenske.
Ivanovitch Sketches. Coleridge-Taylor
tale; a song; a dance.
"Leyra. (Spanish dances). Sarasate
apateado.
The feature of the concert was the
performance of Bach's sonata, for Mr.
Coleridge-Taylor, like Edward Elgar, is
not to be taken so seriously as his
English brethren insist. Miss MacCar-
thy in her interpretation of Bach's
music showed admirable qualities; a
highly developed mechanism that in-
spired confidence, gave authority, and
was something more than the servant of
ped; a sense of proportion; well-de-
fined rhythm, and a full and brilliant
one that at times would have suited
better a larger hall. Her reading of the
ravotte was open to discussion. It was
eminine in its delicacy and in its pre-
vailing sentiment, and thus was interest-
ing.
The pieces by Tchaikowsky might
pass the time away agreeably in a
drawing room, but they are not for a
concert hall, nor for a violinist of Miss
MacCarthy's rank. The variations by
Corelli recalled stories of the old melo-
dy "Folie d'Espagne," varied by Scar-
latti for the harpsicord, as well as by
Corelli for the violin. Some say that
there was a Spanish dance that bore
his name, and that the dance was not
arabesque; that the "Folly of Spain"
was danced to flute and castanets; that
was a quick dance with hurried steps;
than Peter I. of Portugal had a pro-
nounced taste for it. The title was
given to a country dance in 1830.
Miss MacCarthy is now so well
equipped with the means for interpreta-
tion that she can afford the time to de-
velop emotional qualities. Her nuances
of expression of late have seemed more
less perfunctory; her sentiment is
without marked individuality, and she
as yet to learn the meaning and the
value of passion.
The violinist was applauded heartily.
Mr. Max Zach was the accompanist.

MR. FAELTEN'S RECITAL.
The programme of Mr. Faelten's con-
cert last evening in Huntington Cham-
bers Hall was as follows:
Sarghetto, from Opus 18. Hummel
Concert Study, Opus 24, No. 6. Thalberg
Etude, Opus 45. Thalberg
If I Were a Bird, Opus 2, No. 6. Henselt
Love Song, Opus 5, No. 11. Henselt
Concert Studies, Opus 25, No. 3 and No. 7
Chopin
"Rustling of the Foresta". Liszt
Sonata, A flat major, Opus 110. Beethoven
A programme that favored the pianist
and pleased the audience. The former

...not wear himself out; the latter re-
mained in a mood to enjoy. The sonata,
Opus 110, of Beethoven, is not easily
grasped, yet as it was performed last
night it was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr.
Faalten entered thoroughly into the
spirit of the work. The preceding num-
bers of the programme, a series of
etudes, were interesting from a pianis-
tic, historical and musical standpoint.
They were played effectively, and with
utmost care for every detail. There was
a large audience.

PIANOLA CONCERT.
The 20th of the series of pianola con-
certs in Steinert Hall took place last
evening. The hall was crowded with an
attentive audience. The pieces played
were by Chopin, Mendelssohn, Thorne,
Tosmann, Dennee, Weber. Mr. Elliot
Hubbard, tenor, sang with pianola ac-
companiment Chadwick's "Sweet Wind
That Blows," Mrs. Beach's "Ecstasy,"
Vidal's "Printemps Nouveau," and Fon-
tenailles' "Obstination."

Mch 25, 1904
BERKELEY TEMPLE CONCERT
Extensive Programme, as a Whole,
Gives Much Pleasure to a Large
and Attentive Audience.

The annual benefit concert for Berke-
ley Temple was given last night at that
church. The concert was arranged by
Mr. B. J. Lang, who played these organ
pieces: Bach's Fantasia in G major,
Tebaldini's Choral Prelude in F major,
and with Miss Marie Nichols, violin-
ist, and Mr. Schuecker, harpist, an an-
dante in G major by Perilhou. Miss
Nichols played the andante from Men-
delssohn's Concerto in E minor and
Svendsen's Romance in G major, with
fine quality of tone and in refined taste.
She avoided the pitfall of sentimental-
ism that lies in the compositions them-
selves. Miss Millicent Brennan, mezzo-
soprano, made her first appearance in
Boston. She sang three Biblical songs
by Dvorak and Beethoven's "God's
Glory in Nature." The songs by
Dvorak are fragmentary, meaningless and
dull, and, as Miss Brennan was unfortu-
nate in her choice of songs, it would
perhaps be unfair to express any opin-
ion concerning her vocal merits or fail-
ings. Her voice is of pleasant timbre.
Mr. Schuecker played with his habitual
skill the adagio from Reinecke's harp
concerto, op. 182, and Saint-Saens' Fan-
tasia. The concert as a whole gave much
pleasure to an attentive audience of
good size.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL NOTES.
Mr. Rafael Joseffy will make his ap-
pearance at the public rehearsal of the
Symphony orchestra this afternoon in
Symphony Hall, after an absence of
some years. He will indeed be a wel-
come visitor, for he is today one of the
few great exponents of true piano play-
ing. The concerto will be Liszt's in A
major, No. 2.
The symphony will be Tchaikowsky's
in F minor, No. 4. Since it was played
here, under Mr. Paur, a letter by Tschai-
kowsky has been published in which he
gives a programme of the contents.
The chief theme of the first move-
ment and of the whole work typifies
Fate. In the first movement the hero
tries to escape his destiny and to find
comfort in dreams and illusions. For a
time he is deceived, but Fate is inexor-
able. The second movement portrays
the melancholy of one alone at night
who recalls the joys of youth. All that
was pleasurable faded from life long
ago and forever, yet it is sweet to re-
member past joys. The scherzo, famous
for its long continued pizzicato of all
the strings, is without definite meaning.
The music is as the fantastic dreams
that flit through a sleeper's brain. Now
there is the thought of a drunken peas-
ant, with his gutter song, and now mili-
tary music is heard far in the distance.
The finale portrays a folk-holiday; for
the melancholy one should go to the
people, watch their happiness, and in it
find solace for himself.
The other orchestral pieces are
Brahms' "Tragic" overture and the
prelude to Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius."

The programme for April 1 and 2 will
include Mendelssohn's overture to "The
Fair Melusina," Bruckner's ninth sym-
phony (first time) and Beethoven's "Le-
onore" overture, No. 2.

Mch 26, 1904
REDMAN'S MUSIC
AT JORDAN HALL
Violin Sonatas, "Creole" Quartet
and Songs from Compositions
of Member of Faculty of New
England Conservatory of Music.

A concert of Mr. H. N. Redman's
compositions was given last night in
Jordan Hall by Mrs. Blanche Kilduff,
soprano; Mr. Karlo Ondricek, violinist;
Mr. Alfred De Voto, pianist, and a
string quartet consisting of Messrs.
Ondricek, Flumara, Risslande and Barth.

There was a friendly audience.
The programme consisted of a sonata,
in D major for violin and piano op. 17,
a sonata in C minor for violin and
piano op. 16, a string quartet, "Creole,"
in A major, and these songs: "Ask
Me No More," "If Love Were What
the Rose Is," "At Twilight," "Heaven,"
"If I But Knew," "Shed No Tear,"
"It's but a Little Faded Flower," "The
Starry Glory of the Skies," "Come,
Heart, and Sing," "Waiting" and "A
White Rose."
Mr. Redman, we are told, came from
Erie, Pa., and is now a member of the
faculty of the New England Conserva-
tory of Music. We heard these composi-
tions; the sonata in D major, the
string quartet, and five songs. The son-
ata is tuneful and the composer is here
contented, as in the quartet, with the
exposition and the repetition of themes;
he does not strain after thematic de-
velopment, nor is he fond of digressions.
The second movement, an andante, has
a touch of Slav melancholy, as has the
finale, which, in this instance, is an
andante. The scherzo, the least inter-
esting of the movements, is the one
most carefully worked according to ap-
proved formulas.
The string quartet is entitled "Creole,"
but the programme did not state
whether the themes are original or
folk-tunes. The piquancy of the char-
acteristic rhythms at first gave pleas-
ure, but as in nearly all deliberate
exotic music, the persistent use of the
rhythms became wearisome. With the
exception of the adagio, the work
suffers from a lack of contrast in the
themes themselves. The refrain of the
song "All Coons Look Alike to Me,"
may be applied to movements based on
national music, unless there be a strik-
ing contrast in the themes and skilful
treatment of them. Mr. Redman again
was occupied chiefly with the exposi-
tion of the motives, but the adagio has
a determined mood and is the most
effective portion of the work.
The songs that we heard are not of
marked distinction either in pure melo-
dic outline or in the expression of the
sentiment of the poet. There is neither
a spontaneity of direct appeal, nor is
there impressionism. The best of the
first group is the simplest, "At Twi-
light."
Mrs. Kilduff displayed the confidence
of the experienced routine singer. The
tones of her upper register were in-
clined to be thin and her enunciation
was not always distinct. Mr. Ondricek
gave much pleasure by virile warmth
of tone and by freedom and sentiment
and passion of interpretation. It is a
pity that he is not heard here fre-
quently, for he is a virtuoso of race, a
virtuoso of fiery blood whose tone is
richly sonorous and stimulating in its
brilliance. Mr. De Voto played in a
delightful manner, and the quartet was
interpreted with care and spirit. There
was much applause.

Mch 27, 1904
JOSEFFY PLAYS
IN SYMPHONY HALL
Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony,
and Elgar's Prelude to "The
Dream of Gerontius" Among
the Programme Numbers.

The programme of the 19th Symphony
concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given
in Symphony Hall last night, was as
follows:
Tragic overture. Brahms
Concerto in A major, No. 2. Liszt
Prelude to "The Dream of Gerontius".... Elgar
Symphony in F minor, No. 4. Tchaikowsky
Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony is
not familiar here, yet some, and they
are by no means blind partisans, call it
the most characteristic of the six. The
andantino and the scherzo were played
here twice before Mr. Walter Damrosch
produced the whole symphony in 1893.
The performance last night was the second
at the Symphony concerts.
It has been said that Turgeneff di-
vided all Russians into two classes,
Hamlets and Don Quixotes. It might
be said that to Tschalkowsky man was
either Hamlet or Manfred. In this
symphony, as in the fifth and sixth,
Fate broods over the movements, but
in this work the final word is not one
of despair. The composer gave an ex-
planatory programme in a letter to his
friend, Mrs. von Meck, and the sub-
stance of this programme is to be found
in many pages of his voluminous cor-
respondence and in his diary.
Man must submit to fate. He may
cherish illusions, he may dream dreams
of happiness, but the awakening is in-
evitable and rude. Yet there is pleas-
ure to the melancholy in recalling the
gladsome hours when young blood was
at fever heat. The scherzo has no more
determined feeling than has the poem
of Walt Whitman's entitled "Sleep-
Chasings"; the sections are merely
arabesques; the fancies of one heated
by wine. In the finale the melancholy
one joins the common people in holiday
mood. His egoism of woe is rebuked.
Others are happy. Fate sounds its

...but it is not a bad one either.
Perhaps there is joy in watching and
sympathizing with the pleasure of
others; at least, by entering into their
happiness, one can live.
We are far from the grim and hope-
less conclusion of the "pathetic" sym-
phony; and in the fifth there is no such
honesty; revel of thoughtless joy as in the
finale of the fourth. Yet how terrible
is the reminder of Fate in this same
finale; the announcement of the inexor-
able is one of the most dramatic and
memorable strokes in all music that
is not for the stage.
While we do not agree with them that
would rank this symphony above the
later works, we are easily why some
Russians entertain the idea—not because
in the finale a Russian folksong, a song
of a beech tree, is introduced, but be-
cause the whole character of the music
is Russian in its gloom, in its caprici-
ousness, in its vodka-heated gaiety.
There are pages that are translations
into music of scenes described by
Dostoevsky. There is the Russian love
of monotonous repetition, and this is
found even in the stories of that su-
preme artist Turgeneff; the hopeless
attempt at gaiety—how melancholy, for
instance, is the gutter song heard by
the uneasy sleeper!
The dance music is such as might
have sounded in the ears of the masked
guests when the fated Death was about
to make his entrance, eager to greet the
host and the timorous revellers. There
is again the monotony of rhythm, as in
those empty and haunting passages
punctuated by a drum that might be
beaten by fleshless hands.
It would be idle to discuss the ques-
tion whether the symphony is rightly
called, or whether it is in reality a
suite. The expression is here more per-
tinent than the form. There is the re-
velation of the soul of a great and imagi-
native man, of one perplexed and per-
turbed by the questions that must strike
terror to all reasoning beings, whether
they know in the sick room that the
ground is restless in its waiting for
them, or whether they sit with superfi-
cial pleasure at the brilliantly lighted
feast. The music is elemental and hu-
man, as well as imaginative; and if
there be coarseness in it, there is coar-
seness in life and in death, the coarseness
of nature itself, and without this coar-
seness life for its priggishness would be
intolerable.
Mr. Gericke read the work with
marked spirit and elasticity of treat-
ment. The composer's effects were not
softened; they were broadly or poign-
antly realized.
Mr. Joseffy is still one of the few
great pianists. His touch is now velvet,
now crystal; always a thing of beauty.
There is still the exquisite repose, the
inimitable polish. His mechanism is
conspicuous in an age of incredible
mechanism. Long ago this admirable
pianist thought out and elaborated his
scheme of expression, and its individ-
uality is pronounced. Everything is
subordinated to the expression of the
purely beautiful.
It would be easy to quarrel with Mr.
Joseffy's interpretation of this particular
concerto, for there is no suspicion in it
of the demoniacal spirit that was char-
acteristic of Liszt; but his answer would
be ready and plausible. It was a great
pleasure to hear this true artist, who
was welcomed affectionately, applauded
to the echo, and recalled again and
again. May he soon revisit us!
The Brahms overture might have been
played with greater intensity. The pre-
lude by Elgar, episodic in itself, and in
many respects ineffectively artificial,
should be reserved as a preparation for
the oratorio. It has little meaning or
power as an ordinary concert piece.

MUSIC NOTES.
The Ladies' Unity Club, Mme. Beale
Morey director, will give a musicale at
Jordan Hall Tuesday evening at 8
o'clock.
Haydn's "Stabat Mater" will be per-
formed by the church choir and quartet,
under the direction of Mr. George E.
Whiting, organist, at the Immaculate
Conception Church, Harrison avenue
and Concord street, this evening at 7:30.

Mch 28, 1904
OPERAS OLD AND NEW.
Students of the operatic class at the
Royal Academy of Music, London, gave
performances of "Il Piccolo Haydn" by
Gaetano Cipollini, and of the third act
of "Der Freischuetz," March 11, 12.
At the Wagner festival, to be held in
Munich in the autumn, Nikisch will di-
rect two performances of "Die Meister-
singer," while Weingartner will con-
duct two performances of "Die Meister-
singer" and Mottl a like number of "Der Flie-
gende Hollander."
The operas promised for the coming
season at Covent Garden are "Don Glo-
vanni," "Nozze di Figaro," "Tannhaeuser,"
"Lohengrin," "Tristan," "Die
Meistersinger," "Aida," "Rigoletto,"
"La Traviata," "Un Ballo in Masche-
ra," "Faust," "Ermione," "Carmen,"
"Philemon and Baucis," "Carmen,"
"Fidelio," "Contes d'Hoffmann," "Caval-
leria Rusticana," "Pagliacci."
The singers will be Ternina, Melba, Calve,
Suzanne Adams, Knupfer-Egill, Mme.
Reine, Miss Hellan, Emily Destinn,
Elizabeth Parkina, Mme. Kirkby-Lunn,
Mme. Deppe, Schumann-Helk (per-
haps), Caruso, and possibly Van Dyck
and Kraus, Buroelan of Munich and
Dresden, Herald of Stockholm and Co-
penhagen, Dalmores of the Monnaie,
Dufrique, a son of the baritone, Plan-
con, Renaud, Van Rooy, Gilbert, Scot-
t, Journet Klopfer, Knupfer of Ber-
lin, Schuetz of Leipzig. The conductors
will be Richter, Mancinelli, Loehse,
"Les Sabots de la Reine Anne," text
by Durecher, music made up of Cello
folk-songs arranged and combined by
Guellernit of Brest, has been produced
in that city.

OPERATIC AND CONCERT CELEBRITIES.



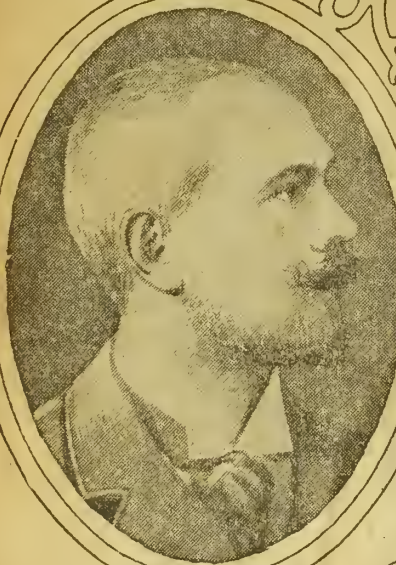
FRAN NAVAL.
TENOR.



MARCELLA SEMBRICH.
SOPRANO.



EMMA CALVE
SOPRANO.



THEO LIERHAMMER
BARITONE.



E. VARASI.
DANCER.



MURIEL FOSTER.
CONTRALTO.

VARIOUS TYPES OF MUSIC HEARERS

Wagnerites, Brahmsites, Debussy-ites—The Race of Pelleastres in Paris—Stomachic Preparations for Concerts.

GRAND OPERA AT
THE BOSTON THEATRE

Change of Bill for Every Performance the First Week—Strauss Recital, Last Longy Club Concert and Other Local Events.



Maurel's views concerning the psychology of the singer, of the characteristics of certain hearers; of the one sensitive only to sensuous tone, of the pedagogue and of the partisan; of the one that gazes in wonder as any yokel at acrobatic display. "Each listens and judges," we said, "according to his temperament, his bringing up, his prejudices, his environment, his stomachic and nervous disposition." Let us pursue this subject in a spirit of scientific investigation and in a spirit of peace and good will toward all.

Wagnerian Enthusiasm.

There is the hearer who is especially enthusiastic over that which he does not clearly understand, over that which must necessarily be unintelligible to him, so far as the character of the workmanship is concerned. There is snobbishness in the mad admiration for a composer, whose chief characteristic is subtlety or whose music is intensely introspective. It is easy to see why Wagner's music gave an intense pleasure to many American men and women who were uneducated musically at the time when there was bitter strife over the merits of his operas. Women were excited by the continual promise of an overwhelming climax. The realization was continually deferred, and the nerves of these hearers were stretched to the limit of endurance. A sensitive woman who heard one of the later music dramas of Wagner for the first time was like unto a woman at a bull fight.

The two women were affected in like manner physically and mentally. Did not Sar Josephin Peledan once write a letter to the archbishop of Paris, when there was a proposition to establish bull fights in that city, in which he described, in language that outtrivalled the plain words of the Juvenal of the sixth satire, the ruin to the body and soul of all women who should look with spell-bound eyes and heaving breast on the deeds in the arena? Now that these music dramas are familiar, now that "The Ring" is old-fashioned music in comparison with the works of Richard Strauss and Debussy, women sit without neurotic quivers, without peril to their souls; they sit composedly, they often yawn.

Intellectual Brahmsites.

The Brahms craze is less easy of explanation. It is not to be accounted for by alternate fits of bodily exaltation and depression, for the music of Saint Johannes is neither sensuous nor dramatic. The word was passed that enjoyment of Brahms argued a finely developed mind, that only the truly intellectual could find pleasure in this music. It was said by Nietzsche that Brahms has the melancholy of immaturity; he does not create out of plenitude, he is thirsty for plenitude. "If one deducts his imitations, what he borrows either from the great ancient or the exotic modern forms of style—he is a master in the art of copying—there remains, as his most striking peculiarity, the longing mood. That is divined by all who long, by all who are dissatisfied. He is too little of a person, too little centralized. That is what the 'impersonal,' the periphrastic understand—they love him on that account.

He is especially the musician of a class of unsatisfied ladies." There is something in this explanation, when we consider particular cases; but the belief that enthusiasm for any page signed by Brahms is of itself a symptom of rare intellectual powers accounts for the great number of Brahmsites in Boston. It is not necessary for a hearer to be musical in order that he find pleasure in the most crabbed, the sourest work by Brahms. It is not necessary that he or she should be moderately intelligent. Did not a wild-eyed partisan insist not long ago on spelling Brahms with an apostrophe after the "m," and write to friends in her rapture a dithyramb over "the music of Brahms"?

Discoverers and Fetishists.

There is the hearer who is eager to discover, adopt and idolize. There are symptoms at present in Boston of Debussyitis. Orchestral pieces, piano pieces, a cantata, and songs by this remarkable composer have been performed here, and they have aroused discussion. We are deeply interested in the music of Claude Achille Debussy; to us he is a composer of rare talent, and we are inclined to strike out the word "talent" and insert "genius." No one disputes today the genius of Wagner; no one denies the uncommon constructive ability of Brahms. To fall in slobbering wonder before every page of Wagner and Brahms is rank fetishism. To swoon at the mere mention of Debussy's name is ridiculous affectation. Debussy has written weak and stupid music, as did Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Verdi.

He spoke last Sunday, in a discussion of Victor

under its title is an applicable one. The title alone gives little help, or is worse than useless in stimulating the hearer's imagination. It is either too much or too little. What starting point is there for the listener in the knowledge that a 'domestic symphony' is to be set before him? What is a 'domestic symphony'? If he listens to a tone poem on 'Don Quixotte' or 'Don Juan,' or even on 'Till Eulenspiegel' or Zarathustra's sayings, he knows or may know what the subject matter is, or if he hears an overture by Mendelssohn on 'Elm's Cave' or an 'Ocean' symphony by Rubinstein he has in the title a stimulus that may make his fancy keep pace with the music. But he does not even know that a 'domestic symphony' is a day in the composer's or anybody else's family life.

"Is not the hearer constantly impressed, in hearing this one, that something of apparently tremendous import is going on of which rightful knowledge is denied him? Is he not tantalized by sounds that are plainly meant to be to the mind something more than they seem to the ear? It was very difficult to perceive for Dr. Strauss' performance of this enormously complex and detailed piece of programme music without a word of explanation any sufficient cause. Even with a knowledge of all his intentions, the 'Symphonia Domestica' does not reach complete success in characterization, notwithstanding all its prodigious cleverness. Without that knowledge the music rarely explains itself or justifies itself as music. The fact that his programme has served his own purpose in inspiring him to its production is not sufficient. Their experience last evening ought to be full of suggestion to all who heard the 'Symphonia Domestica' as to the philosophy of programme music."

But Dr. Strauss still lives and will play his music to Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" in Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon. The first public performance of this work in Boston was in Chickering Hall, Feb. 19, 1902, when Mr. Riddle recited the poem and Mr. Lang played the piano music. There had been private performances here before this by Mr. Max Heinrich and by Mr. Felix Fox and by Messrs. Riddle and Lang. There was a performance by Mr. Riddle and Dr. Kelterborn, Oct. 11, 1902. Strauss wrote this music for Ernst

von Possart, playactor and manager, who wished to declaim the poem. Strauss played the piano part when the work was produced at Munich early in April, 1897, and he and Possart performed it in other German cities. The music of Strauss is not in any way a protest against prevailing operatic form nor was it intended to be revolutionary. This species of melodrama is of ancient date.

Mr. Bispham, who will read the poem, produced the work with Mr. Henry Waller, pianist, in New York in April, 1900.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Miss Muriel Foster and Dr. Theo. Lierhammer. Miss Foster, contralto, who will sing for the first time in Boston at the last Arbos Quartet concert tomorrow night, was born at Sunderland, England, Nov. 22, 1877. She is a great niece of the artist Birket Foster, and she bears a cousin relationship to the composer Myles B. Foster. With her twin sister, Hilda, she entered the Royal College of Music in 1896, and that same year she made her first public appearance (Nov. 6) at Bradford in Parry's "King Saul." Early in 1897 she won the open scholarship at the college and she took prizes in 1898 and 1900. Her teacher was Anna Williams. In 1900 she sang at the Worcester Festival and also before the Queen. In 1901 she was with Alban's Concert Company in Canada, and in 1902 she sang at the Lower Rhine Festival at Dusseldorf in "The Dream of Gerontius." She is well known at English festivals and in English concert-halls, and she has sung at Berlin, Cologne, Frankfurt and other German towns and in Holland and Russia.

Dr. Theodore Lierhammer, baritone, who will sing for the first time in Boston next Wednesday afternoon, was born of Polish parents at Lemberg. He spent much of his early life in South Russia, but he studied medicine in Vienna, and he entered the Conservatory of that city to study the piano and theory. When he was 24 years old it was determined that he had a voice worth attention, and he took lessons of Ress, without definite idea of being a professional singer. He was appointed assistant at a Viennese hospital, but he became known as a singer in Viennese society especially at the house of the Crown Princess Stephanie. After singing before the Austrian court he received concert engagements and his success was such that he decided to leave medicine for music. He studied under

Storkhausen at Frankfurt and in 1897 he made his first concert tour. He has sung in Germany, Austria, Russia, France, Italy, London is his dwelling place. His first appearance in the United States was at New York, Feb. 20. The newspapers of that city praised his taste, refinement and his ability to identify himself closely with the sentiment, the mood or the passion that characterizes the song chosen for interpretation.

Miss Mae Harrison, a 13-year-old violinist, daughter of a retired English colonel of Indian service, has already taken a scholarship and the gold medal of the Associated Board in the senior division, having gained the latter in a competition of 3000 with no age limit. She will play in public for the first time at St. James' Hall, London, May 21. Col. Harrison's daughter Marion is a violinist, aged 11, has also taken the gold medal of the Associated Board.

Mrs. Morris Black, formerly of Cleveland and then of New York, made her

debut at the Casino Municipal as Orpheus in Gluck's opera Feb. 12. She was praised for the quality, the compass and the warmth of her voice. "She sang with a soul and a passion that aroused enthusiasm." Another critic said that her action both in repose and in moments of intensity equalled in nobility and charm her vocal performance. Still another praised her, but spoke of "inevitable faults of pronunciation, style and bearing." Mrs. Black sang in Boston two seasons ago at a concert of the Orchestral Club.

Rebeck, conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra, has resigned his position on account of his health.

They say that Marie Barezza, the wife of Rigo, the fiddler, who ran off with the Princess of Chimay, lately killed herself with poison in Budapest at the age of 36. Rigo saw the news in a journal and sent "a large sum of money for a beautiful monument in her memory." Nothing could be fairer than this.

Josef Hofmann, the pianist, will play for four months in this country, beginning in November next.

Mancinelli has been made a Commander of the Crown of Italy.

Elizabeth Parkina (Parkinson), of whom we spoke last Sunday, was born in 1882 at Kansas City and not St. Louis. In 1899 she became a pupil of Marchesi and made her first and last appearance at the Opera Comique, Paris, as Lakme, Dec. 23, 1903.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn has his troubles. He remarked lately in the Pall Mall Gazette: "It is now the practice, apparently, of the critic to attack the critic, a fact which makes us all the more deplore that there is no critical association which should make certain matters privileged within the common circle of fellowship, so far as critics are concerned. Unfortunately criticism is not often regarded as an ex-

pert profession; and in many cases amateurs rush in who are either incapable of writing, or who have no real knowledge of their subject. We ourselves, in the past week or two, have made one or two references which have brought forth the thunder of certain colleagues. The word 'appreciation,' for example, which was used in these columns in what was formerly the French sense of the word, and which now has become legitimized in this country by such men as Henley, Stevenson, Whistler, and we know not whom besides, was made the occasion for a little jest the other day in a very eminent contemporary, which struck us as being distinctly significant. A sentence which was intended to make a grotesque reference to a possible 'appreciation of Brahms' by Mr. Arthur Roberts, even as that actor has given us recently a 'subtle appreciation' of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, has brought forth a funny little jeer which invariably accompanies any peculiarity, however justified, in thought or word."

When a singer of good attainments is also proficient by birth or training in the use of the social machinery, the rewards are sometimes worth while. Francis Rogers, a young American baritone of good taste and good breeding, is said to have earned nearly \$20,000 within a twelvemonth, mainly by his recitals in private houses of people able and willing to pay well. Mr. Rogers will make his 100th appearance of the present season at a musicale Sunday afternoon, March 20.—Evening Mail (N. Y.)

Richard Strauss becomes again a nine days' wonder in this metropolis. Boston hailed Strauss as the greatest composer that ever trod American soil. Cleveland received him with brass bands by night, just as our city once received Prince Henry of Prussia, Pittsburg heard "Till Eulenspiegel" gladly. The Governor of West Virginia said to the Governors of neighboring states that "it's a long time between Strausses," and he promptly travelled 500 miles from his capital to give Dr. Strauss the freedom of the city of Morgantown and the biggest "sacare" type in all the daily papers from Appomattox to Lookout mountain. Candidly, if Dr. Strauss ever composes "A Hero's Past" or a "Symphonia Americana" embodying even a chromatic fifth part of his recent experiences, there will be cacophonies for you, sounds to make Miltonian chaos pall, and broken rhythms to give a Colossus housemaid's knee. Dr. Strauss a fortnight ago was saying Americans did not know what a

struggle he had had to rehearse his orchestra here. He said yesterday that Americans were the workers and he himself was agast, affrighted, at the whirl of the towns and the cyclone pace of the country as a whole. Truly, we live and learn.—Evening Sun (N. Y.)

A BOSTONIAN IN MUNICH.

A Bostonian of fine musical taste, accurate knowledge and uncommonly wide experience writes from Munich:

"The purpose I came over here for has not been attained, at least in such measure as I had hoped; either Munich has degenerated or I have forged ahead, but the Munich, the operatic Munich that I knew so many years ago, is no longer what it was. I had hoped in any event to hear all the opera here I could listen to, not necessarily new works, but new and old judiciously mixed, but the quantity I find is limited. Formerly, and on every previous visit, I was able to take my pick out of seven operas a week, given at the Court Theatre. Now judge of my surprise when I find that about every other night is given up to a play, and the operas seem to come along merely as 'fillers' as to the Gaertner Platz, where they give the light operas, they have gone back to the 'Fledermus' and 'Peggar Student' and other operas of a bygone day, or else they do farces and such cheap stuff. I know I should do better in Prague or Budapest or Frankfurt. Even Cologne, Bremen and Hamburg report constantly novelties, while here for a

novelty they give such a thing as Hans Pfitzner's 'Die Rose von Liebesgarten,' which was to me a continual four hours of musical boredom.

"According to a chap who wrote about the thing the next day, and whose article was so profound that I could catch only a glimmer of his meaning now and then, this work represents the fine flower of the most advanced musical thought of Germany, and the fact that it was not better received was owing wholly to the fact that the composer's theories as to musical composition were so poorly understood. At one place the audience actually laughed, the orchestration seemed so childish. The critic explained that this was owing to the fact that the passage was misunderstood; the composer had intended to represent drops of water falling and also the feelings of solitude experienced by one when wandering in a desert! I'm going to bring the article home and get some of the advanced thinkers to translate it for me.

"Per contra. I heard a work by Ludwig Thullie called 'Lobetanz' that was charming. He had ideas and he was not afraid to express them in an intelligible and interesting fashion. He actually has a few real tunes in it, a delightful rarity in these days of musical experiments.

"How does one account for this musical degeneracy? I lay it all to Wagner and his theories about the interdependence of music, action and song. He was a great genius, but he left no successor and his imitators have no invention or capacity either to enlarge or even equal his work. What was good with him becomes unendurable under weaker treatment. He certainly has killed off the race of singers, and that, in my opinion, is the reason why opera has been eked out by drama in this musical town.

"The same holds good, though in a lesser degree, with the orchestral forces here. I have heard several symphonic concerts in the Kaim Saal here and had a good opportunity to compare this, apparently their best orchestra, with our own in Boston. * * * I must say that in every quality, in every direction our orchestra makes me long to hear it at least once more, so I can hear what an orchestra can do. I have heard this one under four different conductors, including Herr Weingartner, just back from New York. I have come to the conclusion that what is wanted most of all here is noise; the orchestra may play its loveliest, but the applause follows only when the wood-wind and the brass have nearly blown themselves out. They played that wonderful pathetic symphony by Tschalkowsky, and had I not known it almost by heart, I should never have recognized it. * * * I can't call to mind a single passage of delicacy or refinement that excited the least notice. 'Noise, noise, and always more noise,' is their motto. Mind you, this is the impression of only four hearings. I wonder if more would alter my verdict? "One concert interested me very much; this was a performance of Mahler's third symphony conducted by Bernhard Stavenhagen. The work is of large proportions, for orchestra, alto solo, female chorus and chorus of boys. I expected to be bored, but to my surprise was much impressed and interested. First movement 42 minutes long. The other five took an hour, and yet I wasn't in the least weary. Mahler had something to say, and that was good. It would be just the thing to close a series of Symphony concerts."

D'ALBERT'S WAIL.

Mr. Eugene d'Albert is a magnificent pianist, and, as we have often said in these columns, is possibly among the very few Beethoven interpreters of the present day who can be reckoned as absolutely first class; but he seems to have an artistic fickleness with regard to certain countries with which he has been connected, which, no doubt, are highly commendable in sincerity, but which certainly point the moral that there are too many of us who too quickly tire of our own surroundings. There was a time when Mr. d'Albert went under the training of well-known English musicians, among whom the name of Sir Arthur Sullivan is to be included; and, naturally, as d'Albert was then extremely young, it was in such surroundings that he learnt a great many of the elements of his art. Then he went to Germany, and it was understood that he had shaken the dust of England from his feet. He declared that he had learnt practically nothing in England, and that he had to begin all over again amid his new German surroundings. Now it would seem he has a similar opinion of Germany, and expresses it in no uncertain voice.

Mr. d'Albert is up in arms against the changes of the times in the Fatherland. All the artists of that country, he opines, are now racing for riches, and even the formerly ensiaved pianoforte professor, it would seem, is now a man of business. It occurs to one that it is just possible that Mr. d'Albert may require a certain amount of refinement and delicacy in his own personal surroundings; yet these things obviously have to be paid for in this everyday world; and we have not yet heard that Mr. d'Albert gives any of his

admirable piano-forte recitals for nothing. Why then should a pianoforte professor be denied the additional glory of being a man of business, when the famous pianist obviously does not give his wares for nothing? That such a state of music should exist in Germany is nothing to the purpose. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Wagner, as we know, was always clamoring for money; Verdi died rich; Gluck was a court professor; and if the miserable business capacity of a Mozart or a Schubert prevented their attainment of wealth, that is a thing to be deplored, and not recommended to the budding artist. Mozart was absolutely blameworthy in bringing himself to the pass of having to pawn his silver. Professors must live, must eat, must drink, and these facts are part of the rule of the world, not the choice of the inartist.

PUCCINI IN DEFEAT.

The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote March 3: "Maestro Puccini takes the unexpected failure of his new opera, 'Madame Butterfly,' with quite exemplary patience and good nature. To a friend he said that on a fatal night he was closeted in a small room behind the scenes, where he could hear nothing of what was going on on the stage or among the audience. His son and friends came, however, unable to explain the strange coldness, amounting almost to hostility, of the public. Some one said: 'It is curious. One would say that almost every one had had bad news just before entering the theatre, or perhaps lost on the Bourse.' Finally Giuseppe Giacomini, the genial writer of the libretto, appeared, all dishevelled, crying, 'I have suffered the passion of death,' while Signora Storchio, the exquisite singer who created the part of Butterfly, broke into such a flood of tears and sobs that it was feared she would be ill. A disastrous night, truly! The maestro declares that he has already made certain small changes in the form of the opera, which he hopes will be sufficient to make it a success. In the first act he has cut out some of the episodes, thus sacrificing certain solos. The most important modification is, however, in the second act, which is now divided into two, its excessive length having tired the public to the point of ill-humor. The music itself has not and will not be touched, as Puccini considers the accusations that he has borrowed from not only himself but other composers most unjust, and he wishes to prove it."

STRAUSS GIVES "ENOCH ARDEN"

Composer in Symphony Hall Plays
His Piano Music to Tennyson's
Poem, Which is Read by David
Bispham.

MME. STRAUSS-DE AHNA SINGS HUSBAND'S SONGS

Armand Forest, Violinist, Makes
His First Appearance in This
City at Concluding Longy Con-
cert.

Dr. Richard Strauss and his wife, Pauline Strauss-De Ahna, with Mr. David Bispham as reader, gave an entertainment yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Strauss played his piano music to Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," which was read by Mr. Bispham. Mme. Strauss-De Ahna, accompanied by her husband, sang these songs composed by him: "Ich Trage Meine Minne," "Ich Schwebte," "Freundliche Vision," "Jung Hexenlied," "Du Meines Herzens Koenigin," "Ach Lieb, Ich Muss Nun Scheiden," "All Meine Gedanken," "Winterweilen," "Staedchen," "Ein Obdack," "Gefunden" (ms.), "Traum durch die Daemmerung," "Heimliche Aufforderung."

The learned Dr. William Maginn remarked in the 96th maxim of Ensign and Adjutant Odoherly, late of the 95th regiment: "As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements." This praise can seldom be applied to the blending together of music and spoken verse. Yet this form of melodrama is of ancient date, and there were attempts at a revival over a century before Strauss wrote the music to "Enoch Arden" for performance with the recitation by Ernst Possart in 1897. Some years before that date and in this country, F. L. Ritter composed piano music to be played during the recitation of Walt Whitman's "Dirge for Two Veterans." And later came Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, the man from the Welsh hills, with his experiments in "Cantillation," with music for recitations of poems by Poe, Christina Rossetti and Charles Kingsley.

Strauss Music Skillfully Introduced and Imaginative.

There is always the danger that the music will distract the attention or dispel a mood by its incongruity, insufficiency or exaggeration. The more interesting the music, the greater danger of distraction. But Strauss' music is both skillfully introduced and in itself imaginative. There is no attempt at photography or minute character drawing, and above all there is no sentimentalism. This cannot be said of the poem, for there are passages which are the merest twaddle, and what Artemus Ward used to call pretty shop-keeping talk. Strauss' music is imaginative.

First Appearance of Miss Muriel Fayer,
Contralto - A New Piano Quartet
by Gabriel Faure

Quart. C major, Op. 50, No. 3 Beethoven
Songs with piano
(a) Peusse d'Autrefois. Pöntenallies
(b) Revenue Bizet
(c) O wusst ich doch; (d) Dort in den
Walden; (e) Willst du, dass ich
geh? Ratsing
Quart. in G minor, Op. 45, for piano.
violin, violin and cello. G. F. F. F.
(First time in Boston)

In the Beethoven the quartet also did much capital playing. The andante was given an especially sympathetic rendering, and the finale went with a vigor and brilliancy that won deserved applause.

Favorite Boston Pianist Has Warmly Appreciative Audience in Chickering Hall and Presents Some New Compositions.

And there is Verhey—Th. H. H. Verhey, to whom Mr. Perabo has sworn everlasting friendship, as on an altar. The programme notes assured us that this composer is a most estimable person; that he lives an orderly life with his aged father and three sisters; a Rotterdam. But Verhey's music is as plainly dull as any Dutch canal. A man may be a pious son and a devoted brother and yet write intolerably respectable pieces for piano, piano with other instruments, orchestra, chorus, or two flutes, with the added enormity of

MISS SHERWOOD'S RECITAL.

Mr. Hoffmann's playing was the pleasantest feature of a concert that does not call for extended comment. Miss Sherwood displayed a plausible fluency, but her interpretation was at times ill-considered, extravagant in dynamic contrasts, and mannered in rhythm. She has undeniable musical talent, but it is at present unregulated and without true authority. She was heard to best advantage in the Sonata by Grieg. In other pieces she suggested the thought that she might with judicious instruction in the art of interpretation and with rigid self-inspection be better than she actually did. In the conventional and inexpressive pieces by Reinecks, the pianists were not always together.

The programme consisted of an explanatory lecture, interspersed with music of various schools, and included pieces by Korbay, Mozart, Hauptmann, Vieuxtemps, Verdi, Mascaroni, Macfarren, Croft and Gaul. Mme. Morey's comments were brief and direct, and the rest of the performance was pleasingly varied. The chorus did creditable work, and there were many recalls for the soloists. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Miss Muriel Foster, contralto, of London, will sing at the Symphony concert this week Thursday-as Friday is Good Friday-and Saturday. She will sing "Che faro senza Eurycleide," from Gluck's "Orfeo," and these songs: Dvorak's "Gute Nacht," Rachmaninoff's "Von Jenseits" and Richard Strauss' "Muttertandeel." It is announced that Mr. Emil Paur will be engaged as conductor of the Pittsburgh Orchestra for the next three seasons.

DR. EIGHTHMAN SINGER OF TASTE

Baritone from Vienna Makes His
First Appearance in Boston at
Steinert Hall, and Proves Inter-
preter of Refinement.

Symphony Rehearsal This Afternoon, Tomorrow Being Good Friday—Miss Muriel Foster to Sing—Enlarged Programme.

Recitative and air from "Xerxes".....Handel
In questa tomba.....Beethoven
Frühlingsfahrt.....Schumann
Der Nussbaum.....Schumann

The singer evidently enjoyed his work, although he was not in best voice. It is a pity that he does not sing without notes for he would interpret with greater freedom, and certain facial mannerisms and shoulder-hitchings might seem as aids to interpretation, not as drawing-room affectation. The suspicion of this affectation is unjust, for Dr. Liehammer is something more than the entertainer of an idle afternoon.

The programme of the concerts of April 8-9 will be as follows: Havdn's symphony No. 7 in C major; concerto for violin by Saint-Saens (Emil Sauret, violinist); Glazounoff's overture "Carnival" (first time); Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Preludes."

Fugue, A minor.....	Rach
Fantasia, C minor.....	Rach
Prelude, Nos. 23, 3 and 25.....	Chopin
Waltz, G flat major.....	Chopin
Etude, Op. 10, No. 3.....	Chopin
Scherzo from Sonata, Op. 35.....	Chopin
Ballade, G minor.....	Chopin
Sonata, A major for piano and violin.....	Paulsen

Mr. Manning was evidently in a highly nervous mood, and it is more than possible that he did not do justice to himself. Twice he nearly came to grief—in Bach's Fantasia and in the étude by Chopin, but in the former piece he covered his confusion by jumping to a restatement of the chief theme. He played the fugue by Bach with light and pleasant touch, and with nimbleness, although there was little suggestion of reserve force. The first of the three preludes had the true and poetical vaporous atmosphere, and there were persuasive passages in the other pieces by Chopin. On the other hand strength was often lacking when there was a demand for it, and there was seldom any real depth or authority. In his solo pieces Mr. Manning reminded us of Camilla scouring the plain and flying o'er the unbending corn.

To say that the performance was superficial might seem unkind and would hardly be true; it is better to say that Mr. Manning frequently did not realize his excellent intentions.

Mr. Elchheim displayed an agreeable tone that was both warm and pure. He phrased as a musician of knowledge and taste.

Amil 3. 1904 ANTON BRUCKNER'S SYMPHONY GIVEN

Unfinished Work of the Composer
Played in Boston for the First
Time at Concert of the Sym-
phony Orchestra.

MUSIC THAT VEXES AND IRRITATES NERVES

Mendelssohn's Overture to "The
Fair Melusina" and a Beethoven
Overture Also Given—Miss Mu-
riel Foster Sings.

The programme of the 21st concert of
the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr.
Gericks conductor, in Symphony Hall,
last evening, was as follows:

Overture to "The Fair Melusina", Mendelssohn
Aria, "Che Faro Senza Euridice", Gluck
Symphony No. 9, unfinished, Bruckner
(first time).

Songs with piano:
"Gute Nacht", Dvorak
"Von Jesenitz", Rachmaninoff
"Muttertändelei", R. Strauss
Overture to Leonore, No. 2, Beethoven

Anton Bruckner died before he finished his ninth symphony. This symphony was produced at Vienna Feb. 11, 1903, and the first performance in the United States was at Chicago the 20th of last February. Just before Bruckner died he said: "I undertook a stiff task. I should not have done it at my age, and in my weak condition. If I do not finish the symphony then my 'Te Deum' may be used as a finale. I have nearly finished three movements. This work belongs to my Lord God." "Te Deum" was performed in Vienna as the finale. The unfinished work has been performed in several German cities, and in Munich alone it has been played at least thrice.

The symphony as performed last night is on the whole less endurable than preceding works of the same composer. We do not use the word "endurable" with offensive intent. To listen to a symphony by Bruckner is literally a test of endurance; for although there are sublime pages in some of the symphonies—pages that are apocalyptic in sweep and grandeur of vision—there are many more pages that are perplexing or childish. To use a homely phrase Bruckner's music soon "gets on the nerves," not to excite, not to thrill them, but to irritate and vex them. It is a long time between this composer's intoxicating drinks.

We are not told whether the ninth symphony was revised by the composer fully to his satisfaction. The manuscript contains dates of completion, but such dates are not always a sure index of a composer's unchangeable approval. The fastidious Tennyson revised constantly many of his earlier poems long after publication, and the changes were not always advantageous. It is highly probable that the three movements of the symphony are as Bruckner wished them. They are certainly in his familiar manner; they show the weaknesses known of old, and here and there is a page so lofty and irresistible that it makes us wonder at the tiresome twaddle that precedes or follows.

The opening measures, the preparation and the announcement of the chief theme, these are powerfully conceived and expressed. After these measures there is an intolerable amount of flat and vapid sack to a bit of nourishing bread. The scherzo is by far the one movement most sustained in interest. It is original and often piquant. There are impressive moments in the third movement.

There are the old, elemental faults: A lack of continuity of thought, so that there is no apparent organic structure. The music is as a series of views. The ear, as in the other instance, the eye,

becomes tired through disappointment, and is quickened only for a moment. There is no continuous rhythmic pulse that beats to the end. Bruckner is as a child who puts building blocks in a row, and has neither the inclination nor the skill to construct a building, either solid or fantastical. His melodic thought is often dry, and the endless repetitions dampen the soul. His wild admiration for Wagner leads him to the imitation of his idol's harmonic devices, or at times to deliberate and respectful quotation.

There is no need of going into the political question; of pitting Bruckner as a Wagnerian against Brahms and his passionate press agent, Hanslick. There is Bruckner's music in this ninth symphony; and if, to complete the familiar speech, there it will remain, we fear it will be to the world at large as on a dusty shelf. It was once the fashion to publish volumes entitled "Elegant Extracts," but a score of such musical quotations is hardly suited to concert use.

Miss Muriel Foster sang for the first time at these concerts. As a woman she might be compared by an oriental to a cedar of Lebanon, for she is tall and stately. As a singer she reminds us of other English contralto visitors who were tall, if not stately, or with such a striking face. She has an impressive organ full, sonorous, dark, without natural warmth. The tones have not all been carefully placed, nor has the singer been judiciously schooled. Her delivery of sustained passages was spasmodic rather than legato, and she was inclined to force lower tones after the manner of her countrywomen. On the other hand her interpretation of the aria was dramatic in the quieter and less deliberate moments of intensity. Her gradations of tone in one and the same phrase were occasionally extreme, and the sudden jump from a fortissimo to an almost inaudible pianissimo was disconcerting to the hearer and injurious to the composer.

The overture to "The Fair Melusina," played with delicacy, beauty of tone, and also with spirit when the occasion demanded, revealed Mendelssohn the landscapist, a far greater man than the Mendelssohn of "Elijah" and much sentimental piano music.

THE SIMPLE STORY OF CHOPIN'S LIFE

This Is What Mr. Hadden Says He
Tells in a New Biography of the
Composer—Other Studies of the
Polish Genius.

THIS WEEK'S GRAND OPERA AT THE BOSTON

"Lohengrin" on the Opening Night
with Mottl as Conductor, and
Boston Debuts of Several Stars
—Pension Fund Concert, Etc.



R. J. CUTHBERT HAD-
DEN'S life of Chopin,
published by J. M. Dent
& Co., London, as a vol-
ume of "The Master
Musician Series," bears in
this country the imprint
of E. P. Dutton & Co. Some may wonder
at the appearance of a new biog-
raphy of the neurotic Frenchified Pole.
There is Karasowski's, rich in letters;
there is Niecks', long-winded, but in-
valuable. As Mr. Hadden aptly says:
"Liszt's so called biography is not a
biography at all, but rather a symphonic
funeral." Then there is Mr. Huneker's
"Chopin," with 85 pages of biography,
and 302 pages about the composer as
artist, poet, psychologist and about the
compositions themselves, and to us the
85 pages are the most important. Mr.
Hadden acknowledges his indebtedness
to all his predecessors, especially to Mr.
Huneker and to Mr. Hadow, the author
of a study of Chopin. Mr. Hadden ends
his short preface with these words: "I
have purposely avoided the sentimental
gush which has been so largely written
about Chopin, and have rigidly con-
fined myself to facts. For the rest, I
have endeavored to tell the story of
Chopin's life simply and directly, to
give a clear picture of the man, and
to discuss the composer without trench-
ing on the ground of the formalist."

The Legendary Pole.

There are two or three Chopins in
the world of biographers. The Chopin
long dear to the sensitive of either sex
was a doomed man from his birth. The
woe of Poland had entered into his
soul. His frail body was weakened
more and more by patriotic agony. He
dreamed dreams and he saw visions

of insurrection, barricades, battlefields,
imprisonments, scaffolds—all the passing
show of a captive nation's impotent
struggle. He composed at darkest night
and ghostly visitors left their graves
to move in stately polonaise. A skele-
ton writhed in fleshless and soulless
ecstasy by his side as he imagined
his "Funeral March." He wrote mazur-
kas, feverish dances, to which the talk
between Mephistopheles and Faust
might serve as a motto:

Meph. Why do you let that fair girl pass from
you?

Who sing so sweetly to you in the dance?
Faust. A red mouse in the middle of her sing-
ing.

Spring from her mouth!

Virgins with sad, though scarlet lips,
wept aimlessly at the sound of his noc-
turnes. Scherzos were the gurgles and
rallies of a consumptive defiant under
an impassive sky. The virtuoso
played in the moonlight to count-
esses swooning from musical hys-
teria and the perfume of tuberoses.
Chopin was the prey of a succube
known to publishers and readers of
books as George Sand. She choked him
with kisses and tobacco smoke. She
threw him away idly as a banana peel
when she had done with him. He died
of consumption, late hours, a feverish
life, a broken heart, this delicate per-
son from his birth, this thin apparition
with hectic cheeks. He died in the arms
of several countesses. He died listen-
ing to music and expressing artistic
enjoyment. And then he was buried
most appropriately in a dress suit.

This is the Chopin still dear to many.

Chopin, the Rehabilitated.

There is a modern, rehabilitated
Chopin, as there is a revised and ex-
purgated Lucrezia Borgia for every day
and family use. Tacitus was a foul-
mouthed liar, Suetonius a chattering
old man at a club—for Tiberius, it now
appears, was one of the best and the
wisest of rulers; a sovereign whose one
thought was the welfare of his people.
Macbeth never murdered Duncan—the
story was a political lie that should
have been promptly nailed. Sappho of
Lesbos was not only the first of poets;
she struggled bravely for the emancipa-
tion of her sex, founded Daughters of
This and Sisters of That and was
slandered therefore by the tyrant man.
The whole Borgia family was as es-
timable as—say the Potter family of our
own period.

There is a new Chopin. This hero
was a gay lad and a sportive man.
His mind was wholly normal; he en-
joyed life, not only as a virtuoso, but
as a man. His compositions are for
the most part cheerful if not hilarious,
and they should be played in a manly,
heroic spirit. Tempo rubato was a
ridiculous invention. Play the pieces
in strict time if you please, and with
virility. Chopin, it is true, was a good
Pole, but the Poles were chivalric and
brave, and his music has these charac-
teristics. About George Sand? Oh, yes
—there was a tenderness between them.
She was like a mother to him, and she
smoked cigarettes, not cigars. There
was only one countess in the room
when Chopin died and she behaved
herself with the utmost decorum.
Chopin was a practical, shrewd man,
with no nonsense about him, and his
music should be played in strict tempo
with a firm, hard touch, plenty of dam-
per pedal; in a word, his music is mas-
sive and concrete. We are far from Louis
Ehlert and his sad mazurkas of Chopin.
"The complaining dances in which the
deepest anguish has put on red laced
boots to cry itself dead in bacchantic
frosts."

A Study of Chopin, the Amorist.

Mr. Hadden, not dismayed by the in-
vestigations or the critical spirit of his
predecessors, has written an excellent
life of this most illustrious and poet-
ically imaginative of all composers for
the piano. First of all, he is not afraid to
confess ignorance concerning certain
events in Chopin's life. He is not
cocksure about the date of Chopin's
birth; he does not attempt to determine
exactly the pallbearers at his funeral.
He has read, heard, inquired, sifted
and arranged. The result is a clear, en-
tertaining and sane account of a fas-
cinating personality.

Perhaps the treatment of the George
Sand episode is the surest test of a
Chopin biographer's qualifications and
art. Some portray her as a Messalina
of the romantic period; others prefer
to see in her a motherly person, who
wet Chopin's forehead with her tears
and scented waters and encouraged him
to write preludes. Mr. Hadden starts
off in a manner to excite suspicion of
prudery. "It is a theme beset with dif-
ficulties of a peculiar kind, and one's
first impulse is to shirk an examination
of its details under the plea that an
examination has been undertaken so
many times already." But, fortunately,
the suspicion is not confirmed.

He tells at length the story of their
meeting, their relationship, their so-
journ at Majorca, their life together in
France, the separation.

Coarseness vs. Refinement.

According to him the quarrel was
inevitable. "George Sand's coarse tastes
must have clashed at every point with
Chopin's. A man of his refined nature
was bound to have cut himself adrift
from a woman of her character sooner
or later. George Sand was a cormorant,
and quite unfit as a sexual mate for a
man like Chopin. The fire must have
gone out eventually. In the second
place, it was George Sand's way to
close one 'romantic' valve abruptly
while opening, preparing to open,
another. She cast her admirers aside,
like a sucked orange, when she had
exhausted their emotional and psycho-

logical assistance." And the quarrel
called for all of her intellect.
The quarrel and physical con-
ditions of George Sand and Chopin were
extremely dissimilar. "We have already
gathered some notion of what Chopin
was—neurotic, tender as a woman,
dreamy, slim of frame, fragile; a man
whose whole appearance made the be-
holders think of the convolvull, which,
on the slenderest of stems, balanced
divinely colored chalice' of such va-
porous tissues that the slightest touch
destroys them." The woman was a
heroic figure. De Musset describes her
as "brown-pale, dull complexioned, with
reflections as on bronze, and strikingly
large eyed, like an Indian." Helne says
her face was beautiful. "Others de-
scribe her as short and stout, dark and
swarthy, with a thick and unshapely
nose of the Hebrew cast, a coarse
mouth and a small chin. Clearly, on the
physical side, not, we should have said,
a woman to attract Chopin."

All-Compelling Contrasts.

Thus does Mr. Hadden reveal a bliss-
ful ignorance of amatory life. George
Sand, on the contrary, was precisely the
woman to attract Chopin. The very re-
pugnance he felt at first toward her is
a significant incident in the history of
such loves. She was physically, as well
as mentally, masterful. She was sen-
sually imperious. Her very atmosphere
was sense-bewildering. Her passion had
a blend of maternal devotion and ele-
mental, as well as artful, animalism.
She was strong in the respects that he
was weak. What a comfort and a re-
lief for a delicate neurotic like Chopin
to be governed in passion, in thought,
in the routine!

The most refined man of exquisite
taste often finds wholesome joy and sat-
isfaction in the devotion of a naturally
coarse woman. He explores a world
hitherto unknown to him. Admiring ig-
norance is to him sweeter than self-
conscious and coquettish refinement.
And there are men who do not wish to
assume responsibility even in the direc-
tion of their emotions.

History is full of such examples. The
philosopher is happy with the common
woman; the poet with the cook; the ex-
quisite puts off his polished mask in the
company of a simple one glowing with
health. Are there not marriages even
in Boston that excite wonder? "How
could a refined and intellectual man
marry such an ordinary creature?" She
satisfies him, and the marriage is happy.

Hazlitt on the Witness Stand.

Or listen to William Hazlitt: "Some
gallants set their hearts on princesses;
others descend in imagination to women
of quality; others are mad after opera
singers. For my part, I am shy even of
actresses, and should not think of leav-
ing my card with Mme. Vestris. I am
for none of these bonnes fortunes; but
for a list of humble beauties, servant-
maids and shepherd-girls, with their red
elbows, hard hands, black stockings and
mob-caps, I could furnish out a gallery
equal to Cowley's and paint them half
as well. * * * I admire the Clemen-
tinas and Clarissas at a distance; the
Pamelas and Fannys of Richardson and
Fielding make my blood tingle. * * *
I do not care a fig for any woman that
knows even what an author means. If
I know that she has read anything I
have written, I cut her acquaintance
immediately. This sort of literary in-
tercourse with me passes for nothing.
Her critical and scientific acquirements
are carrying coils to Newcastle. I do
not want to be told that I have pub-
lished such or such a work. I knew all
this before. It makes no addition to my
sense of power. I do not wish the affair
to be brought about in that way. I
would have her read my soul; she
should understand the language of the
heart; she should know what I am, as
if she were another self! She should
love me for myself alone. I like myself
without any reason. I would have her
do so too."

And so Hazlitt, most brilliant of es-
sayists, no mere theorist, fell violently
in love with Sarah Walker, the daugh-
ter of a lodging house keeper, the girl
described by Henley as "well broken in,
it would seem, to the ways of 'gentle-
men'—a girl with a dull eye, a 'sinuous
gait,' and a habit of sitting on the knees
of 'gentlemen'; a girl, in fine, who is
only to be described by an old and sane
and homely but unquotable designation."
He looked at passion, as em-
bodied in Sarah Walker, until it grew
to be the world to him; he went about
like a man drunken and dazed, telling
the story of his slighted love to anybody
that would listen to it.

But George Sand was mentally one of
the most fascinating of women.

Morality or Immorality?

Why did these lovers separate? Did
the woman grow tired at last of the
peevish invalid? Was Chopin angered
because she made copy out of him and
drew his portrait as Prince Karol in
"Lucrezia Floriani"? Or was it because
Chopin could not endure the distant
cousin Augustine Brault and Maurice
Sand? Mr. Hadden says nothing about
the reason whispered by Liszt to close
friends, that Chopin was a subject for
Dr. Krafft-Ebing's sombre book, and
that George Sand could not endure such
pitiable effeminacy.

Mr. Hadden does not think, with Mr.
Hadow, that George Sand was "a good
and great woman." He answers: "No
woman can be called good who plays
fast and loose with the moral law as
this woman did." Yet he remarks:
"Even George Eliot belied her union
with George Henry Lewes by marrying
Mr. Cross."

Nor is he, on the other hand, willing
to admit that the affair was Platonic.
He quotes approvingly the sentiment of

SINGERS, A COMPOSER, AND AN INFANT PHENOMENON.



ARRIGO BOITO.
COMPOSER.



SARA LOUISE
BAKER.



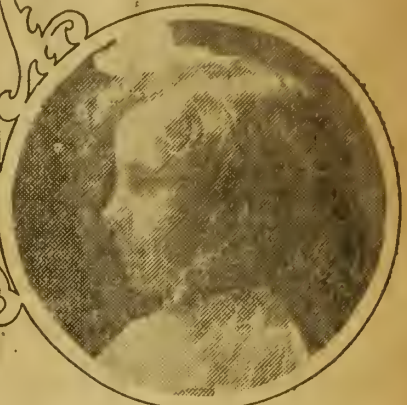
JOHANNA GADSKI
SOPRANO.



ESTELLE LIEBLING
SOPRANO



PAULA RALPH
SOPRANO.



RUTH LAVERS.
SEVEN YEAR OLD.
PIANIST.

one of Mark Rutherford's characters: "Close friendship between a man and a woman, unless he is her husband, is, as a general thing, impossible."

He sums up the matter in an extraor-

inary manner for an Englishman: "I am not greatly concerned about defending Chopin on moral grounds. If Chopin had married George Sand according to the rites of Holy Mother Church, it is only a conventionality that would have been satisfied after all. We are not entitled to condemn. If a man, perfectly free chooses to join with a woman, also perfectly free, I do not see why he may not, provided he is prepared to stand by the consequences. Moreover, allowing for the moment that moral blame is attributable, I would attribute it to George Sand, not to Chopin. Chopin was in her hands like Samson in the hands of Delilah. In this particular pair the mental positions of man and woman were reversed. And not the mental positions only. 'He is so lady-like and she is such a perfect gentleman,' said Sydney Smith of the Grotes. . . . It is enough to say that the George Sand connection did Chopin no harm artistically, and that it brought him some womanly affection and some tender nursing at a time when he sorely needed both. If it had not been for George Sand he might have died 10 years sooner than he did. Wherefore, let us not be too severe on the cormorant."

Nature of Other Chapters.

The story of Chopin's irresolute and capriciously emotional life is told in a delightful manner, not as a romance, but with the ease and the authority of a master of his subject. The reader will gain a vivid idea of the romanticism of the artistic period, and there are frequently illuminative sentences that tell more than the labored pages of others. One of the most interesting pages of the book is that entitled "Chopin as Teacher and Player."

Chopin enjoyed teaching, and his time for at least eight months in the year was fully occupied. His pupils worshipped him, yet he was at times irascible, and he once broke a chair in his despairing rage at some incompetent player. Every pupil had to begin with Clementi's "Gradus." He believed that a sympathetic touch was the first essential of a pianist, and he advised all his pupils to learn singing. "Listen carefully and often to great singers," he would say. There are many valuable descriptions of Chopin's methods and of the character of his interpretations. The chapters on Chopin the composer and the compositions themselves are refreshingly free from hysteria. The volume contains a list of the published works, a bibliography, and an index

which is of comparatively little assistance. There are a few pictures. All in all, Mr. Hadden's "Chopin" is one of the

most entertaining and helpful books that have appeared of late in the roughly trampled field of musical literature.

For here is the portrait of Chopin whose "notes sob and shiver, stab you like a knife, caress you like the fur of a cat; and are beautiful sound, the most beautiful sound that has been called out of the piano."

This is the Chopin of Vladimir de Pachmann, the supreme interpreter of Chopin, the one great master of touch.

This is the Chopin of Mr. Arthur Symon's

THE CHOPIN PLAYER.

The sounds torture me; I see them in my brain; They spin a flickering web of living threads; Like butterflies upon the garden beds, Nets of bright sound, I follow them; in vain, I must not brush the least dust from their wings;

They die of a touch; but I must capture them. Or they will turn to a caressing flame, And lick my soul up with their flutterings.

The sounds torture me; I cannot them with my eyes, I feel them like a thirst between my lips; Is it my body or my soul that cries With little colored mouths of sound, and drips In these bright drops that turn to butterflies Dying delicately at my finger tips?

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Third and last concert of the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Gounod's "Callia" and Heratio Parker's "Hora Novissima," with great chorus, full orchestra, and these solo singers: Mrs. Kleski-Bradbury, Miss Janet Spencer, Mr. Glen Hall, Mr. David Bispham. Mr. Bispham will sing an aria between the oratorios. Mr. H. G. Tucker will be the organist.

MONDAY Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. Opening night of a season of the Metropolitan Opera House company of New York. Mr. Heinrich Conried director. Wagner's "Lohengrin." Alno Akte as Elsa and Edyth Walker as Ortrud (their first appearance here); Kraus as Lohengrin. Goritz as Telramund (his first appearance here). Blass as Heinrich the Fowler and Muehlmann as the herald. Mr. Felix Mottl will conduct here for the first time.

TUESDAY—Boston Theatre, 8 P. M.: Bizet's "Carmen." with Calve, Carmen, Marguerite Lemou, Mienela, Paula Ralph and Josephine Poehlmann, Fran Naval, Don Jose (his first appearance here), Jourmet, Essamillo, Begue, Guardabassi, Dufliche, Reiss. Mr. Mottl will conduct.

WEDNESDAY—The Tulleries, 11 A. M. Third of Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's recitals, with the assistance of Miss Marguerite Hall, contralto, and Mrs. S. B. Field pianist. Mr. Heinrich will sing a group of old English songs, Chadwick's "Flower Cycle," and songs by Danneuth, Dresel and Mrs. Rogers. Miss Hall will sing songs by Schubert, Schumann, Henschel, Bemberg, Brögl and Maud Valerie White. Boston Theatre, 2 P. M. Mozart's "Magic Flute" in German. Mmes. Semblich, Gadschi, Weed, Ralph, Poehlmann, Segard, Lemou, Bontou, Mapleson and Messrs. Kraus, Blass, Goritz, Reiss, Muehlmann, Dufliche and others. Mr. Mottl conductor. Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. Puccini's "Tosca." Mmes. Terina and Bontou, Messrs. Dippel, Scott, Dufliche, Rossi, Bars, Begue, Cermsno. Mr. Franko conductor.

Steiner Hall, 8 P. M. Planola recital. Pieces by Moszkowski, Chaminade, Bruckway, Grieg, Schubert, Liszt, by Scholzer. Miss Marie Adele Zelezny, violinist, will play pieces by Rubinstein, Bohm and de Beriot to piano accompaniment.

THURSDAY—Boston Theatre, 7:45 P. M. Wagner's "Die Walkure"; Gadschi, Brunnhilde, Olive Fremstadt, Sieglinde (her first appearance here in opera); Louise Homer, Frick; Mmes. Segard, Baumeister, Ralph Jacoby, Bontou, Lemou, Poehlmann; Burgstaller, Siegmund; Van Rooy, Wolfart; Blass, Hendling. Mr. Alfred Hertz will conduct. Symphony Hall, 2:30 and 8 P. M. concerts by John Philip Sousa and his band, assisted by these soloists: Miss Estelle Liebling, soprano; Miss Jessie Strauss, violinist; Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist, and Jean H. B. Moerman, saxophonist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 21st public rehearsal of the Boston symphony orchestra. Mr. Giedke conductor. Symphony in C major (H. & H. No. 7). Haydn; concerto for violin, Saint Saens' "Danse Sarrasine," violinist; overture, "L'Amiral." Glazounoff (first time); symphonic poem, "The Prelude." Liszt. Boston Theatre, 7:45 P. M. Rossini's "II Barbiere di Siviglia"; Sembrich, Baumeister, Dippel, companion, Rossi, Jourmet, Begue, Maseiro Mr. Heinrichs will conduct. Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Calve, Homer, Baumeister, Naval, Muehlmann; Mr. Heinrichs will conduct. The prices are raised for this night.

SATURDAY Boston Theatre, 2 P. M. Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette"; Arkie, Bontou, Baumeister, Naval, Pianist, Jourmet, Bars, Begue, Muehlmann, Dufliche; Mr. Mottl will conduct. Boston Theatre, 7:45 P. M. Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde"; Terina, Walker, Kraus, Van Rooy, Blass, Muehlmann, Reiss, Bars, Walker; Mr. Hertz will conduct. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-first concert of the Boston symphony orchestra. Programme as on Saturday afternoon.

LOCAL.

The Vincent Club will produce, during the week of April 25, a new operetta with book by Miss Constance Tippet. The score includes 21 numbers, 17 by Miss Tippet and four by Miss Susie Howe. Miss Tippet's music is being orchestrated by Messrs. Fox and Strube of the Symphony Orchestra, and Miss Howe's is orchestrated by Mrs. Walter Gould. A piano score will be published. Miss Maryan Burleigh Martyn, contralto, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday, April 28.

A new two-act comic opera, entitled "The Omo of Omona," book and lyrics by William H. Gardner, music by H. P. Odell, will be performed at the Academy of Music, Chelsea, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 11 and 12, under the auspices of Chelsea council, K. C.

Bandmaster Sousa with his great aggregation of musicians now making their 24th semi-annual concert tour will come to Symphony Hall for concerts on the afternoon and evening of Thursday next. These will be the only appearances of Sousa's band in this city this season. Since Sousa's last visit to Boston many additions have been made to the repertory of his band and in the coming concerts many of the novelties introduced in his European programme during his recent tour will be given a first hearing in this city. He has found such a general interest in the music of "Parsifal" that he will introduce selections from it.

Creator, the magnetic bandmaster, and his organization of Italian musicians will come to Symphony Hall next Sunday evening for a single concert. At the concert next Sunday evening Creative selections, among them the prelude and sacred scene from act I of "Parsifal." The terzetto from "Attila" by Verdi will introduce solos by Messrs. Perno, Croce and Lafisco. Schumann's "Traumerei" will also be played. A popular scale of prices is announced for this concert and seats will be ready at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning.

The work done for many years under the direction of Mr. Samuel W. Cole by the People's Choral Union has come to be recognized as making an important factor in the development of musical Boston. This organization is now completing the seventh consecutive year of its existence and it will commemorate the fact by a concert at

Symphony Hall Sunday evening, the 24th inst., when the members of the singing class will be the chorus. The "Stabat Mater" of Rossini and the "St. Cecilia Mass" of Gounod will be sung. Mrs. Marie Kunkel Zimmermann, Miss Praline Woltman, Mr. Clarence B. Shirley and Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., will be the quartet. Mr. Cole will conduct and the orchestra will be made up of Boston Symphony men. The fact that all who have charge of this enterprise contribute their services warms this annual appeal to the public.

The sale of tickets will begin at Symphony Hall and at the Oliver Ditson store on Monday morning of next week. At the operatic concert and entertainment to be given by Mrs. Atonia Bonney Lichfield and her pupils at the Hollis Street Theatre on the afternoon of the 21st a number of promising singers will make their first public appearance. The operatic selections will include scenes from "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Dinorah," "Otello" and "Lakme," with scenic and costume accessories. Orders for seats mailed to Manager L. H. Mudgett will receive prompt attention.

BOITO AND HIS "NERO."

A correspondent of the Boston Herald writes from Rome (March 17): For the last 30 years Arrigo Boito, the librettist of Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff" and the composer of "Mephistopheles," has kept all Italy waiting for another opera. Though there still is little or no prospect that the work ever will be finished, Boito has managed to retain his hold on public confidence in extraordinary manner.

"His 'Mephistopheles,' first introduced in 1868, when he was 26 years old, was a surprise, for he previously had done no work in the least noticeable. Boito rewrote the opera. It was produced in 1875. He was hailed as the man of the future, who would rival Verdi, and the friendship which existed between the two musicians was much lauded. Time passed and there was complete silence on the part of Boito. His admirers began to make inquiries, and then it was said that he was at work on a great opera called 'Nero.' This rumor has lasted over 30 years. The words 'Boito' and 'Nero' have, in fact, become inseparable.

"The story that he has abstained from bringing out the 'Nero,' which was quite completed, so as not to embitter the last years of his friend and patron, Verdi, by outshining him, tided Boito over many years, giving him at the same time a halo of abnegation which was highly applauded.

"Verdi died in 1901, and at last Boito was free to show what the world had lost by his silence. The libretto of the

'Nero' was issued with a great flourish of trumpets; it was even said the singers had been selected; every one was on the qui vive, when it began to be whispered that the opera needed finishing touches, which, apparently, are still wanting.

"Although he is said to work ardently from 9 A. M. to 12 P. M., the following anecdote will illustrate his methods. Not long before his death Verdi urged Boito to complete his work, whereupon the other replied: 'I try to compose, but who could do so in the awful noise of Milan!' Genoa was proposed, but the noise there also was too distracting. Verdi then thought of the Villa Reggion, describing its beauties with such enthusiasm that the weary Boito declared, it was just the spot to finish his 'Nero.' He soon settled himself in what seemed the primeval forest, completely alone. However, inspiration did not come, as the decorations of the walls of the house disturbed his artistic sense, and some time passed before they were made to his liking. Then he was to get to work, but he suddenly discovered that the table was not fit to write upon, but that difficulty was overcome by the owner of the forest placing all the tables of his palaces at his disposal.

"At last Verdi thought he would pay him a visit and found him on the terrace of the house, lost in the stupendous view of sea, sky and woods. That is inspiration enough for the 'Nero,' Verdi remarked. 'Ah,' sighed the composer and poet, 'it is grand, so grand that I cannot work for contemplation of it!' But with all this, Boito, who has not composed a note worth anything for over 33 years, is now the most admired master of Italy. After all, the man who can keep the public waiting for over 30 years for the same constantly announced opera, and have that same public still believe in him must be a prodigy."

HOSPITAL MUSIC FUND.

The Hospital Music Fund concerts for April, 1904, will be as follows:

Sunday (Easter), April 5, 2 P. M., Consumptive Home, Quincy street, Dorchester.

Sunday, April 10, 2 P. M., Kindergarten for the Blind, Jamaica Plain.

Wednesday, April 13, 7 P. M., Episcopal Home for Children, South Boston.

Sunday, April 17, 2 P. M., Helping Hand Home for Helpless Children, Beech Glen street, Roxbury.

Tuesday, April 21, 3 P. M., Home for Crippled Children, Hyde Park, Mass.

Sunday, April 24, 2 P. M., Holy Ghost Hospital for Invalids, Cambridge street, Cambridge.

As in former years, many flowers and plants, the gifts of Boston florists, will be distributed Easter forenoon to the different hospitals and homes.

This month closes the season until October, 1904, when the work will begin again promptly. The New York Musical Therapeutic Society is in close sympathy and co-operation with the movement, and elsewhere decided steps have been taken to recognize that the right sort of music rightly given to sick and unfortunate people is of real use to aid in lessening pain, and so helping toward comfort.

All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by addressing John Dixwell, M. D., 52 West Cedar street, Boston.

GRAND OPERA SEASON.

One of the most cherished theories held by Mr. Heinrich Conried, director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, which will be heard here this week, is that operagoers can be educated into taking more interest in opera as opera than in the stars by whom it is interpreted.

He therefore advocates the gradual reformation of operatic organizations and the substitution for the old star system of the methods so admirably illustrated at the Vienna Burg Theatre and the Vienna Opera House. In those great institutions it has long been customary for even the most famous artists to avoid usurping undue prominence. The special interests of each actor and each singer are subordinated to the general interest.

Changes so radical as those involved in the adoption of such a scheme cannot be effected in one season. Our operagoers may, therefore, discover that in many particulars there will be resemblances between the work done now and heretofore. They should, however, be able to look forward with some confidence to finding more earnestness infused into the acting of the Metropolitan company, more attention paid to many details of stage management, and to a more artistic presentation generally of the works produced. The ballet, like the chorus and the orchestra, may be found more satisfying than in previous years.

The first appearance of Mr. Mottl, on the opening night, as the conductor of the "Lohengrin" performance, will be as important, in its own way, as the debut of Mme. Aino Ackte, the young Paris prima donna, Mr. Otto Goritz, the new German baritone, and Miss Edyth Walker, the American contralto, or the return, after five years' absence, of Mr. Ernest Kraus.

Many will, however, probably derive less joy during the coming week from the advent of Mottl than from the first appearances of Mme. Aino Ackte, as Elsa,

and Miss Edyth Walker, as Ortrud, or the reappearance of Calve in "Carmen," and from the singing of Sembrich in "The Magic Flute" and "The Barber of Seville." The appearance of Mme. Gadski in "The Magic Flute," side by side with Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Louise Homer, Mme. Camille Seygard and the new soprano, Miss Marion Weed, may delight others. Then there is Miss Olive Fremstad as Sieglinde in "Die Walkure."

More than two or three of the best known of Mr. Conried's company will this season be heard in opera probably for the last time. Mlle. Calve and Mr. Campanari are credited with the intention of abandoning grand opera next fall for the concert room. Mr. Pol Plancon, who was sadly missed here last spring, talks of retiring for good into private life. So does Mathilde Bauermeister, who for so many years has contributed to the success of every work with which she has been associated. Other new artists in the Metropolitan company are Mr. Fran Naval, who, on Tuesday night will sing Don Jose, and Miss Marguerite Lemon. Mr. Alfred Hertz, the conductor, who latterly has had the great burden of directing the performance of "Parsifal," will co-operate with Mr. Felix Mottl, who will also have the assistance of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs and Mr. Naham Franko.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mme. Gadski, soprano, Miss Paula Ralph, soprano, Miss Estelle Liebling, soprano, Miss Sara Louise Baker, soprano, Arrigo Boito, the composer and librettist, concerning whom a Roman correspondent writes, and the child pianist, Ruth Lavers, who is now exciting attention here.

Mme. Gadski (born in a Pomeranian town in 1872) made her first appearance in opera as Elsa April 2, 1895. She will appear this week at the Boston Theatre as Pamina, Wednesday afternoon, and on Thursday evening for the first time in this city as the Bruennhilde of "Die Walkure."

Miss Ralph, of the Metropolitan Opera House company, is an Austrian by birth. She first studied singing at her home, Bukowina, and afterward she took lessons from Victor Rokitsky at Vienna, and De Ruda at Berlin. She made her first operatic appearance at Breslau, and was afterward engaged at the opera houses in Bremen, Altenburg, Frankfurt, Brunn, Hamburg. She also sang under the late Augustus Harris' management at Covent Garden for three or four seasons. Her repertory is said to be a large one, and includes leading parts in Wagnerian music dramas, as well as dramatic soprano parts in the standard French and Italian operas. Her most important appearance in New York this season was as Elsa.

Miss Liebling, the soprano with Sousa's band, although a young singer, has had a varied career. As Estelle Darling, she sang in comic opera; she has sung in recital, with Kubelick; was engaged for the Worcester (Mass.) festival of 1901; she has taken part at the Metropolitan Opera House the part of the Queen in "The Huguenots" and that of Musetta in "La Boheme."

Miss Sara Louise Baker, soprano, is of a well known Dorchester family, and she has studied with leading teachers of Boston. As a concert singer, she has appeared in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Chicago, Kansas City, Boston and in many of the smaller towns of New England and the middle West. She is now a member of one of Mr. Savage's musical comedy companies.

Miss Ruth Lavers is a child of 7 years who is now living in Boston. She played a concerto last Wednesday evening at a public concert of a well known piano school, and her uncommon proficiency and the revelation of musical instincts excited marked attention.

We spoke last Sunday of Mrs. Morris-Black's debut as Orpheus at Nice. The opera was given only twice. According to the Signale correspondent, the work was not accepted by the Casino stage. The singers were inadequate, and the

public of the Casino is not accustomed to the enjoyment of classic works.

The tenor Kurt Frederich of Prague has been engaged for the Royal Opera at Berlin and Wiesbaden.

Louis Luebeck, celebrated cello virtuoso, died at Berlin, March 8, at the age of 68. Born in Holland, he was associated with the Gewandhaus at Leipzig, Hilses at Berlin, the court orchestra at Sondershausen, and since 1881 he had been solo cellist of the royal orchestra, Berlin.

Josef Rebeck, the regular conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra, Berlin, whose sickness we noted last Sunday, died March 24. Born at Prague in 1844, he conducted orchestras at Prague, Wiesbaden, Warsaw, Budapest and in 1897 he was called to Berlin.

The Musical Courier (New York) announces the betrothal of Miss Maud Powell, one of the few great female violinists of the world, to Mr. H. Godfrey Turner, an Englishman who is at present in this country.

Miss Sherlie Wheeler made her debut March 29 at the Bellini Theatre, Naples, in "La Favorita," "with great success."

The St. John, N. B., Telegraph of March 23 published this astounding information: "One of the greatest nights of grand opera that Boston has even known was the production of 'Tristan and Isolde' in the Boston Theatre last season."

Nordica, Jean De Reszke, Schuman, Heink and Plancon, in the leading roles. The wonderful singer carried everything before her in her favorite role of 'Isolde' and dominated the entire opera. At the conclusion of her most dramatic scene, she was actually stormed with jewels from the boxes, where had gathered Boston's fashion and wealth. Valuable rings, brooches and other ornamental pieces were thrown to the stage in appreciation of Nordica's wonderful singing and acting, aggregating probably many thousands of dollars. This is one of the very few instances where such a proceeding has actually been witnessed, and for the truth of this particular instance a well known St. John lady, Mrs. Edmund Breese, who was present, can vouch. This "well known 'St. John lady' must have had a delightful dream. De Reszke and Nordica sang here for the last time in 'Tristan and Isolde.' April 11, 1901, Plancon did not sing with them. Nor did we see brooches, rings, hunting or plain case watches with key or stem-winding attachment hurrying through the air. Perhaps we were asleep, for Mr. Jean De Reszke was in wretched vocal condition and so was brother Edward as King Mark.

Mr. Richard Strauss in his marital relations is evidently the Mr. Kendal of the concert stage. Here is Mr. Blackburn's latest tribute to Johannes Brahms: "Brahms might well have been astonished in his lifetime, had he realized the wealth of controversy which was destined to surround his name. As we have before said in this column, there is no reference so fruitful of mutual abuse between one and another thinker than a reference made to Brahms. That he was a man of singular variety is not to be doubted; but his variety was, let us say, of a somewhat doleful kind. He lowered the vitality of things; he set a seal upon a line, and chose which he refused to go; and his choice of subject for his musical inspiration was utterly prosaic and limited, in consequence. His enemies question his choice; his admirers applaud it; yet it may be said that Brahms himself understood that his seriousness was upon the level of the gravity of a village which takes its chief rent-payer as the almighty influence in life."

Some one at the Elgar festival in London suggested that a portion of the composer's "The Apostles" might aptly be entitled "The Whitewashing of Judas."

The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette apropos of Marteau's performance of Beethoven's violin concerto in London March 12, found him as one "lacking depth."

Etelka Gerster sang lately in Berlin at an entertainment in honor of Mozart. She took part in Mozart's trio in Viennese dialect.

The beautiful Cavalleri has triumphed gloriously as Manon in St. Petersburg.

Miss Lindsay, who made her debut early this season at the Opera, Paris, in Mozart's "Escape from the Seraglio," appeared as Juliet, the second week in March. There are prophecies in Paris of another star.

Julie Toutain, whose musical talent raised the question in Paris as to whether a woman should be allowed to take the Prix de Rome and live in Rome with male colleagues, has solved the problem. She is now betrothed to a painter-draughtsman, one Gruen.

Helene Theodorin, the leading Roumanian dramatic soprano, has been obliged to quit the stage on account of an affection of the heart.

Mr. Carl Gaertner of Philadelphia will celebrate his 50th anniversary with a concert April 1.

Mr. H. T. Finck thus removes Dr. Richard Strauss from the face of the earth: "The metropolitan press has given him much attention and treated him with courtesy, but there has been no Strauss furor. The audiences attracted by him have not been large, and the critics have been practically unanimous in condemning the special kind of music he writes—enigmatic programme music, Mr. Huneker's new book, 'Overtones,' just issued by the Scribners, and dedicated to him, is, apart from his pecuniary gain, the only consolation he will take back with him to Munich. Possibly he may cherish the memory of dinners given here in his honor, although he is said not to care for that sort of thing, and to be as unconventional in his behavior on such occasions as he is in his treatment of the orchestral instruments. Now that his works have been given a fair hearing, it is to be hoped they will be put aside a while in favor of other modern compositions that display less virtuosity, but more melodic genius and more power to arouse emotions."

A medal of Elgar was designed by Percival Hedley for the Elgar festival.

"The port wine done from life is a little bit," Elgar's admirers say. It is either silver or bronze.

Mr. Samuel Carr, who is still at his duties as trustee of the Ames estate, has filed as a labor of love the duties of organist at the Old South Church.

resigns after today's services the position which he has held for nearly 25 years.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The spring concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be given in Symphony Hall, Wednesday evening, April 13. The feature of the concert will be the performance of Beethoven's ninth symphony with the assistance of the Handel and Haydn chorus, which has kindly volunteered, and these solo singers: Mrs. Kileski-Bradbury, soprano; Mrs. Julie Wyman, contralto; Mr. Theodore Van Yox, tenor; Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., bass. Mr. Gerlicke will conduct. The box office sale of tickets will open at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning.

The praiseworthy object of these concerts is known to all and it would seem as though there were no need of again reminding the music lovers of Boston of an opportunity to show their appreciation of this orchestra, that ranks among the very first in the musical world. There is probably no other orchestra in which the personality of the players is a matter of such public outside interest. These players contribute to the fame of Boston. Surely the citizens of the town will aid liberally in the effort of the players to provide for themselves against days of feebleness and against possible accidents. In the present instance the character of the programme is in itself a rare attraction.

REVIVAL OF BALLET.

For many years ballet was sadly neglected by the successive managements of grand opera in America. Under recent regimes the metropolitan corps de ballet had come to be a minor factor in the productions at the Metropolitan Opera House. Rarely did the management think it worth while even to advertise the name of a prima ballerina, while the rank and file of the dancers seemed painfully, and sometimes even ludicrously, unequal to their tasks. With the advent of Mr. Conried as managing director of the Metropolitan Opera House all this has been changed. One of the first reforms of Mr. Conried was the reorganization of the corps de ballet by the weeding out of those dancers who had outgrown their usefulness, and by the addition of new recruits, carefully selected from the great opera houses of Milan, Berlin and Vienna. Mr. Conried succeeded in engaging Miss Enrica Varasi of the Scala and another, Miss Bianca Froelich of the Vienna Opera House.

Mlle. Varasi made her New York debut some six weeks ago as Swanilda, the heroine of Delibes' delightful and vivacious ballet, "Coppelia." The success of both that work and the prima ballerina at the Metropolitan was, to many who had supposed that ballet might not be attractive to Americans, surprising. Not since Mlle. Giuri appeared in this country had a dancer of the first rank been seen on our operatic boards. In Mlle. Varasi, New York found an attractive artist, trained according to the classical traditions of ballet as it is understood in Europe, singularly graceful, pretty and poetic. The corps de ballet, thanks to repeated rehearsals, proved agreeable to the eye and to the taste of New York operagoers. The boxholders, who had usually turned their backs on the divertissements provided at the Metropolitan, suddenly awoke to a new interest in ballet, and "Coppelia" was generally voted an immense success.

During the second week of the grand opera season at the Boston Theatre "Coppelia" will be produced as it was given in New York, with the co-operation of Mlle. Varasi in the leading part.

The ballet is divided into two acts, and the plot is founded in part on one of the most popular fantastic tales of Hoffmann. Swanilda, the heroine, is a village maid whose lover, Franz, has for some time become enamored of a mechanical doll constructed by an old

man named Coppelius. In the second act Swanilda assumes the costumes and the character of the doll and wins back the affections of her lover. Nobody needs to be reminded that the music which Delibes composed for this work is a marvel of grace, delicacy and melodious charm. "Coppelia" is in the repertory of the Paris Opera House and of nearly all the great lyric theatres of the continent.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Miss Minna Heinrichs played Busoni's violin sonata No. 2 at Washington (D. C.), March 11.

A new piano trio by Lange-Mueller, a Dane, was produced at London March 10.

The New York Tribune, disconcerted and perturbed by certain phases of modern music, exclaims that Richard Strauss has rammed wooden plugs into all the brass instruments, including the erstwhile otrotund tuba, and his example is becoming as infectious as it is pernicious. "Mr. Strube had disclosed himself as a musician of excellent parts in some earlier works, but it seemed as if he was so desirous to realize his qualifying title in this case that he had little time for the invention of themes of real pregnancy or beauty, or their orderly and beautiful development. There was so much fantastic capering by the instruments that it was not surprising that the trumpet once uttered a pained and painful protest."

A superb symphony, drawn from the first of the first time at a concert, Paris, Feb. 28. The work is in two parts, Fairy Paradise, and of Philid's Prelude, Hunt and Apollo of Tithonia. The work is described as colored, picturesque, full of light effects, abounding in boldness that will favor.

It was sung for the first time at a conservatory concert in Paris, Feb. 28. The Greek play at Bradford House, England, will this year be performed in the school's open air Greek theatre, on June 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25. The play will be the "Alcestis" of Euripides, the actors, musicians, and chorus will be the boys of the college; the instruments will be of ancient model, and the costumes from those found at Pompeii; and the other conditions of the Greek stage will be observed. The theatre holds nearly 2000 people, so that if only the weather is favorable only 10,000 persons should enjoy a opportunity of seeing a fine play under most ideal conditions.

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

"Athena," a mythological idyl in one act by Giuseppe Casanovina, music by Casanovina, produced Feb. 15. The opera was highly praised. "Mettina" in one act for children, "Il Misanthrope" by Luigi Ferrarini, has been produced at Pesaro. The fourth performances this year: "Ring," July 25, 26, 27, 28; Aug. 14, "Tannhauser," July 22, Aug. 14, "Parsifal," July 23, 31, Aug. 3, 10, 17.

When newspapers persist in stating that M. Corried is producing "Parsifal" at Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh. The Menestrel adds: Wagner will drink the Grail to his health.

"Mikado," a Japanese ballet in two acts by Van Hamme, music by Joseph Clavier, has been produced at London. Is there a torpedo scene? A new opera in two acts, "Peter Pan," by Josip Mandic, a 20-year-old composer, has been produced with immense success at Trieste.

"Macache," an opera comique, with music by A. Meynard, has been produced at Paris.

It is a curious statement made by the journals that he has given permission to any one to set music to his "La Sirène," for operatic purposes.

April 4, 1904
"HORA NOVISSIMA" IN SYMPHONY HALL

Landel and Haydn Society Sings Parker's Oratorio and Gounod's "Gallia" for Last Concert of the Season.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Emil Mollerhauer conductor, gave the last concert of its 8th season in Symphony Hall last evening. The programme included Gounod's "Gallia" and Parker's "Hora Novissima." The solo singers were Mrs. Kilekl-Bradbury, Miss Janet Spencer, Mr. Glen Hall and Mr. David Bispham. Mr. Mollerhauer was the concert master of the orchestra, and Mr. Tucker was the organist. There was a large audience.

Gounod's "Gallia" has an easy popularity, not on account of the expression of mournful mood, not on account of any sentiment connected with Gounod's sorrow over the defeat of France, but by reason of the final solo and the parts which have been made familiar to many through choir performances. The finale is not free from the composer's cheaper mannerisms. The appeal to the hearer is theatrical. The effect of the short phrase hammering effect into the most indifferent audience, and when the chorus is sung so powerfully and there is the artful realization of the composer's climax, applause inevitably follows. Mrs. Bradbury sang bravely in the cantata and in Mr. Parker's work, for she has been under treatment for a throat trouble, and a singer of less pluck would have welcomed the suggestion of a substitute. To criticize her intonation or to comment on her performance as a whole would be eminently unfair. The wonder is that she sang as well as she did.

There is steadily in England a crop of oratorios for festival use. They are performed, praised by any musical journal or magazine controlled by the publisher, and then, as a rule, quickly forgotten. Perhaps an extract lives a sleepy life as a church anthem or a sentimental solo is detached and sobbed at "sacred concerts" by a favorite contralto. Mr. Parker's "Hora Novissima" is not of such perishable material. It is easy to say that certain choral phrases are jauntily commonplace or conventionally operatic; that there are some too obvious reminiscences; these blemishes, if their existence be allowed, are few and they are insignificant in comparison with the many fine points of the work. The choruses are not merely effective; they are filled with the spirit of exaltation felt by the poet; they are at times as the fine flower of his ecstasy. There is a sincerity of expression that suggests the inspiration of the seer rather than the careful

work of the artist. The work is not built with hands; the eternal home of the redeemed. There is much to be found, and it is catalogued as religious; that is a mixture of cant and sentimentality. Mr. Parker's "Hora Novissima" is free from all this. It is an uplifting as well as a compelling work.

The performance of the chorus was excellent; it was admirable in elasticity and variety of expression. In appreciation of both musical phrase and aesthetic religious meaning, in delicacy and in strength. There was lightness there was slenderness of attack, as the occasion demanded; there was fineness, there were gradations, as though spontaneous and impromptu, in expression. Mr. Mollerhauer has at last turned the chorus into an instrument on which he can play at will. The chorus is now the medium of his musical thought, force and imagination. And the performance was more than mechanically excellent; it was charged with the spirit of musical intelligence, and also with the spirit of spiritual enthusiasm.

To us the music written for the solo voices is the least important in the work. Mr. Parker in this as in other choral works is more successful in his treatment of massed voices. Mr. Hall is inclined to be sentimental, and a phrase is too often with him not unlike a sob. His voice would gain in effect if he could guard himself against such mannerisms. Miss Spencer's tones are of fine quality, but last night they seemed to be without carrying power. It is true that the music of her solo is not grateful to the singer. Mr. Bispham sang as the Dispham of later years, with dramatic spirit and with conviction rather than with marked vocal artistry.

April 5, 1904
NEW GRAND OPERA SINGERS IN BOSTON

Season Inaugurated with "Lohengrin," Mottl Conducting — Audience Not Large; Performance Peculiarly Interesting.

The season of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, Mr. Heinrich Corried, director, began at the Boston Theatre last night with a performance of "Lohengrin." Mr. Felix Mottl conducted. The cast was as follows:

Elsa.....Anel Akte
Ortrud.....Edith Walker
Lohengrin.....Kraus
Telramund.....Goritz
Henry the Fowler.....Blass
The Herald.....Machigian

Mme. Akte, a celebrated singer of the Opera, Paris; Miss Edith Walker, an American who has been for several years a favorite at the Vienna Opera House; Mr. Goritz, a German baritone of reputation, and Mr. Felix Mottl, one of the most famous conductors now living, all made their first appearance in Boston last night in Wagner's most popular opera, an opera so popular that some have been led to doubt its intrinsic worth and have dubbed it the "Bohemian Girl" of grand opera; and yet there was a small audience. The two upper galleries were well filled; in a word, the theatre was top-heavy.

It is not necessary at present to inquire into this neglect of celebrated singers and conductor, nor it is necessary to discuss the question, "Is 'Lohengrin' a suitable opera for an opening night?" Since 1892 "Faust" has, in Boston, been the opera of the first night three times; "The Hugenots" twice. Other operas that have had the honor are "Siegfried," "Carmen," "Aida," and in 1903 there was a double bill, "The Daughter of the Regiment" and "Pagliacci." "Lohengrin" was the opera that began the first season in 1892, and Jean de Reszke and Mme. Nordica were then the knight-errant and the afflicted maid.

The performance was one that deserved a larger house. It was peculiarly interesting by reason of the new singers and the conductor.

Mme. Akte is first of all a lyric soprano. When she began in Paris, the parts allotted to her were lyric, and in these parts she won success. Either through her own ambition or by command of the director she began to go outside of the lyric repertory and she sang music written for a dramatic soprano. Judicious critics in Paris warned her against her own ambition. As she is to sing here in "Faust" and in "Romco and Juliet" we shall have an opportunity to judge for ourselves concerning the wisdom of her determination.

As Elsa she made the following impression. Her voice is pure and of good compass. The tones are not warm, nor are they of a strikingly brilliant quality. When there is need of power, the tones are inclined to be acid, but in lyric moments of gentle emotion they have an undeniable charm; they are crystalline, and there is the suggestion of reserve force. Whenever she would be strongly dramatic, she sings with apparent effort, and there is the thought of a soprano exerting herself in a task beyond her natural strength. Her vocal artistry is of a high order. The tones are well placed, there is an exquisite legato in sustained phrases, and there is a continuity of vocal ex-

pression. From the first night of the season it is easy to see that the Parisian reputation of the new company is well founded.

As an actress she is singularly conventional in carriage, gesture, and facial play. Her gestures are here and there for the most part meaningless. Her long arms with outstretched and detached fingers are constantly in motion and too often they remind one of a bird-worked samphire. These gestures, as well as her facial play, are seldom spontaneous; and it may be said of her at once that her Elsa is an impersonation without individuality. She does not excite sympathy in her sorrow or her joy. She is a singing woman who recollects as best she can rules for dramatic action that may be applied generally to all distressed heroines. She is without personal conviction and without natural warmth of emotion.

Miss Walker has an unusually fine voice. It is of large compass; the lower tones have the true contralto quality without being guttural or bronchial, and this quality is found even in the extreme upper tones, which in so many contraltos heard today are either evidently artificial or of a piping reed-like soprano. The tones are uncommonly even, and there is no suspicion of two voices bridged together. It is a dramatic voice, an instrument for the display of emotion, and it is used with much skill. The tones themselves have a haunting beauty, and in bursts of intense feeling they are not shrill, nor does the singer scream. As an actress Miss Walker is a far less striking apparition. Her gamut of dramatic expression in this particular part is limited, and certain mannerisms—as her habit of crouching at stated intervals without regard to the situation or the emotion—are wearisome and occasionally grotesque. But no one has sung the music of Ortrud so well for the last dozen years.

Mr. Kraus has returned to us with his voice as stentorian as of old. He has waxed fat with prosperity, and his Lohengrin is more prosaic than ever. There is not the slightest suggestion of mysticism in his impersonation. And what is Lohengrin without the atmosphere of romantic mysticism? Even the whimsically ironical Jules Dufourgue, in his version of the legend of Lohengrin, pays tribute to the mystery that surrounds the visitor. "He arrives, magical guarding his attitude, sure of everything. How wealthy and super-refined his family must be. Oh, in what enchanted groves are they consuming lees at this very moment? Is it so far, so far as that? Has he been journeying so long?" And Lohengrin enters with this speech: "I am Lohengrin, the wandering knight, the lily of future erasages for the emancipation of woman. I was too unhappy in my father's office. (By nature I am somewhat hypochondriacal.) I come to wed the beautiful swan-necked Elsa who lives among you. And now where is her mother, that I may speak to her?"

But Mr. Kraus was as a commercial traveller in the imperative mood. One was surprised that he did not show Henry the Fowler of the back, tell him the latest story, or show him with pride his orders taken on the road. He roared at Elsa, especially when he would be seductively tender, this knight from a far country. Yet the voice itself often excited admiration, pity that it had not been wisely trained, regret that it was not artistically employed.

Mr. Goritz is an honest German baritone, who sings lustily in the manner so dear to German operagoers, but with a keener sense of intonation than is common among his brethren. There will be much to say about Mr. Mottl as a conductor during the fortnight. It is enough at present to record the fact that he conducted with remarkable elasticity, even watchful appreciation of the continual orchestral melody, and with unexaggerated care for detail. His climaxes were superbly prepared and irresistible in the achievement. He led with the ease and the quietness of thorough intelligence and supreme authority. His conducting was the feature of the performance.

The concerted music after the prayer in the first act was badly sung and the singers nearly came to grief by reason of the distressingly false intonation; but the choruses as a rule were given with great spirit. There was a marked improvement in stage management over the performances of late years. There was hearty applause after each act, and there were curtain calls.

The opera this evening will be "Carmen." The chief singers will be Calve, Marguerite Lemon, Naval (his first appearance here), Journet. Mr. Mottl will conduct.

April 6, 1904
CALVE AS CARMEN IN BIZET'S OPERA

Her Portrayal Less Sinister Than That Given by Her a Decade Ago—Card Scene Masterpiece of Tragic Intensity.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF FRAN NAVAL, TENOR

Has a Manly and Pleasing Voice

—Miss Marguerite Lemon the Micaela—Audience Both Large and Enthusiastic.

The opera performed last night at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, Mr. Corried, director, was Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Mottl conducted. The cast was as follows:

Carmen.....Emma Calve
Frasquita.....Paula Ralph
Mercedita.....Mme. Jacoby
Micaela.....Marguerite Lemon
Don Jose.....Naval
Don Juan.....Begue
Zuniga.....Guardabassi
The Dance.....Duffiche
The Benedicido.....Journet
Escamillo.....Journet

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

The Carmen of Emma Calve has known metamorphoses. When this capricious, whimsical woman of genius first played the gipsy here ten years ago she was in the fullness of her power. Her Carmen knew that the strength of her sex was in the weakness of man; her weapon was her animal beauty; her fascination was that exerted by an epidermic touch. She loved no one, not even Escamillo. All her lovers, and they were many, knew her nature. Don Jose was the only one that took her seriously. He accused her of a magic spell; but he would have remembered her without the flower she threw at him.

Supremely vain and selfish, she played the brigadier against the captain, and as soon as Don Jose had deserted, she had no use for him. Her physical appeal to Don Jose followed his indifference toward her; and she saw in him her only means of escape from prison. Hence her balancing of restless hips, her curve of amorously enticing arms, the eye-light that was false in its intensity.

In the hoosier-ken her rival was the honor of a soldier; therefore her wanton dance, her maddening song of free love in a free life. Carelessly sensual, her body had savage stamp and savor. She was a superb animal; she sought her food at will; nor was she particular where she found it.

A machine contrived by some malignant being for the destruction of man, she was a type known in all lands and in all ages.

Calve's Performance Full of Vivid Dramatic Effect.

Calve's impersonation was then original, inexorably consistent, vividly dramatic, abounding in broadest effects and in cunning detail; it was wild and passionate, or demoniacally reckless, or supremely tragic, as when the cards warned her of her approaching and violent death.

Even then, although her tones were of rare beauty and her vocal art indisputable, she was the despair of conductors, for she would dislocate the rhythm and twist the phrase to gain or to italicize effects.

Her instantaneous and enormous success in this part was injurious to her.

She became against her will the singer of one part. Managers would hardly listen to her appeal for other operas, and when she prevailed on them audiences applauded respectfully and demanded "Carmen." The result was natural; Calve as Carmen was then often indifferent or extravagant in stage business; or she was broadly farcical. She took liberties with the audience as well as with the composer's music, and in this she was encouraged by the audience. She would be frankly vulgar, or the heroine of a farce-comedy, or dull, with now and then a flash of genius.

Late in 1899 she surprised her admirers by a remarkable impersonation of the part in the Boston Theatre. Her new Carmen was a subtle creature of refined cunning, rather than a wanton of unblushing attack. She colored marvelously her voice to express each shade of emotion. Formerly audacious, turbulent in action, she was now physically quiet, but there was continual action expressed by that voice of ineffable beauty. Her tones were of all glowing, radiant colors; and again they were pale, chill, sepulchral. An extraordinary performance; but the audience, accustomed to the Carmen of old, would not have it. She was called listless, because, forsooth, she did not do damage to the stage furniture. What was psychology in comparison with physiology? And so Calve yielded to the inevitable and went back to her extravagant, artistically evil ways.

How is it with the Calve of today?

Her Carmen last night was more like the one of 10 years ago in that it was free from flippancy and insincerity. It was not perhaps so sinister, so demoniacal in spirit; it was in some respects more subtle, and surely the scene of Don Jose's temptation, the scene of seduction, was never played by her with more fatally amorous charm, nor was the contrast between the temptress in the second act and the bored woman of the smugglers' camp ever more marked.

The contempt of the light of love for an easy victim was expressed inimicably, without violence of voice or gesture. The card scene was a masterpiece of tragic intensity; there was no foolish and screaming protest against fate; superstition had at last dampened her bravado and struck terror to her soul; her face was as an antique mask of one that had looked on the Medusa. To her Don Jose was not so much as the least of her wild companions, yet she saw in him her executioner, the final cooler of her blood. As for Don Jose, there was but this one woman, for his soul knew



ERNST KRAUS.
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The print and perfume of old passion,
The wild beast mark of panther's fang.

Throughout the opera there was infinite variety of telling gesture and facial play. Nor was there once the suggestion of stereotyped action in a given situation.

Her vocal performance was by no means flawless in purity of intonation and in general vocal artistry. There were vexing liberties with rhythm; there was occasionally false intonation; but on the other hand how much there was to praise! With what art were tones colored to aid dramatic expression, and of what exquisite beauty were the tones themselves! Calve is still a wonderful stage-woman, a unique apparition, a name with which to conjure.

The performance was otherwise of genuine interest. The opera itself shows no signs of age—and it must be remembered that the very modernity of an opera is often the cause of its early death. One might well wish that the

Toreador's song had never been written, for the manner in which it is sung, in utter defiance of the composer's indicated wishes, only accentuates its inherent vulgarity, and Mr. Journet was peculiarly logy as Escamillo.

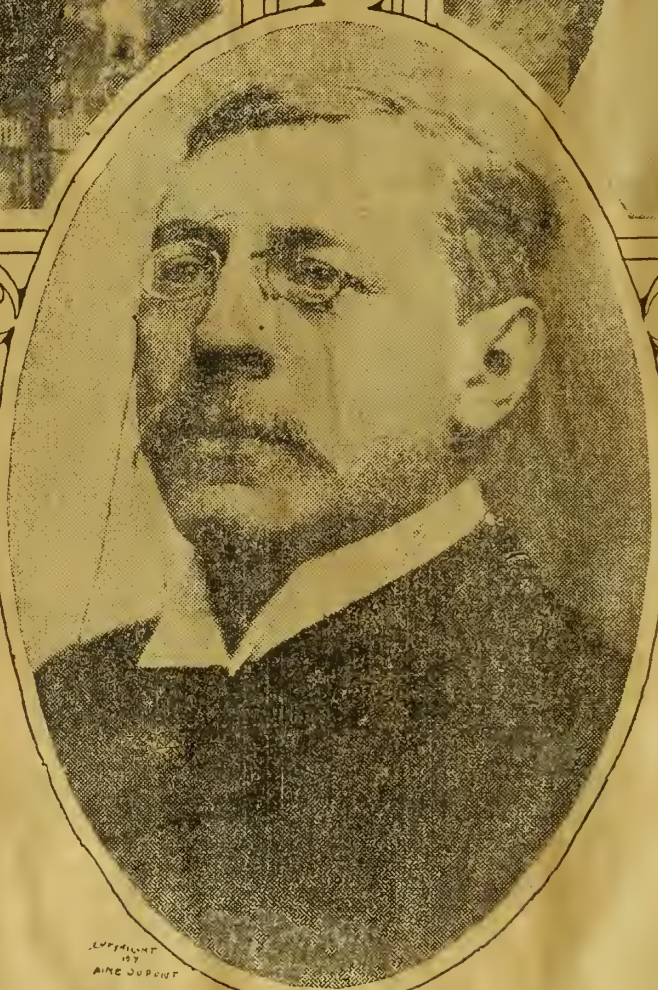
Mr. Naval, the Roumanian tenor, sang here for the first time. He has been called a light tenor, but he is something more than that. The voice is manly as well as of pleasant quality, and it can be heroic without visible muscular effort and tensely-drawn neck cords. He sang for the most part effectively, if not always according to the rules, and he was easy in action. Both Carmen and Don Jose, as they were impersonated last night, were far removed from the characters of Merimee's story, but we have to do with the librettists, not with the novelist. Mr. Naval in the portrayal of passion is neither a De Lucia nor an Alvarez; he is not even a Lubert, but, as Don Jose goes, his impersonation was a strong one.

Miss Marguerite Lemon was a Micaela with high-heeled shoes, which would seem to be poorly adapted to the long journey from her village home and to adventures in the mountains; but we have seen Micaela with white slippers. She sang with a fresh and pleasant voice and with taste and skill. It is a good thing to find an American woman who had already won success in comic opera willing to make a beginning in grand opera, and it is also a pleasure to record the fact that Mr. Corried, in her case, as in that of other American women, is ready to give the deserving an opportunity. Nor was Miss Lemon slighted by the audience. There was hearty appreciation of her excellent qualities.

The minor parts were performed in an acceptable manner, for if there was now and then a display of vocal weakness there was a compensating exhibition of dramatic talent. Furthermore there was unusual care in the ensemble. The quintet was sung in buffo spirit and it was vigorously redemanded. The chorus was spirited, rather than uncomplaisingly true to the pitch, but the chorus of cigarette girls was sung, for a wonder, with some attention to the nuances wished by the composer. Miss Enrica Varasi, the prima ballerina, appeared here for the first time in the ballet of the fourth act. She is young, pretty, graceful. She is a dancer of the traditional Italian school, and her appearance in Delibes's "Coppelia" next week is awaited with genuine interest.



AINO ACKTE.



FELIX MOTTL.

Mr. Motte, as conductor at Carlsruhe, was known as a musician of catholic taste, one ready to produce works of merit whatever their nationality might be. He has welcomed modern works by Frenchmen; he has been welcomed in Paris as a conductor. It is not surprising, therefore, that he conducted Bizet's brilliant and ever fascinating opera, "Con Amore." It would have been a pleasure to hear the charming second and third entr'actes; but to many audiences "Carmen" is simply the opportunity of seeing Calve and hearing the Toreador's song to a bootless accompaniment.

The opera this afternoon (2 P. M.), will be Mozart's "Magic Flute," in German. Mr. Mottl will conduct and the singers will be Mmes. Sembrich, Gadske, Weed, Ralph, Poehlmann, Seygard, Lemon, Bouton, Mapleson and Messrs. Kraus, Goritz, Reiss, Blass, Muehlmann, Harden, Stellmach, Bayer, Dufliche.

The opera this evening will be Puccini's "Tosca," with Mmes. Ternina, Bouton, and Messrs. Dippel, Scotti, Dufliche, Rossi, Bars, Begue, Cernusco. Mr. Naham Franko will conduct.

April 7 1904
**TERNINA AS TOSCA
AT THE BOSTON**

Performance of Puccini's Work by
Metropolitan Opera House Com-

pany Long to Be Remembered—
Audience Enthusiastic.

**SCOTTI AS SCARPIA;
ROSSI AS SACRISTAN**

An Impressive Reading of the
Picturesque Score by Franko—
"The Magic Flute" Given at
Matinee, Mottl Conducting.

Puccini's "Tosca" was performed last night by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, Mr. Corried, director, at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Naham Franko conducted. The cast was as follows:

Flora Tosca.....	Mme. Ternina
Un Pastore.....	Miss Bouton
Mario Cavaradosi.....	Dippel
Il Barone Scarpia.....	Scotti
Cesare Angelotti.....	Dufliche
Il Sagrestano.....	Rossi
Spoletta.....	Begue
Scarlione.....	Cernusco
Un Carcereiro.....	

"Tosca," as performed by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, has not in the past attracted large audiences. The opera is by this time familiar; the performance of the company is recog-

nized as admirable and extraordinary; the story is well known, and yet last night, as on former occasions, the theatre was not crowded; the audience was, indeed, a small one. And last night, as before, there was great enthusiasm.

Mr. John F. Runciman, in one of his tirades against Italian opera, referred to "the unspeakable Tosca." The subject is, no doubt, distasteful to many; not on account of the scene of attempted and brutal seduction—if seduction be the word for Scarpia's attack—but on account of the torture scene, which is wholly and inevitably repulsive. There is no room on the stage for situations in which physical torture is used to fret the nerves of the spectator. The scene as it stands in Sardou's piece is enough to justify Jules Lemaitre in calling the wily French playwright "the Caligula of the drama." When this scene is accentuated by orchestral walls and groans and agony, the scene is unbearable. Scarpia in his lust for Flora is at least a human being.

The primeval man did not choose his wife in a more delicate manner, and Scarpia, the libertine, is at least an intelligible character in his violence. Scarpia, the torturer, who with fiendish ingenuity extorts cries from Mario to wring a secret from Flora, is a bugaboo of melodrama. Such monsters have lived; but what have their naughty deeds to do with art?

Unless the character of the libretto be the cause, it is hard to account for the indifference of the Boston public toward this opera. The art of Ternina and of Scarpia is warmly appreciated here. The quality of the ensemble has been praised with each performance; the merits of Puccini as a composer have been long and widely discussed; yet the opera does not draw.

The performance of last night was again one of unusual merit. Ternina's impersonation is of still greater power and finesse than before. It is lighter and more brilliant in the first act; it is commandingly tragic in the scenes that follow. There is now no suspicion of experiments in the portrayal of emotion; there is the authoritative intensity that comes only after unwearying self-examination, rejection of all extraneous detail, simplification of artistic methods.

The struggle with Scarpia is now less melodramatic, from the moment when the sight of the knife solved Flora's problem to the placing of the candlesticks and the stealthy exit. Even the unfortunate fall of Scarpia, which prevented the fall of the curtain, did not weaken the impression made by Ternina's art. The insincerity of Sardou is notorious; but Ternina's Flora is not a mere puppet, pleasingly colored and dressed, and with the semblance of life. She is a woman of flesh and blood, and the world of intrigue, rascality and foulness in which she moves is no longer a stage world. The spectator, seeing her agony in the torture scene, may well cry out with Walt Whitman: "I am the man; I suffered; I was there" for Mario's woes, through her torture, not through his, are for once real.

It is the end of the season, and the singer's voice shows occasionally, especially in her upper register, the strain; but the very shrillness of tone was often used with poignant dramatic effect. How often were tones used with irresistible artistry in affection, in appeal, in horror, in despair! We know of no singing woman to be compared with her as a tragedian. And to think that such incomparable artistry was seen by so few!

Mr. Hertz sang and acted with unusual spirit and freedom. Never before has he shown such lightness and spontaneity. Never before has he displayed such variety in vocal and dramatic expression.

The ensemble was uncommonly good. Mr. Rossi, who is remembered here as a member of Mme. Sembrich's company, sang of marked talent, was a delightful "Sultan." Mr. Dufliche played the part of the escaped prisoner with marked ability. Mr. Bars, all, as a matter of fact, were excellent, each in his way.

Mr. Fränke gave an impressive reading of Puccini's picturesque and melodramatic score. There was constant attention to the nuances, to the shifting of them to the character of the moment, to their various phases. His reading was intelligently and powerfully done, and the orchestra followed him with a care that was vitalized by an appreciation of the composer's intentions. There were times when Mr. Fränke perhaps forgot that the Boston Theatre, with its famous acoustical properties, is not the huge Metropolitan Opera House, in which sound is quickly dissipated, and there was then excessive softness.

The audience was deeply attentive; loudly applause often broke in on the performance, and there were enthusiastic remarks after each act. All in all, the performance was one long to be remembered.

"MAGIC FLUTE" AT MATINEE.

Mozart's Opera Sung in German—Goritz as Papageno, Sembrich as the Queen of Night.

Mozart's "Magic Flute" in German was performed by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre. There was a rather small audience on the floor but the upper galleries were well filled. Mr. Mottl conducted. The cast was as follows:

Sarastro.....Blas
Tamino.....Kraus
Papageno.....Muehlmann
Queen of Night.....Harden
Zoroaster.....Stellmach
King of the Night.....Mme. Sembrich
Pamina.....Mme. Gadsch
Monsieur, Zoroaster, and three Dames.....Mmes. Weel, Ralph and Poehlmann
Papageno.....Goritz
Papageno.....Mme. Seygard
Monsieur, Zoroaster, and three Dames.....Mmes. Lemon, Bouton, Mapleson
The Two Armored Men.....Bayer and Dufliche

The farrago of Schikaneder, for which Mozart wrote much beautiful music, has not been sung in Boston in German for many years. When the opera was revived, but in Italian, in 1884 and 1903 with "star casts," it seemed unduly long and dull. To appreciate fully the spirit of librettist and composer it is necessary to hear "The Magic Flute" in a German city on a Sunday night when families and sweethearts of humble and "middle class" life, without any inquiry into symbolism or esoteric meaning, enjoy hugely the mixture of sentiment and mystery and comedy and clowning, stare with

at the menagerie show, and ap- with equal warmth the pyro- phis of the amazing Queen of Night and the intimate duet of Papageno and Pamina. "The Magic Flute" is a very old folk-opera; it was made for the amusement of the Viennese people and produced at a little theatre or booth, where comic operas, rather farces, with music were per- formed. When it is turned in the Ital- ian version into a grand opera and is too seriously by the conductor, it is a waste of pretentious nonsense. Yesterday the opera was conducted in the true German spirit, and the audience was relished by the audience, there was much applause and there were frequent demands for encores. The management was inferior to that of preceding performances, and at times it was clumsy, nevertheless the opera was shorter than on former oc- casions, and Mr. Mottl's judicious choice of cuts brought the fall of the cur- tain at a remarkable hour.

The features of the performance were the direction of Mr. Mottl and the song of Mr. Goritz. The Queen of Night is not one of Sembrich's best parts, and it would be well for her to make a study of the slow move- ments of the first aria with fine quality and with her incomparable oratorio artistry, but in the bravura color and in the second aria she la- rel, and her coloratura was not bril- liant or flawless. The moment colora- tion is without spontaneous fluency and it is merely a teacher's exer- cise for a pupil. Mme. Gadsch sang the KHM, but with monotony of tone. Mr. Reiss was an excellent singer. Mr. Blas was the Saras- tro of any local German singing society, far as pure vocal art was concerned. Kraus had his tender moments, but on the whole, we prefer him when he is robust, for then we know what to expect. Surprise may be the chief element of wit, but it is not that of opera. A group of veiled women, as mys- terious beings as the three damsels that issue the hero in Herman Melville's "Ivory" and the romance and the (retro) are alike incomprehensi- ble with an appreciation of ensemble, so did these three boys, who, by the way, had not "Atlantis's better part."

Mr. Hertz sang and acted with unusual spirit and freedom. Never before has he shown such lightness and spontaneity. Never before has he displayed such variety in vocal and dramatic expression.

Miss Marion Weed made her first appearance here in opera as the first of the veiled women. She is a singer of excellent reputation in Germany and in this, her native country, and it would no doubt be a pleasure to hear her in an important part.

Mr. Mottl conducted in a spirit of the finest appreciation of the many beauties of Mozart's score and with the quiet authority of the skilled musician and the born leader of men and prima donna.

The opera this evening will be Wag- ner's "Die Walkure" and the per- formance will begin at 7.45. The sing- ers will be Mmes. Gadsch, Fremstad, her first appearance here in opera, Van Rooy and Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy and Blas. Mr. Hertz will con- duct.

THE APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

The Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, gave a concert last evening at Jordan Hall, with the assistance of an orchestra and of Mr. John O'Shea, pianist. The programme included a lullaby by Brahms, "The Song of the Night" by Bullard (sung by Mr. Charles Wilson), an arrangement of Strauss' "Wine, Woman and Song" waltzes for chorus and orchestra, Coleridge-Taylor's "Ona-way, Awake" (sung by Mr. Bruce Hobbs), Nevill's "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and numbers by Grieg, Whiting, Storch, Baldwin, and Becker. The last was a song for tenor, quartet, chorus and orchestra, and one of the most charming numbers on the pro- gramme; Mr. Bartlett sang the solo part. Other soloists were Mr. Shirley and Mr. Cole.

The work of the singers gave great pleasure throughout. The intonation was noticeably good, and except in Bul- lard's song, when Mr. Wilson was at odds with the orchestra, the ensemble was excellent. Everything was loudly applauded, and there were encores; Brahms' lullaby and the song by Nevill were repeated. The audience was large and full of enthusiasm.

April 8 1904 "DIE WALKUERE" AT THE BOSTON

Wagner's Music-Drama Given by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, with Mr. Hertz Wield- ing the Baton.

OLIVE FREMSTAD IN ROLE OF SIEGLINDE

First Boston Appearance of This Artist—Her Voice of a Fine Yet Heroic Quality—Mme. Gadsch as Bruennhilde.

Wagner's "Der Walkure" was per- formed at the Boston Theatre last night by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, Mr. Conried, director. Mr. Hertz conducted. The cast was as follows:

Bruennhilde.....Mme. Gadsch
Sieglinde.....Olive Fremstad
Fricka.....Louise Homer
Siegmund.....Kraus
Wotan.....Van Rooy
Hunding.....Blas
Die Walkuren, Mmes. Homer, Seygard, Bau- ermeister, Ralph, Jacoby, Bouton, Lemon, Poehlmann.

This music-drama, with the story of divided households, did not draw a large audience, although Miss Frem- stad, a singer of acknowledged Euro- pean reputation, made her first ap- pearance here in opera. Those who were present were most appreciative.

Neither Wotan nor Hunding had a happy home and this fact was italized by the boisterous performance. Siegl- inde was hardly to be blamed for making up to the wayfarer; for Hunding was not distinguished for amia- bility, although he listened with pagan fortitude, at the bare supper table, to the stranger's long-winded and rambling story. A judicious person must side with Hunding, for Siegmund not only insisted on monopolizing the conversa- tion at the table, but he ran off with his host's wife as soon as he was as- sured of the fact that she was his own sister and saw that the scandal would be merely a family affair. Wotan is also to be pitied, for his shrewish wife used morality as a pretext for her mal- licious nagging. And the judicious person must approve the killing of Hunding and Siegmund, both noisy fellows, given to shouting and brawling, and would not object to Fricka's death at the hand of Wotan.

This libretto and these shabby char-

acters are still taken seriously by many who wax enthusiastic over the incessant runaways but protest against the immorality of "Camille" and will not take their sisters and maiden aunts to "Tosca." They find a deep motive in the splendid performances of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and profound philosophy in Wotan's settlement of the rage.

The performance was of the kind that is enjoyed by German-Americans and hardened Wagnerians as one being "full of the true spirit." This, being inter- preted, means that the performance was exceedingly boisterous. Mr. Hertz ant in the whirlwind and directed the storm without mercy to singers or au- dience. The singers, even if they were reluctant, were obliged frequently to exert themselves to the utmost. The greater the orchestra and the vocal din, the more enthusiastic were the faithful.

There were pleasant features in the performance. Mme. Gadsch's Bruenn- hilde was thoughtfully composed and in many respects excellent. The chang- ing emotions—her exultant maidenhood, her dismay at Wotan's impotent rage, her seriousness as the announcer of approaching death to Siegmund, ser- iousness that was soon turned to sym- pathy—these were expressed with sin- cerity and force. She will undoubtedly broaden and recentuate the part with greater experience, for the Bruennhilde of "Der Walkure" has not long been one of her parts.

Miss Fremstad is a sculptural woman who has been well trained in the best Wagnerian traditions, the traditions that are not of Cosima or the young Sieglifred. She is a dignified, graceful, womanly Sieglinde, whose attitudes and gestures, action and repose, at once carry conviction. She knows the value of sobriety and of reserve force in the expression of emotion. Her voice is of fine, yet heroic quality, and last night it was used with much skill.

Mr. Kraus took the place of Mr. Burgstaller who was suffering from hoarseness. He was a better Siegmund than Lohengrin, yet he was not picturesquely romantic in the first act, and in the second there was little of the fatalistic courage, the stoical acceptance of the impending doom, nor was there supreme tenderness in the quiet farewell to the sleeping Sieglinde. Mr. Van Rooy's Wotan is well known here; Mrs. Homer sang the music of Fricka so that it was for once endur- able, and Mr. Blas was a sufficiently disagreeable Hunding, who committed the mistake of entering his house without first knocking.

Wagner was right in his original theories as to the performance of "The Ring." The music dramas should be given under the conditions he first laid down. It is absurd to perform an opera like "Die Walkure" as an ordinary operatic entertainment; not that it is necessarily better than other operas, but because it needs the long intermis- sions of Bayreuth to rest the mind and the body. And as long as the orchestra is exposed boldly, as long as the brass is in such a prominent position, so long will the sonority be excessive, and at time, absolutely deafening, and the sing- ers will feel their duty toward man- ager and audience to shout and scream.

The opera this evening will be Ros- sin's "Barber of Seville," with Mme. Sembrich and Messrs. Dippel, Campa- nari, Rossi, Journet as the chief sing- ers, and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mmes. Calve, Homer, Bauermeister and Messrs. Naval and Muehlmann. Mr. Hinrichs will conduct both operas.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The programme of the Symphony re- hearsal in Symphony Hall this after- noon will include Glazounoff's "Carni- val" overture, which will be played here for the first time. The overture is about 10 years old. It is without a programme, but it is naturally a holiday composition with a contrasting episode for organ. The other pieces will be Haydn's sym- phony in G major (B. & H. No. 7) and Liszt's familiar "Preludes." Mr. Emil Sauret, now of Chicago, will play Saint- Saens' violin concerto in B minor. He has not played in Boston since 1896.

The programme of the concerts next week will include Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar," Schubert's "Unfinished" sym- phony and Wagner's overture to "Ri- enzi." Mme. Helen Hopekirk, pianist, will play a concert piece of her own composition and the scherzo from Saint- Saens' concerto in G minor.

April 9, 1904 DOUBLE OPERA BILL PROVES LODESTONE

Rossini's "Barber of Seville" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusti- cana" Given by Metropolitan Opera House Company.

SEMBRICH AS ROSINA; CALVE AS SANTUZZA

Large and Applausive Audience at Boston Theatre — Campanari

Warmly Greeted—"Romeo and Juliet" This Afternoon.

The Metropolitan Opera House Com- pany, Mr. Conried conductor, performed two operas last night at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Hinrichs conducted. The first was Rossini's "Barber of Seville." The cast was as follows:

Rosina.....Mme. Sembrich
Berta.....Mme. Bauermeister
Il Conte d'Almaviva.....Dippel
Figaro.....Campanari
Basilio.....Journet
Dr. Bartolo.....Rossi
Lizette.....Blas
Fiorello.....Muehlmann

The double bill proved a lodestone for the audience was a very large one, and the applause was often enthusiastic. Rossini's opera, especially with the in- cursions and the digressions, is long enough for a reasonable entertainment, but when higher prices of admission are demanded, two operas are provided that two stars may shine, or "The Huguenots" is performed with "a grand stellar aggregation and ideal cast." And thus the operagoer, who wishes to hear as many celebrated singers as possible in one night, is satisfied.

It would seem, in the natural order of things, that the light comedy, or farce, as it was played last night, should fol- low the heavier opera. But the audience should be checked in its good spirit. How are these fine points decided? Do prima donnas argue the case before the manager? Or is the decision made by the throw of dice, as the justly respect- ed Judge Bridgegoose settled all law cases brought before him? The size of the dice should be regulated according to the salaries of the contesting singers and the eyesight of the manager should be above suspicion.

Mme. Sembrich was most warmly wel- comed when she made her entrance, and she was applauded again and again. Give the experienced operagoer Sem- brich and "The Barber" and his solu- tion of the problem is immediate. "She will sing in the lesson scene the 'Prima- vera' waltz, by Johann Strauss, 'Ah non giunge,' and then a song by Chopin in Polish and to her own piano accompaniment." And if any sliver in the seat of the scornful asks, "Why does she always sing the same things?" the an- swer is equally ready: "Because the au- dience likes to hear them."

Her voice is fresher than it was when she was last here and in sustained pas- sages it is still of fine quality. The ex- treme upper tones are rather shrill. Her phrasing is controllable and as a rule in bravura passages is a marvel of musical perfection, but she is still a glory; her mastery of tone and phras- ing in sustained song, her exquisite legato, her simplicity of style, the sim- plicity that is the flawless expression of art.

The Sembrich of "The Marriage of Figaro" is a far greater singer than the Sembrich of "The Barber" or "The Magic Flute" or of interpolated pyro- techniques. But such supreme artistry is unrecognized by the many who wax enthusiastic only over runs and trills and skyrocket cadenzas. There have been and there are more accomplished singers of bravura than Sembrich, and the passing years deal in checking the freedom and quickening the bril- liance of bravura; but she is still an incomparable mistress of Mozartian pure and expressive song, the severest test that can be applied to the true artistry of a prima donna.

The success of "The Barber" does not rest wholly on the prima donna. We have seen delightful performances when the Rosina was of moderate ability. The spirit of the ensemble, the ability of the comedians, the sympathy and the intel- ligence of the conductor—these are of more importance.

There are very few, if any, tenors anywhere today who can sing the florid music of Rossini's Count Capoul could do it probably better than any one now living, and Capoul was a mar- vel in his own period. Mr. Dippel is a useful man in a company. He is will- ing, conscientious, sure of his part, so far as notes are concerned, faithful unto operatic death. He will imperson- ate the part of Parsifal or of Manrico or of the Count with equally brave en- deavor; but he is not the man for Rossini's hero, a singer or actor. He was heavy-footed throughout, and his drunken scene was bad—not to be en- dured. Mr. Campanari's Figaro has been seen here many times. It is full of life, bustling rather than subtle, un- denably effective in its way, which is not that of the librettist's.

Mr. Campanari was vocally in fine condition, voluble and virile, and the enthusiasm that greeted his appear- ance followed his performance of "Largo al factotum." Mr. Rossi's Don Bartolo is amusing in farce comedy manner. This excellent buffo forgets to express the sublime self-importance, the absurd dignity of Rossini's guard- ian. Don Bartolo was far removed from a common butt, a pantaloon; he was a man of reputation in the community; no doubt his name appeared as chair- man of committees in Seville. Mr. Journet was much more interesting as Don Basilio than in other parts which he has impersonated, and he sang the "Calumny" aria with marked effect, however one might quarrel with details of the performance; yet the sardonic hypocrite was not drawn to the life. Mme. Bauermeister was greeted warmly by the audience.

The ensemble was often ragged, and Mr. Hinrichs conducted for the most part as a mere time-keeper and with- out appreciation of nuances. "The Barber" was followed by Mas- cagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." The cast was as follows:

Santuzza.....Mme. Calve
Lola.....Mme. Homer
Lucia.....Mme. Bauermeister
Turiddu.....Naval
Alfo.....Muhlmann

Calve's Santuzza has been discussed at length, and there is little to be said that is new except in changed phrases of eulogy. It is a more sustained impersonation than her Carmen. She feels the part in all its intensity. The sincerity of the impersonation; its direct and irresistible appeal, its force as displayed in repose as well as in passionate outburst—these alone would set her apart as a lyric tragedian of the first rank. She was on the whole well supported. Mr. Naval has decided dramatic ability as well as an agreeable voice. The performance, so far as chorus and orchestra were concerned, was of a conventional order; for Mr. Hinrichs is neither magnetic nor imaginative.

The opera this afternoon will be Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," with Mmes. Ackte, Bouton, Bauermeister, and Messrs. Naval, Plancon, Journet, Bars, Begue, Muhlmann, Dufliche. Mr. Mottl will conduct.

The opera this evening will be Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," with Mmes. Ternina and Walker and Messrs. Kraus, Van Rooy, Blass, Muhlmann, Reiss, Bars, Walther. Mr. Hertz will conduct.

April 10 1904

TERNINA'S ISOLDE ARTISTIC TRIUMPH

Wagner's Notable Work Presented
by Metropolitan Opera House
Company at the Boston Theatre
—Kraus as Tristan.

SUPERB PERFORMANCE, BUT AUDIENCE SMALL

"Romeo and Juliet" Given at the
Matinee, with Mme. Ackte as
Juliet and Naval as Romeo—
The 21st Symphony Concert.

The opera performed last night at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House company, Mr. Conried director, was Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Hertz conducted. The cast was as follows:

Tristan.....Kraus
Kunwenal.....Van Rooy
Melot.....Muehlmann
Marke.....Blass
Ein Hirt.....Reiss
Steuermann.....Walther
Seemann.....Bars
Isolde.....Mme. Ternina
Brangaene.....Miss Walker

The first Isolde seen in Boston was that of Rosa Sucher, who was then bulky and old-voiced. Her Isolde, as George Moore well described it, was an avalanche. Others followed, and one woman, Klafsky by name, acted with a violence that was mistaken by some for temperament.

Now, Isolde was first of all a woman, a woman to be wooed, not an amazon, not a virago, not a cold and imperious goddess.

The Isolde of Ternina is this woman of the legend. Her body and her soul are womanly, and she is very human. And according to Ternina, who follows the legend and nature, there are two Isolde—the one before the love-philtre maddened heart and brain; the one that knew no one in the world but Tristan and was willing to lose this world and all others for his dear sake. Yet such is her art that there is no inconsistency between the two, and her impersonation seems the only possible and ideal one.

Such a performance demands an essay, rather than a few notes of impressions. It would be a pleasure to follow her Isolde from the beginning to the end; to describe the portrayal of emotions; to dwell upon the cunning by which Ternina saved the philtre scene from being grotesque and made it wildly romantic; to express in words, necessarily inadequate, the delirium of her love-madness and the absorption of her ecstasy, her conflict between shame and steadfast devotion, and at last the sublime resignation with which she faced her end when Tristan was dead, and to her all life was withered as was "The Garland of the War"; but time and space forbid.

A memorable impersonation, one remarkable for finesse in composition, for irresistible native moments, for vivifying sincerity throughout! There were times when the soul of womanhood was unbarred; it was naked and was not ashamed. An incomparable impersonation, one that, alas, will die with her departure from the stage. Other women of great art and fresher years may play Isolde and win fame, but their individuality will necessarily not be the

individuality of this rare singing tragedian. Her individuality is as a thing apart.

Mr. Kraus is constitutionally unromantic, an untrained singer whose vocal flaws and tricks are not easily forgiven by reason of a display of any native dramatic strength or by reason of a fascinating personality. Yet it is only just to say that in the first and second acts he was more discreet in song and in action than is his wont.

Miss Walker sang exceedingly well, and for once Brangaene was not a grotesque melodramatic figure, a witch with hell-broths and love-spells, nor was she a stealthy footed, sly-eyed panderer. She too was a woman, one worthy of Isolde's confidence. Mr. Van Rooy's Kurwenal is widely known as a strongly dramatic impersonation, touching in the fidelity toward his master, vigorous and rude but without exaggeration. Marke's portrait is the central full-length figure in the great gallery of operatic bores. It makes no difference who assumes the part, or whether the music be roared or sung.

Mr. Hertz as conductor was alert, authoritative, poetic, imaginative. He played on the orchestra as on an instrument at times with a heavy hand; for his enthusiasm and the exposed position of the orchestra led occasionally to excessive sonority.

And now it must be added with deep regret that the audience was again comparatively small. It was most appreciative and enthusiastic.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

Gounod's Work Presented at Grand
Opera Matinee—Mme. Ackte's First
Appearance Here as Juliet.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was performed at the Boston Theatre in the afternoon. Mr. Mottl conducted. The cast was as follows:

Capulet.....Journet
Romeo.....Naval
Friar Lawrence.....Plancon

Tybalt.....Bars
Mercutio.....Begue
The Duke.....Muehlmann
Gregory.....Dufliche
Juliet.....Mme. Ackte
Isabelle Bouton
Stephen.....Muehlmann
The nurse.....Mme. Bauermeister

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" is for some inexplicable reason ranked by such sensitive critics as Mr. Vernon Blackburn above "Faust." We do not find it as original, dramatic, or imaginative as the more familiar work, yet when it is well sung and acted certain portions have an undeniable charm, and Gounod was seldom more inspired than when he wrote the love duet in Juliet's chamber and the potion monologue of Friar Lawrence.

Mme. Ackte made her first appearance here as Juliet. Her performance on the whole was unsatisfactory. She turned a purely lyric into a dramatic part. It was as though she had been reproached for coldness and was bound to prove herself passionate. The voice itself is cold, or rather it is a northern voice, which, like some of Grieg's music, reminds one of the strange saying of Sir John Mandeville: "Another isle is there toward the north, in the sea ocean, where that he full cruel and evil women of nature. And they have precious stones in their eyes. And they be of that nature, that if they behold any man with wrath they slay him anon with the beholding, as doth the basilisk." But this voice is naturally of beautiful quality, and it is a pity that it is forced so often, for then the tones lose crystalline quality and become metallic. Vocal faults that were noticed yesterday were due chiefly to the forcing and the endeavor to be dramatically passionate at any cost.

Her impersonation during the first and the second acts was not only colorless, but wholly out of drawing. Her Juliet was neither girlish nor buoyant nor naive. There was not the frank exuberance of maidenhood in the joy of the ball and, by the way, the waltz song was not well sung; passages of it were slovenly in the performance, and instead of apparently unconscious rhythm and brilliance, there was the appearance of undue labor. There was not the girlish confusion that is the charm of the first meeting with Romeo and is the flavor of the madrigal. There was a tall and sophisticated young woman who reminded one of Gen. Butler's remark when he compared himself to a widow. So, too, in the balcony scene there was an attempt at undue passion, so much so that the chamber scene would have been anticipated without the ceremonial visit to Friar Lawrence's cell, had the passion been other than superficial.

Mme. Ackte's impersonation suffered throughout from a lack of spontaneity in expression. The hearer was reminded continually of the lessons of the teachers and of the memory of the pupil, though we have reason to believe that she has strayed far from the precepts of the Paris Conservatory and from her Juliet of the first year at the Opera. It is seldom that a Juliet of Mme. Ackte's advantage and experience leaves one so unmoved. We fear that she herself is unmoved, and because she is aware of this, she tries to be dramatic in song as in action; but gasping and heaving in the chamber scene are sorry substitutes for impassioned melody and the realization of awakened womanhood.

The support was on the whole of good quality. The noble voice and the supreme vocal art of Mr. Plancon were most welcome after the years of his absence, during which no one was his rival, no one approached him. His singing in the cell scene and his delivery of the monologue were the chief vocal features of the performance. Mr. Naval, in spite of occasionally false intonation, was a satisfactory Romeo, and he often sang with genuine effect. Mr. Begue made more out of Mercutio's trying song of Queen Mab than is usual; Mr. Jour-

net sang well the music of Capulet, and Miss Bouton as the Page displayed a good voice. The finale of the third act showed the chorus at its best. Mr. Mottl conducted carefully, but without any marked exhibition of enthusiasm. It is not easy, however, to wax enthusiastic over Gounod's score as a whole. There was a comparatively small audience, but the performance was evidently enjoyed; there was much applause and there were curtain calls.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the 21st Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, included Haydn's symphony in C major (B. & H., No. 7); Saint-Saens' violin concerto in B minor, No. 3, played by Mr. Emile Sauret; Glazounoff's "Carnival" overture (first time), and Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Preludes."

Mr. Emile Sauret, who has not played here since 1896, was most warmly applauded at the public rehearsal, as at the concert, and this applause was well deserved. He played not only with technical accuracy, ease and brilliance, but with fine musicianship and an exquisite appreciation of Saint-Saens' purpose and intent. The music of this most accomplished composer is characterized by a peculiar elegance of expression and of workmanship. He is never deep, although a consummate master of his trade; he is seldom, if ever, emotional; his taste is fastidious, and, if there be courteous irony in music, it is to be found in his compositions. Mr. Sauret's performance had the distinction of the highest violinistic breeding. He did not sentimentalize in the song episodes, he did not attempt to give incongruous importance to the work. An admirable display of polished, as well as truly musical, virtuosity!

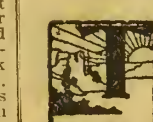
The overture by Glazounoff, now 10 years old, is a routine work, which is poor in musical thought and not strikingly or originally brilliant in expression. Why should we not hear at these concerts the earlier and more imaginative works of Glazounoff, "Stenka Razin," "The Kremlin," "The Sea," and others of the period, in which he did not indulge himself in contract labor? The overture was played with much spirit, and the performance of the symphony and Liszt's symphonic poem gave pleasure, for sympathy with the ancients does not preclude, in Boston, appreciation of the modern romantic school—and Liszt is still a modern, and, in some instances, an ultra-modern.

SURPRISES OF AN OPERA SEASON

New Singers and a Favorite Opera,
and Yet a Small Audience—A
Great Conductor Here, but One
Less Celebrated Conducts.

THE FEATURES OF THE PRESENT WEEK

Donizetti's "Elixir of Love" and
Delibes' "Coppelia"—Sketch of
Mme. Ackte—The True Ballet
—Gossip About Opera Patrons.



the precise character of the music known to the Greek tragedians.

Some still wonder at the small audience of the opening night. Three new singers and all of them of high reputation; the first appearance of Mr. Mottl as conductor; a favorite opera; and yet an insignificant audience. If the opera had been produced for the first time, one would not have been surprised at the lack of interest, for in Boston there has of late years been little encouragement for a manager to produce new works. There was a very large audience, it is true, at the first performance of Puccini's "Boheme," but Melba was the Mimi, and the crowd went to hear Melba, not the opera.

There are true lovers of music who welcome the production of unfamiliar operas; but they are comparatively few in number and to be found as a rule in the upper galleries. It cannot be said too frequently that the opera as an institution is a plaything of fashion. It was born in the purple; it has been supported by kings, princes, cardinals, re-

publics, and American millionaires. The opera house is a showplace for dress, jewels, sculptural shoulders, and if the tenor be emotional, for heaving breasts. This statement is of foreign rather than of local application; for in Boston there are no subscribers or stockholders' boxes; there is no really commodious parade ground; and sensible women dress fastidiously only to the waist, below they wear any skirt, short, crumpled, or for stormy weather; and thus they remind one of the Horatian line.

The opera goes who are seen in all their glory, especially on a night of raised prices—for they then prove to the world their ability to be present although grocer and sewing woman may wait the longer for the settlement of their bills—do not wish to hear a new opera or a new singer. To pronounce an opinion would disconcert them. They must have the old tunes sung by familiar men and women. They are indifferent to the success of an opera or a soprano in Paris, Milan, Berlin, St. Petersburg. The singer is dismissed with the remark: "Never heard of her." But if some noble dame should lend distinguished patronage and pass the word, the new soprano would turn out to be a goddess of song.

A Word About Aino Ackte.

There might well have been curiosity to hear a French Elsa; for although Mme. Ackte is by birth a Finn, her musical education was at Paris. Born in 1876, she entered the Conservatory in 1894. She took a second prize by her singing in 1896; in 1897 she took the first prize for opera by her performance of the garden scene from "Faust." Mr. Arthur Pougin then praised her, but without undue suspicion, or senile enthusiasm. She did not take a first prize for singing; in fact none was given. She sang in competition and her air was the mad scene from "Hamlet." Mr. Pougin felt himself called upon to hand down the following opinion: With a voice of crystal, a voice prodigiously limpid, and of a beauty that is nearly insistent, this young person, spoiled by everybody a year ago, gave no proof of progress. She sang the air without a shadow of style, with very imperfect vocalization, and her performance was hopelessly commonplace." Her singing teacher was Duvernoy. Mr. Girardet prepared her for the opera competition in which she triumphed.

She made her first appearance at the Opera as Marguerite (1897); her second as Juliet, in November, a month later of the same year, and she then sang the part of Elsa and that of Elisabeth.

It was pleasant to see a comparatively slight and an undeniably young woman as Elsa. We have been accustomed to stout and matronly Germans, not unlike the Germania raised to proud eminence as a brewery statue. We have seen German Elsas who should have knitted even while the herald was proclaiming her danger to the distant knight in the swan-boat.

Elsa, however, was undoubtedly a cuddlesome person. This accounts in a large measure for Ortrud's spite. Elsa was also neurotic; she had night sweats and visions; she was hysterically inclined; otherwise there would have been no opera.

It is said that Miss Ackte has the fatal gift of beauty. She did not have it with her Monday evening. Probably her make-up was unfortunate. She impressed one first of all as a singer. Her action was either conventional or awkward. Elsa was surely not conventional; and we are disposed to think that she was slim, now cool, now feverish, but always graceful. She must have been a trying person to live with. Lohengrin thought it all over, and decided against the risk. Did he sigh for her after his return to the land where men have no visiting cards?

Operatic Surprises.

Where is there a first-class German tenor? Mr. Conried would like to have his address. And better, far better, Mme. Ackte as Elsa than the average German matron. It was Mr. George Bernard Shaw who said of Bayreuth: "The singing is sometimes tolerable, and sometimes abominable. Some of the singers are mere animated beer casks, too lazy and conceited to practise the self-control and physical training that is expected as a matter of course from an acrobat, a jockey, or a pugilist. The women's dresses are prudish and absurd. . . . The mail-clad Brynhild still climbs the mountains with her legs carefully hidden in a long white skirt and looks so exactly like Mrs. Leo Hunter as Minerva that it is quite impossible to feel a ray of illusion whilst looking at her. The ideal of womanly beauty aimed at reminds Englishmen of the armadillos of the seventies, when the craze for golden hair was at its worst."

There are surprises in this short season of opera, as in every season. Here is Mr. Mottl, one of the most illustrious of Wagnerian conductors, now living; but Mr. Hertz conducts the majority of these music dramas. Here is Miss Edyth Walker, whose Amneris is celebrated; but Mrs. Homer will be the Egyptian princess on Monday night. We do not like Mrs. Homer the less, but there is the natural curiosity to see and hear Miss Walker, and here is no question of "patriotism," for both the singers are American.

The feature of this operatic week will be the revival of Donizetti's "Elixir of Love," and Delibes' ballet, "Coppelia" on Wednesday night. Donizetti's charming opera was sung here years ago in an English version. Great singers appeared in it, as Sontag in 1853. Ronconi and his daughter Antonucci, gave delight in 1866. Gerster, Vicini, and Caracciolo as the quack doctor, were at the Globe in 1883. An English version "Adina" with the book by Oscar Wells was performed at the Boston Theatre Feb. 4, 1887, with Zelle de Lussan, Tom Karl and H. C. Barnabee as the chief singers. Delibes' "Coppelia" was produced at



MARGUERITE LEMON
SOPRANO.



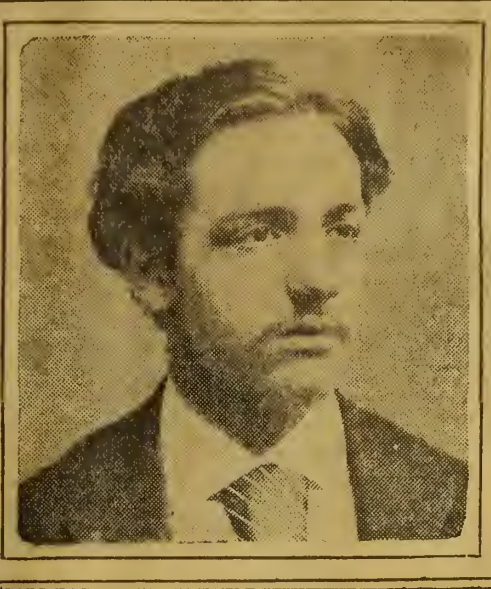
CREATORE, BAND MASTER.



AINO ACKTE
AS JULIET.



BURGSTALLER AS
SIEGFRIED.



ALFRED HERTZ
CONDUCTOR.

The Boston Theatre Jan. 15, 1887, by the National Opera Company. Theodore Thomas conductor. The chief dancer as Marie Glori. The story is an old one, based in part on the ghastly tale by E. T. A. Hoffman, "Der Sandmann." There have been many stage versions from Adam's "Nuremberg Doll" to Solomon's "Peppita" and the play in which Mme. Weihe was seen this season. One of the most striking versions is that in which Mr. Conrad thinks of adding to the repertory next season.

The True Ballet.
Will a taste for the true ballet with scenario be revived here? There was a time when sages, philosophers, clergymen and literary ladies of Boston found in the caperings and twirlings of dance the conversation of Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson, as they looked in Oriental absorption on Fanny Elssler. Is one of Boston's proudest traditions, Col. Clapp records the sensation made by Fanny when she first appeared here in 1840: "The announcement of her advent was hailed with joy, and the usually staid citizens indulged in rapturous bursts of enthusiasm, and many usually walked before the Tremont house for hours, in hopes that the divinity would show herself at the window." It was "Elssler" on every tongue. She was dreamed of, talked of, idolized, and some were having circulated a report that Fanny would take up her abode in her barouche, quite a gathering took place on Tremont street. Boston was not alone in this ovation; the ladies from Boston to Philadelphia all wore Elssler cuffs, made of velvet with bright buttons. In every store window articles were displayed flavored with the mania. Elssler boot-jacks, Elssler bread, etc., etc., were to be seen, and how violent was the attack of Elssler-maniacomania. Did she help in the completion of Bunker's monument? There is a merry tale to this effect. And she made a speech to her admirers her last night, his is the first time I have appeared before you with pain. Am I to leave you forever? No, it shall not be. I will say adieu, but hope to see you again. She was paid \$500 a night. The next sum, including the premiums gained at auction, for a single night was \$1726.
The fear that Miss Enrica Varasli, beautiful as she is, is not honored by the attentions. There is no expectant crowd gaping with craned necks at the windows of her inn. The age of chivalry is gone.
There are already evidences of Mr. Fried's desire to make the ballets induced in the operas an artistic feature. It would be unjust to hold him responsible for the prevailing thick clouds of the present corps de ballet. The accomplished Mr. Wainwright, essayist, forger and murderer, the son of Lamb, Talfourd, Macready and others, answered when he was approached with the murder of Helen Scramble, his sister-in-law, whom he loved. "Yes; it was a dreadful thing, but she had very thick ankles." We are told that she was a tall, useful girl, with fair hair, and her had been insured for about \$18,000, sincerity of his artistic objection to may be doubted. Miss Varasli, however, has been more highly favored, and Wainwright, were he to see her,

would not be moved to murderous thought.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.: Creatore and his band, Pieces by Wagner, Weber, Verdi, Liszt, Schumann, Bolto.
MONDAY—Boston Theatre, 8 P. M.: Opening night of second week of the Metropolitan Opera House company, Mr. Conrad, director. Verdi's "Aida," with Mmes. Gadschl and Homer and Messrs. Dippel, Campanari, Plancon, Muchmann, Mr. Hinrichs will conduct.
Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.: Concert of the Boston Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy, conductor. Widor's Spanish overture, suite from Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes"; Mozart's concerto in E flat for two pianos and orchestra (Miss Davis and Miss Nowell, pianists); first orchestral suite, Ten Brink; the "Moonlight" scene from Massenet's "Werther" (Mrs. R. J. Hall, saxophone), and the March from Massenet's "Cinderella." Miss Louise Tibbitts will sing songs by Holmes and Massenet and a group of old French songs. The orchestral pieces will be played for the first time in Boston.
TUESDAY—Boston Theatre, 7:45 P. M.: Wagner's "Siegfried." Mmes. Ternina, Walker, Lemon, Messrs. Burgstaller, Reiss, Van Rooy, Blase, Goritz, Mr. Mottl conductor.
Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.: Third and last concert of the Cecilia Society, Mr. Lang conductor. Motet by Mendelssohn, composed for the unms of La Trinita at Rome (first performance here); Psalm for chorus and organ, Cesar Franck; Russian Chorus Song by Tschai Kowsky; Madrigals and part songs by Dvorak, Elgar, Fanning, Hadley, Tschalkowsky. Mr. Alfred Grandet of the Opera, Paris, will sing an aria from Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," and a group of French songs (his first appearance in Boston). Mr. Karl Ondrick, violinist, and Mr. B. L. Whippley, organist, will assist.
WEDNESDAY—The Tulleries, 11 A. M.: Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's fourth and last recital. Mr. Heinrich Meyn will assist. Mr. Heinrich will sing gypsy songs by Brahms, Dvorak, and Korbay's old Hungarian melodies. Mr. Meyn will sing songs by Sidney Homer, Sacchi and Brahms, and two old French songs.
Boston Theatre, 2 P. M.: Gounod's "Faust." Mmes. Ackte, Jacoby and Bauermeister and Messrs. Dippel, Campanari, Dufliche and Plancon. Mr. Hinrichs will conduct.
Boston Theatre, 8 P. M.: Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore." Mmes. Sembrich and Bouton and Messrs. Naval, Rossi and Scotti; Mr. Franko, conductor. Delibes' ballet, "Coppelia." Mmes. Varasli, Hesen and Gelford and Messrs. Francoll and Bayer; Mr. Franko, conductor.
Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.: Concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra; Mr. Gerlicke, conductor; Beethoven's 9th symphony, with the assistance of the Handel and Hadyn chorus and Mrs. Kldecki-Bradbury, Mrs. Julie Wyman, Mr. Theodore Van Kox and Mr. Myron L. Whitney, Jr.
THURSDAY—Boston Theatre, 8 P. M.: Wagner's "Tannhauser." Mmes. Ackte, Fremstad, Segard, Messrs. Kraus, Goritz, Plancon, Reiss, Bayer, Muchmann, Dufliche, Mr. Hertz conductor.
FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.: Twenty-second public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gerlicke conductor. Overture to "The Betrothed of the Czar." Klusky-Korsakoff, concert piece for piano and orchestra, Helen Hopekirk played by the composer; Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony; Scherzo from Saint-Saens piano concerto in G minor (Mrs. Hopekirk); Wagner's overture to "Rieuzi."

SATURDAY—Boston Theatre, 2 P. M.: Bizet's "Carmen." Mmes. Calve, Lemon, Ralph Jacoby, Messrs. Naval, Jouruet, Begue, Guadabassi, Dufliche, Reiss. Mr. Mottl conductor.
Boston Theatre, 7:30 P. M.: Wagner's "Gottterdammerung." Mmes. Ternina, Weed, Homer, Ralph, Segard, Messrs. Kraus, Blass, Muchmann, Mr. Hertz conductor.
Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.: Twenty-second concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerlicke conductor. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Aino Ackte as Juliet; Marguerite Lemon, formerly well known here in opera-

etia and now a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company; Alfred Hertz of the same company, who conducted the first performance of "Parsifal" outside of Bayreuth; Caruso, whose band will play at Symphony Hall tonight; Emile Sauret, the violinist, who played at the Symphony concert last week, from a photograph taken in Boston in the seventies; Aloys Burgstaller, who will sing the part of Siegfried this week.
Miss Sherlie Beatrice Wheeler, whose debut in grand opera at Naples was announced in last Sunday's Herald, is a Boston girl, and received her early musical education in this city. She was a member of a local vocal school for three years, and appeared in a number of concerts and operatic recitals. Miss Wheeler has been studying in Italy the past two years. She made her appearance at the Bellini Theatre in Naples on the evening of March 28, in the role of Leonora in Donizetti's "La Favorita," with marked success, it is said. She is 21 years old. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano. Her teacher in Naples predilects for her a brilliant future in her chosen career. Miss Wheeler has also studied in Florence, and has already in her repertory "Aida," "Fedora" and "Il Trovatore."

LOCAL.

A recital will be given at Ashmont Hall, Ashmont, Thursday evening at 8:15 P. M., by Mr. John Francis Gilder, pianist and composer of New York, assisted by Master Karl Kernohan, soprano, and "disc machine records of great vocal artists who have sung into it, including Sembrich, Calve, Michailowa, Caruso and others." The programme will include piano pieces by Mendelssohn, Mason, Gottschalk and Gilder, and songs by various masters.
Creatore's band will be heard this evening in the "Tannhauser March," "Der Freischuetz Overture," the Terzett from "Attila," the second Hungarian Rhapsodie, Liszt, the "Traumerrei" of Schumann, a selection from Bolto's "Meistofele," and the prelude and sacred scene from the first act of "Parsifal." The soloists of the evening will be Messrs. Pierno, Croce and Iafisco. A popular scale of prices has been fixed for this evening, and the box office at Symphony Hall will be open at 1 o'clock

today for the sale of tickets.
The men of the Symphony orchestra have again found that the Boston public takes a practical interest in the pension fund established for the benefit of the membership of their organization, as the sale of seats for next Wednesday evening's concert in aid of this object has been gratifyingly large. In planning as the chief attraction of the evening's programme a performance of Beethoven's ninth symphony Mr. Gerlicke has evidently gratified the wishes of a large musical public. The sale of seats continues at Symphony Hall.

The singers who have been associated in the classes of the People's Choral Union the present season will be heard at Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, the 24th inst. The works to be performed are the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini and

the "St. Cecilia" Mass by Gounod. The soloists will be Mrs. Marie Kunkel Zimmerman, soprano; Miss Pauline Woltman, alto; Mr. Clarence B. Shirley, tenor, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., bass. A large orchestra will assist. The price of tickets has been fixed upon a popular scale and they may be had at either the Symphony Hall box office or the Oliver Ditson music store, on and after tomorrow morning.

The programme arranged by Mrs. Avonia Bonney Lichfield for her concert at the Hollis Street Theatre on Thursday afternoon, the 21st inst., with a view to introducing a number of her most prominent pupils, will include songs by Gounod, David, Delibes, Granier and Keane, and operatic selections from "I Promessi Sposi," "Il Guarany," "Dinorah," "Otello" and "Lakme." The singers will be the Misses Sarah Eaton, Charlotte Grosvenor, Helen Philba and others. Manager L. H. Mudgett of Symphony Hall has charge of this affair, and reserved seats may be obtained by addressing him at Symphony Hall.

THE OPERATIC WEEK.

The list of operas to be performed this week by the Metropolitan Opera House Company at the Boston Theatre is given in "Music of the Week."

On Wednesday evening both Donizetti's opera and Delibes' ballet will be conducted by Mr. Naham Franko. It may not be out of place to draw attention to the fact that Mr. Franko is one of the few American born musicians who have been afforded opportunities of appearing as conductors of grand opera in their own country. For over a quarter of a century he has been prominently associated with American concert schemes and with the operatic performances given at the Academy of Music and the Metropolitan Opera House. For several seasons past, however, he has been chiefly known as the concert master of the latter institution.
"L'Elisir d'Amore," which was originally produced in Italy 75 years ago, was suggested to Donizetti by a theme which had more than once been set to music. An opera dealing with the same subject was composed by Auber and produced in Paris. The plot deals in an amusing way with the love rivalry of Nemorina, a rustic of a familiar pattern, and Belcore, a dashing officer, both of them enamored of a capricious beauty named Adina. A quack doctor, one Dulcamara, and a bogus love potion, have much to do with the bringing about of the denouement. Nemorina at last wins the hand of the heroine, and Belcore is sent to the right-about. The alternate sentiment and comedy, no less than the admirable voice of Mme. Sembrich, are no doubt displayed to rare advantage in the part of Adina; Mr.

...and Mr. Rossi is well fitted to the buffo work required of Dr. Dulcamara, and Mr. Scotti captivated all who heard him in New York with his Belcore.

The music of "Coppelia" is well known to concertgoers. In Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Milan and other music centres on the continent, "Coppelia" has long had an established place in the repertoires of the great opera houses. American managers, until the coming of Mr. Conried, had effected to slight ballet. The success scored by Delibes' charming work some weeks ago at the Metropolitan came, therefore, as a surprise. This success, it should be added, was largely, and indeed, chiefly due to the presence at the head of the Metropolitan corps de ballet of Mlle. Enrica Varasi, premiere danseuse of the Scala, who impersonated the rustic heroine, Swanilda. The plot of "Coppelia," deals with the folly of a young peasant, named Frantz, who, though betrothed to Swanilda, falls in love with a mechanical doll, which he mistakes for a real woman. Swanilda, in the second of the two acts into which the ballet as it is given here is divided, makes her way into the workshop of old Coppélius, a weird personage who devotes his time to the construction of automata, and there substitutes herself for the doll of whom Frantz has become enamored. Coppélius is, for a time, deluded into supposing that he has put life into his own puppet, and his discomfiture on finding that he has been the sport of Swanilda is extreme. In the denouement Frantz is pardoned for his momentary infidelity and goes back to his old love of Swanilda.

THE KNEISELS IN LONDON.

Last night at St. James' Hall, the 11th of the present series of the Broadwood concerts—an extra concert, however, having been announced for March 29—was given, the Kniesel quartet, consisting of Messrs. Franz Kniesel, Von Theodorowicz, Sveneski and Schroeeder, playing Beethoven's quartet in E minor (op. 59; No. 2) for the opening detail of the programme. A beautiful and wonderful work, it was both wonderfully and beautifully played. There was a dignity in this rendering—the dignity which one likes to associate with the grave and authentic master who conquered the world by his magnificence of meaning, by his assurance of accomplishment, and by his glorious greatness of genius. This combination of players showed how finely they penetrated into the heart of Beethoven's meaning. One may specially mention the last movement (Finale: Presto) as an instance of their exceptional prowess. A curious, and certainly not unintentional, effect in this movement sent one suddenly to thoughts of the Seventh Symphony, and seemed to make a bridge across every detail of the enormously ambitious and the splendidly purposeful work of this magnificent master. Miss Adela Verne played some pianoforte soli of Chopin quite prettily, and the concert concluded with Dvorak's quartet in F major, for two violins, viola and violoncello (op. 96), interpreted by the quartet of which the names have already been given. Dvorak is a curiously ingenuous work, but it is interesting; one may even say entertaining. It is essentially Bohemian.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, March 19.

"Lancelot" of the Referee wrote: "The Kniesel quartet from Boston, U. S. A., has not been heard in this country since 1897, and consequently its reappearance at the Broadwood concert on Thursday evening excited some interest. The foreign influence in the American musical world is indicated by the names of the members of the party, and their style is distinctly German. The ensemble, with regard to balance, purity and sonorosity of tone, unanimity of attack and clearness of the part playing, may fairly be termed perfect, but they seem to have polished off until they have lost depth of human sentiment. Beethoven's music was presented as a beautifully finished statue, and the rendering of Dvorak's 'negro' quartet in F, Op. 96, suggested that gentleman in his Sunday best."

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

"Trois poemes maritimes," by Georges Hue, were produced at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, March 6. They illustrate prose-poems by Andre Lebey. "Mer Grise" is "purposely monotonous and heavy"; "Mer Palenne," in the nature of a cradle song, has pretty coloring; "Mer Sauvage" is a "powerful and sinister invocation to the ocean; the rhythm recalls with striking fidelity the shock of foaming billows against the impassive rock." The pieces are written for soprano and orchestra, and Miss Ceshron was the singer.

Forty-seven hitherto unknown compositions by Schubart, not Schubert, have been discovered by a professor at Ulm. The two opening measures of Beethoven's shepherds' song in the "Pastoral" symphony are found to be identical with the same in a "pastoral" by Schubart, entitled "Song of Shepherds." Schubart, it may be remembered, was imprisoned for 10 years in the fortress of Hohenasperg, because he nicknamed Franziska von Hohenberg, a favorite of the Duke of Wurtemberg, "Dorchen Schmerzhaina."

"Variag," a scene for voice and orchestra, by Cesar Cui, written for a concert in aid of a war ambulance fund, has been produced at St. Petersburg.

The Menestrel (Paris) exults over the success of Duhols' overture, "Fritzi-

off," and oratorio, "Paradise Lost," in Boston this season.

Arpiano trio by P. Colndren, produced at Brussels, is highly praised for beauty of ideas and fluency and originality of rhythms.

Paul Scheinpflug's "Worswede," 2 mood pictures from lower Saxony for a voice, violin, English horn and piano, was produced at Bremen in January. A piano quartet by the same young composer of Bremen was produced at the last Busel festival.

An orchestral work, "Rhapsodie Hebraïque," by B. Zolotareff, was played at a Dresden symphony concert March 11.

D'Indy's new symphony in B flat was produced at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, Feb. 28, and provoked discussion. The first movement, "tres vif," follows an introduction full of daring dissonances. Themes are exposed which are used in the other movements. There are astonishing modulations and strange

instrumental combinations with stopped horns and muted trumpets. The second movement, moderately slow, develops a theme of archaic character. Phrases for trumpets are continued by low flute or medium oboe tones; murmurs of trombones die in bassoon staccato and double bass pizzicati. The intermezzo's chief theme recalls the Phrygian or Dorian mode, accented by a sort of carillon, while preceding themes also appear. "A sort of thematic polyrhythm is opposed to instrumental polyphony." The finale is said to be incredibly polyphonic and polyrhythmic. Mr. F. de Menil, a warm admirer of D'Indy, complains of the prevailing mist that hides the splendor of admirable lines, and allows only fragments of the structure to be revealed. "And why," he asks, "is it necessary that the richness of the orchestral colors, the infinite science of modulation, the wealth of the developments, the generosity of the rhythms should be extinguished in the austerity of thought and the dryness of ideas—a dryness perhaps more apparent than real?"

A symphony by Marcel Labey produced at a concert of the National Society of Music, Paris, March 14, was highly praised. It is based on two fundamental themes, "yet the symphony is classic in its general plan and the sober character of the sonorous and skillfully conceived instrumentation." Other new works produced at this concert were a prelude by Mme. Ducourau to a Basque drama; a nocturne for piano and orchestra by Jean Hure; songs by Henri Mulet and Eugene La Croix; some short pieces by Inghelrecht and two excerpts from a Suite Bretonne by Ladmiraull.

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

"La Fille de Roland" musical tragedy in four acts, text based by Paul Ferrier on Henri de Bornier's play, music by Henri Rabaud, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, March 16. Some critics dismissed the work with the remark, "a fine oratorio," but others, as Henri Imbert, praised warmly the dramatic eloquence and the poignant expression of suffering humanity; the score is a veritable music tragedy of deeply sombre color; it reveals a sincerity of accent, a justice of expression, a nobility that are rarely found in such high degree in the work of a young composer.

A musical comedy, "The Cingalee; or, Sunny Ceylon," book by James T. Tanner, lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank, music by Lionel Monckton and Paul Rubens, was produced at Daly's Theatre, London, March 5. The *Pall Mall Gazette* said of it: "From beginning to end the thing is realized precisely as the authors designed that it should be realized; passing scenes of delightful color, a fantasy of dream visions, a wealth and wonder in realization of those ideas which, in the life of our every-day necessities, 'never were on sea or land.'" The plot is unimportant—a black pearl to be hunted for, a pretty girl as the central fact. "The

music, save for a few additional lyrics and numbers by Mr. Paul A. Rubens, has been written by Mr. Monckton, and it delighted us by its inventive skill and by its enormous advance in musical accomplishment upon anything that the author has done before. Mr. Monckton's favor with the public has so far been not difficult to understand; he has written many tunes that naturally have attracted a public which likes nothing so sincerely as the effect of a quick and beating rhythm. In fact, it is owing to this tendency that a great deal of the musical corruption of the times is to be attributed; but that is another story. In his present score Mr. Monckton has made what might have seemed to be a tremendous effort, but an effort, nevertheless, which is crowned by complete success, to show us that his talent is not really meant for the exploitation of the piano-organ, but that it belongs to refined and essentially pleasant places of art. Nor do we use that phrase 'meant for the exploitation of the piano-organ' in any derogatory sense. Probably Mr. Monckton himself must constantly have heard his highly rhythmic music danced to, sung and played by some who practically live their musical life by organ-grinding, and by others who enjoy themselves by what may be called, euphemistically, mud-dances. That he is a musician of very great talent everybody must have known who has followed his scores in the past; but the sort of deliberate manner in which he has, in his newest score, taken his music seriously, and gone to the heart of its meaning, with a definite delight in the real beauty of music, is a thing upon which we congratulate him very heartily. In some of his concerted matter, especially, he proves himself here to be a genuinely original and sweet composer. We select particularly the quartet entitled 'The Course of True Love,' wherein he seems really to have inherited the Sullivan mantle. All the choral work, too, is distinguished by humor, and by a sort of runaway feeling for music which is quite exhilarat-

ing. It would be idle to enumerate details by detail. Of course, Mr. Monckton is not always at this most excellent level; but, at all events, when he does not so completely convince the musician he never fails to convince the crowd. The additional numbers by Mr. Paul Rubens might well have been spared from the piece; neither the music nor the lyrical writing (if such a name can really be applied to his work) is of more than momentary value." The Royal Opera at Berlin will be demolished and a new one built on ground made vacant by the sacrifice of one of the palaces of the Opera Square. The plans have been made by Genzmer of Wiesbaden, but the Landtag will decide as to their merit.

FOR VIOLINISTS.

Aehille Rivarde gave a recital in London March 4, and Mr. Blackburn thus shouted his praise: "He again proved himself to be a player who stands quite in the front rank of contemporary violinists. That is to say, he can challenge such artists as Tsaye or Kreisler without fearing the effects of the comparison. His playing is beautifully rich, his musical apprehension is that of a scholar and a thinker, and his technical qualities are altogether superb. Last night there was scarcely a single phrase in his playing to which one could not listen without unalloyed pleasure. His interpretation of Bach's 'Chaconne' was superlatively artistic; those splendid classical phrases which, despite their solemnity of form, contain the fire of so much passion, were given by him with a curious combination of dignity and intense feeling—a combination which was irresistible. In these days, when the public is very much inclined to run after any new star, it is well that it should be reminded of the work of such a man as this, who upholds the best traditions of great violin playing, while at the same time his musical personality and individuality are never for a moment obscured, and call forth a full meed of approbation and applause. His concert opened with Locatelli's Sonata in G minor, which he played with extreme refinement of manner; but it was in the later pieces, such as Saint-Saens' 'Concertstueck,' the Bach, already mentioned, and Wieniawski's 'Alors Russes' that his peculiarly great qualities were shown. He is a truly virile player, and yet he shows not a touch of harshness; he has great tenderness in his musical phrasing, and yet he shows never a sign of effeminacy. We have said already that his technical accomplishment is superb, and by that phrase we mean that there is no 'trick.' If such a word may be momentarily allowed, of the violin with which he is not intimately acquainted, and which he does not put to splendid use. In a word, here is a magnificent player and a great artist."

Mr. Blackburn was still more enthusiastic, incredibly enthusiastic, over Irene Penso, who gave a recital in St. James' Hall, London, March 8. Listen to him as he wraps his singing clothes about him for a lyrical flight: "Miss Irene Penso is an artist of the violin, who is, beyond all doubt, to be ranked among the most attractive of contemporary interpreters of that instrument. She has temperament; she has a ripe artistic feeling. But she has more than this; she knows what music means, and she penetrates into the very heart of that which to so many people in this unintelligible world, is so utterly insignificant, and is practically so meaningless. The utter insignificance of that which should really be so full of meaning is a point which all of us should lay stress upon, and which we should try, surely, to make part of the teaching of the better part of the world's aim and effort. Miss Penso realizes these things in a very subtle and what may be called a very confidential way; she knows exactly how to make an intimate acquaintance with everything that is deep and remote in the interpretative art which she has chosen for herself. Miss Penso is young; but she has knowledge which almost ranks with that of those who in the rush of the times run well beyond their years."

Miss Penso opened her concert with Vieuxtemps' Concerto in E minor; in this she proved that she is one of the greatest violin players of modern days; and we speak now no longer in general terms, but rank her with men like Tsaye, and with Kreisler, far above Miss Hall. We are not sure, indeed, if Miss Penso cannot be classed at the present moment ahead of all these violin players now before the public; she has a sentiment for her instrument, a method, and what may be called a finality of practice, which are altogether unexampled in the path of her own artistic choice. The programme which she essayed was one which could not have been selected save by a perfectly assured artist. It is possible that she may be blamed for the attempt to achieve things which are now, unfortunately, said to be out of date; but in that attempt she was gloriously successful, and her playing was wonderfully artistic. Rachmaninoff's Romance was played by her with exquisite feeling, and with a kind of instinctive realization which could not in its own way be surpassed. In fact, it is in work which is not significantly English that she is at her best. The violinists who can play Bach in such of his writings as are deliberately intended to be unaccompanied must rank among the first-class players of the world; in Bach's Sarabande and in those other pieces to which we have already referred this truth may be emphasized absolutely. The best part, however, of Miss Penso's wonderful performance lay in the simplicity of her intention, and in the actual accomplishment of that simplicity. Miss Penso, to our thinking, is the greatest of those immediate artists of our day who are forever at this present time striving for a reputation which can only be achieved by long study and by careful practice, by dependence upon the great artistic traditions of the past, and by just a touch of the possibilities of the future. * * * To conclude, Miss Irene Penso has in her own way practically no rival among her own sex at the present time; but we could wish

that she would choose her programme rather with a greater sense of the balance of music than of its most delicate repose. Her individuality is, no doubt, part and parcel of her selection; but we do not think that in that selection she completely realizes the desire and the wish of the public to which she obviously desires to appeal. That, however, matters but little in the presence of her splendid, her magnificent accomplishment."

ELGAR'S NEW OVERTURE.

Edward Elgar's new overture, "In the South," was produced at the Elgar festival in London, March 16. Mr. Vernon Blackburn of the *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote the following description, and something in our heart tells us that his article is probably more beautiful than the music he praises:

Last night saw the conclusion of the Elgar festival, the final performance consisting of a vocal and orchestral concert, partly directed by Richter and partly by the composer himself. We had better deal at first with this great composer's new overture, "In the South," which was given on this occasion for the first time. We are told that this composition is the outcome of Elgar's recent visit to Italy, and the result is as extraordinary as it is satisfactory. The Italian spirit is a difficult and elusive one; some composers, like Rossini and Verdi, have caught it as it were from the soil itself; others, like Gluck and Mozart, have read their own spirit of beauty into what may be called the 'other world' feeling of the country. By that we mean not precisely a primary observation, but an observation somewhat at second hand, a conventional observation. Elgar, as usual, is completely

original. He goes to Italy, and without any parti pris he quietly and meditatively observes the shining atmosphere, the lean brown soil, the olive trees crooked, yet lovely in their nakedness, the Tuscan hills, the edges of the sea near such a port as Genoa; and all this has been transmuted by a musical alchemy into the purest expression of an utterly sincere art. But naturally, as to every man who visits that enchanted land, who will ever forget that wonderful phrase, "Wild spring meanings," which in three words sums up a great deal of the mystery of the Campagna? Elgar has sought for the divine life of an Italian spring, and, for the honor of English music, he has found it. That phrase, to our mind, means much more than the quotation which is made in the programme from Tennyson's "Daisy." For in the music there is no question that Elgar is an ascetic at heart; he cares to reject and reject until at length he reaches the bed-rock of his meaning. Even so is shown his sympathy with Italy. It is not for him to observe anything more than those intimate things, the song of the peasant, the growth along the ground, the loveliness of those flowers which almost touch the soil in their humility, and yet possess of an assured richness which the wise observer never puts on one side, remembering at an analogy how in old Venetian pictures the canvas was overlaid with gold before the pigments actually were superimposed. Elgar fills up his score with a fine sense of mastery, while at the time he is interpreting for his hearers the secret lessons of the land which has evidently captured the remotest places of his spirit. It was natural, too, that the genius and conquest which accompanied the march of old Rome across Germany and France even to the north of England should have attracted his poetical and meditative mind. In this portion of the overture the music rises to a height which well may be called imperial. A ruled fort, we are informed in the programme, recalled the "drums and trappings" of a later time; the quotation is not exactly apt, for Sir Thomas Brown in his "Urn Burial" dwells in this magnificent phrase upon the drums and trappings of three conquests. Elgar, however, sufficiently realizes the magnificence of Caesar's genius, apart from any pedagogic pedantry, and it is enough for musicians that he, in a series of themes which are intimately suggestive, has so wonderfully realized his personal Italian experience. Among all the composers who have used Italy for their inspiration, Elgar has brought back more of the essential spirit of the country. I take a portion of Shelley's "Adonais" completely assimilated; the tender Italian phrases at one time suggest, let us say, the scenery near the baths of Soracalla; at another time, the almost vocal music suggests the busy forum of the days of Horace, when he wandered down the Via Sacra, "Sicut meus est mos;" then, again, the onrush of the Romans, held back only by the lack of that mechanical inventiveness which belongs to modern civilization; finally the tender bells of the churches of the present time, the soft calling of the grass of the Campagna, the peace of the outer places where a pi may wander among anemones and a morning violet—it is in this spirit that the symphony concludes, through wealth of melody, of splendid orchestration, and of high musicianship which we have here attempted to translate into ordinary language, comes to a conclusion.





